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"The Story of our Lives from Year to Year."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

VOLUME XVII.

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C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

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N^o. 401.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1866.

[PRICE 2d.]

BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," &c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER III. ON THE BALCONY.

"ARE you going out this evening, Stewart?" asked Harriet Routh of her husband, as they sat together, after their dinner—which had not been a particularly lively meal—was removed. She did not look at him as she put the question, but gazed out of the window, holding back the curtain, while she spoke. Stewart Routh was examining the contents of a heap of letters which lay on the table before him, and did not answer for a moment. She repeated the question:

"Are you going out anywhere this evening, Stewart?"

"Of course I am going out," he answered, impatiently. "Why do you ask? I am not going to be mewed up here in this stifling room all the evening."

"No, of course not," she answered, very gently and without an inflection in her voice to betray that she perceived the irritation of his tone. "Of course not. You go out every evening, as every one else does here. I only asked because I think of going with you."

"You, Harry?" he said, with real embarrassment, but with feigned cordiality. "That is a sudden start. Why, you have never been out in the evening since we've been here but once, and then you seemed to dislike the place very much. Have you not been out to-day?"

"Yes, I have. I walked a long way to-day. But I have a fancy to go to the Kursaal this evening. George Dallas tells me a number of new people have come, and I have a fancy to see them."

Stewart Routh frowned. He disliked this fancy of his wife's; he did not understand it. Harriet had always shrunk from strangers and crowds, and had gone to Homburg very unwillingly. On their first arrival, when he would have been tolerably willing to take her about with him, though he felt a growing repugnance to her society, she would not go out

except to drink the waters early in the day, and now, on an occasion when it was particularly inconvenient to him, she took a fancy to go out. Besides, he hated the mention of George Dallas's name. There was a tacit sympathy between him and Harriet on this point. True, she bore the pain of his daily visits, but then she was accustomed to bearing pain. But she rarely spoke of him, and she knew his intercourse with Routh was very slight and casual. Harriet possessed even more than the ordinary feminine power of divination in such matters, and she felt instinctively that Mr. Felton both disliked and distrusted her husband.

"It is fortunate we do not want to use Dallas for our purpose any longer," Harriet had said to herself, on only the second occasion of her seeing the uncle and nephew together—"very fortunate; for Mr. Felton would be a decided and a dangerous antagonist. Weak and wavering as George is, his uncle could rule him, I am sure, and would do so, contrary to us." This impression had been confirmed since Harriet had watched, as she was in the habit of doing, the proceedings of Mr. Felton and George at Homburg. When George visited her, he rarely mentioned Routh, and she knew they had not dined together ever since they had been there. Assisted, insensibly, by his uncle's opinion and influence, George had emancipated himself, as all his reflections had dictated, but as all his resolutions had failed to accomplish. So Harriet ceased to mention George to Routh, and thus it was that her speech jarred unpleasantly upon his ear.

"Indeed," he said. "I should think Dallas a very poor judge of what is or is not likely to amuse you. However, I'm sorry I can't take you out this evening. I have an engagement."

Still she kept her head turned from him and looked out of the window. He glanced at her uneasily, cleared his throat, and went on:

"I promised to meet Hunt and Kirkland at the tables to-night, and try our luck. I'm sorry for it, Harry, and I'll keep to-morrow evening quite free. That will do for you, won't it?"

"Yes," she replied; "that will do."

She did not look round, and he did not approach her. He fidgeted about the room a

little, sorted his letters, tied them up in a bundle, locked them into his travelling-desk, and finally, with another uneasy glance at her, he left the room. Harriet sat quite still, her hand upon the curtain, her face towards the window. So she sat for several minutes after he had left the house, in evening dress, with a loose paletot on, and she had seen him go down the street towards the Kursaal. Then she wrote a few lines to George Dallas, and, having sent her note, once more seated herself by the window. The room was darkening in the quick-coming night, and her figure was indistinct in its motionless attitude by the window, when George came gaily into her presence.

"Here I am, Mrs. Routh. What are your commands? Nothing wrong with you, I hope? I can't see you plainly in the dusk. Where's Routh?"

"He has gone out. He had an engagement, and I have a particular fancy to go out this evening, to see the world; in fact, at the Kursaal, in particular. You are always so kind and obliging, I thought, as Stewart could not take me if your mother did not particularly want you this evening, you might give me your escort for an hour."

"Too delighted," said George, with genuine pleasure. "I am quite free. Mr. Carruthers is with my mother, and my uncle is writing letters for the American mail."

Harriet thanked him, and left the room; but returned almost immediately, with her bonnet on, and wearing a heavy black lace veil.

"You will be smothered in that veil, Mrs. Routh," said George, as they left the house. "And you won't get the full benefit of this delightful evening air."

"I prefer it," she said; "there are some men here, friends of Stewart, whom I don't care to see."

They went on, almost in silence, for Harriet was very thoughtful, and George was wondering what made her so "low," and whether these friends of Routh's were any of the "old set." He hoped, for Harriet's sake, Routh was not playing recklessly. He was very clever, of course, but still—and with all the wisdom and the zeal of his present mental and moral condition, George shook his head at the idea of a deflection into gambling on the part of Routh.

The often described scene at the Kursaal displayed all the customary features. Light, gilding, gaiety, the lustre and rustle of women's dress, the murmur of voices, and the ring of laughter in all the rooms not devoted to play; but at the tables, silence, attention, and all the variety which attends the exhibition of the passion of gambling in all its stages. From the careless lounge, who, merely passing through the rooms, threw a few florins on the table to try what the game was like, to the men and women who lived for and in the hours during which the tables were open to them, all, with

the intermediate ranks of votaries and degrees of servitude, were there.

George was so accustomed to Harriet's retiring manners, and so prepared to find the scene distasteful to her, that he did not notice her unwillingness to assume a prominent position in any of the rooms through which they passed. As they entered each, she drew him a little behind the crowd in occupation, and talked to him about the style of the apartment, its decoration, the brilliancy of its light—in short, made any common-place remarks which occurred to her.

They were standing near the door of one of the saloons, and Harriet, though her veil was not lifted, was scanning from behind its shelter curiously, and with a rapid sharpness peculiar to her, the brilliant-dressed crowd, talking, laughing, flirting, lounging on the velvet seats, and some furtively yawning in the weariness of their hearts; when a sudden brisk general flutter and a pervading whisper attracted the attention of both. The movement was caused by the entrance of a lady, so magnificently dressed and so extremely handsome that she could not have failed to create a sensation in any resort of gaiety, fashion, and the pomp and pride of life. The voluminous folds of her blue satin dress were covered, overflowed rather, by those of a splendid mantilla of black lace, worn Spanish fashion over her head, where a brilliant scarlet flower nestled between the rich filmy fabric and the lustrous black brown hair coiled closely round it. She came in, her head held up, her bright black eyes flashing, her whole face and figure radiant with reckless beauty and assertion. Two or three gentlemen accompanied her, and her appearance had the same processional air which George had commented upon in the morning. The lady was Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge.

"We're in luck, Mrs. Routh," said George. "Here comes my uncle's fair friend, or fair enemy, whichever she may be, in all her splendour. What a pity Mr. Felton is not here. Perhaps she will speak to me."

"Perhaps so," whispered Harriet, as she slipped her hand from under his arm, and sat down on a bench behind him. "Pray don't move, please. I particularly wish to be hidden."

At this moment, Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, advancing with her train, amid the looks of the assembly, some admiring, some affecting the contemptuous, and a few not remarkably respectful, approached George. From behind him, where her head just touched the back of his elbow, Harriet's blue eyes were fixed upon her. But the triumphant beauty was quite unconscious of their gaze. She stopped for a moment, and spoke to George.

"Good evening, Mr. Dallas. Is Mr. Felton here? No? He is expecting his son, I suppose."

"He does not know, madam. He has not heard from him."

"Indeed! But Arthur is always lazy about

letter-writing. However, he will be here soon, to answer for himself."

"Will he? Do you know, my uncle is very anxious——"

She interrupted him with a laugh and a slight gesture of her hand, in which the woman watching her discerned an insolent meaning, then said, as she passed on:

"He knows where to find me, if he wants to know what I can tell him. Good evening, Mr. Dallas."

"Did you hear that, Harriet?" said George, in an agitated voice, after he had watched the brilliant figure as it mingled with the crowd in the long saloon.

"I did," said Harriet. "And though I don't understand her meaning, I think there is something wrong and cruel in it. That is a bold, bad woman, George," she went on, speaking earnestly; "and though I am not exactly the person entitled to warn you against dangerous friends——"

"Yes, yes, you are," interrupted George, eagerly, as he drew her hand again under his arm, and they moved on; "indeed you are. You are the best of friends to me. When I think of all the past, I hardly know how to thank you enough. All that happened before I went to Antwerp, and the way you helped me out of my scrapes, and all that happened since; the good advice you gave me! Only think what would have happened to me if I had not acted upon it."

He was going on eagerly, when she stopped him by the iron pressure of her fingers upon his arm.

"Pray don't," she said. "I am not strong now. I can't talk of these—of anything that agitates me."

"I beg your pardon," said George, soothingly. "I ought to have remembered. And, also, Mrs. Routh, I know you never like to be thanked. What were you going to say when I thoughtlessly interrupted you?"

"I was going to say," she replied, in quite her customary tone, "that I don't think this American lady would be a very safe friend, and that I don't think she feels kindly towards your uncle. There was something malicious in her tone. Is your uncle uneasy about his son?"

The question put George into a difficulty, and Harriet, with unfailing tact, perceived in a moment that it had done so. "I remember," she said, "the tone in which Mr. Fekton wrote of his son, in his first letter, was not favourable to him; but this is a family matter, George, and you are quite right not to tell me about it."

"Thank you, Mrs. Routh," said George. "You are always right, and always kind. I must tell my uncle what has passed this evening. Thus much I may say to you. He has had no news of his son lately, and will be very glad to receive any."

"I don't think he will be glad to receive news of his son through *her*," said Harriet.

All the time this conversation lasted, she had been scanning the crowd through which they were moving, and noting every fresh arrival.

"Shall we go into the gardens? the lights look pretty," she continued.

George acquiesced, and they passed through the wide doors and down the broad steps into the gay scene over which the tranquil starlit sky spread a canopy of deep cloudless blue; the blue of tempered steel; the dark blue of the night, which is so solemnly beautiful.

"Are you always so successful?" a voice, pitched to a low and expressive key, said to a lady, who sat, an hour later that night, with a heap of gold and silver beside her, under the brilliant light which streamed down over the gaming-tables and their occupants, but lighted up no such dauntless, bright, conquering beauty as hers. The man who had spoken stood behind her; his hand rested on the back of her chair, and was hidden in the folds of the laced drapery which fell over her dress. She gave him an upward, backward flash of her black eyes, and answered:

"Always, and in everything. I invariably play to win. But sometimes I care little for the game, and tire of it in the winning. Now, for instance, I am tired of this."

"Will you leave it, then?"

"Of course," and she rose as she spoke, took up her money, dropped it with a laugh into a silver-net bag, a revival of the old gypsy, which hung at her waist, and, drawing her lace drapery round her, moved away. The man who had spoken followed her closely and silently. She passed into one of the saloons, and out into a long balcony, on which a row of windows opened, and which overlooked the gardens filled with groups of people.

A band was stationed in one of the rooms which opened upon the terrace, and the music sounded pleasantly in the still air.

"And so you are always successful!" said the man who had spoken before to the lady, who leaned upon the balcony, with the light from within just tingeing the satin of her dress, and the faint light of the moon and stars lending her grace and beauty a softened radiance which well became them, though somewhat foreign to them. "I believe that firmly. Indeed, how could you fail? I cannot fancy you associated with defeat. I cannot fancy anything but triumph for such a Venus Victrix as you are!"

"You say very pretty things," was the slightly contemptuous answer, "and you say them very well. But I think I am a little tired of them, among other things. You see, I have heard so many of them, ever since I can remember. In fact, I have eaten bonbons of every kind, of all the colours, as they say in Paris, and they pall upon my taste now."

"You are not easily understood," said her

companion; "but you are the most enchanting of enigmas."

"Again!" she said, and held up an ungloved hand, on which jewels shone in the dim, mixed light.

"Yes, again and again!" he replied, and he drew nearer to her, and spoke eagerly, earnestly, in low fervent tones. She did not shrink from him; she listened, with her arms wrapped in her lace mantle, resting upon the balcony, the long black eyelashes shading her eyes, and the head, with the scarlet flower decking it, bent—not in timidity, but in attentive thought. The man leaned with his back against the balcony, and his face turned partly towards her, partly towards the open windows, through which the light was shining. The lady listened, but rarely uttered a word. It was a story, a narrative of some kind which her companion was telling, and it evidently interested her.

They were alone. The rooms within filled, and emptied, and filled again, and people rambled about them, went out upon the terrace and into the gardens; but no one intruded upon the tête-à-tête upon the balcony.

A momentary pause in the earnest, passionate flow of her companion's speech caused the lady to change her position and look up at him. "What is it?" she said.

"Nothing. Dallas passed by one of the windows just now, and I thought he might have seen me. He evidently did not, for he's just the blundering fool to have come out here to us if he had. It never would occur to him that he could be in any one's way."

There was an exasperation in his tone which surprised the lady. But she said, calmly, "I told you I thought him a booby." She resumed her former position, and as she did so the scarlet flower fell from her hair over the parapet. Her companion did not notice the accident, owing to his position. She leaned a little more forward to see where the flower had fallen. A lady, who had, no doubt, been passing along the terrace under the balcony at the moment, had picked it up. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge saw the blossom with the deep red colour in the lady's hand as she walked rapidly away, and was lost to sight at the end of the terrace.

A little more time passed, and the American lady and her companion left the balcony, passed through the central hall, and reached the grand entrance of the Kursaal. A close carriage was in waiting, into which the gentleman handed her.

"Where is the flower you wore in your hair to-night?" he said, as he lingered, holding the carriage door in his hand; "have you taken it out? Are you going to give it to me?" Exciting boldness was in his voice, and his keen dark eyes were aflame.

"Impertinent! I lost it; it fell over the balcony while you were talking—talking nonsense, I fancy."

"I will find it when you are gone. I may—No, I will keep it."

"Some one has been too quick for you," she said, with a mischievous laugh. "I saw some one pick it up and walk off with it, very quickly too."

"What? and you——"

"Don't be foolish," she interrupted him; "shut the door, please, I'm cold. I want to pull the glass up—I want to get home. There, good night. Pooh, are you a booby also? It was only a woman!"

A brilliant light was given by the lamps in the portico, and it shone on her face as she leaned a moment from the carriage window and looked full at him, a marvellous smile on her curved lips and in her black eyes. Then the carriage was gone, and he was standing like a man in a dream.

"Has Mrs. Routh come in?" George had asked, anxiously, of the English servant at Routh's lodgings, half an hour before.

"Yes, sir; but she has gone to her room, and she told me to give you this."

It was a note, written hastily in pencil, on a card:

"I felt so ill, after you left me to get me the lemonade, that I was afraid to wait for your return, and came home at once. Pray forgive me. I know you will come here first, or I would send to your own house.

"H. R."

"Tell Mrs. Routh I hope to see her to-morrow," said George, "and to find her better." Then he walked slowly towards his mother's house, thinking as he went of Clare Carruthers, of the Sycamores, and of how still, and solemn, and stately that noble avenue of beeches in which he saw her first was then doubtless looking in the moonlight; thinking the harmless thoughts of a young man whom love, the purifier, has come to save. A carriage passing him with bright lamps, and a swift vision of sheeny blue seen for an instant, reminded him of Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, and turned his thoughts to the topic of his uncle's anxiety. When he reached home, he found Mr. Felton alone; and told him at once what had passed.

"You are quite correct in supposing that I don't particularly like this woman, George," said Mr. Felton, after they had talked for some time, "and that I should prefer any other channel of intelligence. But we must take what we can get, and it is a great relief to get any. It is quite evident there's nothing wrong with him. I don't allude to his conduct," said Mr. Felton, with a sigh. "I mean as to his safety. I shall call on her to-morrow."

George bade his uncle good night, and was going to his own room, when a thought struck him, and he returned.

"It has just occurred to me, uncle," he said, "that Mrs. Bembridge may have a likeness of Arthur. From the account you give of her, I fancy she is likely to possess such trophies.

Now we may not require to use such a thing at all, and you have sent for one under any circumstances; still, when you see her, if you consider it expedient, you might ascertain whether she has one in her possession. If her information is not satisfactory, to have a likeness at hand will save time."

FROM A REAL PITMAN.

Oi ha' larnt that ef any man wishes to be thowt well on by other people, he must think a good deal of himself. I haven't larnt this from beuks, but from jest keepin' my oies open, loike. I dessay you'll want to know whoy I calls myself Soleon t' pitman. You'll jest understand that I didn't call myself so at all. Oi didn't know there ever was a Soleon, until one o' them skippin' dondified chaps, that the guv'ment sends down sometimes to look at t' pits, towed me so. Oi was allus considered a little bit free wi' moi tong, and whether moi brains got a little loose that mornin', oi doant know—for they tell me that t' tong wags accordin' to t' brain—but oi was full o' queer sayin's, loike, and they would cum out. This chap heered me a sayin' 'em, and he sez, sez he, "Oi should think that yow are Solon, t' pitman." Of course, on heerin' this, oi must needs ax him who Soleon was; and oi found out that he wadn't a pitman at all, but that he was a ole chap that people thowt a good deal on, because he thowt a good deal of himself, and that he lived in Grese. When oi heerd that he lived in Grese, oi thowt 'twos a butcher or a candle-maker, and oi axed him if it was so, and he only laried at moi hignorance, and went on. Well, he sed enuff for me; and moi mates allus since then call me Soleon, t' pitman. Oi hev jest towd this to yow, that yow moight know who oi am, as well as to tell yow that oi am axed to-night moi thowts on t' Queen's cumin' to Wolverhampton.

When we heerd that t' Queen was a comin' to Wolverhampton, we was moighty glad. Oi hadn't sin dayloight, only on a Sunday, ever since the days shortened; for we go to work when its dork in t' mornin', and we doant cum up out t' ole pit until after dayloight is gone at noight; but, thinks oi, t' Queen shan't cum to Wolverhampton and me not see hur. We then heerd through t' paper—and oi doant know how 'tis, but sunhow or another we loike a respectable paper, 'tis so much noicer to reed wot men roight that have got eddication, then wot 'tis sum other folk roight—that t' chaps at Wolverhampton were a goin' to make a arch o' coal. "Well," thinks oi, "that'll be fust-rate; and oi hope they'll make it a stunner." And they hev tew. It's no use a tellin' yow how we wished for t' day to cum, nor how earnest we was to lissen to Bull's-oi, t' best reeder in our pit, as he red wot was a goin' on.

Well, t' day did cum at last, and it was a foin day, and me and Bull's-oi, and Stumpy, and Ole Crow, and our missuses, got redly to go to

Wolverhampton. They chaps cum down t' moi place o'ernoight, and sum on 'em wadn't for takin' their missuses. When moi Molly heerd that, she looked at me, not cress loike, but sad. So oi sed, "Molly, yow're no gadabout, and oi shan't go wi'out ye. Yow and me got drawed together sunhow; yow sed 't was because yow loiked me, and oi sed 'twos because oi loiked yow; and oi doant think much on t' man as loikes a ooman afore they're married, and runs away from her arterward. No, no, Molly, oi wadn't ashamed o' yow afore oi had yow, and arter a knowin' yow'r worth all these years, oi ain't ashamed on ye now. Oi tell ye wot it is, chaps," sez oi, "oi goes to Wolverhampton to-morrow, and Molly goes wi' me." Bull's-oi and Stumpy didn't much loike it, because they knowed they should ha' to take their missuses; but oi didn't care, not oi; and so 't was settled that we should all go together. When Molly heered me say that oi wouldn't go wi'out hur, oi seed a tear stand in hur oi, and oi knowed as that cum from a glad heart.

In t' mornin' we all met at moi place, dressed in our best clothes, and redly for startin'. And we wor dressed tew. All our very best wor brought out that day; and Molly's shawl, that hadn't bin put on sin the day we wor married, wor brought from t' drawer. "Whoy, Molly," sez oi, when oi saw hur, "it seems loike as we wor goin' to get married agin." "Oi'm glad we a'ant," said she, "and oi hope we shall ne'er want tew." We all dressed as smart as we could; for, whatever some people say aboot dress, oi am of opinion that dress does the world good. Oi doant say tew much on it does; but this oi do say, that the better a man dresses, the better he thinks on himself; and if the poor people are to be raised, they must be encouraged to git above rags, and to put on a tidy gownd and coot. Oi know this, that oi have underneath moi weskit a greater feeling of self-respec when oi am dressed in moi best, then when oi am in moi dirt. When oi am in moi dirty flannels, oi feel oi am a pitman; but when oi am dressed in moi best, oi feel more that oi am somebody. Oi am moighty glad when oi sees a wench pickickeler about hur dress; thinks oi, the man as has yow will be a lucky fellar. Bein' all dressed, and takin' a summit to ate, off we goes to the stashun. Oi will say this of them railroad chaps, they did all they could to make us comfortable. They tell me they are not paid tew well; they ought tew be paid better. We soon got our seats; and bein' set down, I begun to praise the railroads for their attention, when an ole man as set next to me, not a pitman, sed as he didn't see they ought to be praised, for they wor paid for doin' it. Thinks oi, "Old fellar, oi shouldn't loike to ha' such a face as yowr; and oi doant believe that whoever brings in a Reform Bill, unless he puts a piece in that Englishmen shall have the roight of grumblin' for ever and ever, that that ole chap will be satisfied wi' it." When such people grumble that others ought to do things because they are paid for it, oi

think that they themselves doant do more than they can help for their money.

T'ole ingin soon dragged us to Wolverhampton, and the fust thing we did when we got out at t' stashun was to go and look at t' arch o' coal. Wor the reader ever glad?—oi doant mean wor yow ever pleased; because a man may be pleased at t' soight of a noice pud-din', and hev his mouth a runnin' o' water; bur wor yow ever so glad as to hev a grate thumpin' and bumpin' under yowr weskit, loike a ingin a pumpin' up yowr feelin's, untill it pumps larfter into yowr mouth and tears into yowr eyes, so that yow doant know which yow ought to do, to larf or to cry, or do both? If yow do know anythin' about that 'xperance, then yow can understand wot me, and Bull's-oi, and Stumpy, and Ole Crow felt, when we seed that arch. Sez oi, "Bull's-oi, will that do?" And all the answer oi got from him war lots o' grinnin', and winkin' his oi, and noddin' his hed. Bull's-oi carries a hart under his weskit; and the soight o' that arch o' coal went straight to it, and filled it so full that he couldn't speak. Stumpy clapped his hands, and sez, sez he, "If t' Queen knows wots good, she'll loike that; and if she doant loike it, then she doant know wot's beautiful." Ole Crow didn't know wot to say; so sez oi, "Whomsumdewer they be that's dun that, I should loike to thank 'em." "Amen," sed Stumpy, as reg'lar loike as though he'd bin at chapel, and Stumpy allus goes there. Jest fancy that arch, and all them tools, and pikes, and baskets, and skips, and everything that t' miners use! Lor, how glad t' Queen wor to see 'em, and we knowed she would be.

When we could git from t' arch o' coal, and oi thowt we never should, we then went through t' streets. They certainly wos very purty, and, thinks oi, oi never thowt much o' Wolverhampton people afore, but they can do things when they've a moind. And then they were so beautifully pious tew. The streets wos as good as a meetin'. They couldn't say their prayers fast enuff in a doors—'spose they wos tew busy—and so they stuck 'em outside in front of their housen, and, everywhere yow went, yow wos 'bliged to say Amen—that is, if yow'd got a hart as big as a chesnut, yow wos obliged to say it; for all their prayers wos for t' Queen. But there wos one thing oi didn't loike—oi doant say it wos wrong, but oi didn't loike it—and that wor to see seats fixed up in front o' sum of t' chapels, and to know that they were rented. I thowt it looked rayther mean, loike. Oi axed Stumpy wot wos his opinions, as he goes to chapel; and he sed, sez he, that he didn't think it wor wrong to git a honest penny to help pay orf t' debt. But oi said, "Stumpy," and oi looked solemn loike, "wot isn't exac'ly wrong, is allus exac'ly roight; looks has summit to do w' things; and oi doant think it roight to be makin' a penny that 'ere way." Stumpy sed the leaders knowed best; but, to my moind, the leaders doant allus know best. What a noice place they made for sum folk to set in, near to the

stato. Oi should loike to ha' bin' there, but oi wor tow'd it was not for pitmen. Well, I doant blame people for their eddication, because that's gie them when they doant know no better; and arterwards it sticks to 'em loike burrs to a wasted stockin'. People ha' bin larnt that t' pitman isn't loike other people, and we can only by our good conduct prove that we belong to t' same flesh and blood, although it is tew t' underground part. Well, oi am not sorry that everybody isn't at t' same level; for oi want to get on, and when oi sees somebody afore me oi am earnest to overtake 'em; and, tew moi moind, that's t' way to raise in t' world. Oi can't say as how oi loiked that hut they put for t' Queen to go into. Oi think they called it the Pervillon.

I dessay it was purty enuff to them that understood such things, but it seemed a darksome place to me, and they tow'd me that when the maar got in there wid the Queen and the big folks, that he got benighted, and I doant wonder at it, and that when he found hisself agin, it warn't hisself, but somebody else. I doant know what his woife thowt about it, oi'm sure; but my Molly sed that she shouldn't a loiked the Queen to a changed her husband. There wos one purty thing there that pleased me mainly, and that wos a piece a calicor, wid letters on it, stretched across tew or three shops. When oi seed it, oi sez, "Bull's-oi, look here, what's this?" "Ah," sez he, "wot is it?" "Read it," sez oi; and he red it: "Albert the good, the silent father of our kings to be." "That's wot yow call poetry," sez Bull's-oi. "It is," sez oi. "Bull's-oi, what is a poet?" "Cum up in this corner," sez he, "and we'll talk it o'er. A poet," sez Bull's-oi, "is one who can talk such as them." "Oi doant think it," sez oi; "but oi think a poet is a purson who can feel wots in them words, and can think such thowts on a subject as could be put in them words. Words is only a cart that brings out your thowts and feelin's for other people to see. A coal-master would be a coal-master if he kep all his coals on t' pit bank, and never sent any away, but then nobody would know that he wos a coal-master; it is the sendin' 'em away that makes him known to be a coal-master. Jest so, Bull's-oi, a man may be a poet, a silent poet, who has thowts and feelin's, and keeps 'em shut up in his own moind; but if he hasn't a cart, in t' shape o' words, to send 'em away, nobody knows he is a poet." "Ah!" sed Bull's-oi; and wot more he would a sed oi can't say, but the missuses hollered, "Cum lads, t' Queen's a cummin'!" and so orf we went as fast as we could to the stashun.

It worn't easy work tew git down there, oi can tell ye. A fellar had tew crush, and push, and keep his temper. It's no good unless yow keep your temper in a crowd. I seed a little fellar as had got his missus hooked on tew his arm, and sum rough lads, jest for the fun o' the thing, loike, wor a moind to seporate 'em. That they moight do so easily, they waited until t' party wor turnin' a corner, and then they pushed

down on him wi' all their moight. Moi, how savage the little fellar was! He fowt, and kicked, and stormed, and shook his stick, and looked as red as a turkey-cock. The lads they larfed; and when they couldn't break the link o' their tew arms—for the missus was as tough as he, and nearly went down on her 'nees rather than gie up—they let 'em alone. "What a beautiful soight," sed Bull's-oi, for he was quite serious, "to see tew people a holdin' tew each other in the struggle o' loife." "It is," sez oi; "but doant yow know the feelosophy of his holdin' on so toight?" "No," sez he, "oi doant." "Well, then," sez oi, "it's all because of t' shape o' that little fellar's nose." "Law!" sez he. "It is," sez oi. "That little chap's nose is loike a proper arch, and that makes him stiek to his woife; but if t' arch had bin turned upside down, he would vey loikely ha' run away." "Dear me," sez Stumpy, who had bin a lissenen to wot oi was a sayin'; and as he sed so, he put his finger on his own nose, that happens to be loike t' bottom arch o' a culvert, turning up'ard; but he did it so quietly, thinkin' that oi shouldn't see him. But oi did see him, though, and oi seed that he was sorry for his formation; and so sez oi, by way o' a little comfort, "But you must know that eddication can be made to subdue natur'." Poor fellar, he was glad for that little bit.

"To t' arch o' coal, lads!" oi shouted; "there wemust stand." And there wedid stand. But we had scarcely got there when t' guns fired, and t' bells rung, and t' people shouted, and sed t' Queen was cummin'. Oi shan't tell yow all about t' solejers and t' gentlefolk, because yow know all about 'em, and as t' stars are lost soight on when t' sun gits up, so they all went out a moi moind afore t' cummin' o' t' Queen. Oi was glad to see 'em all go through t' arch o' coal; and when some on 'em stood up to git a better soight on it, oi felt moi hart grow so big that oi thowt it would bust t' buttons oi moi weskit. "Oi knowed they'd loikeit," sez oi; "and now look at t' Queen. See! see! how she looks at it and smoles. Hooray! hooray!" oi shouted; for oi was wat yow call transported. "T' Queen, oi do believe, seed me, for she looked at me, and shook her handkercher. When t' Queen was gone, oi looked down, for oi am higher than Molly, and oi sez, "What do yow think on 't, Molly?" and she was a cryin'. Sez oi, "Did oi stamp your toes, Molly?" for oi thowt p'r'aps oi moight ha' dun so in my joy. She sez, "No." Then sez oi, "Wot are yow a cryin' for?" "Oi doant know," sed she; "but if oi ha' sin t' Queen, oi am a cryin' because oi am glad; and if oi ain't sin hur, oi am a cryin' because oi am sorry." Ooman's tears is queer things. "Not sin her," sez oi, "Molly? why that was hur, that stout motherly-lookin' ooman, jest the thing for a queen; for hur face sez that she's got a mother's hart, and that she looks on us all as bein' hur lads and wenches?" "Wos that hur?" sed she. "Whoy she wos dressed plain." "Plain," sez oi, "Molly?" and oi put on such a look. "Plain?" sez oi again; and oi stopped, for it wos

a solemn subject, and oi wished to make a impression. "Would yow ha' her dressed any thing but plain? She ain't cum here tew day as t' big folks queen; she is cum as t' people's queen. If she'd a cum all goold and feathers, the big folks would ha' sed, 'She's ourn'; but she's cum jest t' way to say tew us, 'Oi loike yow, moi lads and wenches, as well as oi loike others.' God bless hur!" sez oi; "and, Molly, oi feel that if anybody was a goin' to hurt hur, that oi should let yow go home alone, and oi should foight for hur until oi could neither see nor feel." "Yow'd be ded then," sez Ole Crow. "Deddish," sez oi.

We did holler when t' Queen passed us, and oi doant believe that in all Ingland she ever went afore warmer harts. Oi doant say that we could bow and scrape, and look on t' ground, and whisper soft words, as sum other people could. But they things is only t' ornamin' of a lovin' hart. Our harts war warm and lovin' loike, though we hadn't got no ornamin'. Well, when t' Queen wor gone up to uncover t' stato, we wor free to talk; and the missuses they opened t' wallets, and we wor soon a feedin' our faces. Eatin' is such a solemn toime; there is so much earnestness about it that nobody has no toime to say nothin'. After eatin' was o'er, oi soon got moi poipe and bacey, and wor soon lost in wot oi wor tow'd wor a peculiar state o' moind, called a reverie—oi loike hard words, and allus catch em when oi can—it wor a state o' moind in which a koin'd o' lots o' things, made up o' everything, keep a dancin' inside your hed. Oi thowt fust on yumun greatness, and how soon it fades away; and how soon kings and princes ha' to leave their glory and honour to sumbody else. Oi then thowt about Prince Albert, and wot t' Queen would feel when she uncovered the stato, and seed him she loved, only in stone. Oi then hoped that t' parsons around her would pray for hur, and oi wor just a goin' to put the feelin's o' moi hart into unheard words, and send em up in a skip, loike, when Stumpy sez:

"Soleon, do you think that yow would loike t' Queen less if yow'd got a vote?"

That wor a question; and afore oi answered it, oi pushed moi bacey down in moi poipe wi moi little finger, and then draw'd a long whiff, and sed, "Stumpy, oi doant know as oi should."

"Oi think oi should," sez he. "Well, oi doon't think yow would," sez oi. "There's a good deal o' noise made about gien us votes, and howsomedever well it sounds, oi ha'an't a great deal o' faith in't." "Not faith in't, Soleon?" sez he. "No," sez oi, "oi ain't. Sum on ye think yow do wonders if yow'd got a vote; but oi can tell yow, as long as yuman natur' is yuman natur', and oi dessay that'll allus be, sumbody'll sure to be a top, and oi'd rayther some folk be a top than others."

"But doant yow think we ought tew change a bit, and let us ha' a turn?" "Oi tell yow wot it is, Stumpy, you're a good man where yow are, but yow doant know wot yow'd be if yow were to get up where some folk are. A man who is

used to goin' up a ladder has his hed steady, but one as isn't is apt to git giddy and play t' fool. We ca'n't all be masters, Stumpy, and 't will be a bad job when t' man takes t' master's place." "But 'tis very hard for us poor folk now." "Yow look loike it, doant yow?" sez oi. "Here yow are wi' a good suit o' clothes on, wi' bacey and money in your pocket, wi' a tidy little woife and comfortable home, and yow want summit else. Oi tell yow wot 't is, Stumpy, if ever t' day cums that poor folks gits masters, yow'll foind that t' poor are more cruel to t' poor than wot t' rich are. Yow and me sees enuff o' fellars that jump up out o' nothin' to know wot they are; and if they wos to be uppermost, we should catch it. Oi'm for lookin' a little, Stumpy. It ain't sound we want, it's sense. Whoy, bless ye, a fellar that got t' gift o' t' gab can make sum folk believe anything; but oi'm for weighin' wot folk say." "Well, wouldn't ye ha' a vote if they wor to gi'e it ye?" "Oi shan't ax 'em for one, for things ain't so bad as sum people imagine, and we know wot things is now; but if yow are a goin' to make a great change, it's a speccelation. Yuman natur's a good deal loike water—all t' toime yow can keep it in wi' inbounds it's roight enuff; but if yow let it become master, it's deadly. And if yow are a goin' to gie every man a vote, sum o' t' wust o' yuman natur 'll be let loose, and how are yow goin' to stop it? Doant be led away by hollar sound, Stumpy. But here cums t' Queen back again;" and as she passed us we sent such a shout into her here as would ring there for a week. We stopped to see t' 'luminations and fireworks, and they were purty, and then we went home sober, and glad to ha' seen t' Queen. And my opinion is, that all on us are better for t' Queen a cumin' into t' Black Country.

MINNIE'S MUSINGS.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART I.

He speaks but little when he's here;
A grave and thoughtful look he wears;
His voice is easy, even, clear;
And yet, I think, he loves!

He talks with me, as with the rest;
Not more with me than them, and yet
I sometimes think he likes it best;
I'm almost sure he loves!

But sister Annie's sprightly, gay,
Her laugh is like the rippling rill;
She's lovely as the flowers in May;—
Ah, *whom* is it he loves?

I see him watch her sunny smile,
I see him note her airy form,
And see his charmed gaze the while;
No wonder if he love!

She's graceful, slender, shapely, tall;
She's very beautiful and bright;
I'm little, quiet, shy—that's all;—
Not one that *he* could love!

* * * * *

Last evening, in the shrubb'ry walk,
I saw them, though they saw not me,
They pass'd along in low-toned talk,—
The very tone of love!

Not many seem'd their words—he deals
In sparing speech—but smiling, sweet,
Yet earnest; just the words one feels
Must be the words of love!

They paused; he took her hand in his;
A light was in her shining eyes,
A light of sparkling heartfelt bliss;—
The light of happy love!

Oh, Annie! Dearest sister mine!
Thy happiness shall be to me
Instead of that which I resign—
All thought henceforth of love!

To see thee bless'd shall be my joy;
For thy dear sake I'll never wed;
For thee my life I will employ
In solely sister love!

* * * * *

Just now, she came to me in glee,
In breathless state of ecstasy,
A rapture beautiful to see—
A rapture of pure love.

"You mouse-like quiet little thing,"
She said, "how lone you're sitting here!
Do rouse yourself, and come and sing
Some ballad of true love.

"He's waiting in the music-room,
And made me promise I would send
You there to let him know his doom
Of hope, or hopeless love."

"Of hope—of love?" I falter'd; stopp'd;
Then wicked Annie laugh'd, and peep'd
Beneath my tell-tale eyelids, dropp'd
In mute revealed love.

"I guess'd it, dear," she said, with fold
Of arms about me; "guess, in turn,
How danced my heart when I was told
That Walter is in love!

"I guess'd his secret, too, and made
Him half confess it as we walk'd
Last night beneath the shrubb'ry shade.
Dear Minnie, he's in love!"

Another clasp, with cheeks that burn'd,
And then—and then she made me go.
I went: and now I too have learn'd
He loves, and *whom* he loves.

PART II.

Mr Walter—he's my husband now—
My Walter said to me one day,

"I wonder why it is, and how
Our Annie does not love.

"So sympathetic, fair withal,
So cordially affectionate,
I cannot think it natural
That Annie should not love.

"And yet she turns indifferent ear
To all advances, one by one;
She will not for a moment hear
A hint of offer'd love.

"There's Blandford of Northaughton Glen,
Sir Edwin Leigh of Ash-tree Hurst;
Good fellows both, and manly men,
Men whom I trust and love.

"Will Blandford's heart is hers, I've heard,
If she'd encourage him to speak;
Sir Edwin wants but half a word
To make him own his love.

"How is it, Minnie mine, that she
Thus resolutely shuns my friends?
Dost think, my mouse, that it can be
Bright Annie will not love?

"Can it be true that she is cold?
I mean, is cold to love itself;
That she is warm I know of old,
In friend and sister love.

"So happy am I with my wife,
My darling little quiet mouse,
I'd fain see Annie's daily life
Of happy wedded love."

"Dear Walter," I replied, "I've thought,
With thee, 'tis strange our Annie shows
No sign of preference, when sought
By those who'd win her love.

"She's full of tenderness for all;
For me, for thee, for parents, friends:
For every prattling toddler small
She kisses has and love.

"Her eyes so beaming, yet so kind,
Her mouth so mischievous yet sweet,
Her voice that round one's heart doth wind,
Proclaim her form'd for love.

"It is that she has not yet found
The very man she could prefer;
'Tis that prevents her, I'll be bound,
From listening to love."

Therewith I nodded my wise head
In such a final little way,
That Walter laugh'd, and bant'ring said,
"An oracle of love!"

But that same evening he ask'd
Our Annie which of his two friends
She thought the pleasanter, and task'd
Her closely as to love.

His brother fondness gave him right
To question her; and she replied
With just her own sweet look of bright
Sincerely open love:

"Sir Edwin Leigh and Blandford, both
Are gentlemen of merit, true;
But, brother Walter, by my troth
That is not cause for love.

"Unless you'd have me have the two,
The merit of that one is wrong'd
Who's left; but what should poor I do
With such a dual love?

"If merit be a ground of love,
Why, all the meritorious men
I ought to take, and be above
Slight scruples in my love."

"Come, come," said Walter, "I suspect,
For all your saucy merriment,
You cannot seriously object
To either man, my love."

"To either? Nay, to neither, I;
They're both the very best of men—
The men to treat respectfully,
To anything but love.

"The one's too good, the other just
As bad; the one's a sort of man
So excellent, he gives disgust
To all idea of love.

"The other has the world's esteem,
And that's enough, at least in my
Opinion it doth surely seem
Enough, without my love.

"I know no jot against them, I;
But, Walter, this you'll own is true;
They're irreproachable—that's why
I cannot give them love."

"But, Annie, have you made a vow
To give up thoughts of marriage, dear?
Are you resolved, come, tell us now,
T'abjure for ever love?"

"Why, as to whether I will marry,
I've not decided yet the point;
I only know that 'Hateful Harry'
I'd love as soon as them."

"Who's 'Hateful Harry'?" Walter said.
"Oh, he," said I, and laugh'd aloud,
"Is one she named so, when a lad;
A lad to loathe, not love."

"Just so," said she; "an odious boy,
A neighbour's son, who, from a child,
Unto the age of hob'dehoy,
Had none but mother's love.

"None but a mother could descry
A quality to like in him;
A mischief-loving imp that I
Detested—couldn't love.

"A wilful peremptory way
He had, that teased my very soul;
A way of having his own say,
In spite of law or love.

"He contradicted bluntly, flat,
He plagued me constantly at play,
Though I a girl and he a brat,
A brat no one could love.

"I named him 'Hateful Hal,' or 'Harry,'
I hated him most heartily;
So fancy whether him I'd marry,
Or give to him my love!

"And yet I'd marry 'Hateful Hal'
Far rather than the one or other;
This shows you that I never shall
Give love to one of them."

So saying, Annie off did flee;
And carol'd blithely as she went,
"My heart's my own, my will is free,"
My love's still mine to give."

PART III.

NEXT day—the sky had not a cloud—
Beneath the old oak-tree we sat
At work, while Walter read aloud
The love of fair Elaine.

Then came a stranger bounding through
The trees of skirting copse, and raised
His cap, and smiling at us two,
Said, "Ladies, neighbour-love

"Of old may warrant this address;
You have forgotten me, I fear;
But I remember you; yes, yes;
The little girls so loved

"By my dear mother——" There he paused:
And then went on: "My playmates once;
And now——" He glanced at us, and caused
A smile of love from Walter.

"Tis 'Hateful Hal!' exclaim'd our Annie.
"Precisely so," he laughing said;
"You know me well; there are not many
Can boast that name of love

"You gave me formerly; so call
Me by it still; I like it best."
She reddened; bit her lip; let fall
Some words of aught but love.

"The very same, that hateful way
Of his! so masterful, so bluff!"
I heard her mutteringly say,
With eyes that flash'd no love.

My Walter asked him courteously
Of all his many wanderings;
"You are a sailor, sir, I see;
A calling that I love.

"Your banded cap, your jacket blue,
Your epaulette, and sunburnt cheek,
All show me by these tokens true,
You love a seaman's life."

"Ay, that I do!" frank Harry said;
"And yet, when I return at length,
And see the happy life you've led,—
The life of home and love,—

"I feel that life on land may be,
With books and women by your side,
As nearly good as life at sea;
A life to lead and love."

My Walter smiled and look'd at me;
While Annie bit her lip again,
And knit her brow, and tried to be
Unlovely in a frown.

"The same imperious lordly style!
So! 'Women,' truly! Likely he
Should ever find one to beguile
With needlework and love

"His home on land, or bring him books,
Or listen while he read aloud,
Or tend upon him with her looks
Of fond and happy love."

She murmur'd this with flushing face,
As Walter led his guest away,
To show him o'er our pleasant place,
Our home of happy love.

Then, seeing me still sitting there,
She broke into a trilling laugh,
And said, "Why, Minnie, do you care
For stitching, still, my love?"

"Can you remain so quiet, mouse,
While Walter is with Hateful Hal,
And making welcome to his house
A man we cannot love?"

You know his hospitable way,
His friendly kindly earnestness;
If Hateful Harry, now, should stay!
Oh, think of that, my love!"

"We'll try and bear it, dear, if so,"
I answer'd quietly: then rose:
"I think I'll fold my work, and go
And see to it, my love."

We went: she would my basket carry,
And ran before: and soon we join'd
The gentlemen—that "Hateful Harry"
And Walter my beloved.

It prov'd as she had said; he had
Been ask'd, and he had gladly stay'd.
"Come, Annie," whisper'd I, "it's bad;
But never mind, my love;

"We'll make the best of it, and treat
Him so politely, that he can't
Be churlish, rude, and bluffly meet
With roughness so much love."

Bright Annie gave a careless look,
A careless toss of head, and smiled;
Then pencil and her sketching took—
Amusement that she loves.

While I my needle closely plied;
And Walter ask'd, and Harry told
Of countries distant, far and wide,
That he had seen and loved.

"And have you never chanced to meet
In any of those foreign lands
A woman 'bove all others sweet,
A woman you could love?"

"In none," said bluntly "Hateful Hal;"
"Abroad I never once set eyes
On any, and I never shall,
On any I could love.

"The only woman in my life
I could have loved, deep hated me;
So never shall I take a wife,
And never shall I love."

There came a silence on us all:
And shortly after took his leave
Our guest; but, in the outer hall,
He said to Walter, "Love,

"Such love as you have shown to me,
A manly love of friend to friend,
A welcome home to one from sea,
Brings hearty love in turn.

"Believe a sailor rough who says,
In his rough way, I love you, friend;
I'll love you truly all my days
In gratitude for love."

He turn'd away, and darted out,
Out in the balmy night of June;
And presently we heard a shout,
A loving cheer, "Hurrah!"

PART IV.

NEXT morning Walter went to him,
And took him out a rambling walk;
A walk among the birch-trees slim,
The slender trees we love.

The silver-stemmed birch-trees green,
That cluster in our hill-side wood;
With pendent branches, boles of sheen,
The graceful trees we love.

And soon the sailor, "Hateful Harry,"
Came in and out, just as he pleased;
A moment only, or he'd tarry,
Like one at home and loved.

And Walter loved him, and I grew
To tolerate him for his sake;
And then, I think, I loved him, too,
Because my husband loved.

Though still I called him by his name
Of "Hateful Hal," in part because
He liked to have it still the same,
For mockery of love;

In part because our Annie used
It always, with an emphasis
And energy, that oft I mused
How she, so full of love

For all beside, could have for one
A hate so strong,—Well, time went on:
The summer season past and gone—
The season of ripe love

In fruit and flower, leaf and tree,—
One day that Hateful Hal declared
He must be off again to sea,
And leave the friends he loved.

I saw him give a sharp quick look
At Annie as he spoke the words;
But she was buried in her book,
Some tale of antique love.

That look of his, in one swift flash
Reveal'd to me his secret heart;
I saw 'twas Annie's self this rash
Young sailor deeply loved.

He said there was one whom he could
Have loved, but that she hated him;
I saw now who it was; but would
She e'er change hate for love?

"Impossible!" I thought, as soft
I crept away; and, since, I've learn'd
What pass'd while I revolved oft
The fate of Harry's love.

He drew more near to where she sat
Absorb'd in reading, as it seem'd,
And then abruptly said, "What's that
You're studying of love?"

"You Hateful Hal!" retorted she,
Yet with a little break of voice,
"Why come you thus disturbing me
In story of true love?"

"Ay, 'Hateful Hal!'" he said, and turn'd
His face away; "that same old name!
You've always hated me; I learn'd
That long ago from love."

"From love!" she echoed, "surely, never!"
"From love," he said, vehemently,
"From love in boyhood, manhood, ever;
From love that taught me fear.

"I fear'd your bright blue laughing eyes,
I fear'd your roguish smiling mouth;
I fear'd you did too sure despise
My boyish ardent love.

"I took to hiding it in rough
Rude ways, that made you hate yet more
A lad so peremptory, bluff,
A lad you couldn't love.

"And still you hate, I see it clear;
You hate me worse than you did then;
Rough 'Hateful Hal,' who loves you dear,
With all his strength of love.

"Well, be it so; I'm going away,
To bear it bravely if I can;
But, Annie, to my dying day
My love is yours for hate.

"For hate I give you love in turn:
Say 'Hateful Hal,' then, once again;
That name still somehow makes me burn,—
'Twas given by her I love.

"From your dear lips it has a charm,
It thrills me strangely through and through,
It sounds as if it meant no harm,
And still increased my love."

"I thought your roughness was dislike;
How could I fancy it aught else?
It seem'd so very, very like;
I couldn't think it love."

Her voice was low as she said this;
And then she tried to rally it;
"Well, 'Hateful Hal,' sir, there it is,
Since that's the name you love."

"You hated when you gave it me,
You hate me now, you'll hate me ever;
Is it not so? Or can it be,—
Oh, can it be, that love——"

He stopp'd, breath'd short, then hurried on;
"Dear Annie, speak,—do let me hear
Your voice, if but one word, but one,
Forbids me not to love."

He look'd at her with searching eyes,
As if he'd read her very soul,
Her soul of truth without disguise,
Her soul of inward love.

Beneath his eyes her eyes did sink;
In tones half arch, half sweet, she said,
"I almost now begin to think
Perhaps my hate was love."

He trembled; caught her hand in his;
 He snatch'd it to his breast, his lips;
 He gave it a quick fervent kiss
 Of eager hoping love.

"Ay, 'Hateful Hal' you still shall be,
 I'll always call you by that name;
 For 'Hateful Hal' you are to me,
 The 'Hateful Hal' I love!"

He took her in his arms so strong;
 He press'd her to his beating heart,
 And held her there full soft and long:
 Between them there was love.

A TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

I. A LANDING.

It is a little surprise—not to say start—when, after watching a distant light, expanding slowly, from the deck of the steamer, the skipper unexpectedly comes with a sort of private light and lets off a cannon. At the same instant the paddles are slowed. A delicious night, the sea all molten drip, and not a breath abroad. We are off Douglas: and the light-house is now suspiciously turned on us like a policeman's bull's-eye lantern.

That landing had quite a contraband and smuggling air. Afar off are a few twinkling lights, like pin-holes in cardboard, and disposed in an arch. Off there they are all asleep, for it has gone One. Now comes the splash of oars, and here are the boats—boats broad, large, and contraband-looking, and carrying some twenty or thirty passengers. Here are three or four of them drifting up alongside, laden to the water's edge with trunks and dark figures, and, like pirates about to board, each boat-load seemed to glide up out of the darkness. Then they poured in fiercely and overran the decks, wildly making for berths and cabins where there was no room, and where there was a hot still atmosphere below, and every one snoring or dozing. Humanity, by the way, when it comes on board in this way, seems to resent this apathy, and expects itself to be welcomed wakefully and with a sort of jubilee. We, meantime, descend the side into new boats, look up a moment at the great black side of the vessel dimly looming down on us, with a red eye glaring out askance on us, see a fresh boat laden with fresh pirates and fresh mountains of baggage gliding up out of the darkness, then push away for shore.

Here another great bull's-eye lantern is turned on us. A great pier, solemn and massive, and along a flight of stone stairs, with the touters, omnibus creatures, porters, &c., all waiting for their prey. A hoarse clock chimes half-past one. It is the most tranquil of nights. In these days of trains running down screaming and whistling beside piers, and of packets coming up whistling beside railway platforms, this seems delightfully barbarous and original. On the great flight of steps abundant discussion

takes place as to what is to be done with the passengers—how the spoil is to be divided. The old animosity rages between the "touts" of the rival houses, the old contempt and "chaffing" which it was thought obtained so notably at Calais, and only at Calais. But this was soon ended, and we, a trio called Messrs. Athos, Aramis, and Porthos—who does not know *those* names?—became the spoil of the daring brave of the CASTLE MONA. We belonged to him as of right. His rival—was it THE IMPERIAL, or some such name, that *he* called himself?—avenged his repulse by what seemed a delightful piece of contempt. He would light his pipe; and, in derision, ignited his fusee on Aramis's own portmanteau. There was no vaunting in his action—nothing, so to speak, offensive, but it conveyed a world of meaning. We admired him for it.

Then in the victorious bus through the most narrow, ill-paved, jolting streets. Porthos encouraged, moreover, by sudden drifts and whiffs of unsavoury origin, born, perhaps, of a nightly miasma, says it is singularly like coming into a French town by night. The driver, too, cracks his whip in the savage way common to French drivers. Underneath sounds something hollow and rumbling; still more like a French town. Then at last on to Castle Mona, the disused and degraded ducal residence, at precisely half-past one o'clock in the morning.

Everybody is bleary-eyed and half asleep, and bundles in to bed anyhow; and so I, Porthos, go to rest, pretty wearied, in "No. 50," not knowing whether the window of "No. 50" gives on the superb prospects the guide-book has been raving about, or on a bald stack of chimneys. Packets "come in" at this sea-girt island at all sorts of irregular hours. They go away, too, with the same awkwardness, coming round the headland and firing their gun at three o'clock and four o'clock in the morning. The unhappy busman, and his more unhappy horses, who must wait on these fitful visits, what a time *they* must have of it! Boots, as a matter of course, never sleeps, so it falls in naturally with *his* course of work. The morning that I shake the dust from off my shoes, the "bus" with busman, and the Boots, come jingling round to great clatter and cracking of the whip, with all their customary spirit, though all the gas is flaring, and the clock in the hall is striking three A.M.

II. OUR TOWN.

But it is very pleasant to find there is to be no ground for misgivings. On awaking in the morning, on coming thus to a new country, it is a pleasant speculation to pause before opening the shutters, and wonder what you are to see, and what manner of picture is about to open on you. Here I find, from the window of "No. 50," a wide low-lying bay, faced with soft headlands and broken into little coves, with the houses huddled and clustering down the hill to the beach, as if they were going to bathe;

a delicious glistening morning, with the blue sea rolling in softly and languidly, and a fresh glistening look over the horizon; a steamer with red chimneys is gliding in past the light-house, too lazy to use its paddles; down on the beach are the white sentry-boxes, being wheeled out by an overworked horse, who has to canter hard from box to box, but summoned by clamorous bathers, while the British tourist, most odious and demonstrative in his touring, is walking home with a wet towel on his shoulder, to proclaim to all whom it may concern (and is there any one whom such a thing *could* concern?) that he has been bathing.

Of course this creature swarms and spawns, so to speak, in splendid variety and abundance on these grounds. Liverpool is but a few hours' steam away, and, as a matter of course, it sends all its most unpleasant children to us for fresh air and a pleasant wash in the sea. Who shall grudge them these cheap blessings? But why go to the expense of the theatrical, and what *they* think the professional and appropriate tourist dress, of infinite varieties of mean hats, bag and strap, &c.? Why should they march three abreast, looking up to the houses and shops on each side with a defiant interrogation, as if to see that they answered to the florid descriptions put in the guide-books? I see more of the "low British tourist," that is, "snob," in this place than in any other, and in all his odious variety. I meet them on the hills in parties, invariably vindicating their title to be genuine British tourists by roaring "Slap Bang!" (the snobs' National Anthem), or carrying empty ale-bottles, displaying Messrs. Allsopp's labels, on walking-sticks on their shoulders. Altogether a bright place, yet not cheery. There was an infinite number of donkeys, whose unhappy backs it is a special delight and pride on the part of our tourist to overload and strain with his vulgar person. Second to this, perhaps, a more fascinating pastime is to walk along the sands, as close as the sea will let them, to the ladies who are bathing. This is great sport in itself, as is also the confusion and annoyance which these females suffer, and, when related at breakfast, naturally raises their character as "fast men."

In a morning walk I see yet more of this curious species, especially as I pass "Midgely's Mona Boarding-house," where they swarm over on the balconies, and look through rusty telescopes and opera-glasses. A lane runs between the Mona Boarding-house and a second, which the owner has taken through the expansion of his business; but doors open down in the common lane, and the tourists of both sexes lounge on the steps, and interchange morning greetings, and smoke short pipes with the ease of men at their clubs.

I am glad to see the Irish outside car well naturalised here, as well as its Welsh sister the "inside car," which, it may be said, is an exceedingly comfortable and conversational vehicle. But the Irish outside is scarcely the same thing in a foreign country—this is Porthos's remark;

it requires the dashing laissez-aller style of driving known in its native land. Aramis thinks there is a good deal in the build, too; they are tighter, more springy, and drawn together, there and in the Scotch quarter of Ireland; here they spread out and sprawl a little, and become heavy: they lose animation.

Not so bad, either, are the large waggonettes, which trundle by with much jingling, and which are labelled "JONES'S CRESCENT BUSS" (spelt like a chaste salute), "FARE TWOPENCE." Yet to this retreat, more or less innocent, have penetrated the demons of old rivalry and competition, for here, not very much behind either, is "COX'S ORIGINAL CRESCENT BUSS." As a matter of course, the odious and notorious Three Legs, well buttoned-up in splatterdashes and decorated with spurs, sprawl and spin in every direction. "Cox's Original Crescent Buss," of course, displays them, and would properly receive no custom if he did not. The policeman's collar and cuffs, the steamer's paddle-boxes, the walls of buildings, the tops of posters, all exhibit this emblem, with a weary loyalty. Some way it imparts an absurd air of motion, and on the policeman's collar suggests an air of scampering pursuit. In the shops, handkerchiefs are so decorated, and the idea is further improved with odious men, modelled on the late Albert Smith's picture of "the Gent," who are seen plying along on three legs. But the true Manx jest and "wut" is clearly the effigy of the same individual, who appears on handkerchiefs, note-paper, cards, collars, everywhere carrying out the same exquisite and most facetious jest; that is, getting his boots cleaned, and saying to the astounded shoeblack, when the third leg is presented, "Stupid! Brush away! Don't you see I am a Manxman?" The Manxmen are never tired of grinning over this conceit. The "far-famed Mona's Bouquet," which is distilled from the choicest flowers on the island, is, of course, for the benefit of strangers; but suspicion is awakened by its being advertised as "the *original* far-famed Mona's Bouquet, distilled from the choicest flowers," and we soon discover that Smith, the chemist, has his far-famed bouquet, and Jackson, the druggist, his, and Jones, the apothecary, his; but all nervously anxious, in the interest of the poor tourist wishing to purchase the sweet scent, to caution the public against being taken in by interested parties. Some very ordinary spars and pebbles are picked up on the shore, which are, of course, made into bracelets and brooches adorned with silver, the present of which would have the effect of making one low spirited; and these are greedily bought by the visitor in the felt "wide-awake," for the purpose of putting on the wrist or sticking in the belt of his charmer.

III. OUR HOTEL.

There are great legends about our hotel—how it was built by a certain duke of the finest stone, &c. The "noble banquetting-hall," the

"spacious corridor," &c., says the guide-book, of course, in a delirium of rapture. It is certainly well placed, as it were, on the sea-shore, with pleasant grounds about it, where the duke and the duke's family, of course, wandered and saw company. Still, with all these older glories and distinguished memories, it is what Porthos calls rather a "shy" place. Much violence has been done to the duke's state-rooms, each of which has been carved up and partitioned off into half a dozen smaller ones, and, as Aramis remarks, the walls *can't* be very thick, when you hear your neighbour turning in his bed. In the grounds, languid croquet goes on all day long; in the great reception-room a good deal of reading newspapers, and working, and very courageous public performing on the piano goes on. There are infinitely more ladies than men, and the men, Porthos says again, are "a shy lot"—not in bearing, certainly, but after the technical and accepted meaning. Nothing is more amusing, and profitable, too, than to study a little human nature at these places—at dinner especially. To see the pride and festive airs which families—stout mamma, two daughters, and amiable though helpless parent—all assume. They are unused to the life, and wish again and again "that these tables d'hôte, *as abroad*, took more root in benighted England." A glib man beside them, whose freedom seems charming, cordially agrees. He quite charms mamma, especially when he hectors the waiters. He is most likely a clerk, or a "commercial gent." So, too, the smart young man who sits at the head of the table, and from a long residence of more than three weeks, affects to be "President." He consults thoughtfully and "knowingly" with the head waiter, and brings a blush of shame to a bushy-whiskered newly married clergyman, of a *very* retiring disposition for all his bushy whiskers, by calling on him publicly for grace before meat.

IV. OUR STAGE.

Our little town is theatrical in the season when the visitors come; and up a narrow little street, or lane, two theatres, exactly opposite, flaunt defiance at each other like—like two painted and angry dames. One is the THEATRE ROYAL, and, by a courtesy that obtains everywhere, properly takes the *pas* of all others. The HEIR APPARENT is the other. The first is under a sort of joint captaincy—the "management" of Mr. RIDLEY RYDER, and the "direction" of Miss KATHLEEN LAMOTTE. It needs no little bird to tell me that Mr. Ridley Ryder and Miss Kathleen Lamotte are man and wife, and have a large family; and that Miss Lamotte's christian name is Mary, not Kathleen; and, finally, that her maiden name never was Lamotte, but Wrigley, or some such denomination. Still, for the young boys and romantic drapers' assistants, such prosy diet would never do, and they believe that lady to be a ravishing young princess of only eighteen, whose golden locks belong to her own head and not to the

property-man, and who secretly believe that Ridley Ryder is consumed with a burning desire to possess so lovely a being.

I like the Theatre Royal amazingly. It is no bigger than a handbox. There are tiers of boxes, the centre of which is so close to the stage that an agile man could readily clear the pit in a good jump. But room was plenty and cheap upwards, so that the audience, which was densely packed, seemed hung on pegs over each other, like hats. There was no slanting or sloping in the arrangements. The orchestra suffered most from the straitness of room, especially the leader, Mr. Fugle; for, to reinforce "the band"—a cornet, flute, and violin being but a thin combination—a pianoforte had been introduced, the finger-board of which literally projected against Mr. Fugle's chest, and seemed to cut into his thighs. Yet let me not be misunderstood: the whole was excellent, so far as it went; there were no wrong notes, and Fugle had arranged his forces with great skill and judgment. I have heard more pretentious bodies much less acceptable; and Fugle himself warmed up his forces, and, both hands being engaged, and very busily, too, led briskly with his head and hair, as Miss Lamotte, with her long golden hair, gave Sing, Birdie, sing.

Fugle's head lay back upon his shoulders with closed eyes, as if enraptured, but he struck in after the shake and last note with tremendous effect. The acting is very fair indeed, and we have the regular round of sensation dramas, with a ballet an't please you. I like to see the look of the house—the pleased faces of the audience, who are grateful for this entertainment, like children at a pantomime. Outside I see our hotel buss (I must adopt the local spelling) waiting and blocking up the whole street, and in a front row of the boxes are a family—a whole one, too—from our hotel, who have made a festival of it, and have chartered the buss for themselves—at least, papa has, who is a good soul. He ought to be, for there are two engaging daughters, who will be going out to the Liverpool parties next year or so, and who are quite unsophisticated and unspoiled as yet, and accept the whole play with absorbing interest. Thus, when Ridley Ryder, as a Ticket-of-Leave Man, is ranting fearfully, and straining the golden-haired Kathleen to his bosom (to the despair of the drapers' youths), roaring against the prejudices of society, against gentlemen who have left prison, making Aramis, Porthos, and Athos, who have heard good ranting in their day, laugh heartily, *their* tearful eyes and ready handkerchiefs are ready to sympathise with and actually encourage that groundling. But for a night next week—a night of honour, indeed—they have secured "his Excellency the Governor," and the performance is to be honoured by the "Immediate Presence," whatever that may mean, of that illustrious idol, who seems at all these realms to be a piece of gaudy furniture, lent about the various "stations" of the place. This favour

must sting to the heart Mr. HILLIER ROGERS, lessee of the opposition theatre over the way, who *must* intrigue, and grovel, and even crawl up the back stair—if there be such a thing—of the governor's little villa, until he obtain the same favour of the "Immediate Presence." But Hillier Rogerson's house cannot compete with the regular house. It has the shy, shirking, *converted* air of the assembly-room or concert-hall, and the air seems charged with the ghostly utterances of the gentleman who described "Baily's Owyhee Panorama" last year, or the more measured and less exhilarating utterances of the Rev. Mr. McCorkup, who appealed about the same time to the British seamen. The stage is inconveniently near the face of the front seats, yet the manager earns popular support by exerting himself in a particular direction, where, it must be confessed, the regular drama breaks down. He has rested entirely on what a noble lord, in a certain novel, said would be the salvation of the stage—viz. thoroughly good and substantial "leg pieces." The show in this direction, assuming that the theory of the old lord was right, must on this night have saved the drama. The audience were enraptured with this display, as, indeed, with everything, and cheered to the echo. On another night I see Othello—for I am an almost nightly patron of the drama—and hear Mr. Wilkins in person tear the Moor to tatters. His yells, groans, and shrieks, as his own infatuation and the villainy of Iago were more and more established, were terrific, and, I could see, inconvenienced the audience. He was over six feet high, and his lungs were formed in proportion. He introduced a "business" into his own "death," which, though taking a long time, seemed new. In his agonies he caught hold of Desdemona's bed-curtain, seemed to reel over her inanimate form, then reeled back and hung in the air, still supported by the loved one's curtain, which, no doubt, the property-man had been instructed to secure firmly for the purpose. It held wonderfully, though the canvas bed-posts behind were seen to sway a good deal. But finally he let it go, and fell dead, splendidly true and flat, on the ground. The crash was terrific.

V. OUR PORT.

Our port is very satisfactory, and, what with the market that runs in on it, and the old church that sticks its yellow shoulders forward, like an old crone for a gossip, and the crowd of sailors who lounge with their hands in their pockets, and women who sell fish, and cars and carriages, which appear suddenly among these objects, to the music of loud cracking whips, has quite a Boulogne air. There is a short stumpy little red pier, with a light-house at the end, where, about five o'clock, when a packet comes in, there is an affectation of a genteel promenade. Much more stirring and gay is the scene at the top and bottom of the pier stairs, where there are some forty or fifty of the gaudily painted pleasure-boats

coming in or going out—a crowd of Fannies, Teazers, Foams, Flirts, and such-like. The great stairs are crowded with the British tourist, going out or coming in, and who makes a grand display when he takes his women on the water. When four gentlemen insist on rowing, there are some curious specimens in that direction; the oars splashing up and down unevenly. He must, of course, sing, "Cheer, Boys," or "Slap Bang," as he rows; and, as he comes back, the bottom of the stairs is a regular crush, from the bows of boats returning. Every moment we are startled by the report of a cannon—for every vessel is bound in honour to salute as she enters the port—and we all rush to the edge to see who it is.

VI. OUR POLITICS.

It will be seen from all this that our island—"our sea-girt island," adds the guide, almost unnecessarily—has no very wonderful physical attractions. Morally, however, it is highly interesting, and very amusing. We have arrived on the eve of a great political convulsion. A change in the constitution is being meditated by an unscrupulous governor and a set of suborned and degenerate Manxmen, who are his tools. We are in one of what the guide-book calls "gaily painted pleasure-boats," when a remark of the boatman lets us into the secret of this state of things. How did he like the governor? With a sardonic grin and savage pull at the oar, he would like hugely to have "the fixin' of him!" He had laid taxes on everything—on drink and tobacco—which before could be drunk and smoked without expense. He had even tried to lay something on the boats, but he was "fixed" in that attempt. From this Masaniello we hear plenty of disclosures.

This queer little country is ruled by a governor, who has "His Excellency" showered on him with the obsequiousness common to all dependencies, and has every single utterance reported to the letter and form of word by ambuscade reporters. He lives in a little villa. His two familiars, the aiders and abettors, no doubt, in these nefarious changes, are two officers called Deempsters, who are paid magistrates—"pampered," no doubt, the Manx Gazette and Mona Sun call them. These, with the bishop and another officer, constitute the Upper House. No wonder the Manx Gazette hints at the iniquity of a system which allows of our lives and liberties being "tampered with" under such a rule. The Lower House is the House of Keys, constituted, I believe, by nomination also, and supposed to be corrupted by the governor's smiles, and, perhaps, lunches at the villa. For every one, even the editor of the radical Manx Gazette, worships these great "swells;" and if the governor only knew his interest and his proper "cue," he might, by "a lunch" or two, and giving him the bishop's lady to "take in," soothe this most rabid of patriots.

I see a concert advertised, and it is a key to human nature—the same everywhere—to see in what flaming red letters its sponsors are proclaimed: Under the distinguished patronage of H. Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Wilcox, the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man and Mrs. Pouters, his Honour the Deemster and Mrs. Welshwater, and (this struck us as delightful) His Honour THE ARCH-DEACON'S OFFICIAL AND MRS. QUICK.

So do we kotoo all over the world. At the Theatre Royal, that same night, we find less expansion in the patronage, and some mystery; for the performance is by permission and under the patronage of

HIS HONOUR THE H. B. OF DOUGLAS.

This mystified Aramis, Porthos, and Athos for a long time. A native caricaturist, said Aramis. A local lead-pencil (allusion to the native mines), said Porthos. Athos said nothing, but reflected. It was he who hit on the solution, THE HIGH BAILIFF! But did not the abbreviation sound familiar, not to say free and easy? It was agreed to be in bad taste, and I have no doubt the "H. B." was hurt by it.

But the whole does remind one of a certain other island, not so far away, and to which steamers run. There is the agitation against the brutal Saxon; and we have only to read the newspapers to see how the unscrupulous oppressor is struggling, not to absorb, but "to destroy" our island. The Manx editors are lashing themselves to fury at the notion of "annexation." They call it "THE ANNEXATION HOWL," in large capitals. They hold up to ridicule "the stupid boobies of the House of Keys," *who squandered and cast to the dogs (sic) twenty-seven thousand acres of Manx land.* They are "popinjay bipeds," "stupid Manx Tories," and what not. These are literally to be found in a single journal. In fact, the world repeats itself, even in a teacup.

A debate in the "House of Keys" took place when the writer was "on the island;" but the writer missed being present at the exciting scene. Every word, however, was faithfully reported in the Manx Gazette, and in a dramatic way; as, for instance: "THE SECRETARY: *O yes, the right of appeal is retained.*" The question was about the constitution of a new Court of Appeal. The jokes in this House were of the mildest sort, and seemed to go a long way. Mr. Tidwell alluded to conscience being a check; on which Mr. Chatters, another "Key," neatly retorted: "Mr. Tidwell does not seem to think that conscience is a very elastic sort of thing"—an allusion, it is recorded, which produced "roars of laughter." But Mr. Tidwell was not to be so disposed of. "Our friend," he said, "*the honourable member in the corner, is judging by his own case, when he talks of elasticity of conscience;*" which in its turn produced "roars of laughter." Mr. Harkee, another "Key," indignantly protested against all change. This

was the best stroke of the day. "Such a change," he said, "would be *doing away with our vitals.*"

AN EVIL THURSDAY.

ON RECORD IN VENICE.

CHAPTER I.

THE clock of the Frari at Venice was striking three* on Thursday, the 23rd February, 1525. It was carnival time. On the little bridge, which leads from the square or piazza of Santa Maria dei Frari to the gateway of the Palazzo Zeno, a man stood with a matchlock in his hand. He was shortly joined by another man enveloped in a mantle. The new comer exchanged a few words with the former. Almost immediately a report was heard; the man in the mantle fell heavily on the steps of the bridge; the man of the matchlock fled rapidly through the little Piazza Zeno, leaving his weapon with the match still burning on the ground.

The whole transaction was observed by two of the guardians of safety, or police, who hastened to the spot. One of them stopped to give what assistance he could to the wounded man; the other gave chase to the assassin.

The dying man thrust back the police agent, who was endeavouring to loosen his cloak to discover the wound, with his arm, and, with a broken voice, exclaimed:

"Ziobà†—il viluppo—disegni!" that is to say, "Thursday—the case—drawings."

"Signore," retorted the police agent, "we know that this is Thursday; never mind the papers and drawings; let me examine your wound."

"Ziobà," I say, replied the dying man.

He made a prodigious effort to say something else; but the blood gushed from his mouth, and prevented utterance. Two slugs had passed through his lungs. With a convulsive spasm, his head fell heavily on the flag-stones. He was dead.

Such was the official report of the police-agent, Menego.

The other agent was meantime in hot pursuit of the assassin. The latter was young and active, and fear added speed to his natural agility. The festivities of the carnival had attracted nearly the whole of the population of Venice to the Place of St. Mark, and the narrow streets were almost deserted. After many windings, the assassin reached the Grand Canal, near the Church of St. Sylvestre. He threw himself into a gondola that was tied to one of the posts, and made for the opposite side of the canal, handling his oar in a manner which denoted that he was no novice in the art. The few seconds lost in unloosing the gondola enabled the police-agent to get a closer view of him. He saw that he was in the dress of a

* According to our English calculation, this would be eight o'clock in the evening.

† Ziobà, in the Venetian dialect, means Thursday.

student. Something shining, which hung by his side, and which resembled one of those tin cases in which the licentiates of the University of Padua were wont to carry their diplomas, confirmed the police-agent in the idea that he was a member of that university. His face was concealed by a mask, and the darkness prevented the agent seeing more.

On the reiterated shouts of the police-agent, a boatman, who was slumbering at the other side of the canal, on the steps of the Loredano Palace, got up, rubbing his eyes, and, half asleep, asked what was the matter. Menego finally made up his mind to continue the pursuit, but returned in less than five minutes, saying he had lost all traces of the man in the crowd near St. Mark's.

The police-agent, finding the chase was up, returned to his comrade to draw up an official report of the transaction. They put the dead body into a gondola, and conveyed it to the chief police-office of the St. Pol district, in which the murder had been committed. All the police-agents were out on duty to prevent riots among the maskers, and to keep order. Two hours elapsed before a small number could be sent out with the very imperfect description of the assassin given by the two who witnessed the crime. There were more than two thousand students from the University of Padua on that night enjoying themselves at the theatres, public balls, and places of refreshment.

The Thursday of the carnival week was always a great day with the students of Padua. Headed by a band of music, they marched at midday in procession through the streets without committing any excesses; but at night, despite the heavy penalties they were liable to, they gave rein to the wildest orgies, much to the alarm and disgust of the more sober citizens of Venice. On the Friday morning, a flotilla of gondolas, gaily decked with flags, took them back to the mainland, and the remainder of the carnival belonged to the citizens of Venice.

At the police-office, it was ascertained that the murdered man was one Antonio Toldo, a rich jeweller, domiciled at San Salvador. A silver chain round his neck, and a well-furnished purse in his pocket, showed that the murder was not accompanied by robbery; the motive was, therefore, to be attributed to hatred or revenge. A letter in the pocket-book of the defunct proved that he had been enticed into a trap. This letter, written in the Brescian dialect, and evidently in a disguised hand, ran thus:

"See Antonio, if on Thursday at eight o'clock precisely you will come to the Campo Zeno, near the Church of the Frari, an individual, who takes an interest in all deceived husbands, will put you in possession of the papers you are anxious to obtain. You must burn them, though they are masterpieces, and he whom you have persecuted has forgiven you your ill-will."

This document, with the official report of the inquest on the body, with the clothes of

the victim, and the matchlock, were placed in safe custody at the police-office.

The night was pretty far advanced when the two agents who witnessed the murder started to see if they could find any indications to put them on the track of the assassin. About an hour before daybreak, Menego was attracted by the noise made by a number of students seated inside a small wineshop in a little street near the Church of St. Moses. One of these students, standing on the table, was addressing the others in a burlesque harangue, which elicited shouts of laughter and the applause of his audience. "Long life to Pascal Ziobà!" was repeatedly shouted by the admiring students, who drank the health of the orator. The name caught the ear of the police-agent, who remembered the broken words of Toldo, who twice repeated the word Ziobà. Menego's intellect was none of the brightest, and he dared not arrest the student on simple suspicion. He satisfied himself with taking a long searching look at the features of the young man, that he might recognise him again. He then returned to the office for instructions as to whether he should arrest him or not. He was ordered to do so at once, and, accompanied by two or three others, he hastened to the wine-shop. But the sun had meantime risen, the wine-shop was closed, and the flotilla of the students was already ploughing the waves of the blue Adriatic, on its way to the mainland.

On the morrow, a lady, dressed in deep mourning, and of remarkable beauty, presented herself at the criminal court, and, throwing herself at the feet of the magistrates, sobbing, implored justice and revenge for the murder of her husband, Antonio Toldo; she said that she would place one-half of her fortune at the disposal of the judges to discover the assassin. The magistrates requested the beautiful Lucrezia Toldo to rise, promised her that the murder of her husband should be avenged, showed her the reports already made, and the measures which had been taken, and assured her that the most pressing orders had been given to discover the murderer. A few days afterwards, a gondola full of police-agents conveyed to Venice, to the Prison of the Forty, the student Pascal Ziobà, who had been arrested at Padua. Among his papers a portfolio was found containing pen-and-ink sketches; most of the drawings represented a woman who bore a strong resemblance to Lucrezia Toldo. Pascal was eighteen years of age, and had not yet taken his degree, consequently had no diploma; but it was proved that on the Thursday in question he wore the dress of a doctor of law, and amused himself during the whole of the night in performing the part of such a personage.

These indications seemed of a nature to lead to a discovery of the truth; but the accused, on the very first examination, triumphantly refuted every suspicious circumstance, and caused the greatest uncertainty in the minds of the judges. He called as witness a girl of Padua, who

avowed herself to be Ziobà's mistress, and that she sat to him as a model. As the features of this girl bore a still more striking resemblance to the pen-and-ink drawings than those of Lucrezia Toldo, the truthfulness of this witness could not be called in question.

The commission of inquiry sent for Lucrezia, and confronted her with the accused. They looked fixedly at each other, and declared it was the first time they had met. The physiognomy of Lucrezia did not betray the slightest emotion; but as she left the court the widow of Antonio Toldo burst into tears, declaring that her husband would never be avenged, as that man could not be the murderer; she had never seen his face before.

The fair ladies of Venice being celebrated for skillful intrigue, and their morals not above suspicion, the magistrates ordered the most minute inquiries to be made respecting the antecedents of Lucrezia. They all turned in favour of that lady. Not only had she never been known to have been concerned in an affair of gallantry, but on this point she affected a severity almost amounting to prudery, so much so that she had broken off all intercourse with her mother on account of an affair which created some scandal ten years previously. In vain at different times had her mother endeavoured to procure a reconciliation. The idea of complicity between Pascal Ziobà and the widow of Messer Antonio was therefore given up as inadmissible.

Nor did the matchlock throw any light upon the transaction. Pascal declared that he never was in possession of firearms. The armourers of Venice and Padua stated that it had not come from their workshops. They presumed it was of Milanese fabrication, and the letter G, inlaid in mother-of-pearl in the stock, showed that it had, in all probability, been made to special order. It was presumed this weapon had been kept in some wealthy house as a relic.

When the circumstances attending the perpetration of the crime were entered into, the accused brought forward in evidence a band of students with whom he was in the Place of St. Mark precisely at the hour the murder was committed. It is true Ziobà had left his comrades for a few minutes, and it was proved that the man who struck the hours at the Frari did so after all the other clocks had struck; but the distance between the Zeno Palace and the Square of St. Mark would take a quarter of an hour, and as much to return, and unless he had wings at his heels, Pascal, with all his agility, could not have done the distance in the short time he was absent. It was observed that he appeared heated on his return, but the carnival was at its height, and there were numbers of students as heated as himself, and the gaiety and unembarrassed good humour he displayed could not give ground for the suspicion that he had just committed a murder. This plea of an alibi threw the court into additional perplexity.

There still remained the anonymous letter

which had drawn Antonio Toldo into the snare. Whether it was that the handwriting was skillfully disguised, or that it was by another hand, no resemblance could be traced to that of the student. The letter, moreover, was written in the Brescian dialect, and none had ever heard Pascal Ziobà make use of that dialect. Despite all these doubts, the prisoner was remanded, and his trial ordered to take place in due form before the Court of the Forty.

CHAPTER II.

PASCAL, in reply to the questions of his judges, gave the following narrative of the history of his early years:

"As far back as his memory went, he had recollections of a magnificent palace in which he dwelt, in a chamber hung with tapestry, where two women had care of him. He drew from this the conclusion that he belonged to some noble family on the mainland. One day there was a great uproar in the palace. He heard shrieks and the sound of cannon and musketry. A frightened maid-servant carried him off in her arms, and hurried through the streets, which were full of soldiers. The town was doubtless being pillaged. In the midst of the tumult he did not know what became of him. After an interval of which he had no recollection, he found himself in company of a band of gipsies, entrusted to the care of a young gipsy lass, who used to beat him and half starve him. At a halt of these gipsies near Bassano, he hid himself in some bushes; and the gipsies, being obliged to decamp, left him behind. A peasant woman found him, and took him home with her. She was still alive; her name Marcellina Aliga. He knew that his name was Pascal, and as the good woman had found him on the Bassano road on a Thursday, she gave him the byname of Ziobà, which he had kept ever since, and by which he was known at the university. Marcellina was very fond of him, and he still loved her with the affection of a son. One day, two gentlemen, in hunting costume, entered her cottage to rest themselves. Wine and fruit were laid before them. One of the two, who was no other than the celebrated painter Titian, having scrutinised his (Pascal's) countenance, proposed that he should go with him to Venice, saying he wished to take his portrait. Marcellina allowed him to go, and he accompanied Titian. That great master took a liking to him, gave him lessons, and found that he had some taste for the noble art he cultivated. He became one of his pupils, and had the honour of working at the decorations of the Hall of the Grand Council. As a reward for his labour, and at the request of his master, the most noble Council of Ten granted him an annual pension of fifty ducats for a term of ten years. At the expiration of four years the decorations were completed. Thanks to the generosity of the noble lords, he had a pension and the means of a livelihood. By the interest of Titian, he was admitted to the University of Padua, though he had no family papers or certificate

of his birth to show. This was in 1623, and from his appearance he was put down as of seventeen years of age. This is all that he could tell their lordships respecting his origin and his childhood."

The peasant woman of Bassano was sent for, and fully corroborated Pascal's statement.

Since the commencement of the trial, a notice was posted up on the bridge of the Rialto, inviting all persons who had any knowledge of Pascal to present themselves before the Forty. Various individuals gave information of no moment. Among the number, however, who gave voluntary testimony, we find the name of the celebrated Titian.

"Pascal," said the great painter, "was one of my best pupils. He was a first-rate draughtsman. I recognised in him that innate skill and knowledge of the secrets of our art, without which no man can become a great painter. The figures sprang, as it were, naturally to life under the fingers of this boy as if he had imbibed the art with his mother's milk. In the great picture which the Supreme Council deigned to command of me, representing the defeat of the Emperor Frederick, one of my greatest works, the group in which Prince Otho is taken prisoner and brought before the Admiral of this most serene Republic, was entirely drawn by Pascal Ziobà. After thrice drawing it, I was not satisfied with my own work, and put it up to competition among my pupils; and it was from Ziobà's sketch that I gave the last touch to this picture, so difficult in conception that no artist before me ventured to undertake it.*

"I founded great hopes on Pascal as an honour to my profession. Like myself, he painted from love of the Art, and not for lucre; but, with regret, I found that he had not sufficient ambition of glory, and entertained no wish to see his name inscribed on the list of great masters. Some extraordinary idea that he was of noble birth continually haunted him. He fancied he should some day discover his parents, whom he believed to be great lords. This folly ruined his career. As soon as he received his small pension, he expressed a wish to enter the university, to learn things stranger to our art. My remonstrances were in vain. He replied, good humouredly, that, should it please God, he would one day order pictures from me to the amount of ten thousand ducats to celebrate his coming of age. I left him to his folly; but as I loved the boy, I exerted myself to get him admitted into the university. Pascal Ziobà led a regular life; he had no hatreds or quarrels, not from mildness of character, for he is rather hasty in temper than otherwise, but from deep-rooted pride. His disposition was lively and amusing; but, with all his good humour, he always showed that he considered himself superior to his companions. Unless anything should transpire to alter my opinion, I believe him incapable of committing a murder."†

* This picture of Titian was destroyed in the fire of the ducal palace in 1572.

† See the papers of the *Caso dei Gambareschi* at Venice.

In his reply to the judges, the accused showed the most remarkable assurance and presence of mind. The only charge that remained against him was the broken words of the dying man. Those three words, "Ziobà—il viluppo—disegni," the magistrates interpreted as, "Ziobà is the name of my murderer; you will recognise him by the case he carries on his shoulder, and in which, instead of a diploma, there are drawings." This explanation appeared probable; but Pascal constructed a dozen phrases with the same words, all of which might be equally probable.

"But," said the chief magistrate, "the name of the accused is Ziobà, and it is a very uncommon name."

"That is true," replied Pascal; "but there is a Thursday in every week. If, instead of Ziobà, Messer Antonio had said Doge, would you at once have conferred upon me that dignity so nobly worn by our august prince, the magnificent Andreas Gritti? I do not think so. It would have been much better for me than if poor Marcellina Aliga had found me in the road to Bassano on a Wednesday; I should then have been called Mercore, and the words of the murdered man would not have affected me."

At each reply, the accusation lost ground. There was every appearance of Pascal being acquitted, when an incident again aroused the suspicions of the judges. A new witness appeared in court. It was the noble lord Francis Contarini.

On beholding the prisoner, that grave personage addressed him as follows:

"Well, young man, it seems decreed that I shall always find you in trouble. This time I will not promise to save you; but I will say a few words in your favour."

Pascal, doubtless, did not expect much from the generous intentions of this witness; for on beholding Francis Contarini he turned deadly pale, and gave marked evidence of anxiety.

The noble Contarini made the following statement:

"On Thursday of last year's carnival, whilst crossing the Piazzetta at dusk, I came upon a group of masked students, who were enjoying themselves. One of them, performing the part of an improvisatore, was addressing a comic speech to the gaping crowd. I was accompanied by the Lord Grimani, masked like myself, and we were both much amused at the witty drolleries of the young man. From curiosity, I asked some students who their comrade was. 'It is,' they replied, 'the celebrated Pascal Ziobà, the most amiable and the most valorous of the students of Padua.' Six months afterwards, on my way to the ducal palace, I passed in front of the police-office of the Cinque, and the name of Pascal Ziobà, placarded on the official list of delinquents, caught my eye. Being in a hurry to reach the palace, I had no time to stop; but on the way I felt compassion for the youth, who had afforded me so much amusement at the carnival time, and who was probably prosecuted for some petty debt. On

leaving the palace, I again passed the police-office. The name of Pascal Ziobà had been taken down, and this gave me to understand that either he had been arrested or had paid his creditor. Being desirous of ascertaining the fact, I entered the office, and inquired why his name had been taken down. I was told in reply, that the police at Padua had found him out, arrested him, and sent him to Venice, where he was a prisoner in the prisons of the Cinque. I ordered them to show me to his cell. Pascal did not know me, but took me for one of the prison inspectors.

"Sir," he said, "it is Heaven that sent you to me to prevent a crime. I have been thrown into this cell for the paltry debt of fifty Venetian livres, lent to me for the purpose of bringing me here. Your excellency must be aware that, once in prison, no matter for what delinquency, a man may be knocked on the head or poisoned without justice taking any trouble about the matter. I do not wish to clamour against customs sanctioned by this most enlightened republic; but, in my case, I am the victim of the most abominable revenge. I have an enemy, whom it is of no purpose to name. That man, knowing that I was hard up for money, made me an offer of fifty livres through a Jew. In accepting the money, I was not aware who was the lender, and I signed an agreement to repay it as soon as my creditor should ask for it. Eight days had scarcely elapsed, when I was called upon for the money. Not being able to pay it, I concealed myself in the outskirts of Padua. My name was posted up at the police-office as a defaulter; I was outlawed, so that any man might arrest me, and, in case of resistance, kill me. The police discovered my retreat this morning, and here I am in a cell, where my enemy will infallibly have me poisoned or stabbed for the bribe of a few ducats. I leave it to your excellency to judge whether I deserve death for a debt of fifty livres, and whether, under the circumstances of my case, the custom of leaving the prisoners to the chances of the prison ought not to be considered an abuse."

"These words filled me with astonishment. I discovered with horror that the most monstrous abuses had found their way into the discipline of the prisons. I did not express my surprise, for it was to be presumed that a member of the grand council ought to have been acquainted with this corruption. I spoke words of hope to the prisoner, and promised him to frustrate the evil designs of his enemy. Pascal entreated me not to lose time in giving the necessary orders, as vengeance stood perhaps at the threshold, only waiting my departure to strike the blow. As an order from the Council of Ten would have been necessary to counteract an abuse which had become almost legalised by custom, I took the only means at hand for saving the young man. I paid the fifty livres to the jailers, and the debt having thus been settled, the prisoner was immediately liberated. On the following day, I drew up a report on the

abuses of the prisons of the Cinque, and sent it in to the council. The gravity of the events of last year have doubtless prevented the supreme council from issuing as yet a decree on the subject.

"Two months after the adventure which I have just related to your lordships, my valet brought me the sum of fifty livres, accompanied by a letter from this student, in which he said that, whilst entertaining eternal gratitude for my kindness, he, Pascal Ziobà, was of too noble a race not to reimburse the sum I had advanced him. This pride made me smile, and I learnt hereby that the family of Ziobà was an illustrious one. Since then, I have lost sight of this hot-headed youth."

CHAPTER III.

THE depositions of the noble Francesco Con tarini gave quite a new direction to the proceedings. The judges did not fail to discover a marked contradiction between the adventure of the office of the Cinque, and the evidence to prove that Pascal had never had to do with justice before. The accused refused to give the name of his secret enemy; he pleaded a want of memory when he was called upon to give the name of the Jew who had advanced him the fifty livres, and it was now evident that Pascal concealed a part of the truth. The police set an investigation on foot in the Ghetto* of Venice, and a placard was posted up threatening exile and confiscation to the unknown individual who had advanced the money to Pascal, if he did not immediately come forward. That very evening, a Jew presented himself in court. As the evidence of a Jew could not be taken as such, according to the terms of the law, his depositions were taken as information, and the magistrate gave lecture of the statements made by the usurer.

"Macchabæus, of Brindisi, a lender on pawns, domiciliated at the Ghetto Nuovo, received one day a visit from Messer Antonio Toldo, who addressed him as follows: 'At the University of Padua there is a young student, named Pascal Ziobà, who is in want of fifty livres. Send him that sum by one of your trade; but make him give you a receipt with the engagement to refund the money on your first demand. Your commissioner will give the verbal promise not to demand repayment before the expiration of three months. Here is the money, and I recommend you to follow my instructions to the letter.'

"I obeyed," continued the Jew, "the orders of Messer Antonio, to whom I could not refuse this slight service, as we had negotiated affairs of high importance together at the time when the most serene government raised money on the jewels of St. Mark. If any mishap has resulted from my compliance, the responsibility rests with Messer Antonio, and not with me, who only regarded the whole affair as a simple monetary transaction. The money was faith-

* Jewish quarter.

fully remitted to Pascal Ziobà. The desired receipt was given to me, which I gave to Toldo. A week passed by, when I received a second visit from Messer Antonio, who said, 'I am not satisfied with the student Ziobà; he is a dissipated young fellow; he has spent my money in debauchery, and I shall withdraw my protection from him. Take the receipt, and go and demand the money back. If Pascal refuses to pay, denounce him at the office of the Cinque.'

"Pascal refused to pay. I denounced him at the office of the Cinque, without being made acquainted with the reasons of Toldo for acting thus. The young man allowed his name to appear in the black list, and I am ignorant of what followed."

This declaration confirmed all the suspicions which the statement of Francesco Contarini had given rise to. The enemy, whose name Pascal concealed, was the jeweller Toldo. Notwithstanding the suspicion which was always attached to the evidence of a Jew when the life or the interests of a Christian were at stake, still the words of Machabæus, of Brindisi, coincided in so remarkable a manner with a part of the note found in the pocket of the murdered man: "To-morrow, he whom thou has persecuted will forgive thee thy malice." Did not the phrase allude to his adventure in the prison of the Cinque, where Pascal would no doubt have pined away if the romantic rencontre with the noble Contarini had not saved him from the snare laid for him by Messer Toldo? Was it not reasonable, then, to suppose that Pascal had reason to fear a second attempt at revenge on the part of Toldo, and that he had got rid of so dangerous an enemy by assassination?

It was difficult to refute these arguments of the prosecution. Hard pressed by cross-questioning, the answers of Ziobà became evasive. He repeated that he was not acquainted with Messer Antonio; that if that man nourished evil designs against him, he was not aware of it, and that they originated probably in calumnies said behind his back by some unknown enemy. These denials proved the weakness of the defence. To convict the accused, all that justice required was to discover what cause of hatred there could be between the student and the jeweller Toldo. It was from Pascal himself that the confession was to be extracted. When the tribunals of Venice saw a glimmer of truth, they had means at their disposal for bringing it out fully. They resolved to put Pascal to the torture.

To escape this terrible ordeal, Pascal made a bold move. Turning to the noble Francesco Contarini, he said:

"Noble sir, in wishing to serve me, you have done me a bad turn; but as the intention was a generous one, I owe you my thanks. I entreat your excellency to render me one more service, that is, to take immediately to the most excellent Council of Ten the following declaration:

"My name is not Ziobà. I am no foundling.

The story of the gipsies is a fabrication. My name is Pascal Gambara, and I am the son of the Lord of Gambara, of Brescia, exiled by this great republic, and whose confiscated estates were given in 1516 to Jean-Jacques Trivulce, a French officer. Before being put to the torture by this most respectable tribunal, I most humbly propose to the high Council of Ten that my case be brought before the supreme council, as connected with political matters of the greatest importance. I promise to reveal to the said council all that I know respecting the Gambara and their partisans, and also the whole truth respecting the murder of Antonio Toldo."

Contarini promised Pascal to execute his commission, and proceeded forthwith to the ducal palace.

Fully to understand the importance of the declaration made by Pascal Ziobà, the position of the republic of Venice at that moment must be called to mind. For five-and-twenty years, the greatness of Venice had been gradually on the decline. Her political bad faith had led to many misfortunes, and the League of Cambray had made a severe onslaught on her credit. Andreas Gritti, having saved the state by cunning and intrigue, had introduced a system of temporising and venality. In 1516, when Francis the First, after his victory at Marignano, talked of subjugating all Italy, Venice, eager to join the strongest, entered into close alliance with France. Trivulce commanded the French troops at the siege of Brescia, with a view to restore it to the Venetians. The Gambara, a noble family of high interest at Brescia, were exiled by the Council of Ten, and their possessions were conferred upon Trivulce as a reward for the service he had rendered to the republic. Shortly afterwards, the French, beaten in their turn, evacuated the Milanese territory. Venice drew closer to Spain. The Gambara endeavoured to procure a return to favour; but the Council of Ten, being desirous of having friends at the court of France, in case of a turn of fortune, did not think it advisable to offend the Trivulce, who had often proved of essential service. At the close of the year 1524, when Francis the First re-entered Italy at the head of a large army, the Venetians congratulated themselves at having acted with delicacy towards so powerful a monarch. Yet the Spanish army was equally strong, and Charles the Fifth was also to be feared. Venice did not know which way to turn. Both monarchs were dallied with by kind words and false promises. Francis the First crossed the Alps, and the Spanish army encamped near Pavia. The instructions given by the republic of Venice to its ambassadors at this juncture display the utmost hesitation and perplexity. One month before the struggle, the Council of Ten signed a secret treaty with France in the pope's cabinet. The republic predicted that fortune would, as usual, favour the arms of France at first, and then deprive her of the fruits of victory, as France was accustomed to lose Italy just as fast as she conquered it. Venice proposed to follow her old policy—to

flatter the victor, and to turn against him at the first misfortune. The battle of Pavia, fought on the 24th February, 1525, upset completely all these calculations, and the proposed policy of the senate of Venice. French influence was ruined for many a year to come in Italy; and Venice, with her recently signed treaty at Rome, stood alone in face of Spain, whom she had deceived with the utmost perfidy.

A month had elapsed since the sanguinary battle of Pavia, and the negotiations of the Council of Ten still remained a mystery. Yet it was supposed that the republic was endeavouring to calm the anger of Charles the Fifth. At this juncture the heir of the Gambara might become an important personage, and render essential service. His family in Lombardy had espoused the Spanish side, and he might act as intermediary with the emperor, as Trivulce had formerly done with Francis the First. The Council of Forty saw this at once as soon as the name of Gambara was pronounced. Pascal was not put to the torture.

At dead of night Pascal was removed from the prisons of the Forty to those under the leads in the ducal palace. Three state inquisitors, with masks on, proceeded at once to his examination. They reported that his communications were so important that the council ought not to hesitate in giving an attentive and an indulgent ear to the young man's statements.

Great was the disappointment of the public that this interesting case was suddenly stopped. The slightest reflection upon the acts of the Council of Ten at Venice was punishable with death within four-and-twenty hours, so the whole city very prudently abstained from discussing the subject. Whatever was the fate of Pascal, no one expected to hear anything of him again, once he had passed the threshold of the hall of the supreme council. Some persons, however, more curious than the rest, made inquiries at Brescia, convinced that the young Gambara would come off unhurt. A month after it was whispered at Venice that the Gambara had been restored to their possessions, and that Pascal had been seen at Milan with Duke Sforza in conference with the Marquis d'Avalos, with a safe-conduct from the Council of Ten, styling him their well-beloved son.

This is what took place. After the first examination communicated to the Ten by the three inquisitors, the prisoner was brought before the secret tribunal. In the small council chamber there may still be seen two false closets. One is a door leading to the prison stairs, the other is the torture-room. Pascal was led in by one of these doors, and the other door was thrown open, displaying its horrible paraphernalia. In his presence it was debated whether it would not be as well to put the prisoner to the ordinary torture. One of the members, feigning pity for the youth of the prisoner, proposed that he should be exempted if he made a full confession. The tribunal assented, and asked

Pascal if he was willing to do so, without concealment, to deserve the indulgence of the council. Pascal took a solemn oath not to conceal anything. He was taken back to his cell, and writing-materials were placed before him. The display of the instruments of torture had the desired effect, for his confession was as explicit as could be wished. Pascal took three days to complete it. A copy of it, in a different handwriting, is extant in the MS. entitled "*Caso dei Gambareschi*," with the heading: "*Suplicazione di Pasquale Gambara ai capi del' eccelso consueo dei Dieci, scritta con umiltà, circa i casi di Brescia nel 1516 e la morte d'Antonio Toldo, in Venetia.*"*

CHAPTER IV.

"Most noble Seigneurs, I, Pascal Gambara, implore on my knees the clemency of this most noble state, of which I am an unhappy and misguided son. Deprived from my earliest years of my natural counsellors and advisers, I have committed great errors, and I shall make an humble confession of them before this most high tribunal, that the sincerity of my language and the earnestness of my repentance may make me a worthy object of pity.

"Your excellencies are aware that my father, being a partisan of the Spanish faction at Brescia, was deprived of his possessions, which were endowed upon Jean-Jacques Trivulce. My mother died shortly before the capture of Brescia. My uncle, Hubert Gambara, before leaving for the Roman court, secretly entrusted me to the care of a peasant woman in the neighbourhood of Bassano, Marcellina Aliga, who had been my nurse. I was then nine years of age, and I remained three years with Marcellina, under the name of Pascal Ziobà, a name that I bear at the present moment. My uncle thought it advisable that I should remain on the Venetian territory, in case it should one day please your lordships to honour me with your favour, and that the law against refugees might not be to my disadvantage. This is why a story was fabricated that I had been stolen by gipsies, and that no one knew my origin.

"As I have already declared before the courts, the renowned Titian met me by chance at Bassano, took a fancy to me, made me accompany him to Venice, and instructed me in the art of painting. It is in this magnificent city that an adventure plunged me into the abyss in which I now find myself. It is now sixteen months that, walking one day near Saint Giuliano, I beheld a young lady richly dressed, and of remarkably beauty. She was followed by two female servants, the one bearing her fan, the other her prayer-books. Suddenly an elderly lady came out of a shop and placed herself before the younger one, imploring her, in energetic language, to listen to what she had

* Case of the Gambara family: Petition of Pascal Gambara to the heads of the eminent Council of Ten, written in humility, respecting the events of Brescia in 1516, and the death of Antonio Toldo in Venice.

to say, and to give her a kind regard. The beautiful young woman turned away her head with an expression of contempt, and told the elderly dame to leave her; but as the lady's supplications increased in vehemence, the younger one turned upon her heel, and her cheek appeared flushed with offended pride. The old lady then addressed the crowd, saying that the cruel-hearted person was her daughter; that an affair of gallantry, which caused some sensation ten years back, was the cause or the pretext of her daughter's disdain, and that neither the absolution of the church nor an exemplary life ever since had proved of avail against the unnatural coldness of her daughter. After many lamentations and tears, the old lady in her anger uttered a malediction upon her daughter, hoping that one day she might fall, and in her turn implore in vain pity and pardon. I was moved with compassion for this unhappy mother, as were all who witnessed this scene, and I uttered the inward wish to see the proud beauty humiliated as she deserved. That young lady was the wife of the jeweller, Antonio Toldo.

"A few days afterwards, Titian being absent, Lucrezia Toldo came to visit his atelier, and I explained to her the subjects of different paintings of which she was ignorant. Whilst showing her a Magdalen, I told Lucrezia that the work of Titian would have been perfect if she had sat as a model: unless, indeed, some hidden defect of structure were concealed by her dress. Lucrezia replied that her dress concealed no defects, and that Antonio Toldo had told her that the structure of her form was perfect; to which I replied that Toldo was not a competent judge of the beauty of form, and that the eye of a painter was alone capable of deciding the question. Notwithstanding her silence at this remark, I perceived by the expression of her countenance that she was desirous to ascertain if an artist would pronounce as favourable an opinion of her figure as Messer Toldo. The following day I met her at Santa Martha, and meeting her again on the Riva, she addressed me on the subject. I perceived that vanity would lead her to anything, and it was agreed between us that on an appointed day and hour I was to proceed to her house at San Salvador. Toldo had gone to Udine on business, and she was to be as Titian's model for his Magdalen. I gave a promise to keep at a respectful distance. This was the only condition imposed upon me. On the day appointed, Lucrezia Toldo was ready to receive me; but I did not keep the appointment. A liaison, however, commenced between me and the wife of Antonio Toldo. Lucrezia gave me a key to the back door of the house, which led to the Tedeschi Foundry, and I could enter and leave by this secret door without being observed by any one; so that it was not necessary for any of the servants to be entrusted with the secret. Not to neglect the occasion of studying such a model, I made two or three careful drawings of the lady, with a view to

compositions of nymphs, naiads, and such-like conceptions.

"The natural levity of my age, and the desire of entering the University of Padua, put a stop to this intercourse. I left Venice and the lessons of Titian. Either because she still loved me, or because she was piqued at my neglect, the fair Lucrezia lost sight of her usual prudence. She sent messengers to me at Padua, requesting me to return, and offering to procure me interviews during the absence of her husband. She wrote me two or three violent letters, upbraiding me for my neglect. One day I returned to Venice, and paid her a visit. I was in her chamber when a waiting-maid came in and informed us that Messer Antonio Toldo, whom we thought at Friouli, had suddenly returned. I slipped away by a secret gallery; but at the end of the gallery I was met by Lucrezia's little boy, a child of four years of age, who did not know me, and who, on seeing a stranger, screamed with fright. To make matters worse, I met him again at the house door, and stumbling over him in my hurry, tumbled him down. Toldo hastened to the spot on hearing his son's cries, and learnt from him that a man had been in his wife's apartment.

"A few days after this incident, I was foolish enough to go to Venice with some fellow-students, and at the gate of St. Mark whom should I meet but Messer Antonio and his son. The child, on seeing me, drew back with fear, and, pointing towards me, said that I was the man who had pushed him down in the gallery. Toldo cast a terrible glance at me, which revealed to me that he guessed all that I wished to conceal from him. The infidelity of his wife was also revealed to him by another circumstance. Some indiscreet personage opened the portfolio which contained my drawings, and ill-naturedly showed them to Toldo, who, from that moment, swore to ruin me by every means in his power. It was at this junction that the Jew, Macchabæus, laid the snare for me, which came to light on the trial. I was thrown into the dungeons of the office of the Cinque for the pitiful debt of fifty small livres; and as the death of a prisoner is never inquired into, I should have been assassinated if it had not been for the unforeseen interference of the noble Francesco Contarini, to whom I am indebted for my life. On regaining my liberty, I was aware of the dangers I incurred from the hatred of Toldo. Notwithstanding my poor condition and the misfortunes of my family, I could not forget that the blood of the Gambara flowed in my veins, and my heart sickened at the thought of dying ignobly in the dress of a student, assassinated at some street corner by a vender of precious stones. I resolved to get rid of my importunate enemy by mine own hand. I had in my possession an old arquebuse, which I had always kept concealed, owing to the letter G being inlaid in the butt, and which might have revealed my relationship to the Gambaras. The Thursday of the Carnival seemed to me a fit day for carrying my plan into execution. I wrote to the jeweller

the letter found in his pocket, and I made use of the Brescian dialect, which I had always avoided speaking at the university for fear I should be thought a Brescian.

"I knew that Toldo eagerly desired the destruction of the sketches I had made of his wife, and I made use of the circumstance to ensnare him. The bait took, and I killed him at the hour and place mentioned. On selecting Holy Thursday, I had not calculated on the confusion that might arise from my false name and the last words of Toldo. The confusion is entirely a freak of chance.

"I was arrested a few days after the crime had been committed. The fear of death enabled me to baffle the judges, and chance favoured me a second time by the striking resemblance which existed between the daughter of a tailor at Padua and the fair Lucrezia. I should thus have escaped the rigour of the laws, if it were possible to escape the penetration of this enlightened state. The words of my benefactor, the generous-minded Contarini, dissipated the mystery which hung over my crime. I did not wish to die without revealing to this most high council the whole truth—my name, my birth, and the misfortunes of my family. May you, most noble sirs, find an excuse for my errors in my youth and in the strange circumstances under which I have been living for the last ten years. And may the sincerity of my confession and of my repentance touch the heart of our magnanimous prince and of this most high tribunal. I declare and swear by the most Holy Trinity, that in this simple narrative I have stated the truth without reserve."

We do not find in the criminal register of the Council of Ten any sentence recorded against Pascal Gambarà. His crime was probably of too flagrant a nature for the council to dare to pronounce an acquittal. It must rather be supposed that the three inquisitors of state came to the decision amongst themselves which restored the young man to his possessions and his freedom, on the condition that he should leave immediately for Milan and join Duke Sforza, to negotiate, in conjunction with the Marquis of Avalos, a reconciliation between Charles the Fifth and the republic of Venice. Young Gambarà accomplished his mission with skill and success. It is not unlikely that he was the secret agent of the Council of Ten in negotiating the famous league against the emperor, between the pope, the Florentine republic, the Duke of Milan, and the republic of Venice; history has not as yet informed us if the Marquis of Avalos was gained over, or whether he withstood the tempting offers of the united powers.

The horrid abuses of the prisons of Venice, brought to light by the trial of the student Pascal, were boldly attacked by the noble Contarini, and we find in the registers of the Council of Ten the following decree, the originality of

which is no less remarkable than the abuses it proposes to reform:

"The xxiii May, 1525

"THE TEN IN COUNCIL.

"So many abuses and corruptions (which will be mentioned in their proper places in this decree) have been introduced into our office of prisons, that it can no longer be called an office, but rather the origin and bed of misdeeds, homicides, and unpunished enormities from the perverseness of our ministers, as was seen within these last few months, to the great offence against Divine majesty, justice, and the honour of our state, which abuses must be remedied; and to which end,

"It be ordained that, notwithstanding the abuses which have hitherto prevailed respecting the prisoners in the office of the Cinque (which prisoners, for the small debt of fifty livres, might be imprisoned and assassinated), in future no prisoner is liable to be killed or otherwise ill-treated, nor his name inserted on the list of the office of the Cinque (as well as regards persons actually in prison as future prisoners), as long as their debts do not exceed fifty livres inclusively; but that justice shall have its course against any person or persons who may have killed a prisoner, just as if he had been a free man.

"As regards prisoners whose debts exceed fifty livres, the old law is to remain unchanged, that they be liable to death or ill-treatment, as a terror to the wicked and evil-inclined; and we further decree, that in future no prisoner whose name has been inscribed on the list of the said office of the Cinque shall be liberated until he has paid the last farthing, and, once seized, his release cannot be granted unless by order of two magistrates, and by the vote of four-fifths of the Council of Ten (legal majority)."

This decree was unanimously carried by sixteen votes, namely, the votes of the Council of Ten, to which were added those of the Signori.

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BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV. THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

MR. FELTON was scrupulously polite towards women. His American training showed in this particular more strongly than in any other, and caused him to contrast advantageously with the pompous and self-engrossed Mr. Carruthers of Poynings, who was not a general favourite in the small society with whom he condescended to mix while in "foreign parts," as he carefully designated the places of his sojourn which were so unfortunate as not to be under British rule. Mr. Carruthers was apt to apologise, or rather to explain, the temporary seclusion in which Mrs. Carruthers's delicate health obliged him to remain, on the rare occasions when he encountered any of his acquaintances, with a highly offensive air of understanding and regretting the loss he was obliged to inflict upon them; and the innocent and worthy gentleman would have been very much astonished if it had been revealed to him that his condescension had generally the effect of irritating some and amusing others among the number of its recipients. The manners of his brother-in-law were at once more simple and more refined. There was no taint of egotism in them, and, though his engrossing cares, added to a naturally grave disposition, made him serious and reserved, every one liked Mr. Felton.

Except Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, who disliked him as much as she could be at the trouble of disliking anybody—which, indeed, was not much, for her real nature was essentially trivial, and her affections, except for herself and her enmities, alike wavering, weak, and contemptible. Mr. Felton neither liked nor admired the brilliant woman who was so much admired and so very much "talked about" at Homburg; but he said nothing of his contumacious dissent from the general opinion except to George, and was gravely courteous and acquiescent when the lady, her dress, her ponies, her "dash," and her wealth—the latter estimated with the usual liberality of society in such cases—were discussed in his presence. They had been pretty freely discussed during a few days which pre-

ceded the conversation concerning her which had taken place between the uncle and nephew. When they met again on the following morning, George asked Mr. Felton when he intended to visit Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, and was informed that his uncle purposed writing to the lady to inquire at what time it would be her pleasure and convenience to receive him. George looked a little doubtful on hearing this. The remembrance of Harriet's strongly expressed opinion was in his mind, and he had a notion that his uncle would have done more wisely had he sought her presence unannounced. But such a proceeding would have been entirely inconsistent with Mr. Felton's notions of the proper and polite, and his nephew dismissed the subject; reflecting that, after all, as she had said "he knows where to find me if he wants to know what I can tell him," she could not refuse to see him. So Mr. Felton's note was written and sent, and an answer returned which perfectly justified George's misgiving that if Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge were afforded an opportunity of offering Mr. Felton an impertinence, she would not hesitate to avail herself of it.

The answer was curt and decisive. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge was particularly engaged that day, and would be particularly engaged the next; on the third she would receive Mr. Felton, at three o'clock. Mr. Felton handed the missive to his nephew with an expression of countenance partly disconcerted and partly amused.

"I thought so," said George, as he tossed the dainty sheet of paper, with its undecipherable monogram and its perfume of the latest fashion, upon the table—"I thought so. We must only wait until Thursday, that is, unless we chance to meet your fair correspondent in our walks between to-day and Thursday."

But Mr. Felton and his nephew did not chance to meet Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, either on that or on the succeeding day. Once they saw her pony-carriage coming towards them, but it turned off into another road, and was out of sight before they reached the turn.

"I am pretty sure she saw and recognised us," George Dallas thought; "but why she should avoid my uncle, except out of sheer spite, I cannot imagine."

There was no further to look for the lady's motive. Sheer spite was the highest flight of Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge's powers of re-

venge or anger. She was an accomplished and systematic coquette; and, having more brains than heart, however mediocre her endowments in either sense, she was perfectly successful. She disliked Mr. Felton, because he had never betrayed any admiration or even consciousness of her beauty, and it was very annoying to a woman of her stamp to have tried her arts unsuccessfully on an elderly man. She had tried them merely in an idle hour, and with the amiable purpose of enjoying the novelty of such a conquest; but she had failed, and she was irritated by her failure.

If Mr. Felton had even sheltered himself behind the rampart of his years, it would have been more tolerable—if he had extended a kind of paternal protection to her, for instance. But he did not; he simply paid her ordinary attentions in his customary grave way, whenever he was brought in contact with her, and, for the rest, calmly ignored her. When his son appeared in her train, she had not the satisfaction of believing she could make the father wretched by encouraging him. Mr. Felton had graver cause than any she could help to procure for him, for disapproval of his son's conduct in most respects. She counted for nothing in the sum of his dissatisfaction, but she certainly became more distasteful to him when she was added to the number of its components. Mark Felton had wounded the sensitive self-love of a woman who knew no deeper passion. She was animated by genuine spite towards him, when she declined to accede to his request for an immediate interview.

By what feeling was Stewart Routh, who was with her when she received Mr. Felton's note, and who strongly urged the answer she sent to it, actuated? He would have found it difficult to tell. Not jealousy; the tone in which she had spoken of Arthur Felton precluded that feeling. Routh had felt that it was genuine, even while he knew that this woman was deliberately enslaving him, and therefore was naturally suspicious of every tone in which she spoke of any one. But his judgment was not yet entirely clouded by passion; he had felt, in their brief conversation relative to Arthur Felton, that her tone had been true. He hated George Dallas now; he did not deceive himself about that. There was a vague dread and trouble in his thoughts concerning the young man. Once he had only despised him. He no longer despised him; but he hated him instead. And this hatred, further reaching than love, included all who were connected with George, and especially Mr. Felton, whose grave and distant manner, whose calm and penetrating glance, conveyed keen offence to Stewart Routh. They had not spoken of the matter to each other; but Routh had felt, as soon and as strongly as Harriet, that his influence over Dallas was at an end. As it happened, he had successfully used that influence for the last time in which he could foresee any need for its employment, and therefore Mr. Felton had not done him any practical injury; but that did not matter: he hated him all the same.

He had watched the smile with which Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge read Mr. Felton's note, a little anxiously. He did not dare to ask her from whom the missive came, but she graciously gave him the information.

"He wants to see me, to find out Master Arthur's doings," she said, with a ringing mischievous laugh. "Not that I know anything about him since he left Paris, and I shall have to look serious and listen to more preaching than goes well with the sunshine of to-day. It's rather a nuisance;" and the lady pouted her scarlet lips very effectively.

"Don't see him," said Routh, as he leant forward and gazed at her with eager admiration. "Don't see him. Don't lose this beautiful day, or any part of it, for him. You can't give him any real information."

"Except that his son is coming here," she said, slyly.

"I forgot," said Stewart Routh, as he rose and walked moodily to the window.

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge smiled a little triumphantly, and said gaily: "He shall wait for the news. I dare say it will be quite as welcome to-morrow."

"Don't say to-morrow, either," said Routh, approaching her again, as she seated herself at her writing-table, and bending so as to look into her eyes.

"Why?" she asked, as she selected a pen.

"Because I must go away on Thursday. I have an appointment, a man to meet at Frankfurt. I shall be away all day. Let this anxious parent come to you in my absence; don't waste the time upon him."

"And if the time does not seem so wonderfully precious to me, what then?" said the lady, looking straight at him, and giving to her voice a truly irresistible charm, a tone in which the least possible rebuke of his presumption was mingled with the subtlest encouragement. "What then?" she repeated. ("Decidedly, he is dreadfully in earnest," she thought.)

"Then," said Routh, in a low hoarse voice, "then I do not say you are deceiving me, but I am deceiving myself."

So Mr. Felton received the answer to his note, and found that he must wait until the following Thursday.

People talked about Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge at Homburg as they had talked about her at New York and at Paris, at Florence and at Naples; in fact, in every place where she had shone and sparkled, distributed her flashing glances, and dispensed her apparently inexhaustible dollars. They talked of her at all the places of public resort, and in all the private circles. Mr. Felton was eagerly questioned about his beautiful compatriot by the people whom he met at the springs and in the gardens, and even by the visitors to Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers. Probably he did not know much about her; certainly he said little. She was a widow, without near relations, childless, and possessed of a large fortune. There was no doubt at all about that. Was she "received" in her own

country? Yes, certainly. He had never heard anything against her. Her manners were very independent, rather too independent for European ideas. Very likely Mr. Felton was not a judge. At all events, ladies rarely visited the brilliant American. Indeed! But that did not surprise him. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge did not care for ladies' society—disliked it, in fact—and had no hesitation about saying so. Women did not amuse her, and she cared only for being amused. This, with the numerous amplifications which would naturally attend such a discussion, had all been heard by George, and was just the sort of thing calculated to excite the curiosity and interest of a young man of his disposition and antecedents. But it all failed to attract him now. Life had become very serious and real to George Dallas of late, and the image he carried about with him, enshrined in his memory, and sanctified in his heart, had nothing in common with the prosperous and insolent beauty which was the American's panoply.

It was rather late in the afternoon of the day on which Mr. Felton had received Mrs. Bembridge's note, before George presented himself at Harriet's lodgings. He had been detained by his mother, who had kept him talking to her a much longer time than usual. Mrs. Carruthers was daily gaining strength, and her pleasure in her son's society was touching to witness, especially when her husband was also present. She would lie on her sofa, while the two conversed, more and more freely, as the air of making one another's acquaintance which had attended their first few days together wore off, and was replaced by pleasant companionship. At such times George would look at his mother with his heart full of remorse and repentance, and think mournfully how he had caused her all the suffering which had indirectly led to the result for which she had not dared to hope. And when her son left her, quiet tears of gratitude fell from his mother's eyes—those eyes no longer bright indeed, but always beautiful. There was still a dimness over her mind and memory: she was easily interested in and occupied with things and subject which were present; and her son was by no means anxious for her entire awakening as to the past. Let the explanation come when it might, it must be painful, and its postponement was desirable. There were times, when they were alone, when George saw a troubled, anxious, questioning look in his mother's face, a look which betokened a painful effort of the memory—a groping look, he described it to himself—and then he would make some excuse to leave her, or to procure the presence of a third person. When they were no longer alone, the look gradually subsided, and placid calm took its place.

That calm had been uninterrupted during their long interview on the morning in question. For the first time, George talked to his mother of his literary plans and projects, of the fair measure of success which had already attended his efforts, of his uncle's generosity

to him—in short, of every pleasing subject to which he could direct her attention. The time slipped by unnoticed, and it was with some self-reproach that George found he had deferred his visit to Harriet to so late an hour.

This self-reproach was not lessened when he reached Harriet's lodgings. He found her in her accustomed seat by the window, but totally unoccupied, and his first glance at her face filled him with alarm.

"You are surely very ill, Mrs. Routh," he said. "There is something wrong with you. What is it?"

Harriet looked at him with a strange absent look, as if she hardly understood him. He took her hand, and held it for a moment, looking at her inquiringly. But she withdrew it, and said:

"No, there is nothing wrong with me. I was tired last night, that is all."

"I am afraid you thought me very stupid, Mrs. Routh; and so I was indeed, to have kept you waiting so long, and not brought you the lemonade you wished for, after all. I was so frightened when I returned to the place where I had left you, and you were not there. The fact was, I got the lemonade readily enough; but I had forgotten my purse, and had no money to pay for it, so I had to go and find Kirkland in the reading-room, and get some from him."

"Was he alone?"

"Kirkland? Oh yes, alone, and bored as usual, abusing everybody and everything, and wondering what could possibly induce people to come to such a beastly hole. I hate his style of talk, and I could not help saying it was odd he should be one of the misguided multitude."

"Did you see Mr. Hunt?"

"Yes; he was just leaving when I met him, not in the sweetest of tempers. The way he growled about Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge (her mere name irritates him) amused me exceedingly."

"Indeed. How has she provoked his wrath?"

"I could not wait to hear exactly, but he said something about some man whom he particularly wanted as a 'pal' here—delightful way of talking, his—beats Kirkland's—having fallen into her clutches. I suppose he is left lamenting; but I fancy Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge is the safer companion of the two, unless the individual in question is uncommonly sharp."

Harriet looked attentively and searchingly at George. His unconsciousness was evidently quite unfeigned, and she refrained from asking him a question that had been on her lips.

"I came back to look for you as soon as ever I could get rid of Hunt," continued George; "but you had disappeared, and then I came here at once. Routh had not come in, I think, then?"

"No," said Harriet, curtly.

Then the conversation drifted to other matters, and George, who felt unusually happy and hopeful that day, was proportionately self-engrossed, and tested Harriet's power of listening considerably. She sat before him pale and quiet, and there was never a sparkle in her

blue eyes, or a flush upon her white cheek; yet she was not cold, not uninterested, and if the answers she made, and the interest she manifested, were unreal, and the result of effort, at least she concealed their falsehood well. He talked of his mother and of his uncle, and told her how Mr. Felton had made him a present of a handsome sum of money only that morning.

"And, as if to prove the truth of the saying that 'it never rains but it pours,'" said George, "I not only got this money from him, which a little time ago would have seemed positive riches to me, and a longer time ago would have saved me from—well, Mrs. Routh, I need not tell *you* from what it would have saved me; but I got a handsome price for my story, and a proposal from The Piccadilly people to do a serial for them, to commence in November."

"Do you really think, George," Harriet said, as if her attention had not extended to the concluding sentence—"do you really think that money would have kept you all right?" George reddened, and looked disconcerted; then laughed uneasily, and answered:

"I know what you mean. You mean that I know myself very little if I lay the blame of my sins and follies on circumstances, don't you?"

She did not answer him, nor did she remove her serious fixed gaze from his face.

"Yes," he said, "that is what you mean, and you are right. Still, I think the want of money made me reckless, made me worse than I should otherwise have been. I might not have spent it badly, you know, after all. I don't feel any inclination to go wrong now."

"No; you are under your mother's influence," said Harriet. And then George thought how much he should like to tell this woman—for whom he felt so much regard and such growing compassion, though he could not give any satisfactory reason for the feeling—about Clare Carruthers. He thought he should like to confess to her the fault of which he had been guilty towards the unconscious girl, and to ask her counsel. He thought he should like to acknowledge the existence of another influence, in addition to his mother's. But he restrained the resolution, he hardly knew why. Harriet might think him a presumptuous fool to assign any importance to his chance meeting with the young lady, and, besides, Harriet herself was ill, and ill at ease, and he had talked sufficiently about himself already. No, if he were ever to mention Clare to Harriet, it should not be now.

"Routh is too rich now, too completely a man of capital and business, for me to hope to be of any use to him with my little windfalls," said George, heartily; "but of course he knows, and you too, I shall never forget all I owe him."

Harriet forced herself to smile, and utter some common-place sentences of deprecation.

"There is one thing I want to do with some of the money I have been paid for my story," said George, "and I want to consult you about it. I have to touch on a painful subject, too, in doing so. You remember all about the bracelet which my dear mother gave me? You remember how we broke it up together that night?"

Harriet remembered. She did not tell him so in words, but she bent her head, and turned it from him, and set her face towards the street.

"You remember," he repeated. "Pray forgive me, if the allusion is agitating. We little thought then what had happened; however, we won't talk about *that* any more. What I want to do is this: you have the gold setting of the bracelet and the blue stones, sapphires, turquoises: what do you call them? I want to replace the diamonds. I can do so by adding a little of my uncle's gift to my own money, and, when you return to England, I shall get the gold and things from you. I can easily procure the Palais Royal bracelet—Ellen will get it for me—and have the other restored exactly. If my mother is ever well enough to be told about it—and there is every probability that she will be, thank God—I think she will be glad I should have done this."

"No doubt," said Harriet, in a low voice. She did not start when he spoke of the strange task they had executed in concert on that memorable night, and no outward sign told how her flesh crept. "No doubt. But you will not have the bracelet made in England?"

"No," said George; "I shall have it made in Paris. I will arrange about it when my uncle and I are passing through."

"When does Mr. Felton go to England?"

"As soon as he gets his letters from New York, if his son does not turn up in the mean time. I hope he may do so. When do you think of returning?"

"I don't know," said Harriet, moodily. "If it depended on me, to-morrow. I hate this place."

Energy was common to Harriet's mode of speech, but vehemence was not; and the vehemence with which she spoke these words caused George to look at her with surprise. A dark frown was on her face—a frown which she relaxed with a visible effort when she perceived that he was looking at her.

"By-the-by," she said, rising and going to a table in a corner of the room, "you need not wait for my return to have the bracelet made. My desk always travels with me. The little packet is in it. I have never looked at or disturbed it. You had better take it to Paris with you, and give your directions with it in your hand. There will be no occasion, I should think, to let the jeweller see the other."

She opened the desk as she spoke, and took from a secret drawer a small packet, folded in a sheet of letter-paper, and sealed. George Dallas's name was written upon it. It was that which she had put away in his presence so many months before (or years, was it, or centuries?) He took it from her, put it into his pocket, unopened, and took leave of her.

"You won't venture out this evening, Mrs. Routh, I suppose?" said George, turning again to her when he had reached the door.

"No," said Harriet. "I shall remain at home this evening." When he left her, she closed and locked her desk, and resumed her place at the window. The general dinner-hour was drawing near, and gay groups were passing, on their way to the hotels and to the

Kursaal. The English servant, after a time, told Harriet that the dinner she had ordered from a restaurant had been sent in; should it be served, or would she wait longer for Mr. Routh?

Dinner might be served, Harriet answered. Still she did not leave the window. Presently an open carriage, drawn by grey ponies, whirled by. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge was unaccompanied, except by her groom. The carriage went towards the Schwarzschild House. She was going to dine at home, probably. The servant asked if she should close the blinds. No, Harriet preferred them left as they were; and when she had made a pretence of dining, she once more took her place by the window. Lights were brought, but she carried them to the table in the corner of the room, where her desk stood, and sat in the shadow, looking out upon the street. Soon the street became empty, rain fell in torrents, and the lights glimmered on the surface of the pools. The hours passed. Harriet sat motionless, except that once or twice she pressed her hands upon her temples. Once she murmured, half audibly:

"I wonder if I am going mad?"

At eleven o'clock Routh came home. He opened the door of the room in which Harriet was sitting, came in, and leaned against the wall, without speaking. In quick, instinctive alarm, she went to the table in the corner, took up a candle, and held it towards his face. He was quite pale, his eyes were glassy, his hair was disordered. In a moment Harriet saw, and saw for the first time in her life, that he was intoxicated.

SUPERSTITION DIES HARD.

Two miles from a populous borough town, which is within an hour's railway journey from London, there commences a boggy district of common-land known as North-street. Scattered about this tract of country are old dwellings with frameworks built of massive beams of oak, with entrances so low that you must stoop on passing through them, or pay the penalty of a damaged head-gear. These houses are surrounded by small patches of cultivated land, forming islands in a dreary desert of pool, bog, and stunted herbage. The curate of the parish, whose stipend is too small to enable him to keep a horse, does not favour these outlying parishioners with his presence oftener than he can help. It thus comes to pass that the parish doctor is almost the only one out of their immediate sphere who is brought into contact with them. The writer is that parish doctor.

In one of the oldest and most isolated of the North-street cottages there lived, until a few months ago, a tall thin gaunt old woman with piercing black eyes, with rather a stern than a malignant expression of countenance. This woman's name was Redburn—"Old Mother Redburn, the witch."

At what period of her life she commenced her career of witchcraft it is impossible to say;

certain it is that for many years past she was accredited with all the recognised powers of curse and spell and evil eye. She has bewitched pigs, and they have refused to fatten; she has bewitched cows, and they have become dry or have died; children under her baneful influence have wasted away to mere skeletons; young women have gone into decline; young men have been lamed; old men and women have become blind, deaf, bedridden, palsied, a prey to every human woe, all owing—in the popular belief—to the ill-will of "Old Mother Redburn." She had cast an evil eye upon a bedstead upon which ever afterwards no one could sleep with rest. Cabbages, corn, turnips, and potatoes have all in their turn withered and rotted before her curse. It was even insinuated that the cattle plague, which in this district was particularly fatal, was owing to the incantations of "Mother Redburn." So potent was the effect of her spell (in the belief of the cottagers) that it could be transmitted from an animal to a human being, or even from an inanimate to an animated object. Thus a cow that was bewitched by "Mother Redburn" runs at a child, and immediately the child is bewitched also. People who have slept upon a bewitched bedstead become themselves bewitched.

The first time I was brought face to face with this deeply rooted belief was during my first visit to old Mrs. Smith. I was quite new to the district then, and pursued my investigations into the causes of her disease according to the ordinary professional rules. Mrs. Smith was, I found, undoubtedly blind. She had cataract in both eyes; she was also deaf and bedridden. I could not quite satisfy myself *why* she was bedridden; but I was told she had kept her bed for several years, and could not by any means sit up, much less stand. Several old women of forbidding aspect sat round the room and shook their heads with such scorn at all my attempts to ascertain the origin of the disease from natural causes, that at last I asked them what *they* thought of the matter.

"Ah! *we* all think that Mother Redburn has most to say to it." This was given with an air of mystery, and with a manner which said plainly enough that, if all my doubts were not cleared up now, they ought to be.

I visited Mrs. Smith from time to time, and always found her in much the same condition as on my first introduction to her. About six months ago, her husband, a fine old man who formerly served in the army, came to me and requested me to give him a certificate for the relieving-officer, to the effect that his wife was in a fit state to be removed to a parish on the other side of London. On inquiring into the reasons for this projected departure from the neighbourhood in which they had lived so long, there was so much beating about the bush in his replies, that the thought suddenly struck me, "Here is Old Mother Redburn again."

I pressed my inquiries.

"Well, sir," he admitted at last, "the fact is, there's a many about us as thinks my missis will never get no better while she is where she

is, so they've persuaded me to give her a chance by movin' of her."

"I suppose, then, you think Old Mother Redburn prevents her getting well?"

"No one else, sir, darn her!" was the emphatic reply.

I then asked him how it came to pass that Mrs. Redburn had bewitched his "missis."

"Many years ago, sir, Mrs. Redburn came to our back door to borrow some 'taters,' which my wife refused. Words ensued, and soon afterwards my wife's eyesight began to fail her. There was another dispute about some cabbages, and then the 'old woman' became blind, deaf, and bedridden, all through offending Mrs. Redburn."

I gave the required certificate. In due time, Smith, wife, and belongings, went away in a cart. Marvellous to relate, the very night she arrived in her new habitation, Mrs. Smith sat up; subsequently she acquired her hearing, and altogether improved in a most astonishing manner—a simple example of relief from mental anxiety which had acted upon a weak intellect, thereby impairing certain faculties. The cataract in both eyes remained, however, as an unimpeachable witness.

On another occasion I was called to see a young woman said to be very ill. The cottage in which her family resides is one of the most remote in North-street, and I had to traverse half a mile of mud and slush, often up to my horse's knees, before reaching the door.

Mrs. Brown, the mother of my patient, said her daughter was just getting up, so I sat and chatted with her for a few minutes until the girl should make her appearance. Presently Miss Brown descended from her sleeping apartment by a sort of ladder. I have seldom beheld a countenance more expressive of mental depression. Her face was haggard and deadly pale, the perspiration stood in beads on her forehead, her dishevelled hair fell in tangled masses over her shoulders. There was no mistaking the nervous origin of her complaint. Mrs. Brown was a fat, jolly-looking person, anything but nervous. In our short conversation she said that her daughter could never sleep at night on account of "seeing all manner of things."

"How long has this been the case?" I asked.

"Ever since she slept in the bed she now occupies."

"What!" I said, scarcely able to refrain from laughing. "You don't mean to say that 'Old Mother Redburn' has bewitched *your* bedstead?"

"There's no mistake about it," she replied, with a manner of perfect sincerity: "and what's more, I never believed in it, no more than you, sir, until I tried it one night myself, and I never want to try it no more."

To satisfy her daughter, she had consented to sleep in her bed one night, never believing for a moment but that the things she said she saw and felt were "all fancy." She slumbered quietly until twelve o'clock, when she was suddenly awakened by something jumping

heavily upon the bed. She opened her eyes, and saw, by the light of the moon, a big black dog standing by her side. The dog then proceeded to sit down upon her chest, with his back towards her, and as he wagged his tail to and fro he brushed her face with it. She tried to call out for help, but for a long time could not do so. At last she regained her speech sufficiently to say, "Old Mother Redburn, that's you!" when the dog leaped off the bed with a great thump, and she distinctly heard the tapping of his claws upon the boards as he walked across the floor and down the ladder. Neither she nor any of the neighbours had a dog of the kind. Besides, how could he have got in when all the doors and windows were fastened? She had not eaten anything heavy for supper. Of course the most obvious plan of treatment for the daughter was to recommend her no longer to sleep upon a bedstead possessing such remarkable qualities, but to this it was objected that there was no other bedstead in the house for her; so I advised her to sleep on the floor, but this proposal was rejected as a mean compromise. I asked Mrs. Brown if she would let me have the bedstead to try its properties for myself, but she said it would be sure to lose its virtues (or rather vices) by removal, but I was welcome to come and occupy it any night I chose. This offer I did not accept, fearing a manifestation of smaller animals than the big black dog. The girl herself could be induced to say very little about her experiences; but judging by her countenance, the horrors she suffered were far greater than those which her mother related. She gradually recovered, but still has a very nervous frightened expression of face.

Not long ago a man living in the North-street district fell from a hayrick, broke some of his ribs, and otherwise damaged himself. He is a respectable middle-aged man, and from the knowledge I have of his character, I do not think he would be guilty of telling a deliberate untruth. As I was sitting by his bedside a few days after his accident, his wife remarked:

"Have you heard the curious dream my master had about his fall, doctor?"

Upon my saying that I had not, the man told me that on the night before the accident he dreamed he was standing upon the hayrick they had been building the day before, and that he fell off a particular corner of it. He woke up in a terrible fright, but did not say anything to his "missis" for fear of alarming her. The next morning he had to work upon the rick, and felt a constant and, to him, unaccountable dread lest he should fall off. Towards the afternoon he was standing at the particular corner from which he had fallen in his dream, "when," said he, "summat took me just under the loins and threw me off." Clearly here was Old Mother Redburn again.

There lives in a tiny cottage, all by herself, another old woman who possesses all the personal peculiarities supposed to belong to a witch. She is very short and crooked, has a long

hooked nose, a wrinkled face, and such eyes! black, sparkling, restless, and vindictive. I had often noticed the old woman as she crept out, leaning upon a crutch-handled stick, to warm herself in the sunshine, and at last she had an attack of rheumatism, and I was sent for to see her professionally. I soon found she was not an ordinary person, and I spent part of a summer's evening listening to her wild and disconnected talk while the rays of the setting sun produced wonderful effects in her glittering old eyes. She was a firm believer, I found, in planetary influences as affecting the lives of mortals; in fact, she was an astrologer in a small way. She said that Saturn, or some other objectionable planet, had been the bane of her existence. She longed to die, but the stars were not yet ready for that consummation. She spoke of a sister who had been "a bitter weed" to her; and her eyes flashed and deepened in the red sunlight when she mentioned that sister's name. Strange to say, this old woman, who has so many more of the characteristics of a witch than Mrs. Redburn, is not held in any fear or abhorrence. She appears to be rather respected than otherwise by her neighbours. Poor old soul! Hers is a sad and solitary existence, and no doubt she will some day be missed from her accustomed seat in her cottage porch, and it will be found that she has died, as she has lived, alone.

But to return to the witch proper. A few months ago, all the neighbourhood of North-street was thrown into astonishment by a most unexpected occurrence. Old Mother Redburn, in the seventy-second year of her age, took to herself a second husband considerably younger than herself. Of course she had bewitched him: not in the benign but in the malignant sense of the word, or how otherwise could any man have been found with courage sufficient to marry this terrible old woman? However this may be, the banns were published, and the nuptials took place, and, more wonderful still Mrs. Redburn, (for she will always be known by that name) left her ancient abode and removed into another parish. What the dwellers in North-street will do now for a witch upon whom to lay the blame of all their ills, remains to be seen.

AN INCIDENT IN THE TROPICS.

THERE are certain moments in the lives of many to which they look back with a sense of surprise how it was possible they could have gone through them and lived.

And now that I am once more, thank God, in safe, quiet England, and hope to remain here for the rest of my days, and that I can dare to look back to a certain episode in my existence, I do so, wondering how life or reason remained.

My husband and I were living in Jamaica at the time to which I refer. He had a good appointment there, and, as we had had a sore struggle ever since our marriage to live in England, we found but little inconvenience

from the climate (the chief among the various disadvantages of the place to Europeans), we bore the disagreeables with philosophy. Our house was in a quiet spot on the outskirts of the town, well blown through by the sea-breezes. It had large airy rooms, and a broad-roofed stone verandah running all round it. Here I had indulged my passion for flowers by having constructed large boxes which I had filled with the glorious flowers, chiefly rich orchids and climbers, brought from the beautiful treacherous swamps and giant forests of South America, where vegetable life revels in unspeakable luxuriousness, and where man is stifled by the foul vapours on which these flourish. Here, too, of an evening, when my husband came home from his office in the town, we used to sit after dinner in the heavy heat that rendered it next to impossible to remain within, and, according to the custom of the country, received any guests who might choose to drop in, regaling them with tea, coffee, little cakes, in which my Jamaica cook excelled, and the never-failing beverage—iced water.

The chief drawback to the life I found to be that I was so much alone. My husband had to go to his office every day almost immediately after breakfast, and as people do not pay visits there during the heat of the day—not that I have ever found morning visits solacing to my solitude anywhere, with rare exceptions—and that I had no child (ah me, *that* was the solace and the society I craved for!), I certainly did find the days—when the unabating heat took away from me all energy and activity, and the insects and my foolish black servants tormented me—long and monotonous. At mail times, too, twice a month it sometimes happened that my husband was detained until nine or ten o'clock, weary, worn out, and hardly able to eat the dainty little supper I had prepared for him.

At last, however, I began to have an inkling that perhaps my loneliness might ere long be broken in the way I had longed, and yearned, and prayed for. Oh, the joy! the delight! the hope fulfilled, the want done away with! What cared I now for the long lonely hours, the heat, the insects, the housekeeping worries, the stupidity, of dull black Jim, the carelessness of grinning black Joe, the grumbling of hoity-toity white Jane, who turned up her nose at the place, and the people, and the food, and, above all, at "them nasty niggers"?

I had now somebody to be always thinking of and expecting, somebody to be always arranging and preparing and working for, somebody to write to mamma and Katey, my married sister, about. I cut up the prettiest muslins and laces of my trousseau to make baby-clothes—I can't say much for the shapes of them, though I will maintain that the needlework was beautiful. I planned what room was to be the nursery, what change of furniture would be necessary to make it thoroughly comfortable—in short, every day and all day long this one great and glorious and

delightful anticipation kept my mind in happy occupation.

Mail-day had come round, and I knew my poor Harry would be detained, probably even longer than usual; for many important letters were expected to be received and written, and until the work was thoroughly done he could not leave his desk.

The day had been especially sultry, with a red, fierce, pitiless heat, that it was very hard to be cheerful under, and to keep up my spirits I had had many times to go over baby's prettiest dresses, and picture for the hundredth time, but always as freshly as at first, how he—it was to be a boy, and called Launcelot—would look in this and that one; how old he would be when he cut his first tooth, walked his first step, and, oh joy of joys! how it would all be when Harry and I went home, and presented our son to mother, and compared him with Katey's youngest, who would be nearly the same age.

With the evening the sea-breeze had sprung up, and after a vain attempt to eat a dainty dish the cook had prepared to tempt the appetite of missis, I had had my American rocking-chair taken out on the verandah, and there, under a perfect bower of my lovely climbers, I had seated myself, watching the large red moon slowly rising, and inhaling in long deep breaths the sea-breeze and the rich perfume of my *Espiritu Santo* orchids, on whose every blossom sat the curiously perfect image of the brooding dove, whence its name is derived.

All was still and silent. Two of the black servants had, according to the custom there prevailing, gone home to their families for the night, and no one remained in the house but Jane, at work in the nursery, as it was already called, and stupid Jim, who, being a bachelor, and having no family to go to, remained in the house at night. He, too, had crept out to enjoy the comparative coolness, and, from where I sat, I could see him squatted, half or wholly asleep, on the threshold of the always-open front door.

Before long my attention was dreamily awakened to a figure that appeared at a little distance, approaching slowly from the town. At that hour—about nine o'clock—it was seldom persons passed that way, and something loitering and, as it were, reconnoitring in the man's step and air caused me, as he came nearer, to watch his movements more closely. I had often been asked by my lady-visitors if I were not afraid to remain so much alone in a somewhat out-of-the-way place; but I had never before experienced the least uneasiness, or any apparent cause for it. Now, however, I can hardly tell why, a chill of mistrust crept over me. I had little faith in either the courage or efficiency of sleepy Jim as a guardian; and as to Jane, I knew that if screaming could be of any service in a case of danger, real or imaginary, she might be fully relied on; but my confidence was weak in such assistance. So I watched and waited with a fluttering heart.

As the man came nearer, I could see him plainly; but I knew that if I kept perfectly quiet he could hardly see me. I felt sure he was carefully studying the aspect of the place, and especially concentrating his attention on Jim, who was sound asleep, and wholly unsuspecting of his presence. If I could but awaken Jim! But by this time I had become so nervous that my usual presence of mind deserted me, and I dared not move, nor do anything that could call attention to myself. The man was, I could see, as the moon fell full on him, a tall brawny negro, with a round bullet head and high heavy shoulders, denoting great brute strength; and Jim, even had he been awake, was but a puny creature in comparison.

Presently the man put his hand to his breast, and I saw the glint of steel in the moonlight. I shut my eyes; I knew what was coming as well as the man himself did. In another second there was a blow; Jim sprang up with a gasp and a gurgling cry, then fell dead and heavy, and the assassin shoved his body within the hall, and stepped over it. I knew that in less than a minute he would probably be up-stairs, and the power of thought and movement returned to me, now that I *knew* the worst. I sprang up, glided across the sitting-room into my bedroom beyond, and turned to lock the door: the key was on the outer side, and resisted all attempts to take it out. I could hear the footstep on the stair as I struggled with it, so I could but rush at once and possess myself of the revolver Harry kept always loaded there; then I hid myself in a closet, covering myself with the dresses that hung on the pegs.

I heard the steps faintly in the drawing-room, more distinctly as they crossed the threshold of the bedroom, now nearer, now further, as the murderer moved about the room, evidently searching for plunder. I heard the drawers gently opened, my writing-desk forced, and, as it contained a small sum of money—a few pounds I kept there for household expenses—I had a slight hope that the robber might be content with that booty and go away. But it was not to be so; after ransacking the desk, he turned from it, and approached the closet. At the door he paused, then it was opened, and his hand was laid on the garments that covered me, feeling among them, then the great hot strong hand was laid on my shoulder.

"Ha!" he said, with a low guttural laugh, "I tought I should find de little missis. Now, missis, come out, and don't squeal, else I settle you as I settle de damn nigger down-stairs."

In an instant, flinging aside the dresses that covered me, I discharged the pistol within three inches of his face. With a yell that rang in my ears for long weeks afterwards, he fell forward against me, and I was deluded and blinded by a hot, thick, crimson rain. Then my strength gave way, and I sank down, the body upon me.

How long I lay there I cannot tell. I was

half unconscious, yet still possessed a dull perception of the horror of my position, of the dead weight lying partly upon me, of thick, clammy blood on my face, my neck, my hands; but I could not move nor cry out, nor do anything to help myself.

At last I was aroused by an agonising voice—my husband's—calling my name. I tried to answer once, twice, in vain; the third time I uttered a faint, inarticulate wail. He heard it, and sprang in with a light. I could see there *was* light; but it was blood-red through that horrible veil, which prevented my seeing him or anything else.

I remember his disengaging me from my fearful burden. I remember hearing voices and movements about me as I lay on the sofa, and having my face sponged with warm water, and being undressed and washed, helpless. Then all is a blank to my mind, except dim dreadful glimpses of delirious dreams, and an ever-recurring vision of blood—the feel, the colour, the smell, the very taste of blood, all things that I touched or looked at turning to blood beneath my hands and eyes.

At last I awoke in my right mind, and slowly and wearily, and with many threats of relapse, I recovered from the brain fever that had kept me for many days and nights hovering on the confines of death or madness. As soon as it was possible to move me—for how could I remain a day longer than was necessary in that house?—I was taken into one in the town which happened to be temporarily vacant, near Harry's office, where he could come in and see me constantly during the course of the day. One great and hardly to be expected blessing and comfort remained to me; my maternal hopes were not destroyed. At length youth, and strength, and tender nursing brought me round again to certain degree, though I still continued in a nervous state that the slightest cause irritated to a terrible extent. Thus the time went by till the day so longed for arrived. I still looked for it as fearlessly and confidently as of old, always having a feeling that the coming event was to form a barrier between me and the horrors that at times would come over me with a shuddering terror; that that once passed I should be delivered from them myself once more, the present joy and triumph sweeping all away before it.

It was at night that my child was born, and his loud cries assured me at least of his life and strength. But I was struck by an indescribable something in the tone and looks of my old black month-nurse and of the doctor, that disturbed me. "It's a boy, nurse. He's all right, isn't he?" "Yes, yes, missis, fine boy, all right." "You're sure there's nothing wrong, eh?" "Eh, missis! What should dere be wrong? No, no, you on'y hear him cry, missis. Naughty boy. Whip him well if he cry like dat; fret him poor mamma, yes, indeed!" I was half pacified, but not quite. "When may I see him, nurse?"

"By-and-by, all in good time. Now you keep quiet, missis, or I send mas'r to scold you."

That night they would not let me see my child, and next morning, when I asked for it on waking, I was told it should be brought presently; but the room must be made quite dark, for it was suffering from a slight inflammation of the eyes, a very common thing, the nurse and doctor assured me, among children born in those regions, but of no lasting importance if light were excluded while it continued. "Then I shall not see it?" "No; you must make up your mind to that privation for a few days," the doctor said; "it is absolutely necessary." I submitted with a sigh. I had already yielded to the necessity—a real one, I knew—of getting a native nurse for my child, European mothers being hardly ever able to nurse their infants in those climates without injury to both. It was very hard, but I knew it was best for my boy it should be so, and I must think, too, what was best for me, for Harry's sake and the sakes of the dear folks at home. Besides, life was sweet again, and full of hope and promise.

Days, a week, went by, and I was getting on famously; but still the state of my boy's eyes kept up the necessity for the darkened chamber. To think he was a week, a whole seven days old and I had never set eyes on him! He lay beside me, I felt him warm and soft, I heard his cries, his breathing, and I had never had one glimpse of the dear velvety face I kissed so often. It was sadly tantalising. I questioned Harry about him; surely he must have seen him once, at least, the night of his birth? Was he pretty? Dark, or fair? Who was he like? All in vain; Harry said he was no judge of babies, he thought they were never like anybody, and so on, till I felt wounded and aggrieved, and turned away sometimes to hide a foolish tear that would trickle on the pillow.

Three days later I awoke towards evening from a sound sleep; I had had one or two wakeful and restless nights, and in the afternoon had dropped off into a profound slumber. I was alone in the room; looking at my watch I found it was the time the servants would be at their tea. A sudden thought struck me. Could I not creep gently into the next room, where baby was, and by the dim light get a peep at him for a moment as he slept? surely that could not hurt him. I would shade his face so that only the faintest light could come upon it, and for a moment. I got up softly, softly stole into the next room, giddy and trembling, but resolved. I was surprised to find the room much less darkened than I expected, but I saw that a veil was thrown over the hood of the cradle which stood between the two windows. Across the floor I crept, my heart beating loudly; I drew aside the veil, shading the light with my person. What was that? Nurse's red handkerchief, she had spread over the child's face, to keep out the light, doubtless; but enough to smother it. I stooped to draw it aside, but something with-

held my hand. I bent closer; my God! it was the child's face itself, stained red, blood-red, as the hot thick rain that had poured on my own, that night of horror!

My wild shrieks, which I could not control, brought up the servants, and I was carried back to bed.

Another long dreary night of mingled terror and stupor; another lingering at the portal of death; another awaking. Harry was kneeling by my bed when I opened my eyes and looked round dreamily at first, then with recovering consciousness.

"The child, Harry?" were the first words I could whisper; "I dreamt it was dead, tell me the truth."

He shook his head.

"It is gone; quite quietly; it is at rest. The doctor tells me it could not have lived. It is better so: think, Mary, of what life must have been to it." I knew it was better so. But oh, it was cruelly hard to bear!

Shortly after that Harry came into some property unexpectedly, and immediately threw up his appointment, and we came home.

I have now two other children, beautiful, strong, and fair; but even while looking at them with joy and pride, I cannot but sigh when I think of the little blighted life of my first-born.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THOMAS GRIFFITHS WAINEWRIGHT (JANUS WEATHERCOCK), THE POISONER.

ONE of those pleasant winter evenings, when fires burn frosty blue, and hearts grow warmer as the weather grows colder. It is an evening soon after the ascent to the throne of his Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth.

A pleasant, merry, and highly intellectual party are dining at the house of the publishers of that clever periodical, the London Magazine, in Waterloo-place, to celebrate the new proprietorship. The cloth has been removed, the glasses sparkle in the light of the wax-candles, the wine glows ruby and topaz in the fast-revolving decanters, the oranges gleam golden, the crystallised fruits glitter with jewelled frost, the chesnuts, tight in their leather jackets, are hoarding their warm floury meal for the palates of poets and thinkers, puns are flashing in the air like fireworks, smart sayings are darting past like dragon-flies, even the gravest faces glow and brighten. A ring of brilliants the party resembles, for there is no one round the well-spread table but has a name in the world of letters or in the world of fashion. There is Charles Lamb, now busy with his *Elia*, the finest essays ever written: a little grave man in black, but with the face of a genius; Hazlitt is glorying in a Titian, upon which he is expatiating; Thomas Hood, with a face like that of an invalid Plato, is watching for a pun like a fly-fisher waiting for his cast. The Rev. H. Cary (the translator of Dante), the mildest and gentlest of men, is explaining a passage of the *Inferno* to that fine,

vigorous Scotch poet, Allan Cunningham the sculptor. Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall), in his own kind, cheery way, is defending a fine passage in Ben Jonson from the volatile flippancy of the art-critic and gay dilettante of the magazine—to wit, *Janus Weathercock*, otherwise Thomas Griffiths Wainewright.

He is a fop and a dandy, but is clever, has a refined taste, and is the kindest and most light-hearted creature in the world. He has run through one fortune, has been in some dragoon regiment, and no doubt distinguished himself against the French—if he ever met them. He is on the wrong side of thirty, and records his military career by that exquisitely blue undress military coat he wears, all braided and befrogged down the front. His cravat is tied to a nicety. His manner most gallant, insinuating, and winning. His face, however, is by no means that of the mere dandy. His head is massive, and widens at the back. His eyes are deeply set in their orbits. His jaw is square and solid. He seldom looks the person he talks to full in the face. He has his hair curled every morning (a stray ringlet or so left free), and slightly stoops. His expression is at once repelling and fascinating.

He is ubiquitous. Go to the Park, and you observe him in his phaeton, leaning out with his cream-coloured gloves and his large turned-down wristbands conspicuous over the splash-board. Go to old Lady Fitzrattle's ball the same evening, and you will see the fascinating creature with the belle of the evening, gracefully revolving in the waltz. In the club library he is conspicuous; at the supper-party he is the merriest and the gayest. He has fortunately left us portraits of himself both at the coffee-house and at home.

Let us see the charming man at nine o'clock on a November evening, 1822. The diners at George's Coffee-house, 213, Strand, then the great resort of Kentish lawyers and men from the Temple, are all gone but three—two young barristers in the last box but one from the fire, and next to them a fashionably dressed man with the exquisite cravat, the square jaw, and the deep-set eyes, that we at once recognise. George's was famous for its soups and wines, and Mr. Wainewright has dined luxuriously. A bottle of the rarest wine he has sipped away with supercilious pleasure. He now holds to the candle, in an affected manner, displaying carefully his white jewelled fingers, a little glass of eau de vie de Dantzic, and is languidly watching the little flakes, or, as he would call them, "aureate particles," float and glimmer in the oily and glutinous fluid like scales of gold-fish. The voices in the next box catch his ear; he listens. The one Templar is reading to the other with unction an article by Janus Weathercock in the last London Magazine.

"Soothed into that desirable sort of self-satisfaction so necessary to the bodying out those deliciously voluptuous ideas perfumed with languor which occasionally swim and undulate like gauzy clouds over the brain of the most

cold-blooded men, we put forth one hand to the folio, which leant against a chair by the sofa side, and, at hap-hazard, extracted thence Lancret's charming Repas :

A summer party in the greenwood shade,
With wine prepared and cloth on herbage laid,
And ladies' laughter coming through the air,
Rimini.

This completed the charm."

The gay writer listens with half turned head, gloating over every word, inhaling slowly the incense so delicious to his vanity, taking care, however, that the waiter is not looking. Again they are talking about it.

First Voice: "How glowing, how exquisite, how *recherché*, how elegant, how full of the true West-end manner! A fine mind that young fellow has. Oh, he'll do."

Second Voice: "Don't like it. Flashy assumption. Mere amateur stuff. By-the-by, when does that case of Badger versus Beaver come on, Jones? Isn't to-day the 15th?"

"Low creature; debased nature," thinks Janus. "Upon my honour, these coffee-houses are getting mere haunts for the inferior classes. The 15th, eh? So it is. Why, that's the day I promised to write my article for the London. I must be off to Turnham-green."

Let us follow the delight of society to the White Horse, and take a seat beside him in the two-horse stage till it stops at the door of Linden House, Mr. Wainwright's elegant residence. His wife meets him at the door, and with her come dancing out, radiant with almost an exuberance of life, Phoebe and Madeleine, the two blooming daughters by a second husband of his wife's mother. They kiss him, they pet him, they load him with playful caresses, for he is their idol, they admire his genius, they love him as their nearest and dearest relation. Laughingly he frowns in assumed anger, and pleads the occupations of a popular author and a great critic. He breaks at last from their pretty siren wiles, and locks himself in his sanctum. It is a luxurious den. We can sketch it in almost Mr. Wainwright's own coxcombical words.

He strips off his smart tight-waisted befrogged coat, in which he so exquisitely masquerades as the retired officer of dragoons, and, in his own airy way, tosses on an easy flowered rustling chintz dressing-gown, gay with pink ribbons. He lights a new elegantly gilt French lamp, the ground glass globe of which is painted with gay flowers and gaudy butterflies. He then hauls forth languidly, as if the severity of the labour almost exhausted him, "portfolio No. 9," and nestles down into the cushioned corner of "a Grecian couch;" stroking "our favourite tortoiseshell cat" into a sonorous pur, he next, by a tremendous effort, contrives to ring the bell by the fireside. A smiling "Venetian-shaped" girl enters, and places on the table "a flask of as rich Montepulciano as ever voyaged from fair Italy," then after contemplating his elegant figure in a large glass, placed with a true artistic sense opposite the chimney mirror, with a fresh exertion he

pours out "a full cut glass" of wine with one hand, and strokes the cat with the other. The sheet of glass returns sharp-cut photographs of a gay carpet, the pattern of which consists of garlands of flowers, a cast of the Venus de Medicis (for Mr. Wainwright is an artist), a Tomkinson piano, some Louis Quinze novels and tales, bound in French "marroquin" with tabby silk linings, some playful volumes choicely covered by Rogers, Payne, and Charles Lewis, some azaleas teeming with crimson blossoms, standing on a white marble slab, and a large peaceful Newfoundland dog also. A fine Damascus sabre hung against the wall (dragoons again), an almost objectionable picture by Fuseli, that gay old bachelor at Somerset House (a friend of the eminently popular and accomplished art-critic), and last, but not least of all, the exquisite man of the world himself, full of heart, full of soul, and bathed in the Corregio light of the aforesaid elegantly gilt French lamp.

At last the insufferable fop begins, and after one glance at the yellow ceiling, and one desultory smiling peep at some curious white crystals, probably filbert-salt, in a secret drawer of his inlaid writing-desk, he pens the following sublime bit of euphuism, worthy, indeed, of the age of Keepsakes :

"This completed the charm. We immersed a well-seasoned prime pen into our silver inkstand three times, shaking off the loose ink again lingeringly, while, holding the print fast in our left hand, we perused it with half-shut eyes, dallying awhile with our delight. Fast and faster came the tingling impetus, and this running like quicksilver from our sensorium to our pen, we gave the latter one conclusive dip, after which we rapidly dashed off the following description 'couleur de rose.'"

A little later this bright butterfly of fashion informs his enraptured world in the London Magazine that he has bought a new horse, and secured a new book :

"I have nothing more in the way of news, except that I have picked up a fine copy of Boetius's Emblems (you know the charming things, by Bonasone), first edition; Bologna, 1555. Capital condition, in blue French morocco, by De Rome, for whom I still retain some small inkling of affection, in spite of the anathemas of the Rev. T. F. Dibden. Also, a new horse (Barbary sire and Arabian dam), with whose education I occupy nearly all my mornings, though I have considerable doubts whether I shall push it beyond the *military manège*."

This exulting egotism, this delight in bindings, is characteristic of the man, as also is the graceful allusion in the last line to the writer's military achievements (disgracefully ignored by Napier).

Later in his career Wainwright fell foul of that wise thinker and profound critic, William Hazlitt, who also wrote for the London, laughing to scorn, "spitefully entreating," and hugely condemning his dramatic criticisms. Hazlitt, the most inflammable of old bachelors, praised the Miss Dennetts' dancing; Janus de-

rided them as little unformed creatures, great favourites with "the Whitechapel orders," cried "Faugh!" when Hazlitt visited the Coburg and Surrey Theatres; and sneered when his great rival praised Miss Valancy, "the bouncing Columbine at Astley's, and them there places—as his barber informs him." All this shows the vanity and shallow temerity, the vulgar and impertinent superciliousness, of the pseudo-critic. He got a bludgeon blow on the head for it, however, from Hazlitt, who then left him to flutter his hour and to pass away in his folly.

When Hazlitt left the London Magazine, about 1825, Janus Weathercock ceased to delight the world also, but he still rattled at parties, still drove in the Park, and flashed along the Row on his Arab horse "Contributor;" he still bought well-bound books, pictures, and hothouse plants, and still expended his affections on his cat. Honest Charles Lamb, guileless as a child, lamented "kind, light-hearted Janus," the tasteful dandy, the gay sentimentalist of the boudoir. Fine, generous natures like Othello are prone to trust Iago. One of those gentlemen who are mean enough to get their bread by professional literature, and yet affect to despise their business, Wainwright must have felt the loss of his liberal monthly salary, for he had expensive tastes, and a knack of getting through money.

Say some eight or ten years after the delightful dinner in Waterloo-place, this fine nature (true Sèvres of the rarest clay) was living in his own luxurious cozy way (books, wine, horses, pictures, statues, hothouse plants, Damascus sabre, tortoiseshell cat, elegantly gilt French lamp and all) at Linden House, Turnham-green, remarkable for its lime-trees, on the pretty heart-shaped leaves of which the gay artist probably lavished a thousand fancies. Only once had those rose-leaves fallen since the house and pleasant grounds had belonged to Wainwright's uncle, a Dr. Griffiths, a comfortable, well-to-do man, who had for many years edited a monthly publication. His death occurred after a very short illness, and during a visit paid him by Wainwright and his wife, who was there confined of her first, and, as it proved, her only child. It was not exactly apoplexy, nor was it heart disease; but then even doctors are sometimes puzzled by organic complications. One thing is certain, it was mortal, and Dr. Griffiths died under proper medical care, and watched by the most affectionate of relatives. Wainwright gained some property by his uncle's death; lamented him tearfully, and spent the money smilingly. Bills soon began, however, to be left unpaid, servants' wages were delayed, credit was occasionally refused, Turnham-green bakers and butchers dared to talk about Linden House, and people who "made much of themselves, but did not do the right thing, not what yer may call the right thing."

Things were not going altogether comfortable with a man who must have his wine, his cigar, his eau de vie de Dantzig, all the new books and prints, and must dress "in the style, you know."

The fact must come out; Wainwright was a monster egotist, and not accustomed to starve either his tastes or his appetites. He must have money for champagne and bread; Marc Antonio's prints and meat. As well be starved as have his outlet without truffles. Poverty's iron walls were closing in upon him closer and closer, but he shrugged his shoulders, buttoned tighter his befrogged coat, pawned his rings, and got on well enough.

Linden House must have been a peculiarly unhealthy place, for about this time Mrs. Abercrombie, Wainwright's wife's mother, died there also, after a very short illness; something in the brain or heart, probably. Mrs. Abercrombie had married a second time a meritorious officer, and left two daughters, Helen Frances Phoebe and Madeleine, beautiful girls, just reaching womanhood. The poor orphans, having only ten pounds a year granted them by the Board of Ordnance for their father's services (these must have been small indeed not to deserve more), were invited to his pleasant, luxurious, but decidedly unhealthy house, by Mr. Wainwright, their step-sister's husband, in the most kind and generous manner, dear creature!

Helen Frances Phoebe Abercrombie, the eldest of the girls, attained the age of twenty-one on the 12th of March, 1830, a very short time after coming to Turnham-green, and within a few days of this event the oddest caprice entered into Mr. Wainwright's mind. He proposed to insure her life to a very large amount for the short period of two or three years. Such an arrangement is, however, the commonest thing in the world with persons either permanently or temporarily embarrassed. Such insurances are often used as securities for bills of exchange or for loans, where the lender is especially cautious. There was nothing singular about it. It did not the least matter that Miss Abercrombie was almost penniless, and without expectations of any kind, except a trifling possibility under a settlement.

One pleasant morning in March a trip to the City was suggested as quite a divertissement, an agreeable opportunity of observing the habits and customs of "those strange City people." Mr. Wainwright was jauntier and more dégagé than ever, in his tight fashionable befrogged coat, as he guided his wife and the beautiful girl—his temporary ward—their ribbons fluttering brightly in the March wind, through the defiles and labyrinths of the busy City. His whims and fancies about insurance offices were delightful in their careless gaiety. It was quite an adventure for the ladies. It was singular, though, that Mr. Wainwright, embarrassed as he was, should venture on a speculation that involved a large annual payment for interest, and yet seemed to promise no pecuniary return. It might be a chivalrous risk of some kind or other, the innocent and playful girl probably thought, and she would not care to inquire further into a business she did not profess to understand. It cost her nothing; she was only too glad to gratify the whim of her kind kins-

man, and to lend herself to his mysterious, but, no doubt, well-planned and well-intended business arrangement. So, on the 28th, sixteen days after coming of age, Miss Abercrombie went to the Palladium Insurance Office with Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright, and insured her life for three thousand pounds for three years. The object of the insurance was stated to be (whether correctly or not) to enable the young lady's friend to recover some property to which she was entitled. The life was pre-eminently good, and the proposal was accepted. On the 20th of April Mrs. Wainwright and Miss Abercrombie went to the office to pay the first year's premium, and receive the policy. On or about the same day, a similar insurance for three thousand pounds, but this for two years only, was effected with the Eagle Insurance Office, and the premium for one year and the stamp duty duly paid by Miss Abercrombie in her young sister's presence.

In the following October four more policies were effected: with the Provident for one thousand pounds, with the Hope for two thousand pounds, with the Imperial for three thousand pounds, and with the Pelican for the largest amount usually permitted—namely, five thousand pounds—each for the period of two years; making altogether insurances to the amount of eighteen thousand pounds. The premiums paid, together with the stamps, amounted to more than two hundred and twenty pounds; and yet, in case of Miss Abercrombie living more than three years, all these payments would be lost.

Lost they would be, who could doubt. The actuary at the Provident described her as "a remarkably healthy, cheerful, beautiful young woman, whose life was one of a thousand." Old secretaries, smiling over their spectacles, must have felt as if a sunbeam had glanced across the room, and have sighed to think that if a full insurance had been effected fifty years hence, that same Miss Abercrombie might enter the room still hearty and vigorous to pay her annual interest, when they were long ago gone, and their very tombstones were effaced by rain and wind.

Still all this insuring was odd, too, for Mr. Wainwright was deeply in debt. Shabby truculent men behind grated doors in Cursitor-street were speaking irreverently of him; dirty Jew-faced men at the bar of the Holc-in-the-Wall in Chancery-lane discussed him, and were eager to claw his shoulder. He spent more than ever, and earned less. His literary friends, Lamb and Reynolds, seldom saw him now. His artist friends, Fuseli the fiery and Stothard the gentle, Westall and Lawrence, seldom met him. A crisis was coming to the man with elegant tastes. In August he had given a warrant of attorney and a bill of sale of his furniture at Linden House; both of these had become absolute, and seizure was impending. "The Jew fellows" could only be scared away (from the elegant gilt lamp, the books, and prints) till the 20th or 21st of December.

At some offices scruples, too, began to arise,

which it was not found easy to silence. At the Imperial, it was suggested to Miss Abercrombie, by Mr. Ingall, the actuary, that, "as she only proposed to make the insurance for two years, he presumed it was to secure some property she would come into at the expiration of that time;" to which Mrs. Wainwright replied:

"Not exactly so; it is to secure a sum of money to her sister, which she will be enabled to do by other means if she outlives that time; but I don't know much about her affairs; you had better speak to her about it."

On which Miss Abercrombie said, "That is the case."

By what means the ladies were induced to make these statements, can scarcely even be guessed. The sum of eighteen thousand pounds did not yet bound the limits of speculation, for, in the same month of October, a proposal to the Eagle to increase the insurance by the addition of two thousand pounds was made and declined; and a proposal to the Globe for five thousand, and a proposal to the Alliance for some further sum, met a similar fate. At the office of the Globe, Miss Abercrombie, who, as usual, was accompanied by Mrs. Wainwright, being asked the object of the insurance, replied that "she scarcely knew; but that she was desired to come there by her friends, who wished the insurance done." On being further pressed, she referred to Mrs. Wainwright, who said: "It is for some money matters that are to be arranged; but ladies don't know much about such things;" and Miss Abercrombie answered a question, whether she was insured in any other office, in the negative. At the Alliance, she was more severely tested by the considerate kindness of Mr. Hamilton, who, receiving the proposal, was not satisfied by her statement that a suit was depending in Chancery which would probably terminate in her favour, but that if she should die in the interim the property would go into another family, for which contingency she wished to provide. The young lady, a little irritated at the question, said, rather sharply, "I supposed that what you had to inquire into was the state of my health, not the object of the insurance;" on which Mr. Hamilton, with a thoughtful look, said:

"A young lady, just such as you are, Miss, came to this very office two years ago to effect an insurance for a short time; and it was the opinion of the company *she came to her death by unfair means.*"

Poor Miss Abercrombie replied: "I am sure there is no one about me who could have any such object."

Mr. Hamilton said gravely: "Of course not;" but added, "that he was not satisfied as to the object of the insurance; and unless she stated in writing what it was, and the directors approved it, the proposal could not be entertained." The ladies retired; and the office heard no more of the proposal, nor of Miss Abercrombie, till they heard she was dead, and that the payment of other policies on her life was resisted.

Early in that month Wainewright left the house with the leaf-stripped trees, the very unhealthy house, and took furnished lodgings at Mr. Nicoll's, a tailor, in Conduit-street, to which he went accompanied by his wife, his child, and those two beautiful affectionate girls, his half-sisters, Phœbe and Madeleine Abercrombie. Books, sabre, elegant French lamp, portfolios, and desk with the mysterious little eccentric drawer with the especial salt for filberts.

There was still a little more law business for Phœbe; the artistic mind remarked one morning in his playful, delightful way. "Would the dear girl be kind enough to keep in profile for one moment? Exquisite! Yes, there was a will to be made to benefit dear Madeleine in case of any unforeseen circumstance." Phœbe no doubt carolled out a laugh, and expressed a horror "of those dusty old lawyers." On that same day, the 13th, Miss Abercrombie called on a solicitor named Lys, to whom she was a stranger, to attest the execution of a will she desired to make, as she was going abroad; he complied, and she executed a will in favour of her sister Madeleine, making Mr. Wainewright its executor. On the fourteenth, having obtained a deed of assignment from the office of the Paladium, she called on another solicitor named Kirk, to whom she was also a stranger, to perfect for her an assignment of the policy of that office to Mr. Wainewright. This the solicitor did by writing in ink over words pencilled by Mr. Wainewright, and witnessing her signature.

That same evening (as a reward, perhaps) the two sisters went to the play, as they had done the evening before, accompanying their kind relations, Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright. Whatever bailiffs may be watching the gay and volatile creature in the befrogged coat, he has no idea of stinting his amusements. Providence is hard on your delightful and fashionable men, who earn little and spend much.

The play is delightful, the pathos pierces, the farce convulses the pleasant party of four. After the play they have an oyster supper, and Mr. Wainewright is gayer and wittier than ever. In the night, however, Miss Phœbe is taken ill, evidently having caught cold from walking home that long way from Drury-lane or Covent-garden two nights in the wet and wind. There is great regret in the house, and frequent kind inquiries at her door from Mr. Wainewright. She gets up to dinner, but in a day or two, the cold not lifting, Dr. Locock is sent for. Mrs. Wainewright and Madeleine are with her constantly. Mr. Wainewright, who is clever in these things, as in everything else, prescribes her a black draught before the doctor is sent for. The doctor is kind and sympathising, thinks little of the slight derangement, and prescribes the simplest remedies. On the seventh day of her indisposition, Mr. Wainewright, impatient of the doctor's remedies, prescribed her a powder, which she took willingly in jelly. She was decidedly better, and was no longer wandering; she was so much better, in fact, that Mr. Wainewright, great in spirits, and full of sentiment, sympathy, and ar-

tistic feeling, told his wife to put on her bonnet and come for a walk sketching, while dear Phœbe had some sleep. That was about twelve o'clock. At two, Phœbe was taken violently ill with convulsions. She appeared in great agony, became delirious, and struggled violently. Dr. Locock, who had been previously consulted about insurance certificates, was instantly sent for, and came. The fit had then subsided, but there was pressure on the brain. She said, "Oh, doctor! I am dying. These are the pains of death. I feel I am. I am sure so!" The doctor said, "You'll be better by-and-by." She cried, "My poor mother; oh! my poor mother!" Dr. Locock left, and she had a fit, and grasped the hand of one of the servants. When Dr. Locock left, she lay quiet, and said she thought she heard a little boy coming along the room, and that he ought not to be there, and she burst into tears and convulsions.

A servant who had lived twenty years with Dr. Griffiths, and had known Mr. Wainewright since he was a child, instantly sent for Messrs. King and Nicholson, apothecaries. A Mr. Hanks came and saw Miss Abercrombie in the convulsion fit. She had said to Dr. Locock, "Doctor, I was gone to heaven, but you have brought me back to earth." Hanks gave her some medicine while Dr. Locock was there. The convulsions got better, and the doctors went away. Soon after they were gone, the convulsions came on again, and at four o'clock she died.

Who can paint the horror and agony of Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright when they returned and found the beautiful girl, with the exquisite profile, only a day or two ago so bright and full of life, so arch, so graceful—dead.

Dr. Locock leaving the house in which he was now useless, with a sad face and heart, met Mr. Wainewright returning gay and light-hearted, perhaps humming a fashionable tune. He appeared much shocked and astonished at the sad news, and asked what was the cause of death. Dr. Locock replied, "*Mischief in the brain*," and proposed to examine the head, to which Wainewright immediately assented. On the next day the skull was opened by Hanks, and they found what witness believed was a quite sufficient cause of death—a considerable quantity of water on the lower part of the brain, pressing upon the upper part of the spinal marrow. Witness thought the effusion caused the convulsion, and that the convulsion caused death. Oysters had often produced similar effects upon irritable constitutions. Wet feet had perhaps rendered the constitution weak and susceptible.

There was a further examination two days afterwards. The contents of the stomach were minutely examined. There was no appearance of anything sufficient to account for death, except water at the base of the brain. There were a few points in which the blood-vessels were much more injected with blood than usual, an appearance often seen in those who die suddenly. Violent vomiting would account for this. The doctors observed a few little specks on the coat of the stomach, but that was all.

This distressing and sudden death changed matters, and gave a new and quite unexpected significance to that mysterious insurance business. Eighteen thousand pounds now became payable to the elegant, needy, and somewhat desperate man; part of the money as executor for Phœbe; two of the policies being assigned to himself, with a secret understanding that they were for the benefit of Madeleine.

Unchristian suspicions soon arose, degrading, as Mr. Wainwright remarked, only to those who entertained them. Exasperated by the loss which, by the dear girl's distressing death, they had incurred, all the insurance offices meanly and criminally refused payment. The crisis came, but Wainwright was too poor to stay and press his legal claims, and therefore stealthily retired to the friendly asylum of France, where urbanity always reigns, and claret is delightfully cheap; where the air is ever sunny, and meat is lean, but not dear. He there resided, gay as ever, for several years.

After many delays, occasioned chiefly by proceedings in equity, the question of the validity of the policies was tried in the Court of Exchequer, before Lord Abinger, on the 29th of June, 1835, in an action by Mr. Wainwright, as the executor of Miss Abercrombie, on the Imperial policy of three thousand pounds. Extraordinary as were the circumstances under which the defence was made, it rested, says Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, on a narrow basis, on the mere allegation that the insurance was not, as it professed to be, that of Miss Abercrombie for her own benefit, but the insurance of Mr. Wainwright, effected at his cost, for some purpose of his own, and on the falsehood of representations she had been induced to make in reply to inquiries as to insurances in other offices. The cause of her death, if the insurance was really hers, was immaterial.

Lord Abinger, always wishing to look at the pleasant side of things, refused to enter into the cause of death, and intimated that the defence had been injured by a darker suggestion.

Sir William Follett appeared for the plaintiff, and the Attorney-General, Sir F. Pollock, and Mr. Thesiger for the defendant. The real plaintiff was not Mr. Wainwright, but Mr. Wheatley, a respectable bookseller, who had married the sister of the deceased. The jury, partaking of the judge's disinclination to attribute the most dreadful guilt to a plaintiff on a *nisi prius* record, and, perhaps, scarcely perceiving how they could discover for the imputed fraud an intelligible motive without it, were unable to agree, and were discharged without giving a verdict. It was clear to every one there had been foul play. The cause was tried again, before the same judge, on the 3rd of December following, when the counsel for the defence, following the obvious inclination of the bench, avoided the fearful charge, and obtained a verdict for the office without hesitation, sanctioned by Lord Abinger's proffered approval to the jury. In the mean time, says Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, Mr. Wainwright, leaving his wife and child in London, had acquired

the confidence and enjoyed the hospitality of the members of an English family residing in Boulogne. While he was thus associated, a proposal was made to the Pelican office to insure the life of his host for five thousand pounds; which, as the medical inquiries were satisfactorily answered, was accepted. The office, however, received only one premium, for the life survived the completion of the insurance only a few months; falling after a very short illness, and, singularly enough, with symptoms not unlike those of Dr. Griffiths, Mrs. Abercrombie, and poor Phœbe. The world is full of coincidences.

And here we feel compelled to throw off our mask, to turn suddenly on the delight of the boudoirs and salons of May Fair, and, shaking him by the throat, proclaim him as a POISONER—one of the most cruel, subtle, and successful secret murderers since the time of the Borgias. It is now well known that he wore a ring in which he always carried strychnine, crystals of the Indian *nux vomica*, half a grain of which blown into the throat of a rabbit kills it dead in two minutes; a poison almost tasteless, difficult of discovery, and capable of almost infinite dilution. On the night the Norfolk gentleman in difficulties at Boulogne died, Wainwright had insisted on making his friend's coffee, and passed the poison into the sugar. The poisoner had succeeded before this in winning the affections of his friend's daughter, and gaining a supreme influence in the house.

A friend of the writer's, at a visit to this Norfolk gentleman's house in Caroline-place, Meeklenburgh-square, London, long before his murder, was arrested in mistake for Wainwright, who, at that very time, was serenading with a Spanish guitar in the garden of the square. He was eventually seized opposite the house of his friend Van Holst, a pupil of Fuseli's.

Wainwright, obtaining the insurance, left Boulogne, and became a needy wanderer in France, but being brought under the notice of the correctional police for passing under a feigned name, was arrested. In his possession was found the vegetable poison called strychnine, a fact which, though unconnected with any specific charge, increased his liability to temporary restraint, and led to a six months' incarceration in Paris. After his release he ventured to revisit London, when, in June, 1837, soon after his arrival, he was met in the street by Forester, the police-officer, who had identified him in France, and was committed for trial for forgery.

July 5, 1837 (seven years after the death of Miss Abercrombie), Wainwright, then forty-two years old, "a man of gentlemanly appearance, wearing moustachios," was tried at the Central Criminal Court for forging certain powers of attorney to sell out two thousand two hundred and fifty-nine pounds' worth of Bank Stock, which had been settled on him and his wife at their marriage. This was a capital offence at that time, but the Bank not wishing to shed blood, Wainwright at first declared him-

self not guilty, but eventually pleaded guilty, by advice of his lawyer, to two of the minor indictments out of the five, and was therefore only transported for life.

The moment the chief insurance offices found that Wainwright was under sentence of transportation for forgery, they determined to open negotiations with the villain, and get from him certain confessions necessary to their interests: little doubting that he would make them "for a consideration." He made them readily enough when he had struck his bargain. At this time, he was confined in Newgate (modern prison discipline had not then found its way into that jail) in a cell with a bricklayer and a sweep: in which polite company he was actually recognised, through a strange chance, by Mr. Procter and Mr. Macready, visiting the prison with the Conductor of this Journal. When the agent of the insurance offices had extracted from the ruffian all that he wanted to know, that gentleman said, in conclusion: "It would be quite useless, Mr. Wainwright, to speak to you of humanity, or tenderness, or laws human or Divine; but does it not occur to you, after all, that, merely regarded as a speculation, Crime is a bad one? See where it ends. I talk to you in a shameful prison, and I talk to a degraded convict."

Wainwright returned, twirling his moustache: "Sir, you City men enter on your speculations, and take the chances of them. Some of your speculations succeed, some fail. Mine happen to have failed; yours happen to have succeeded; that is the difference, sir, between my visitor and me. But I'll tell you one thing in which I have succeeded to the last. I have been determined through life to hold the position of a gentleman. I have always done so. I do so, still. It is the custom of this place that each of the inmates of a cell shall take his morning's turn of sweeping it out. I occupy a cell with a bricklayer and a sweep. But by G— they never offer me the broom!"

On the same occasion, or on another similar occasion in the same place, being asked how he could find it in his heart to murder the trusting girl who had so confided in him (meaning Miss Abercrombie), he reflected for a moment, and then returned, with a cool laugh: "Upon my soul I don't know—unless it was that her legs were too thick."

A more insupportable scoundrel never troubled this earth. He had kept a Diary. The insurance offices, by the masterly stroke of sending to a French inn where he had lived, paying the bill he had left unpaid, and demanding the effects he had left there, obtained possession of it. Description of this demoniacal document cannot be attempted, but it contained a kind of index to the details of his various crimes, set forth with a voluptuous cruelty and a loathsome exultation worthy of the diseased vanity of such a masterpiece of evil.

In the mean time, says Mr. Talfourd, in his version of the affair, proceedings were taken on behalf of Miss Abercrombie's sister by her husband, Mr. Wheatley, to render the

insurances available for her benefit, which induced the prisoner to revengefully offer communications to the insurance offices which might defeat a purpose entirely foreign to his own, and which he hoped might procure him, through their intercession, a mitigation of the more painful severities incident to his sentence. In this expectation he was miserably disappointed; for though, in pursuance of their promise, the directors of one of the offices made a communication to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the result, instead of a mitigation, was an order to place him in irons, and to send him to his place of punishment in the Susan, a vessel about to convey three hundred convicts.

In Newgate, the gay-hearted creature was sublime. He asserted himself as a poet, a philosopher, and a martyr. He claimed for himself "a soul whose nutriment is love, and its offspring art, music, divine song, and still holier philosophy." When writing even from the hold of the convict-ship to complain of his being placed in irons, he said: "They think me a desperado. *Me! the companion of poets, philosophers, artists, and musicians*, a desperado! You will smile at this. No—I think you will *feel* for the man, educated and reared as a gentleman, now the mate of vulgar ruffians and country bumpkins."

In 1842, the dandy convict was admitted as in-patient of the General Hospital in Hobart Town, where he remained some years. Whilst an inmate of the hospital he forwarded to the governor, Sir Eardley E. Wilmot, the following memorial. It is too characteristic of the man not to be given. The gilt had all gone now. The governor's minute on the memorial is very laconic:—"A T. L. (ticket-of-leave) would be contrary to Act of Parlt. T. L. refused. *3rd class wages received?—E. E. W.*"

To His Excellency, Sir John Eardley Wilmot Bart., Lieut.-Governor of Van Diemen's Land, &c. &c.

The humble petition of T. Griffiths Wainwright, praying the indulgence of a ticket-of-leave.

To palliate the boldness of this application he offers the statement ensuing. That seven years past he was arrested on a charge of forging and acting on a power of attorney to sell stock *thirteen years previous*. Of which (though looking for little credence) he avers his entire innocence. He admits a knowledge of the actual committer, gained though, some years after the fact. Such, however, were their relative positions, that to have disclosed it would have made him infamous where any human feeling is manifest. Nevertheless, by his counsel's direction, he entered the plea *Not Guilty*, to allow him to adduce the "*circumstance attenuante*," viz. that the money (£200*l.*) appropriated was, without quibble, *his own*, derived from his parents. An hour before his appearing to plead he was trepanned (through the just but deluded Governor of Newgate) into withdrawing his plea, by a promise, in such case, of a punishment merely nominal. The same purporting to issue from *yr. Bank Parlour*, but in fact from the agents of certain *Insurance Companies* interested to a heavy amount (16,000*l.*) in compassing his legal non-existence. He pleaded guilty—and was forthwith hurried, stunned with such ruthless perfidy, to the hulks at Portsmouth, and

thence in *five days* aboard the *Susan*, sentenced to Life in a land (to him) a moral sepulchre. As a ground for your mercy he submits with great deference his foregone condition of life during 43 years of freedom. A *descent*, deduced, through family tradition and *Edmondson's Heraldry*, from a stock not the least honoured in Cambria. Nurtured with all appliances of ease and comfort—schoolled by his relative, the well-known philologist and bibliomaniac, Chas. Burney, D.D., brother to M^{rs}. D'Arblay, and the companion of COOKE. Lastly, such a modest competence as afforded the *mental* necessities of Literature, Archæology, Music and the Plastic Arts; while his pen and brush introduced him to the notice and friendship of men whose fame is European. The Catalogues of Somerset House Exhibitions, the *Literary Pocket-Book*, indicate his earlier pursuits, and the MS. left behind in Paris, attest at least his industry. Their titles imply the objects to which he has, to this date, directed all his energies:—"A Philosophical Theory of Design, as concerned with the Loftier Emotions, showing its deep action on Society, drawn from the Phidean-Greek and early Florentine Schools" (the result of seventeen years' study), illustrated with numerous plates, executed with conscientious accuracy, in one vol. atlas folio. "*An Esthetic and Psychological Treatise on the Beautiful; or the Analogies of Imagination and Fancy, as exerted in Poetry, whether Verse, Painting, Sculpture, Music, or Architecture*;" to form four vols. folio, with a profusion of engravings by the first artists of Paris, Munich, Berlin, Dresden, and Wien. "*An Art-Novel*," in three vols., and a collection of "Fantasie, Critical Sketches, &c., selected partly from *Blackwood*, the *Foreign Review*, and the *London Magazine*." All these were nearly ready for, one actually at press. Deign, your Excellency! to figure to yourself my actual condition during seven years; without friends, good name (the breath of life) or art (the fuel to it with me), tormented at once by memory and ideas struggling for outward form and realisation, barred up from increase of knowledge, and deprived of the exercise of profitable or even of decorous speech. Take pity, your Excellency! and grant me the power to shelter my eyes from Vice in her most revolting and sordid phase, and my ears from a jargon of filth and blasphemy that would outrage the cynism (*sic*) of Parny himself. Perhaps this clinging to the lees of a vapid life may seem as *base, unmanly*, arguing rather a plebeian, than a liberal and gentle descent. But, your Excellency! the wretched *Exile* has a child!—and *Vanity* (sprung from the praise of Flaxman, *Charles Lamb*, Stothard, Rd. Westall, *Delaroche*, *Cornelius*, Lawrence, and the god of his worship, FUSLI) whispers that the *follower of the Ideal* might even yet achieve another reputation than that of a *Fausitaire*. Seven years of steady demeanour may in some degree promise that no indulgence shall ever be abused by your Excellency's miserable petitioner, T. G. WAINEWRIGHT."

Discharged from the hospital, the elegant-mannered poisoner, his dress with no style at all about it now, his spelling rather wandering, and his bearing less refined than it used to be, set up as an artist at Hobart Town, where sketches by him still exist. His conversation to lady-sitters was often indelicate. A writer in a Melbourne paper, 6th July, 1841, says of this dangerous and abandoned wretch (we must use plain words for him now): "He rarely looked you

in the face. His conversation and manners were winning in the extreme; he was never intemperate, but nevertheless of grossly sensual habit, and an opium-eater. As to moral character, he was a man of the very lowest stamp. He seemed to be possessed by an ingrained malignity of disposition, which kept him constantly on the very confines of murder, and he took a perverse pleasure in traducing persons who had befriended him. There is a terrible story told of his savage malignity towards a fellow-patient in the hospital, a convict, against whom he bore a grudge. The man was in a state of collapse—his extremities were already growing cold. Death had him by the throat. Wainewright's snakish eyes kindled with unearthly fire. He saw at once the fatal sign. He stole softly as a cat to the man's pallet, and hissed his exultation into his dying ear:

"You are a dead man, you — In four-and-twenty hours your soul will be in hell, and my arms will be up to that (touching his elbow) in your body, dissecting you."

Such was the ingrained and satanic wickedness of this triple murderer. Twice this delight of society attempted to poison people who had become obnoxious to him. Even in that polluted corner of the world the man was dreaded, hated, and shunned. No chance homicide had imbrued his hands, but a subtle series of cowardly and atrocious crimes. His sole friend and companion was a cat, for which he evinced an extraordinary and sentimental affection. He had always been fond of cats. In 1852, this gentlemanly and specious monster was struck down in a moment, as with a thunderbolt, by apoplexy. He had survived his victims sixteen years.

Perhaps no blacker soul ever passed from a body than passed the day that Wainewright the poisoner went to his account. Well says Mr. Serjeant Talfourd:

"Surely no contrast presented in the wildest romance between a gay cavalier, fascinating Naples or Palermo, and the same hero detected as the bandit or demon of the forest, equals that which time has unveiled between what Mr. Wainewright seemed and what he was."

It is this monster whom Lord Lytton has immortalised in his powerful novel of *Lucretia*.

BEDS.

ONE of the best riddles in the English language is on a bed:

Form'd long ago, yet made to-day,
I'm most in use whilst others sleep;
What few would wish to give away,
But fewer still would wish to keep.

Whilst all people enjoy their beds, and look forward to them every evening of their lives as a rest after the toils of the day, as a refuge in sickness, a comfort in health, a place to be born in, and a place to die in, how various are beds—how much do people of different habits and different nations differ in their notions of what constitutes a comfortable bed! In our

own country, we regret to say, that a really good bed is rarely to be met with—except in private houses where people have taken especial pains to provide them; but, even there, it appears to us that very few know what a really good bed is. In the newest hotels, on the magnificent scale which are now becoming one of the many phases in which joint-stock limited-liability companies are so abounding, care has been taken to provide excellent beds; but in the older hotels, especially provincial ones, nothing can be worse, and this remark applies also to the ordinary lodging-houses and furnished apartments of the watering-places and of London itself. The great idea is that there must be a feather-bed of various degrees of goodness and of feather supply—some of down, in which you sink into its depths and lie sweltering through the night; some of meagre dimensions, stale and musty materials, with the points of the feather-quills running into you, and the feather squeezed by the lapse of years into hard knots and balls. You dislike a feather-bed—the weather is sultry—and you order the feather-bed to be put below the mattress for your own particular benefit; and what a mattress! hard, lumpy, uneven, in pits and knobs, fusty, with anything but wholesome wool or horsehair. Your rest is destroyed, your limbs ache in the morning, and you return to the feather-bed in despair. The new hotels, sparing no expense, as the company's capital pays for all, have, as we observed, excellent beds. Usually they consist of a substratum of spiral springs, with a light horsehair thin mattress over them. They are very elastic; they are very comfortable, and very wholesome. The objections are, that, as the power of the spring remains the same for all comers, they give the feeling of being in a boat to light bodies, and your eighteen or twenty stone people's weight often smashes the springs, and the next comer finds an uneasy couch, with a deplorable and an irregular hollow. The best bed we know of is a pallasie of straw as the basis, a wool mattress, well carded, and regularly re-carded once a year, upon the pallasie, and a light horsehair mattress over that. In France there are no feather-beds—only mattresses, very soft and elastic, of carded wool; but the objection to them is, that they are hot to sleep upon in warm weather. In England, amongst the middling and lower classes, feather-beds constantly are the rule. A working man or a servant, when he is "about to marry," considers a feather-bed one of the grand articles of furniture to be provided; and though when the expenses increase, and poverty comes, it is pretty sure to be sent to the pawnbroker's, still it is one of the last things to go—the bedstead generally is sent before the feather-bed, and the family reposes on the floor. Amongst the higher classes feather-beds are now disappearing fast; medical authority pronounces them unwholesome for children, and children are cared for sufficiently to ensure that their beds should be what are most suitable. As these

children grow up, they keep to the habits of their childhood; and when their own houses and establishments are provided, feather-beds are avoided.

It is curious to notice the habits of different nations in regard to beds. However dress, food, manners, cooking, political conditions, may vary in other countries, the beds differ as notably as anything does. In Eastern nations the bed is often nothing but a carpet, and is carried about and spread in any convenient spot, and the tired native lies down in his clothes. We remember a child who used to be puzzled with those miracles of our Saviour, who, in restoring an impotent man, directed him to take up his bed and walk—his idea of a bed consisting in a four-post bedstead, with its pallasie, mattress, and feather-bed, besides blankets, sheets, and pillows. But even in very cold countries the beds are closely allied to the Eastern carpet. In taking a furnished house in Russia, on inquiring for the servants' bedrooms and beds, which did not appear in the inventory on our surveying the apartments, it comes out that the Russian servants are in the habit of lying anywhere—in the passages, on the floors, on the mats at the room-doors, or even on the carpets in the sitting-rooms—generally as near as possible to the stoves in the winter season. The emperor himself sleeps on a leathern sofa in a sitting-room, lying down in a dressing-gown, but not removing his under-clothing. But in Russia the houses are kept so warm, by the system of stoves through the walls, that much bed-covering is no more required in winter than during the heats of summer.

In Germany the construction of the beds gives one the impression that the Germans do not know what it is to lie down. The bedstead is a short wooden case; there is a mattress extending from head to foot, but so formed that at the half way the upper end is made to slope at an angle of considerable elevation, and upon this are two enormous down pillows, which reach from the head of the bed to the half way down to the feet; consequently the occupant of the bed lies at an angle of at least forty-five degrees, and is nearly in a sitting position all night. In some parts of Germany there are no blankets: there is a sheet to lie on, and another over it, which is tacked to a quilt wadded with down; and this is the entire covering, with the exception of a sort of bed, a thick eider-down quilt, but not *quilted*, which is placed on the top, and which, unless the sleeper is very quiet in his sleep, is usually found on the floor in the morning. In hot weather there is no medium; either a sheet is the only covering, or one of these over-warm eider-downs.

As the traveller proceeds more and more northerly, the size of the beds seems to decrease, and the covering provided to be less adapted to the changes of the seasons. In the palace of the King of Prussia, at Babelsburg, near Potsdam, the bed for his majesty is as small and as simple as that of any of his subjects; but we observed a Scotch shepherd's plaid laid

over it as a convenient substitute for a blanket. Curtains to beds are rarely or never met with in Germany or in Russia. In the latter country, they are, however, found across the room, as a screen only; and in England and France, the single tester, or a light curtain round the head of the bed, over a pole, through a ring, or depending from a short canopy, are gradually and indeed rapidly superseding the old four-post bedsteads of our early days, which are still to be found in old country-houses and in ancient inns, with thick worsted curtains, useless, if kept open, and close, suffocating, and unwholesome, if drawn.

The great bed of Ware, which has become historical, has quite recently been advertised to be sold by auction. Whilst the bedsteads dwindle down to the smallest possible size in the northern parts of Europe, we find in the parts of North Italy near Como and Milan enormously large ones, nearly approaching to the great bed at Ware: we measured one at an inn at Lugano, and it was ten feet across.

Beds have been stuffed with feathers, wool, horsehair, what is called flock, which is an omnium gathrum of all sorts of productions, shavings, hay, straw, and in the south of Europe with the soft and elastic dried leaves of maize; dried seaweed has also been used, and was once in fashion in this country, under the name of *alga marina*; but, pleasant as it was when perfectly dry, the sea-salt abiding amongst it attracted the moisture in every direction, from the atmosphere, from the perspiration, &c., and it became damp and unpleasant. In one of the seasons when hops were so abundant that they hardly paid for the gathering, a farmer sold the feathers from all the beds in his house, and replaced them with the hops. In another year or two, when the hops failed, and the price became very high, these same hops were disinterred from their beds, and fetched a considerable sum, far more than sufficient to replace the former feathers. History does not say whether the farmer's family slept more soundly for the hop beds, or whether the hops thus preserved were found to have any peculiarly fine flavour when made into beer.

There is no doubt that a vast number of people in health—we say nothing of invalids—lie too long in bed. It may also be said that they sleep too hot, as well as too long, to be likely to preserve health and live to a good old age. It has been long known that those who have far exceeded the ordinary length of human life, whatever their other habits may have been, have always been early risers; and we have remarked, also, that very old people who keep their health usually have slept with very little bed-covering. Young children and people with feeble circulations require more clothing than others, but only at first; and when once warmed, they would become too hot, their sleep would be broken or unrefreshing, unless some of the extra clothing were removed. Careful mothers and nurses are in the habit, after their children have been in bed an hour, to visit them and re-

lieve them of the extra coverings; otherwise the result is, that the poor child kicks off all the bed-clothes, becomes chilled, and gets an illness.

The exact character of beds, and the fitness of them for the comfortable repose of their occupiers, will much depend on the habits of nations, and what may be held to constitute comfort, which will vary with individuals. When a former Persian ambassador was shown into his bedroom at Mivart's Hotel, where a grand canopied state bed had been prepared for him, he supposed it was a throne in his audience-chamber, received his visitors seated on it, and retired to sleep on the carpet in the corner of the room.

But the public are gradually opening their eyes to the sanitary improvements which thoughtful encouragers of social science are pointing out, and amongst these may be considered the regard to healthy sleep, as promoted by the avoidance of confined and insufficient air in bedrooms, the confinement of curtains, and the too great warmth and softness of beds and bedding. Opinion is more and more prevalent that bed-curtains are to be either avoided entirely or merely used as screens, and not as closing up every access of air. The free ventilation of bedrooms is now generally advocated, and Miss Nightingale's doctrines are making way. Open windows through the night are by many considered dangerous, and that is a prejudice to some degree founded on truth, that night air is unwholesome. Whilst Miss Nightingale does not deny that night air is less safe than the air of daylight, she observes, with her usual sound sense, that surely bad night air is worse than good night-air, and describes more graphically than pleasantly the noisome effluvia of a bedroom which has been closed all night, as perceived by one coming into it in the morning from another atmosphere. But much will depend on habit, and it is unsafe for one only accustomed to closed windows all the year to make sudden changes in cold weather. Still, let any one try cautiously; let him begin in warm summer weather to open his windows at night, and then continue the habit through the rest of the year, and he will find his sleep far more refreshing, and he will awake with a much more invigorated feeling. Even with invalids the plan may be safely pursued, and in many sorts of illness it will be far more necessary than for those in health. In affections of the respiratory organs, fresh air is as desirable as for others; but undoubtedly in such cases a cold current of air is unsafe. But it may be warmed, and be equally fresh. A very simple plan for this purpose was explained in some letters from Clifton a few months ago: a tube, communicating with the open air through an opening in a pane of the window, being carried through the room along the ceiling, with a fly-wheel turning only inwards to promote a current, the other open end of the tube, being carried over the bed or elsewhere, causes a constant supply of fresh air from the outside; but before it escapes into the

room it has been warmed to the same temperature as the rest of the atmosphere. A small spirit lamp, placed under any part of the tube, which is of metal, would make the current of air as warm as can be wished, should that be deemed desirable.

Perhaps there is no illness, if illness it can be called, in ordinary circumstances, the management of which has been so beset by blind and stupid prejudices as the lying-in of a woman. This has been partly occasioned by the fact that monthly nurses have been formerly excessively ignorant persons, and that old women have been looked up to as the only infallible guides. The great bugbear was always *catching cold*, and to avoid a chance of this, the most absurd plans were in vogue, some of which still remain, particularly amongst the poorer classes. Some hundred years ago, no lady was allowed to have her cap changed during the time of bed, without having every curtain closely drawn, and a warning-pan held over the head. Every window was constantly kept closed, fires were perpetually burning, heaps of blankets piled on, and even the handles of the knives, forks, and spoons to be handled by the poor lady were covered up with flannel or silver paper; even the little hand-bell placed on the bed to summon an attendant had its neat flannel jacket, for fear the touch of the cold metal should make her catch cold. Cold water, cold air, cold drinks, anything cold that could be touched with the fingers, were all most scrupulously guarded against. Thanks to the improved education of the nurses, and the greater attention of the doctors, these absurdities have of late nearly disappeared; but it has been only a change of very recent date, and not yet completed. The bills of mortality still show a large proportion of deaths from what are properly called avoidable diseases; but year by year matters are changing for the better, and the value of human life from infancy to old age is continually increasing. Whilst in our variable climate warm clothing is always desirable, to protect the body from the sudden changes and from the effects of protracted chills, the system of sweltering in hot bedding though the night, with closed windows and closed curtains, is decidedly injurious to health, and the result is a languid awaking in the morning, a much greater susceptibility to catch cold, and a diminished vital energy. Hospitals, barracks, schools, orphan and other children's asylums, are now constructed on improved principles; and instead of trying how many unfortunate individuals could be crowded into the smallest possible space, and the buildings erected on the cheapest plans, care is now taken that dormitories should be lofty and well ventilated, and that a certain number of cubic feet of air should be preserved for each inhabitant. One may refine to any extent on the luxuries of beds and bedrooms for those who have the means, but, for the good of the whole community, certain correct principles as to sanitary arrangements are fully recognised, and are rapidly coming into use. Each nation will have its own ideas of comfort, but throughout the

world health is equally important, and the rules which will preserve it and promote it cannot be too extensively known or more powerfully recognised. One might extend these remarks to various other circumstances connected with beds but we would only name the question of fires in bedrooms as to be deprecated in health on many accounts, though there can be no doubt that fires in dressing-rooms are great additions to comfort. In illness a fire may sometimes be necessary, and then, where gas is to be had, a gas fire in an open grate is by far the best. All other fires more or less disturb rest or fail; a coal drops on the fender, and awakes the poor invalid with a start. The fire blazes too much the early part of the night, and the room gets too hot; then, unless replenished, it gradually expires, and the room becomes colder and colder as the night goes on. If it be replenished and watched, there is all the noise and disturbance of poking the fire and supplying fresh coals. A gas fire can be set at any degree of flame and heat, requires no watching, no poking, no fresh supplies, but continues the same throughout, and should the night become colder or warmer, can be raised or lowered to the feelings or the thermometer by a mere turn of a handle. A well-constructed gas fire, with an open chimney, is as safe, as salubrious, and as free from unpleasant smell as any coal fire, gives no trouble, keeps always clean, and makes no *blacks*.

To habitual invalids, still more to healthy active people confined to bed through some accident, the bed is an important matter, and not only comfort, but health and life may depend on the power of obtaining sleep; and to such the observations in this article are addressed. A healthy man, actively employed through the day, with no cares to agitate, and no irritable nerves, can sleep, and soundly sleep, anywhere; though the shepherd's boy said he never knew what it was to enjoy a good night, as no sooner was his head on the pillow than it was time to get up.

A GAME OF ÉCARTÉ.

WE were in France, in pleasant lodgings, at a short distance from the Channel coast. My party consisted of my daughter Margaret, then in her teens, small, clean-limbed, and, though I say it, pretty; an ancient governess, good Miss Chalker, fresh in mind though faded in person; and myself. Of our fellow-lodgers I make no account, as they took no visible part or share in what occurred afterwards.

Our landlady, Madame Dupuis, was a woman of forty-eight or fifty, long, of warm temper, vain, and jealous of women younger than herself; of plausible and pleasant manners, but with tact and shrewdness, not to say cunning. She had one grown-up son, Louis, the sole survivor of a large family. Possibly, she might entertain for him an ordinary amount of motherly love: she kept him under, and compelled him to remain quite in

the background. *She* was the figure that met the lodgers' eye, the head of the department, the commander-in-chief.

Her husband was rarely seen. A casual visitor, making only a short stay, would not have been aware of his existence. Occupied in his trade all day at a distance, or in his workshop at the back of the house, he wore the clothes of a journeyman, while she was splendid in her caps and gowns. As a member of the household, he was reduced to zero—a cipher of the smallest account. All the share he was allowed to take in the concern, was the making out of the weekly bills. Presenting them, was madame's business. As an inmate, his place was in the back kitchen at meal-times, and up the attic by night. During the rest of the day, when he had no work to do, he either hid himself in some unknown corner, or else went to the cabaret—the soul-abasing cabaret. If by chance you stumbled on him, he shrunk away, as if visibility were no part of his birthright. When he absolutely could not escape, and you insisted on speaking to him, he was apt in his replies, quiet in demeanour, remarkably well behaved, strikingly submissive.

But fancy a woman bringing her husband to this pass, after marrying him for love!

During the early part of our residence, everything seemed to go on smoothly. I should never have suspected anything wrong. But women make confidantes of one another; and, in the course of time, Madame Dupuis, to relieve her mind, entrusted Miss Chalker with the secret that she and her husband cordially hated each other. If Miss Chalker looked in at their supper-time, to say a civil word before going to bed, she mostly found the pair at daggers drawn, giving deep and deadly stabs with their envenomed tongues. The son entreated her to make peace; which she did as well as she could. But after a peace had been signed and sealed, the peace-maker, retiring, had often the disappointment of hearing the fray recommence. Madame would have the last word, and would give the final thrust.

One morning, Miss Chalker informed me that the discordant pair had had overnight a dispute of unusual violence. Taunts had passed between them, defiance, threats, a challenge—to what effect exactly she could not say, her imperfect knowledge of French preventing her from closely following their passionate volubility—but she was sure something serious was meant. "But for the guillotine," said the woman, "and the disgrace to Louis, I should have murdered you long ago." "But for the family honour," retorted the man, "I should have committed suicide."

Miss Chalker, fearing untoward events, began to wish us out of the house, and proposed looking out for other quarters. I felt no apprehension of any catastrophe, knowing that violent people, all the world over, often say more than they mean. I did not see madame till the afternoon, when she wore her usual look and manner. The storm that had raged the previous night had left no outward trace or token.

Thinking that perhaps it might do good if I got the belligerents to meet under the restraint of stranger eyes, I invited the family to spend the evening with us—madame, the modest son, and the ignored father—in company with two or three neighbours. My little entertainment was accepted by all and for all—which I had scarcely anticipated.

They came. Madame seemed just a little excited, Dupuis as unobtrusive and as patient as ever. Cards were to be the staple of our pastime. While making the preliminary arrangements, madame, to my astonishment, said, "Come, Dupuis; to begin the evening, let us play a game together—us two. It is a long time since we have played; and we can't tell when we may play again. The stake may be—next to nothing. We are playing *for love* this time, you know," darting at him a significant glance. "I have been reckoning on a game of *écarté*."

"But why, madame, choose *écarté* *now*?" I asked. "We might have a round game, or two or three whist-tables. You can have your *écarté* afterwards by yourselves, while we are counting our winnings and the servant is bringing in supper."

"At *écarté*, you know, *the loser goes out*," she said, addressing her husband rather than myself. "If the game is not sweet, at least it is short. It will soon be over. I want it over. You are not afraid of me, Dupuis?"

"Not I, indeed. Here are the cards. Let us cut for the deal."

"Yes; but not with those cards. You have had them in your hand for the last two minutes. Louis, step to the bookseller's, and bring back with you a couple of fresh packs. They will be wanted for others as well as for ourselves."

The unopened packs were soon on the table. Dupuis pushed one to his wife. Madame opened the pack, and cut.

"The nine of diamonds!" she gaily exclaimed.

"The ten of clubs," said Dupuis, coolly. "The deal is mine. I do deal. The trump card; the king of hearts. One! I mark it."

"Will you give cards?" asked madame, after looking through her hand.

"No," said Dupuis, glancing at his own.

"Very well, then. There!"

"There; and there; and there—and there! Two by cards and one by my king makes me three," said Dupuis, quite quietly. "Not a bad beginning. I mark them. You can open the second pack. The deal is yours. Ah! The trump card is the five of spades! Capital! I don't want to ask for cards. Here is the king of spades, which makes me four. And here are the queen and the knave of spades, with more if I wanted them. The game is mine. Madame Dupuis goes out."

"Will you like another game," I asked, "now you are in luck? Shall I take her place?"

"No, I thank you. I have done all I wished in the way of *écarté*. I am ready for a round game, or for anything you please."

Madame rose, pale and impassive, from the

seat where she had been so signally and so speedily defeated. It is not often that such a run of cards on one side occurs; still it does occasionally happen. No skill of the player can stand against it.

"I had just as soon it should end as it has," she muttered, "as go on longer without one of us losing." Then, turning to her husband, she added, "You have won. Never fear. I do not shirk my debts of honour."

During the whole of the rest of the evening there were no more single combats at cards. We all participated in the play. And we had no quarrelling—not even snaps and snarls delivered in an under tone. Madame was at times a little absent. Dupuis occasionally repressed a slight chuckle; but it was scarcely perceptible. Over the supper-tray, we talked of the natural beauties of the neighbourhood; in the course of which, madame asked my daughter, "Miss Smithson, have you seen Cape Blanez yet?"

"No," said Margaret; "I should much like to go there. The sea-side is always pleasant."

"That depends on circumstances," I interposed. "It is a bleak country and a wild coast. You may go miles without finding the shelter even of a tree."

"Which makes it all the more romantic," rejoined madame. "There is a charming walk along the shore, round the foot of the cape, returning by the top of the cliff. It is many a year since I have been there. How I should like to see it again!"

"Oh, please papa, do let us go!" urged Margaret. "You, madame, Miss Chalker, and myself, make four, and will fill a carriage. It will do us all good! Won't it, madame?"

"I—I hope so," she hesitatingly answered.

"Let us fix the day, then," continued Margaret, with girlish impatience to carry out the project. "The weather is fine. Shall it be to-morrow?"

"But," I observed, "it is a question of tide as well as of sunshine. It ought to be low water at the time of our arrival. Have you the Calais tide-table in the house, madame?"

"I was looking at it, at a neighbour's, this very morning. The tide serves admirably."

"And then there is the matter of provisions. You will find absolutely nothing to eat there, and the Blanez air makes most people hungry."

"As to that, we are already provided. A cold veal-pie, a lobster, a tart, some cheese—all which are in the house—will be as much as any of us will want."

The morning was bright and fine, with a fresh breeze blowing from the south-west. The carriage had to wait some minutes at the door. The last person ready to start, who ought to have been the first, was Madame Dupuis herself. She came down in unusual splendour, quite unnecessary for a ramble amongst the cliffs—in her smartest cap, her handsomest shawl, and her best silk gown. On our bantering her about it, and comparing her showy toilette with our own

second-best travelling attire, she gravely replied that she could not wear them on a more proper occasion; that she could not tell when she might put them on again; and that it was useless to leave good clothes moulding in wardrobes, perhaps for other people to wear. During the drive, she made several frivolous pretexts for stopping, and we reached the coast at Sangatte (where the submarine telegraph from Dover comes out) considerably later than I had reckoned upon.

From Sangatte our walk round the cape was to begin. It was agreed that Miss Chalker, who could not bear much fatigue, should remain there at the little inn, and superintend the laying out of the dinner. She had a newspaper and a book, and would stroll on the beach while we were absent. Margaret, Madame Dupuis, and myself, were to do the Blanez in its entirety, doubling its foot and climbing over its shoulder. Margaret was delighted at the prospect; while, strangely enough, madame, who had expressed her desire to come, now that she was here showed herself indifferent, careless, passive, hardly noticing the objects around her.

We set off (I having to urge upon her that the day was advancing), proceeding along the beach towards the south. The cliff, first of clay and gravel, gradually rose and rose, until it changed its character to chalk, which still rose loftier and loftier, its face becoming more and more vertical. It was a striking and inspiring scene. The breeze, which was ahead of us, had freshened almost to a gale; the voice of the waves was increasing in loudness. High up the cliff were tufts of wild cabbage, where no mortal hand could gather them; while the raven croaked and the sparrow-hawk screamed from ledges where their nestlings were secure from every human invader. From Sangatte, the beach grows gradually narrower, and our distance from the breakers had become inconsiderable. We had now walked more than half the distance to the turning-point where we were to mount the cliff and return.

All the while, Madame Dupuis did nothing but lag and loiter, picking up shells, gathering seaweed, rearranging her shawl, and taking off her shoe to shake out the sand which was *not* there. We were at the point where the cliff is highest and the ebb tide strip of shore between its foot and the breakers the narrowest, when a broken wave spread itself within a few yards of our feet.

"Did you notice that, madame?" I exclaimed, a sudden light breaking in upon me. "The tide is rising fast! With this wind, it will rise faster and higher than usual. We are later than we ought to be, and you were deceived as to the time of low water."

"Perhaps I might have made a trifling mistake," she answered, with cold indifference.

"The mistake, madame, is no trifle. Walk a little quicker, if you please. It is a serious, possibly a fatal mistake."

"Ah! Really!" she replied, apathetically, as if the matter were all one to her.

"Walk quicker, I beg of you, instead of lounging along in that listless way. Come, Margaret dear; there is no time to lose. We, at least, must make all the haste we can."

"Is there any danger, papa?"

"No; not exactly danger. That is, not yet. But we must not be afraid of wetting our feet. Do you see what you have brought us to, Madame Dupuis? We are caught in a trap by the rising tide. We cannot go back to Sangatte. If we stay here, as you seem to wish, we shall be surely drowned. Our only chance is to push on immediately to the coast-guard's station at Le Cran, an outpost of the village of Escale. If we can only get round that furthest buttress of the cliff, we are safe. Exert yourself, as you value your life."

"I don't value my life. It is not my own. I gambled it away."

"Have you lost your senses, Madame Dupuis?"

A ribbon of dry ground had hitherto remained between the cliff and the sea, leading to a chaotic mass of fallen blocks, round which we might have walked half an hour ago, but over which we should now have to clamber. While I was speaking, an advancing wave covered this dry strip knee-deep with water, and *did not* retire. There it remained, waiting for other waves to swell it. Our position was now clear to my mind. By hesitating, I might lose both my companions. Certainly, I should have to choose which I would save, my daughter or Madame Dupuis.

"Margaret, my dear," I said, feigning to make light of it, "we must take things as they come. They say salt water never gives cold. We will walk through this as far as those rocks. Follow us instantly, Madame Dupuis."

The brave girl took my arm without flinching, and we waded together through the heaving pool. We reached the rocks; and then still greater difficulties began. But first we turned round to see if Madame Dupuis was following us. Instead of that, there she stood motionless on the very spot where we left her, at the foot of the white cliff, smooth and perpendicular as a wall, with the waves already bathing her feet. We called and beckoned; she did not stir, made no visible acknowledgment.

On then we went, scrambling over the chaos of rocks, hoping to cross them before it was too late. They were boulders varying in size from a beer-barrel to a roomy cottage, heaped in confusion where they had fallen from the cliff—an avalanche of stone, with the earth between their interstices washed away by the rains and the waves. So far from lying close together, they were separated by deep and yawning gaps. Sometimes, it was as much as we could do to step across the intervals from one rock to another. Some were slippery with mantling seaweed; others were rougher than rasps, from their coating of barnacles and the disintegration of the stone itself. We had often to climb on our hands and knees, I helping my companion to the next step, and then following myself.

All this with the consciousness that the sea was continually rising, to cut us off!

At last we reached the top, breathless, and again looked back after Madame Dupuis. There she was still, with the water up to her knees. We shouted, we waved our arms; but no sign or answer was given. Margaret, scanning the long slope of rocks, suggested: "If we climbed higher, towards the cliff, and waited there till the waters ebbed?"

"No, dear child; it cannot be. Such a night would kill you. We must descend again, and get round that buttress, as I said. A few minutes more, and the thing is done!"

The thing was not done, though. One false step, and then—a broken leg, a sprained ankle; the very thought turned me clammy cold. But the consciousness that, in losing presence of mind, I should jeopardise not only myself, but what was dearer than self, speedily set me right again.

"Softly; no hurry! That's a good girl. The more haste the worse speed. Capital! Why, you're as steady as old Time."

"But we have lost sight of Madame Dupuis. Poor thing! What will become of her?"

"Her only chance is that we should do what we are doing. Bravo! We have at last got down from the last of the rocks. Give me a kiss, child. Thank God, we are out of *that* mess! Straight forward now on a solid bottom. Never mind the water. More or less wetting makes little difference to us now. Not *too* near the cliff. That stone must have fallen this very day. A few yards more, and—good girl!—here we are safe!"

At the bottom of an earthy chink in the cliff stood two douaniers or coast-guards, looking out attentively. They came forward to meet us.

"We have been watching you," said the elder.

"You had not a minute to spare. Come up to the station. We can give you a drop of brandy."

"But there is still a lady behind," I said.

"Come both of you with me, and rescue her."

"Is it possible!" the same coast-guard exclaimed, preparing to start instantly; but the younger man shook his head in silent refusal.

"I will go alone," said the other. "I can swim. I have already saved lives."

Without further parley, he was gone, stalking through the rising waters. He climbed the pile of boulders; he was at their top; he disappeared behind them. Then came a moment of intense anxiety. We could not speak; our lips were parched with thirst. Instinctively we held out our hands to catch the clear spring water that trickled from the rock, and drank with an enjoyment never felt before. It was breathing fresh air after suffocation.

There we remained, unconscious of our wetting straining our eyes at the mass of boulders whose ruggedness we knew so well. The younger man remained standing behind us, but said not a word, perhaps for shame.

"What a while he is gone! Why does he not come back? Are they *both* lost? I was

wrong to allow him to go alone, after having placed my child in safety. If anything happens, I shall never forgive myself." Such were the thoughts that crossed my mind.

"There he is!" cried Margaret. "I see his cap between two great stones. He is rising slowly. Now I can see his head and shoulders. He is stooping; and, look! he is helping madame over the rocks, much in the way that you helped me. What a relief!"

She came, sure enough—thanks to the gallant fellow—but drabbled, draggled, more dead than alive, her shawl gone, her finery limp. When he first caught sight of her, he told us, the water was already up to her armpits. He swam to her, and she refused to stir. "Leave me to die," she said. "I *must* die." He had to drag her away by force. It was only when he got her on the rocks that she moved forward of her own free will.

At the guard-house, after a dram, she revived; so much so as to be able to proceed on foot, with our assistance and that of her rescuer, over the cliff down to Sangatte. Miss Chalker happily had been under no anxiety, not expecting us much before the actual time of our arrival. Madame was got to bed at once. The wind and the long walk over the hill had pretty nearly dried and drained us. Our coast-guard friend sat down with us to dinner at once; and—didn't he relish his well-earned meal and the glasses of hot wine (to keep the cold out) that washed it down! Miss Chalker agreed to remain that night with madame at Sangatte, while Margaret and I returned, to prevent exaggerated accounts from reaching M. Dupuis. Next day, we would fetch madame home.

We found M. Dupuis in bed. I went up to his attic. He was fast asleep. I woke him.

"Monsieur Dupuis," I said, "I regret to tell you that an unpleasant accident has happened to madame. We were caught by the tide at Blanez, and might have been drowned. Madame remains at Sangatte; but we hope to-morrow—"

"Very good!" he said, in a dreamy way, and laughing slightly. "I understand; I know all about that. You are come to break it to me gently. But you need not have troubled yourself; I can bear the loss." He laughed again, turned over on his side, and resumed his slumbers.

Early next morning, Margaret and I lost no time in re-conveying Madame Dupuis—nearly re-established in health, though sorely tried in habiliments—to the presence of her un-disconsolate husband.

By unlucky chance, he was standing at the door, after indulging in a longer morning snooze than was his wont, just as our carriage drove up. On beholding the apparition of his wife, a blue-blank pallor overspread his face.

"You look astonished to see me," she abruptly remarked. "Perhaps you think it was my fault."

"It certainly *was* your fault, madame," I

said, losing temper. "It was not your fault that we were not all lost; and it assuredly was not your fault that you were not lost yourself."

"Do you hear?" she sharply asked her husband.

"Hum! Yes. I believe Monsieur Smithson. Very sorry for it, very sorry indeed. If it is not your fate to be drowned, you will die by some other death. That's all."

"I ask you, did you hear what Monsieur Smithson said?"

"Yes, treasure of my life, I did hear. And I suppose that explanation is all the winnings I am to expect. Our game turns out a game 'for love' after all. Are we to begin again; or—"

"Monsieur Dupuis," I interrupted, "instead of rambling on with this strange talk, you had better go and fetch the doctor. Your wife needs medical advice, after the fatigues of yesterday."

He went away, but not, I think, to the doctor. Madame rapidly recovered.

In a few days, the conjugal bickerings were renewed with greater bitterness than ever. We soon agreed that it was far from pleasant to remain under a roof where evil passions were constantly at work. We consequently installed ourselves elsewhere, and thought no more of the Dupuis couple and their quarrels.

Several months afterwards we heard that M. Dupuis's body had been found on a distant and desolate part of the coast, where it had been stranded by the waves, with no clue as to the time, or place, or circumstances of his death. Little doubt he was sick of his life. Madame Dupuis closed her lodgings, and then left the neighbourhood. Our coast-guard is still alive and well. When he comes to dine with us, he not only brings with him a sea-side appetite, but also wears a silver medal suspended at his button-hole.

FROM A REAL PITMAN. The conclusion of this article was sent to press with the following note, which was accidentally omitted from the foot of page 8:

"These are the honest Pitman's opinions, not ours."

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N^o. 403.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1867.

[PRICE 2d.]

BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD,"
&c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER V. RECOGNITION.

WITH the unexpected return of George Dallas to London from Amsterdam, an occurrence against which so much precaution had been taken, and which had appeared to be so very improbable, a sense of discouragement and alarm had stolen over Stewart Routh. In the coarse, bold sense of the term, he was a self-reliant man. He had no faith in anything higher or holier than luck and pluck; but, in those mundane gods, his faith was steadfast, and had been hitherto justified. On the whole, for an outcast (as he had been for some time, that time, too, so important in a man's life), he had not done badly; he had schemed successfully, and cunning and crime had availed him. He was a callous man by nature, of a base disposition; and, under any circumstances, would have been cool-headed and dogged. In the circumstances in which he found himself, his dogged cool-headedness was peculiarly useful and valuable. He had relied upon them without any doubt or misgiving until the day on which he was convinced by George Dallas's appearance on the stage, which he believed him to have abandoned for an indefinite time, that he had made a miscalculation. Then a slow, cold fear began to creep over him. Had his luck—what marvellous luck it had been—turned? Believers in such a creed as his are mostly superstitious fanatics. He had felt some such dread; then, from the moment when Harriet—Harriet, who should have seen that he had blundered: confound the woman, was *she* losing her head?—had told him, in her smooth encouraging way, that this new difficulty should be surmounted as the others had been. Not the smallest touch of repentance, not the lightest shadow of remorse, fell upon him with the stirring of this fact—only a hard, contemptuous anger against himself and Harriet, and a bitter, scornful hatred for the young man who had been his tool for so long, and might now, in a moment, be turned into the agent of his punishment. When George Dallas left Harriet after the discussion which had terminated in his promise not to move in the

matter of the identification of Deane, Stewart Routh, though he bore himself with calmness in his talk with his wife, had invariably writhed and raged under the galling sense of the first check he had received. If he could have done it safely, if the deed would not have been more fatal than the conjuncture he feared, he would have murdered Dallas readily; and he told himself so. He had none of the poetry, none of the drama of crime about him. He was not a man to kill one human being because it suited his purpose to do so, and then to hesitate about killing another, if a still more powerful preventive presented itself; he was incapable of the mixture of base and cruel motives, with the kind of sentimental heroics, with which the popular imagination endows criminals of the educated classes. He had all the cynicism of such individuals, cynicism which is their strongest characteristic; but he had nothing even mock heroic in his composition. His hatred of George was mixed with the bitterest contempt. When he found the young man amenable beyond his expectations; when he found him unshaken in the convictions with which Harriet had contrived to inspire him and hardly requiring to be supported by his own arguments, his reassurance was inferior to his scorn.

"The fool, the wretched, contemptible idiot!" Routh said, as he looked round his dressing-room that night, and noted one by one the signs which would have betokened to a practised eye preparations for an abrupt departure, "it is hardly worth while to deceive him, and to rule such a creature. He was full of suspicion of me before he went away, and the first fruits of that pretty and affecting conversion of his, under the influence of his mother and the territorial deencies of Poynings, was what he flattered himself was a resolution to pay me off, and be free of me. He yields to my letter without the slightest difficulty, and comes here the moment he returns. He believes in Harriet as implicitly as ever; and if he is not as fond of me as he was, he is quite as obedient." The cynical nature of the man showed itself in the impatient weariness with which he thought of his success, and in the levity with which he dismissed, or at least tried to dismiss, the subject from his mind. There was, however, one insuperable obstacle to his getting rid of it—his wife.

Harriet had miscalculated her strength; not the strength of her intellect, but that of her

nerves, and the strain had told upon them. She still loved her husband with a desperate kind of love; but all its peace, all its strength, all its frankness—and even in the evil life they had always led it had possessed these qualities—had vanished. She loved him now with all the old intensity of passion, but with an element of fierceness added to it, with a horrid craving and fear, sometimes with a sudden repulsion, which she rebelled against as physical cowardice, causing her to shrink from him in the darkness, and to shut her ears from the sound of his breathing in his sleep. And then she would upbraid herself fiercely, and ask herself if she, who had given him all her life and being, who had renounced for him—though she denied to herself that such renunciation was any sacrifice, for did she not love him, as happy women, the caressed of society, do not know to love—home, name, kindred, and God, could possibly shrink from him now? She had not played any pretty little game of self-deception; she had not persuaded herself that he was other than he really was; she did not care, she loved *him*, just as he was, no better and no worse. She lived for him, she believed in, she desired, she asked no other life; and if a terrible anguish had come into that life latterly, that was her share of it, her fair share. It was not easy, for she was a woman and weak; her nerves would thrill sometimes, and phantoms swarm about her; sleeplessness would wear her down, and a spell be set upon her lips, under which they strove vainly to curve with their old smile, and to utter their old words of endearment and protestation; for she scorned and hated herself for such weakness, and could have torn her rebellious flesh with rage, that sometimes it would creep and turn cold when he touched her, or even when he only spoke. She fought this false and dastardly weakness, as she called it, with steady bravery, and with the resolve to conquer, which is always half a moral battle; but she did not conquer it, she only quelled it for a little while. It returned on occasions, and then it tortured and appalled her even more than when the foe had been always in position.

All such conflicts of feeling had the effect of narrowing the sphere of her life, of concentrating her whole attention on, and intensifying her absorption in, her husband. A lassitude which her own good sense told her was dangerous began to take possession of her. They were better off now—she did not rightly know how, or how much, for she had gradually lapsed from her previous customary active overseeing of Routh's affairs, and had been content to take money as he gave it, and expend it as he desired, skilfully and economically, but with an entire indifference, very different to the cheerful, sunny household thriftiness which had formerly been so marked a feature in their Bohemian life, and had testified, perhaps more strongly than any other of its characteristics, to the utter deadness of the woman's conscience. His comforts were as scrupulously looked after as ever, and far

more liberally provided for; but the tasteful care for her home, the indescribable something which had invested their life with the charm of a refinement contrasting strangely with its real degradation, had vanished. Harriet's manner was changed—changed to a quietude unnatural to her, and peculiarly unpleasant to Routh, who had had a scientific appreciation of the charm of steady, business-like, calm judgment and decision brought to bear on business matters; but discarded, at a moment's notice, for sparkling liveliness and a power of enjoyment which never passed the bounds of refinement in its demonstrativeness. "Eat, drink, and be merry" had been their rule of life in time that seemed strangely old to them both; and if the woman alone had sometimes remarked that the precept had a corollary, she did not care much about it. "To-morrow ye die" was an assurance which carried little terror to one absolutely without belief in a future life, and who, in this, had realised her sole desire, and lived every hour in the fulness of its realisation. Stewart Routh had never had the capacity, either of heart or of intellect, to comprehend his wife thoroughly; but he had loved her as much as he was capable of loving any one, in his own way, and the strength and duration of the feeling had been much increased by their perfect comradeship. His best aid in business, his shrewd, wise counsellor in difficulty, his good comrade in pleasure, his sole confidant—it must be remembered that there was no craving for respect on the one side, no possibility of rendering it, no power of missing it, on the other—and the most cherished wife of the most respectable and worthy member of society might have compared her position with that of Harriet with considerable disadvantage on many points.

Things were, however, changed of late, and Harriet had begun to feel, with something of the awfully helpless, feeble foreboding with which the victims of conscious madness foresee the approach of the foe, that there was some power, whose origin she did not know, whose nature she could not discern, undermining her, and conquering her unawares. Was it bodily illness? She had always had unbroken health, and was slow to detect any approach of disease. She did not think it could be that, and conscience, remorse, the presence, the truth, of the supernatural components of human life, she disbelieved in; therefore she refused to take the possibility of their existence and their influence into consideration. She was no longer young, and she had suffered—yes, she had certainly suffered a very great deal; no one could love as she loved and not suffer, that was all. Time would do everything for her; things were going well; all risk was at an end, with the procuring of George's promise and the quieting of George's scruples (how feeble a nature his was, she thought, but without the acrid scorn a similar reflection had aroused in her husband's mind); and every week of time gained without the revival of any inquisition, was a century of presumptive safety. Yes, now she was very

weak, and certainly not quite well; it was all owing to her sleeplessness. How could any one be well who did not get oblivion in the darkness? This would pass, and time would bring rest and peace. Wholly possessed by her love for her husband, she was not conscious of the change in her manner towards him. She did not know that the strange repulsion she sometimes felt, and which she told herself was merely physical nervousness, had so told upon her, that she was absent and distant with him for the most part, and in the occasional spasmodic bursts of love which she yielded to showed such haunting and harrowing grief as sometimes nearly maddened him with anger, with disgust, with ennui—not with repentance, not with compassion—maddened him, not for her sake, but for his own.

The transition, effected by the aid of his intense selfishness, from his former state of feeling towards Harriet, to one which required only the intervention of any active cause to become hatred, was not a difficult matter to a man like Routh. Having lost all her former charm, and much of her previous usefulness, she soon became to him a disagreeable reminder. Something more than that—the mental superiority of the woman, which had never before incommoded him, now became positively hateful to him. It carried with it, now that it was no longer his mainstay, a power which was humiliating, because it was fear-inspiring. Routh was afraid of his wife, and knew that he was afraid of her, when he had ceased to love her, after he had begun to dislike her; so much afraid of her that he kept up appearances to an extent, and for a duration of time, inexpressibly irksome to a man so callous, so egotistical, so entirely devoid of any sentiment or capacity of gratitude.

Such was the position of affairs when George Dallas and Mr. Felton left London to join Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers at Homburg. From the time of his arrival, and even when he had yielded to the clever arguments which had been adduced to urge him to silence, there was a sense of insecurity, a foreboding in Routh's mind; not a trace of the sentimental superstitious terror with which imaginary criminals are invested after the fact, but with the reasonable fear of a shrewd man, in a tremendously dangerous and difficult position, who knows he has made a false move, and looks, with moody perplexity, for the consequences, sooner or later.

"He must have come to England, at all events, Stewart," Harriet said to her husband, when he cursed his own imprudence for the twentieth time; "he must have come home to see his uncle. Mr. Felton would have been directed here to us by the old woman at Poynings, and we must have given his address. Remember, his uncle arrived in England the same day he did."

"I should have sent him to George, not brought George to him," said Routh. "And there's that uncle of his, Felton; he is no friend of ours, Harriet; he does not like us."

"I am quite aware of that," she answered;

"civil as he is, he is very honest, and has never pretended to be our friend. If he is George's friend, and George has told him anything about his life since he has known us, I think we could hardly expect him to like us."

Her husband gave her one of his darkest looks, but she did not remark it. Many things passed now without attracting her notice; even her husband's looks, and sometimes his words, which were occasionally as bitter as he dared to make them.

He was possessed with a notion that he must, for a time at least, keep a watch upon George Dallas; not near, indeed, nor apparently close, but constant, and as complete as the maintenance of Harriet's influence with him made possible. For himself, he felt his own influence was gone, and he was far too wise to attempt to catch at it, as it vanished, or to ignore its absence. He acquiesced in the tacit estrangement; he was never in the way, but he never lost sight of George; he always knew what he was doing, and had early information of his movements, and with tolerable accuracy, considering that the spy whose services he employed was quite an amateur and novice.

This spy was Mr. James Swain, who took to the duties of his new line of business with vigorous zeal, and who seemed to derive a grim kind of amusement from their discharge. Stewart Routh had arrived with certainty at the conclusion that the young man had adhered to the promised silence up to the time of his leaving England with his uncle, and he felt assured that Mr. Felton was in entire ignorance of the circumstances which had had such terrible results for Mrs. Carruthers. It was really important to him to have George Dallas watched, and, in setting Jim Swain to watch him, he was inspired by darkly sinister motives, in view of certain remote contingencies—motives which had suggested themselves to him shortly after George's unhesitating recognition of the boy who had taken Routh's note to Deane, on the last day of the unhappy man's life, had solved the difficulty which had long puzzled him. Only second in importance to his keeping George Dallas in view was his not losing sight of the boy; and all this time it never occurred to Routh, as among the remote possibilities of things, that Mr. Jim Swain was quite as determined to keep an eye on him.

Harriet had acquiesced in her husband's proposal that they should go to Homburg readily. It happened that she was rather more cheerful than usual on the day he made it, more like, though still terribly unlike, her former self. She was in one of those intervals in which the tortured prisoner stoops at the stake, during a temporary suspension of the inventive industry of his executioner. The fire smouldered for a little, the piners cooled. She was in the hands of inflexible tormentors, and who could tell what device of pain might attend the rousing from the brief torpor? Nature must have its periods of rest for the mind, be

the agony ever so great; and hers was of the slow and hopeless kind, which has such intervals most surely, and with least efficacy. One of them had come just then, and she was placid, drowsy, and acquiescent. She went with Routh to Homburg; he managed to make some hopeful, promising, and credulous acquaintances on the way, and was, besides, accredited to some "business people," of perfectly authentic character, at Frankfort, in the interest of the flourishing Flinders.

The change, the novelty, the sight of gaiety, in which she took no share, but which she looked on at with a partial diversion of her mind, did her good. It was something even to be out of England; not a very rational or well-founded relief, but still a relief, explicable and defensible too, on the theory to which she adhered, that all her ills were merely physical. The torpid interval prolonged itself, and the vital powers of the sufferer were recruited for the wakening.

This took place when Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge's pony-carriage passed her as she sat by the side of the broad shaded road, and the woman's splendid black eyes met hers. When her husband passed her without seeing her, absorbed in passionate admiration, which any child must have recognised as such, for the beautiful woman whose pony-carriage was like a triumphal chariot, so royal and conquering of aspect was she.

Keen were the tormentors, and full of avidity, and subtle was the new device to tax the recruited strength and mock the brief repose. It was raging, fierce, fiery, maddening jealousy.

It was late in the afternoon of the day on which Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had sent her answer to Mr. Felton's note, and while George Dallas was sitting with Mrs. Routh, that the beautiful widow and her companion—this time exploring the forest glades in another direction, in which they met but few of the visitors to the springs—once more mentioned Mr. Felton and his son. The grey ponies were going slowly, and the French groom in attendance was considering the probable direction of the "affair" in which his mistress had so precipitately engaged herself, and which, being conducted in the English tongue, was interpreted to him by glances and tones only. The beauty of the face on which Stewart Routh was gazing in an intensity of admiration, with a certain desperation in it, in which a cleverer woman than this one would have seen indications of character to warn and alarm her, but which this one merely recognised as a tribute due to her, was marvelously bright and soft, as the slanting rays of the sun came through the tree stems, and touched it lingeringly, lovingly. Her black eyes had wonderful gleams and reflexions in them, and the masses of her dark hair were daintily tinged and tipped with russet tints. She was looking a little thoughtful, a little dreamy. Was she tired, for the moment, of sparkling? Was she resting herself in an array of the semblance of tenderness, more enchanting still?

"You knew him, then, in your husband's lifetime? He is not a new acquaintance?"

"What a catechist you are," she said, with just a momentary glance at him, and the least flicker of a smile. "I did know him in my husband's lifetime, who highly disapproved of him, if you care for *that* piece of information; we were great friends, and he was rather inclined to presume upon the fact afterwards."

She lingered upon the word, and gave it all the confirmatory expression Routh had expected and feared.

"And yet you make an appointment with him to meet him *here*, in this place, where every one is remarked and speculated upon; here, alone, where you are without even a companion—?" He paused, and with a light, mocking laugh, inexpressibly provoking, she said:

"Why don't you say a 'sheep-dog'? We know the immortal Becky quite as well as you do. In the first place, my appointment with Arthur Felton means simply nothing. I am just as likely to break it as to keep it; to go to London, or Vienna, or Timbuctoo, to-morrow, if the fancy takes me; or to stay here, and have him told I'm not at home when he calls, only that would please his father; and Mr. Felton is about the only male creature of my acquaintance whom I don't want to please. In the second place, I don't care one straw who remarks me, or what they remark, and have no notion of allowing public opinion to take precedence of my pleasure."

She laughed again, a saucy laugh which he did not like, gave him another glance and another flicker of her eyelash, and said:

"Why, how extremely preposterous you are! You know well, if I cared what people could, would, might, or should say, I would not allow you to visit me every day, and I would not drive you out alone like this."

The perfect unconcern and freedom of the remark took Routh by surprise, and disconcerted him as completely as its undeniable truth. He kept silence; and Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, amused at the blank expression of his countenance, burst into a hearty fit of laughter this time.

"I tell you I don't care about public opinion. All the men admire me, no matter what I do; and all the women hate me, and would hate me all the same, for my beauty—which I entirely appreciate, you know—if I made my life as dull and decorous, as miserable, squalid, and canting, as I make it pleasant, and joyous, and 'not the thing.' Neither men nor women dare to insult me; and if they did, I should know how to meet the emergency, I assure you, though I am not at all clever. I am only courageous—'plucky,' your English ladies call it, I think, in the last new style of stable and barrack-room talk. I am that; I don't think I could be afraid of anything or any one."

"Not of a man who really loved you with all the force and passion of his heart?" said Routh, in a hoarse whisper, and bending a fierce, dark look upon her.

"Certainly not," she replied, lightly; but the colour rose in her cheek, and her breath came a little quicker. "I don't believe in people loving with passion and force, and all that sort of thing. It is pretty to talk about on balconies, and it looks well on paper, in a scrawly hand, running crookedly up into the corner, and with plenty of dashes, and no date——" And here she laughed again, and touched up the greys. Routh still kept silence, and still his dark look was bent upon her.

"No, no," she went on, as the rapid trot the ponies began again to sound pleasantly on the level road, and she turned them out of the forest boundaries towards the town, "I know nothing about all that, except pour rire, as they say in Paris, about everything under the sun, I do believe. To return to Arthur Felton: he is the last person in the world with whom I could imagine any woman could get up anything more serious than the flimsiest flirtation."

"You did 'get up' that, however, I imagine?" said Routh.

"Of course we did. We spouted very trite poetry, and he sent me bouquets—very cheap ones they were, too, and generally came late in the evening, when they may, being warranted not to keep, be had at literally a dead bargain; and we even exchanged photographs—I don't say portraits, you will observe. His is like enough; but that is really nothing, even among the most prudish of the blond misses. I wonder the haberdashers don't send their likenesses with their bills, and I shall certainly give mine to the postman here; I am always grateful to the postman everywhere, and I like this one—he has nice eyes, his name is Hermann, and he does not smoke."

"What a degenerate German!" said Routh. "And so Mr. Arthur Felton has your likeness?"

"Had—had, you mean. How can I tell where it is now?—thrown in the fire, probably, and that of the reigning sovereign of his affections comfortably installed in the locket which contained it, which is handsome, I confess; but he does not so much mind spending money on himself, you see. It is exactly like this."

She placed her whip across the reins, and held all with the left hand, while she fumbled with the right among the satin and lace in which she was wrapped, and drew out a short gold chain, to which a richly chased golden ball, as large as an egg, was attached. Turning slightly towards him, and gently checking her ponies, she touched a spring, and the golden egg opened lengthways, and disclosed two small, finely executed photographs.

One was a likeness of herself, and Routh made the usual remarks about the insufficiency of the photographic art in certain cases. He was bending closely over her hand, when she reversed the revolving plate, and showed him the portrait on the other side.

"That is Arthur Felton," she said.

Then she closed the locket, and let it drop down by her side amid the satin and the lace.

The French groom had in his charge a soft

India shawl in readiness for his mistress, in case of need. This shawl Stewart Routh took from the servant, and wrapped very carefully round Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge as they neared the town.

"The evening has turned very cold," he said; and, indeed, though she did not seem to feel it, and rather laughed at his solicitude, Routh shivered more than once before she set him down, near the Kursaal, and then drove homewards, past the house where his wife was watching for her, and waiting for him.

Routh ordered his dinner at the Kursaal, but, though he sat for a long time at the table, he ate nothing which was served to him. But he drank a great deal of wine, and he went home to Harriet—drunk.

"How horribly provoking! It must have come undone while I was handling it to-day," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge to her maid, when that domestic was attiring her for dinner. "I had the locket, open, not an hour ago."

"Yes, ma'am," answered the maid, examining the short gold chain; "it is not broken, the swivel is open."

"And of all my lockets I liked my golden egg best," lamented Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

OLD PATCH.

ON a summer morning in the year 1784 (two years after the secession of America from England), Mr. Levy, a Portuguese Jew diamond-merchant of Lincoln's Inn-fields, who had advertised a parcel of very valuable diamonds for sale, received a letter from a Mr. Schutz, probably a German amateur of jewels. This Mr. Schutz, who wrote a crabbed, shaky, and crippled hand, announced his wish to see the diamonds, if the Portuguese merchant would bring them to his lodgings, at Mr. Connolly's, a shoe and patten warehouse in Swallow-street, Oxford-street, his extreme age and decrepitude preventing him attending in person.

The Portuguese merchant, somewhat nettled at being treated as a mere tradesman or bagsgman itinerating for orders, yet still long-suffering where money was at stake, wrote civilly back that Mr. Schutz might call upon him and see the diamonds if he liked, but that it was not his habit to wait on purchasers. At the hour fixed, a hackney-coach, containing Mr. Schutz, duly rumbled into the square, and stopped at the jewel-merchant's house. The German amateur apologised for not getting out of the coach, on account of his lameness; so the diamonds were brought out to him in their cases.

Mr. Schutz, evidently a poor, sickly, paralytic old clergyman, was bundled up in a large black camelot surtout, the buttoned cuffs reaching to his elbows, the broad cape fastened up over his chin. He wore the long curling wig and large cocked-hat of a country clergyman. His face was ochry yellow with jaundice, and furrowed by age and sickness. To support

himself even during the exertion of opening and shutting the cases, he leaned on a large round ivory-topped cane adorned with two black tassels. The accent of Mr. Schutz was decidedly foreign; his voice to the last degree feeble and languid. The only gesture that implied vivacity was turning suddenly sharp round to either window of the coach, as if nervously suspicious and distrustful of loitering thieves.

What could an eccentric old foreign chaplain, on the very edge of the grave, want with those lustrous precious stones that sparkled and shot out rainbow rays from their velvet-lined shagreen cases? Mr. Schutz bought the diamonds at last, without much higgling—he had not strength enough for that—at about five thousand pounds. He was going immediately into the City to purchase stock; the next day, between twelve and one, he would call for the diamonds and pay for them in bank-notes.

For those jewels Mr. Schutz never came. At the hour appointed, Sir Sampson Wright (the magistrate) and several other gentlemen waited on the expectant diamond-merchant in Lincoln's Inn-fields, told him that Mr. Schutz was a swindler, and that two Bow-street officers were then waiting for him at the shoe-shop in Swallow-street. Acute and eager were the dogs; but craftier was the fox. Mr. Schutz was seen no more. The diamonds were saved, but the rogue, a well-known forger, had flown.

At that very time, Mr. Pearson, a king's messenger, was sent post haste with despatches to Lord North, who was then at Dover. On arriving at Dartford, Mr. Pearson, much to his vexation, found the only pair of horses had just been ordered out by an old gentleman who was travelling on important business, and seemed in a great hurry. Determined to press forward and to have the horses, Mr. Pearson displayed his badge—the silver greyhound—sending the waiter to apologise for the arbitrary seizure, and to offer the old gentleman in the hurry a seat in his chaise as far as Sittingbourne. The offer was accepted. Mr. Pearson's companion had among his luggage a large green tea-canister secured by a padlock. It was very heavy, but he kept it at his feet, and would never let the hand of ostler or waiter touch it. Between Rochester and Sittingbourne the road was, however, rough, and the chaise jolted so violently that down went the green tea-canister, and out tumbled—not tea, but a flood of golden guineas, at which the king's messenger stared, secretly wondered, but said nothing.

On his return to town, Mr. Pearson found handbills in circulation offering rewards from the Bank of England for the apprehension of an old forger named Schutz. No doubt that Schutz and the old gentleman with the green tea-canister full of guineas were one and the same. He at once informed the secretary of state, who told Sir Sampson Wright; the solicitor of the Bank of England, with witnesses and officers, were at once sent to follow Schutz, the forger, to Calais, carrying credentials from the secretary of state to the minister of France,

requesting the surrender of the delinquent. At Calais, a Mr. Price, who had been formerly a partner in a brewery with Samuel Foote, the actor, generously offered his services to the officers to watch Schutz till the lieutenant of police could hear from Paris.

Foiled again! Schutz proved by no means to be Schutz, but a man belonging to the Perth Custom House, who had embezzled stores, and turned them into ready money. The rascal escaped by pleading that he had fled from Edinburgh, having been detected there secretly buying stores for the American and Dutch governments, and was discharged.

Soon after this occurrence, a man of business stopped a London merchant one day on 'Change, and presented him with a letter from an Amsterdam correspondent of the house, mentioning that he had been recently defrauded of one thousand pounds by a rascal named Trevors, who frequented the London 'Change, and requesting his aid to recover part or the whole. The friend volunteered his advice as to how the trap was to be best laid and baited for the infamous Trevors, who might even then be watching them from some side-walk. The friend had the mind of a general; he had planned everything:

"To-morrow, sir," he said, "he will most likely be upon 'Change, in the Dutch walk. He dresses in a red surtout and a white wig. He wears square-toed shoes with small buckles, and the rest of his dress is as plain as a Quaker's. Your best way will be to accost him, and get into conversation about the commerce of Amsterdam. Pretend the dog can be of service to you, and ask him home to dinner. When the cloth is gone, break the business, show him the Dutch letter I brought over, and inform him that, unless he instantly refunds the whole or part of the money, you will on the morrow expose the matter to the principal City merchants. In this way I don't doubt that you'll get back part at least, as I know he is rich, always carries cash or notes about with him, and would rather pay than be exposed."

Mr. E. was delighted to snap a rogue and oblige his friend at the same time. Honest men sometimes enjoy thief-catching with a keen relish. Mr. E. took the advice of his shrewd friend, met the man described in the place expected, and led him home to dinner, rejoicing in the quiet capture. To offer him the best cut of the joint, to press him to the oldest wine, was delicious. It was to realise the boy's pleasure when he watches a live rat inside the trap. The cloth removed, Mr. E. made, with infinite complacency, the agreed signal to his wife and the ladies; they at once rose and retired. Then Mr. E. began to gripe his man closer, and to threaten a ruinous exposure.

The swindler in the red surtout and white wig did not make much fight. The wine stood in his glass unfinished, the fruit untasted. He seemed overwhelmed with fear, and prostrate with remorse. He begged not to be exposed on 'Change, he offered five hundred pounds down

if Mr. E. would cease all further proceedings. Mr. E. was delighted with his success, and readily consented. Mr. Trevor at once dived into the deep pocket of his red surtout, and produced a thousand-pound note, for which he requested change. Not having sufficient cash or notes in the house, Mr. Trevor proposed a cheque on Mr. E.'s banker, and having received that, left the house in a state of the utmost penitence and mortification.

Mr. E.'s self-congratulation was somewhat abated the next morning, by his discovering the thousand-pound note to be a forgery. He instantly rushed to the bank to stop payment, but unfortunately found that a porter, followed by a tall thin woman, had obtained notes for the draft full four hours before.

Who could this sham Dutch merchant be, and who could be his partner, the swindler in the red surtout? Certainly not Schutz, for he had fled from London, and besides, Schutz was a decrepid jaundiced old man. But might not the two rogues be both members of Schutz's gang? That was what was vigorously discussed by baffled directors in the bank parlour.

A short time before the successful trick played by the gentleman from Holland, Mr. Spillsbury, a chemist, of Soho-square, on reaching home after a walk, found a card in the hall with the name of Wilmot on it. All the servant knew, was, that it had been left by a very respectable old gentleman. The next evening Mr. Spillsbury received a note requesting him to call on Mr. Wilmot at half-past five o'clock that evening, as he wished to give an order for drops. The letter was directed from Grasse-street, Rathbone-place. Mr. Spillsbury went at the appointed time, and being shown in by a smart lad in livery, found Mr. Wilmot to be a decrepid old man wrapped in a large camel great-coat. He had a slouched hat on, the big brim of which was bent downwards on each side of his head; he wore green spectacles, a green silk shade (hanging from his hat), and a large bush wig. A piece of red flannel rose from his chin almost as high as his cheekbones. To complete this remarkable dress, the old man's legs were swathed in flannel. Mr. Wilmot instantly began to explain that, having had a tooth clumsily drawn, he wore the flannel to prevent cold. He then praised the matchless drops of Spillsbury, and alluded to the innumerable cures mentioned in the advertisements, &c. The druggist was delighted, and left with the promise of a large order. A week after, Mr. Wilmot's boy called at Spillsbury's, requesting two guineas' worth of drops, and change for a ten-pound note. A few days after the drops were sent, Mr. Spillsbury was paralysed by hearing from Sir Sampson Wright that Mr. Wilmot's bank-note was a forgery, and that the forger had decamped. Soon after this, the disconcerted chemist met, at the Percy-street coffee-house, which he frequented, a Mr. Price, formerly a brewer and keeper of a lottery-office: the same busy man of the world, in fact, who had met the solicitor of the Bank of England at Calais, and

did his best to aid him in apprehending the diamond thief, Schutz. Over their fragrant chocolate, the two cronies discussed the forgery. The chemist expressed a little surprise at the extreme neatness of the handwriting. Mr. Price, a simple creature, stared through his spectacles, and kept constantly ejaculating:

"Lack-a-day, good Gad, who could believe such knavery could exist! What, and did the Bank actually refuse payment, sir?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the chemist, acrimoniously, "I and a great many others took them, and they were so imitatively well done, that the nicest judges could not distinguish them from the true Abraham Newlands."

"Good Gad, lack-a-day!" sighed Price, "the fellow must have been an ingenious villain! Dear, dear me! What a complete old scoundrel!"

If the muffled-up old man were not Schutz again, who was he? The Bank began, to consider the gang of forgers that infested London to be innumerable, and shrouded in unfathomable mystery.

Some considerable time before Mr. Spillsbury's loss, a lad employed by a musical instrument maker in the Strand, wanting another place, answered an advertisement dated from the Marlborough-street Coffee-house, Carnaby Market. One day, just as it was dusk, a man came and called him to his coach, as the old gentleman who had advertised desired to speak with him. On getting into the coach, he found a very tall thin man, nearly seventy years of age, dressed in a camel surtout, buttoned close up over his chin; he was apparently gouty, for his legs wore huge bundles of flannel, and his feet were hidden in clumpy square-toed shoes. A broad-brimmed hat was drawn down low over his forehead, and a large black patch covered his left eye, so that the old gentleman's prominent nose, deep sunken right eye, and a small part of his right cheek, were alone visible. He had an incessant faint hectic cough which greatly distressed and fatigued him. Finding the lad honest and frank, he told him that he was guardian to a whimsical young nobleman down in Bedfordshire. On the lad's (Samuel's) master coming to the coach door and giving him a good character, Mr. Brank (the advertiser), of No. 59, Titchfield-street, Oxford-street, engaged him at eighteen shillings a week. On going to that address, Samuel saw Mr. Brank, and he still kept the patched side of his face turned towards the lad; such being the old man's constant peculiarity. In a low broken voice he told him that his young master was a prodigal, and unfortunately a great dabbler in those deceitful and alluring bubbles, lottery-tickets. The lad was to buy, at his own expense, a drab livery, turned up with red, and to call on a certain day and hour. On keeping his appointment, old Mr. Brank told him that the thoughtless young lord had just sent letters again requesting the purchase of lottery-tickets. He then gave Samuel a twenty-pound and a forty-pound note, and sent him with the twenty pounds to purchase an

eight-guinea chance at an office in the Hay-market, and with the forty pounds to purchase the same class of chance at an office at the corner of Bridge-street, Westminster. Samuel had canvas bags given him so as to keep the different shares and change distinct. On his way to meet his master at the Parliament-street Coffee-house, Mr. Brank hailed him from the other side of the road, commending him for his speed and diligence. He was then sent to Charing-cross, and King-street and York-street, Covent Garden, to purchase more chances and change more notes in the same careful manner. In York-street, by a mere coincidence, his master again met him, was pleased to meet him, and taking him into the coach, drove him to Cheapside to change four hundred pounds' worth more of notes in the lottery-offices round the Exchange. For many days this went on, Samuel always observing that whenever he entered an office a lady stepped out from a coach behind Mr. Brank's, and followed him in. This lady remained as long as Samuel remained, and then walked out, purchasing nothing.

One day, after changing eight hundred pounds' worth of notes, Mr. Brank took his servant to Greenwich to dine at the Ship, while he went to see the young nobleman's steward and banker, to get more money for those terrible lottery-tickets. On their return to town, Samuel changed more notes, to the amount of three hundred and fifty pounds. One evening, when Samuel had to meet his master at Will's Coffee-house with five hundred pounds in shares and change, he found, to his horror, that he was an hour late, and that a porter had been there after him. While the lad stood in the street hesitating, the porter stepped up to him and told him that an old gentleman wanted to speak to him under a gateway in Macclesfield-street. A coach was called, they both got in, and drove to Soho-square. Mr. Brank was very angry at Samuel's want of punctuality, and left him at the corner of Bateman's-buildings.

It pains us to confess that this Mr. Brank was also of the old Schutz gang, and one of the most subtle and wily of forgers. Four days after, Samuel, being arrested, was employed by Mr. Bond, the clerk at Bow-street, to help to apprehend the old fox, his master. On receiving a message to meet his master at Will's Coffee-house at a particular hour, it was agreed that Samuel should go as usual, followed at a distance by Moses Morant, an officer, dressed as a porter, carrying a knot on his shoulder, and by Mr. Bond, dressed as a lady.

The plan succeeded very well at first. A porter had just called to know if Samuel had been there. Samuel instantly went back and told the lady. Mr. Brank, watching this from the ambuscade of a hackney-coach, and seeing the whispering, at once scented mischief, and drove safely off. A rush was instantly made to Titchfield-street, and handbills were again showered over the streets. All, of course, in vain.

It was evident that the man Price was one of the leaders of these dexterous and artful forgers.

Price had been a fraudulent bankrupt, a contriver of matrimonial advertisements, and a keeper of swindling lottery-offices. His last trick had been played on a retired grocer, named Roberts, at Knightsbridge, whose friendship he had gained, and to whom he had represented himself as a stockbroker. Roberts, without consciousness of the fact, had been used by Price to change his forged notes. He had represented to Roberts that an old friend of his, a Mr. Bond—a retired broker, who had made an enormous fortune in the Alley—wished himself and a trusty friend to become his executors, having no relations living except an old maiden sister. With management, Price said, all the immense property of the old man—who lived in that singularly retired part of the world, Union-court, Leather-lane, Holborn—would fall into the hands of his executors.

On an appointed day and hour, Roberts was to meet Price at Mr. Bond's. On arriving there, he found Price had had a business appointment at the City Coffee-house; but the lady of the house showed him up-stairs to Mr. Bond: a decrepid failing old man, buried in a great chair, with his legs on another, a nightcap on his head, and his chin and mouth covered with flannel. Mr. Bond, with many feeble coughs, lamented Price's absence, and praised that gentleman's honour, honesty, and integrity; above all, his choice of a brother executor. When Roberts next met Price at the coffee-house, and some business had been transacted, Price proposed a call on Mr. Bond. On arriving, however, at Leather-lane, they found that Mr. Bond had just started in a coach to Highgate for an airing. After two or three visits to Mr. Bond, but never with Price, the old gentleman made his will, and put down Roberts, the executor, for such a large amount, that, on the strength of it, Price obtained nearly one thousand pounds in cash from Roberts, and bonds for two hundred pounds more.

Price had also, disguised as an old man, succeeded in getting change for six forged fifty-pound notes from Roberts's brother, a grocer in Oxford-street, with whom he had scraped an acquaintance. On the notes being stopped, Roberts brought an action against the bankers, and actually paid Price for his zeal in obtaining witnesses for the defence and during the trial, at which he (Price) himself had the unblushing audacity to attend.

Though never thoroughly unmasked, this member of Schutz's gang was indeed not unknown to the police magistrates. A thunderbolt from Bow-street was about to fall on Mr. Price; and his apprehension (if such an eel could be caught, and, when caught, held by a well-sanded hand) might lead to disclosures concerning the old gentleman with the yellow jaundice who bought diamonds; the old gentleman with the gout in Leather-lane, who had money in the funds; the old gentleman with the green silk shade, who relished poor Spillsbury's drops; and the old gentleman with the patch on his left eye, who was guardian to the prodigal young nobleman. The Forty Thieves

had one captain; the Schutz gang must have a leader, and that leader was undoubtedly a great actor, a clever mimic, a wily artful rogue, who had taken many careful and accurate soundings in the lowest ooze of the human heart.

Eager to seize Price, who had already passed one or two thousand exquisitely forged bank-notes, and who seemed to be as double-faced as Janus, and as watchful as Argus, Sir Sampson Wright, successor at Bow-street to the celebrated blind magistrate, Sir John Fielding, the great novelist's relation, covered the dead walls of London with the following notice :

PUBLIC OFFICE, BOW-STREET.
A FELONY.

Whereas a woman answering the following description stands charged with felony; whoever will apprehend her, and bring her before Sir Sampson Wright, at the above office, shall receive two hundred pounds reward upon her commitment.

The said woman lately lived in a house, No. 3, on the Terrace, Tottenham-court-road, by the name of ANN POLTON. She then was dressed in a black silk gown, black cloak, and a black bonnet; she appears, or affects to be, very old and decrepid, though there is strong reason to believe that it is fictitious. She is rather above the middle size, thin face; and when she hired the above house, and until Monday last, usually wore clothes as above described, but on that day was dressed in a dark blue striped linen or cotton gown, black bonnet and cloak, a black handkerchief tied round her neck, a black patch on her chin, and another on her right cheek, and had a bundle tied in a white handkerchief, light-coloured hair in loose curls, without powder. She has lately been seen as affecting a desponding situation, in the fields in the above neighbourhood. She is connected with a man who has appeared very aged and infirm, but, notwithstanding, hath been observed to walk very well when he supposed he was unnoticed.

The man appears to be aged, about five feet seven or eight inches high, generally wearing a morning gown, with a cap over his face, and a large hat flapped; walks decrepid, with a stick, as if infirm, and wears spectacles; has several times walked down to the stables adjacent to the Terrace, and is the same person frequently before advertised, under different descriptions.

It is earnestly requested that all housekeepers in the several streets, &c., between the Middlesex Hospital and the out-buildings towards Marylebone will give particular attention to this advertisement.

While this notice was staring in the face of London, and smaller handbills were being sown broadcast in every high road, lane, and alley, Mr. Price had a narrow escape.

Every morning an old decrepid gentleman in a large flapped hat and goggling spectacles used to stroll down to the stables near the Terrace in Tottenham-court-road (just beyond the chapel), and watch a certain stable-boy currying a specially vicious horse, as daily the lad would thrash the spiteful and unruly beast with a broomstick, the old gentleman, leaning on his ivory-crutched cane, would silently smile and chuckle. One day, a Bow-street officer, issuing handbills, heard this boy exclaim to his companion :

"If this is not my old man, I'll be d——"

The old man had only just hobbled off; so after him dashed the runner to the gardens of the Adam and Eve (the place, by-the-by, Hogarth sketched in the "March to Finsbury"), which Mr. Price was known to frequent. Whisk in at the door whips the runner, but too late; for Mr. Price had just whipped out of another door, and left no trace even for the keenest bloodhound.

A few days afterwards, the same old gentleman went to several coffee-houses round 'Change, and hired boys to take forged notes to the bank. He ordered these boys to bring him the tickets sent by the teller to the cashier. He then altered the ten pounds on the tickets to one hundred pounds, the fifty pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds, and sent them by fresh messengers to the cashier, who paid them without suspicion.

For some weeks before these forgeries, a neatly built, rather corpulent man, of about fifty, named Powel, had repeatedly called and pledged articles of value at the shop of Mr. Aldus, a pawnbroker, in Berwick-street. Mr. Powel was an erect, active, good-looking, well dressed man, with very aquiline, perhaps almost vulturine, nose, small suken keen grey eyes, pinched lips, pale complexion, very few teeth, and a pointed prominent nutcracker chin. On the last occasion he had passed a forged note with many altered indorsements. One indorsement, by accident left entire, enabled the Bank to trace the note to Mr. Aldus, who had already had suspicion of the gentleman with the nutcracker face and vulturine nose. The Pawnbrokers' Act being then in agitation, Mr. Aldus entertained a suspicion that Mr. Powel was an informer, who was going to inform against him, and bring *qui tam* actions against him for taking usurious interest. He had, therefore, employed a spy to track him home; but the spy had always lost him in the neighbourhood of Portland-street, or near a mews in Tottenham-street. The runners were for instantly searching the two suspicious places near the rogue's burrow; for they were now sure that Price and Powel were the same man, and belonged to old Patch's, alias Schutz's, gang; but no, said Mr. Clarke, who understood *trap* to perfection, Price has some plan against Aldus. He has done well here; his suspicions are unexcited; leave well alone; keep watch for him at Aldus's.

And now may we be permitted an Homeric metaphor.

As when the leather-gaitered trapper from his lair in the fern and brambles sees the shy weasel come gliding towards the pendent rabbit, up the dangerous leaf-strewn path that leads to the keen-toothed gin, he holds his breath, nor moves his hand to the trigger though the little creature, winding like a snake, trots and sniffs, and then slips again into the high grass, knowing that it will certainly return if he only remains silent as the snow, and still as death, so did the runners in the dusk steal behind the shadow of the three golden balls, and plan their treacherous ambush.

On the 14th of January, 1786, the keen-eyed,

vulture-beaked man in the tie-wig ruffic shirt, and buckle shoes entered a bin in Aldus's shop, and tapped the counter gently with his tasselled cane. Mr. Aldus at once gave the fatal signal. *Click!* the gin closed; through the swinging door strode Thomas Ting, Bow-street officer; and said he wanted to speak to Mr. Powel a moment, in Mr. Aldus's parlour.

Mr. Powel was angry and surprised. Who was Ting? What was Ting's business? Ting was ready to tell him in Mr. Aldus's parlour, and obligingly offered his arm to guide him there. Mr. Powel grew violent, and actually swore. He declared Ting wanted to rob him. Ting replied he had orders to detain him till some person arrived from Bow-street, and that the time might be well spent in searching him. The forger's passion then subsided; he submitted with a better grace, and pulled out bank-notes to the amount of one hundred and fifteen pounds, with a few guineas. Ting, assiduously and roughly diving into Powel's dress-coat-pockets, pulling out a parcel of suspicious white tissue paper, naturally asked what it was for.

"I bought it," said Price (Powel), "to make my children air-balloons."

But here Powel (Price) grew insolent and indignant. He swore 'twas "odd," 'twas "mighty odd;" he reviled Aldus, and vowed he would bring action upon action against his unjust detainer, who was now sanguine and went so far that he was sure he had

Old Patch himself

safe in his grip.

At that moment Mr. Clarke entered, and instantly said:

"How do you do, Mr. Price?"

At this friendly accosting, Mr. Powel turned visibly a bluish white, and his tassels shook audibly. He requested leave to go himself and break the news to his wife, who lodged at Mr. Bailey's, a pastrycook's, in Portland-street, as Mrs. Price was a great invalid, and, moreover, very near her confinement.

He even offered Ting the hundred and fifteen pounds (chiefly in notes) as a security for his immediate return. Ting, obdurate and stolid, refused the bribe, and led Mr. Price to Sir Sampson Wright's, still pressed to take the hundred and fifteen pounds. At Bow-street, Price was indignant and violent. He accused Mr. Bond, the clerk, of dislike to him on account of some old affair about a disputed lottery-ticket, and he even accused Abraham Newland, the venerated old cashier of the Bank, of antipathy towards him. As for Sir Sampson, he told him that it was needless to run through his history. They knew well enough who he was, and if, although he was innocent, he had to submit to a trial, he would reserve his defence till then. Upon this, Mr. Charles Jealous and trusty Ting bundled Price into a hackney-coach, and, proud of their snared fox, drove him off to the Tothill-fields Bridewell.

Mr. Price's antecedents were gradually evolved from their knotty tangle. He was the son of a Welsh journeyman tailor, who, saving money,

had started an old-clothes-shop at the corner of East and West-streets, a point of vantage which commanded no less than four entrances into Monmouth-street, that depôt of human sloughs, where, Mr. Carlyle tells us, the thought of that fine satire, Sartor Resartus, first entered into his mind. Charles Price, the future forger, was born about the year 1724. Even at school Charles had distinguished himself in sharp practice, tricks, and petty thefts, always outwitting his elder brother. At sixteen, the dangerous lad forged a draft, in his father's name, for twenty pounds, in order to obtain money for a debauch; his father at last, worn out by his knavery, apprenticed the untoward boy to a hatter and hosier in St. James's-street. There, so far from improving, he grew more recklessly thievish. Disguised in a suit of his father's, and other appliances, he one day actually entered his master's shop as a Mr. Bolingbroke, and obtained ten pounds' worth of silk stockings. Upon being discovered, he ran away from his master, and was renounced by his father. Promising to reform, his friends then got him a place as clerk to a foreign merchant in Broad-street: whom he soon robbed of five hundred pounds by false entries, and finally fled to Holland.

Sheltered in that country under the borrowed name of Johnson, Price, by means of a forged letter introducing him as heir to a fortune, wheedled himself into the confidence of a diamond-merchant at Amsterdam. He seduced this man's daughter, and stealing five hundred pounds, returned to England: leaving the daughter to perish in childbed, and the old father to die of a broken heart.

This matchless rogue and heartless scoundrel next comes up to the surface as clerk to a government brewer at Weovil, near Gosport. The brewer, delighted with his smooth-tongued, sharp, and trustworthy clerk, soon offered him his daughter in marriage. At this auspicious juncture there appeared on the scene Price's brother: a greater rascal even than Price himself, then living at Portsmouth, and his master, a Jew salesman, who bought prize tickets. These rogues betrayed his antecedents. Price was instantly turned out of the brewer's office, and kicked out of his brother's house, where he had in vain sought shelter.

Once more in London, his father having in the mean time died heart-broken, Price, by a trick, obtained an assignment of a brewery near King John's-square, Grange-road, Southwark, decoyed Sam Foote, the comedian, into a quasi-partnership, stole the profits, brought him into debt five hundred pounds, and decamped.

Price next turned methodist preacher, and by promises of marriage to a fanatical old maid at Chelsea, robbed her of three thousand pounds. Determined to run through the whole gamut of fraud, this versatile rascal now began a system of matrimonial advertisements; of which the following is a specimen, from a paper of 1757:

To Gentlemen of Character, Fortune, and Honour, who wish to engage for life with a lady who

possesses the above qualities in a very eminent degree. Her person, in point of elegance, gives precedence to none. Her mind and manners are highly cultivated, her temper serene, mild, and affable, and her age does not exceed twenty-two. Any gentleman who answers the above address may direct a letter to A. Z., at the Bedford Head, Southampton-street, Strand; and if their morals and situation in life are approved, they will then be waited on by a person who will procure the parties an interview.

His assistant in these schemes was a Mrs. Poultney, alias Hickeringill, his wife's aunt, who had become his mistress. Their house was in Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell; but they had also rooms in Charles-street, St. James's-square, where the accomplished lady exhibited as an Irish giantess. Their first dupe was a rich young fool, named Wigmore, just fresh from college, full of Latin and void of common sense. The gull, having paid fifty guineas, was allowed to see the old clergyman, the lady's uncle and guardian—Price himself in disguise—and was promised an interview, which never took place. When this bubble burst, and dupes grew clamorous, Price started an illicit distillery; and, being at last seized for this offence, was, in 1774, hurried into Newgate for a fine of one thousand six hundred pounds.

Price having written a pamphlet, founded on his Danish experiences, to vindicate the character of the unhappy sister of the king, Lord Littleton and Foote kindly exerted themselves, and obtained his release and a forgiveness of the heavy fine that had been inflicted. Upon his release, Price came into possession of three thousand pounds, his wife's fortune, she having by that time come of age.

In 1778, this incomparable scoundrel started a fraudulent lottery-office in King-street, Covent Garden: receiving money, but never paying the prize-holders. A Mr. Titmus, who kept a cane-shop in Pimlico, having bought a ticket of Price which came up the eighth of a two thousand-pound prize, was refused payment, although he proved his right by the entry in the Whitehall books. Clarke, an officer of Bow-street, instantly had a handbill printed exposing the fraud, and, going to Mr. Price, told him that ten thousand of those were then being worked off, to be distributed on 'Change and in every part of London, but chiefly daily at Price's own door. Price, pleading his hitherto stainless character, paid the money under protest, and then wrote to Sir John Fielding, the magistrate, declaring Mr. Titmus had threatened to murder him and set fire to his house. He then decamped with the two thousand-pound prize, and the mob the same night surrounded the house and broke every pane of glass in the place. The following year he started a second sham lottery-office in Butcher-row, Temple-bar, and rivalled Mr. Christie, the then pre-eminent auctioneer, in the grandiloquence of his advertisements.

It was about the year 1780 that he began his vast scheme of forgery. He took the most extraordinary precautions to prevent discovery.

He made his own paper with the special watermark; he engraved his own plates; he made his own ink. He generally had three lodgings—the first for his wife, the second for his mistress, and the third for the negotiation of his notes; his wife and mistress being kept ignorant of each other's existence. He never returned home in disguise; he never negotiated notes except in disguise. The people he used as his instruments never saw him but in disguise, and were never lost sight of by his mistress, who always followed him in a hackney-coach to receive his disguise when done with. Every step of his daring schemes was planned with the comprehensive mind of a Vautrin. The Bank became violently alarmed (they had no microscope-room or chemical tests then): plans were laid, wise heads were put together; but still day by day the forged notes kept pouring in from every quarter. The sagacity of one man had defeated the zeal, assiduity, and stratagem, of all the runners in Bow-street. In one fact all, however, agreed—that all the forged notes could be traced to *one man*, always disguised, nearly always successful, always inscrutable, always inaccessible. Schutz's gang one man? Impossible! There were forty of them.

In 1780, the Bank offered two hundred pounds for Old Patch's apprehension. The bill described him and his mistress in the following way:

He appears about fifty years of age, about five feet six inches high, stout made, very sallow complexion, dark eyes and eyebrows, speaks in general very deliberately, with a foreign accent; has worn a black patch over his left eye, tied with a string round his head; sometimes wears a white wig, his hat flapped before, and nearly so at the sides, a brown camlet great-coat, buttons of the same, with a large cape, which he always wears so as to cover the lower part of his face; appears to have very thick legs, which hang over his shoes as if swelled; his shoes are very broad at the toes, and little narrow old-fashioned silver buckles, black-stocking breeches, walks with a short crutch-stick with an ivory head, stoops, or affects to stoop, very much, and walks slow, as if infirm; he has lately hired many hackney coaches in different parts of the town, and been frequently set down in or near Portland-place, in which neighbourhood it is supposed he lodges.

He is connected with a woman who answers the following description: She is rather tall and genteel, thin face and person, about thirty years of age, light hair, rather a yellow cast in her face, and pitted with the small-pox, a downcast look, speaks very slow, sometimes wears a coloured linen jacket and petticoat, and sometimes a white one, a small black bonnet and a black cloak, and assumes the character of a lady's-maid.

Let us now return to Tothill-fields Bride-well, where Price, alias Old Patch, alias Wigmore, alias Wilmott, alias Brank, alias Bond, alias Parks, alias Powel, alias Schutz, sits brooding over all possible turns and doubles to avoid those keen hunters, Bond and Clarke, Sir Sampson, Mr. Acton, and the nameless man with sinewy nimble hands and rope noose but half concealed behind his back.

But stop! Schutz? Why, this is only one of the great forgery gang. There are thirty-nine more still loose in the lairs of London. We must at last be candid. This Price was Old Patch himself, Wigmore, Schutz—all. He, and he alone, had planned and worked these endless forgeries. The depraved Ulysses of London is that parrot-nosed nutcracker-faced man you see brooding alone in that dreary stone-room.

The moment the doors were closed on him, Price wrote to Portland-street for his wife and son—a boy of fifteen. Knowing the lad would be searched, the crafty old thief took off one of the boy's shoes and slipped a letter to Mrs. Poultney between the outer and inner soles. The letter merely said: "Destroy everything."

The tall thin sallow woman was equal to the occasion. She too was Ulyssean by this time. She kissed the boy and sent him home, then glided down to the kitchen of No. 3, Terrace, and mildly blamed the maid for keeping the fire so low in such cold weather. She next ordered her to take the cheeks out of the grate, and pile on fresh coals, saying she had just heard from her master that his clothes had got infected with the plague when he was abroad, that they were imminently dangerous, and must be all instantly burned to ashes. She then brought down all Schutz's, Old Patch and Co.'s disguises, and sprinkled them with water from a cullender to prevent their blazing. She reduced them to a charred mass, and so to a brown powder. She sent the engraving-press to a friendly carpenter adjoining, who had never seen Price. She then, in the absence of the maid, heated the copper plates red-hot and broke them into pieces. These, with the water-mark wires, were then taken by the son into the fields behind the house and hidden in dust-heaps: where they were afterwards discovered.

On his second examination, Patch laughed at all accusations, and expressed his hope that "the old hypocrite would be taken." Assured that none of his dupes could recognise him, he even sent for many of them to prove his innocence. One sharp waiter from a City coffee-house, however, swore boldly to him. Price asked, unthinkingly, how he knew him. The man replied: "I will swear to your eyes, nose, mouth, and chin;" and the next day the mother of one of his servant-boys swore also to his mouth and chin. From that moment Price lost hope, and said he was betrayed; but he engaged an attorney, and arranged his defence, his plea being that the alteration of the teller's ticket was only a fraud. One night, when he sat over his wine with Mr. Fenwick, the governor of Tothill-fields, he pulled a ten-pound note out of his fob, and, ridiculing the carelessness of the searchers, left the note wrapped round the stopper of the decanter, as if in assertion of his powers of trickery.

On the Sunday before the day fixed for his committal Price borrowed a Bible of the governor, and prayed with his weeping wife for

five hours. On the day before, he had told his son to bring him two gimlets to fasten up the door, as the people of the prison came into his room earlier than he wished, and while he was writing private letters. He described all the processes of bank-note making to Mr. Fenwick, lamented his temper which had prevented his being worth a hundred thousand pounds, and defended his robberies of the Bank; their annual gains by losses, fires, sea, and by persons dying intestate, were so great (he said), that it was doing no one an injury to rob them.

At seven next morning, an old female servant, going into the prisoner's room, saw Old Patch in his flannel waistcoat standing by the door. "She said, 'How do you do, sir?'" Patch made no answer. At that moment his body swung round gently in the draught. He had hung himself from two hat-screws (strengthened by gimlets) behind the door.

Under the old forger's waistcoat were found three papers. The first was a series of meditations from the Book of Job, some of them terribly indicative:

"Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man-child conceived."

"His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate. He made a pit and digged it: he is fallen into the ditch which he made."

The second paper was a petition to the king, praying protection for his wife and eight innocent children, on the plea of the Danish pamphlet and his *own innocence*. The third paper was a letter to the governor of the prison and his wife, thanking them for their humanity and for their many and great civilities, and complaining of the legal tyranny that had destroyed his own reason and ruined his family.

A razor was found in his coat-pocket.

Mrs. Price betraying the residence of Mrs. Poultney, she was seized, and the frame and press were found at a neighbouring blacksmith's. The frame for paper-making she declared was an instrument for mangling; and she exclaimed, in her despair:

"God forgive those who fall into the hands of the Bank!"

Price was buried as a suicide in the cross-road near the prison soon after his death; but, a few days later, the empty shell was found beside the grave. The widow had removed the body.

Only one secret of Price's labyrinthine career remains inscrutable, and that is how the immense sum he stole (two hundred thousand pounds) was spent, as he always lived in obscure lodgings, and neither drank nor gambled.

Hone, writing in 1826, says that Price's old lottery-office was then occupied by Mr. Letchell, a bookseller, and that shreds of the old lottery advertisements could still be seen on the shutters.

One fact in Price's history is noticeable;—that the rascal acquired the knack of disguising

himself from the constant habit of trying on clothes and playing tricks as a boy in his father's shop in Moumouth-street.

A CONTENTED PROPRIETOR.

I HAVE plenty of dutiful vassals,
Have plenty of gold and to spare,
I have plenty of beautiful castles—
But my castles are built in the air;
And my vassals are all airy creatures,
From beautiful Dreamland are they,
They drive me to balls
And magnificent halls,
And tell me my coach stops the way!
But oh, what a pest,
When it comes to the test,
I am kept in a dreadful delay.
A plague on those wild little vassals,
You can't trust a word that they say,
And I've heard that my beautiful castles
Are sadly inclined to decay.

Father Wisdom advised me to sell them
To the public—a benefit clear—
And Fancy engaged so to tell them,
For Fancy's a fine auctioneer.
But the market by no means was lively,
For castles the call was but cold;
Lead and iron were brisk,
But gold none would risk
To invest on my battlements bold.
So my turrets, unlet,
I inhabit them yet,
And rather rejoice they're not sold,
And never a bit am down-hearted,
For my vassals still ply me with gold;
My castles and I shan't be parted
Till the heart of the owner be cold.

Again Father Wisdom address'd me—
He's a horrid old bore in his way;
He said rats and mice would infest me,
As crumbled my towers to decay.
“They never can crumble, good father,
They're lasting, when once they're begun;
Our castles of air
We can quickly repair,
As the home of the spider's respun.”
So homeward I went
To my castles, content,
As the vesper-bell told day was done,
And they look'd just as lovely as ever,
As burnish'd they stood in the sun.
Oh, ne'er from my castles I'll sever
Till the sands of my glass shall be run!

LONDON PRESERVED.

A DESERTED justice-hall, with dirty mouldering walls, broken doors and windows, shattered floor, and crumbling ceiling. The dust and fog of long-forgotten causes lowering everywhere, making the small leaden-framed panes of glass opaque, the dark wainscot grey, coating the dark rafters with a heavy dingy fur, and lading the atmosphere with a close unwholesome smell. Time and neglect have made the once-white ceiling like a huge map, in which black and swollen rivers and tangled mountain ranges are struggling for pre-eminence. Melancholy,

decay, and desolation are on all sides. The holy of holies, where the profane vulgar could not tread, but which was sacred to the venerable gowned figures who cozily took it in turns to dispense justice and to plead, is now open to any passer-by. Where the public were permitted to listen is bare and shabby as a well-plucked client. The inner door of long-discoloured baize flaps listlessly on its hinges, and the true law-court little entrance-box it half shuts in is a mere nest for spiders. A broken patch of stonework in the centre of the room shows where a stove once stood, round which shabby nomads clustered for warmth, and stayed punctually till the judge left, with a profound indifference to plaintiff and defendant, just as they do in other emporiums of justice now. Your true law-court lounge has invariably seen better days, is a ruined suitor who has acquired a taste for long speeches and legal quibbles, or has sunk so low as to be glad of shelter from the cold streets, let it take what form it will. It is easier to people this dismal court with broken-down shabby-genteel listeners than with the decorously robed doctors who formerly sat round the dais and alternately listened to and propounded words of wisdom. A large red shaft, with the word “broken” rudely scrawled on it in chalk, stands where the judgment-seat was formerly; long rows of ugly piping, like so many shiny dirty serpents, occupy the seats of honour round it; staring red vehicles, with odd brass fittings; buckets, helmets, axes, and old uniforms fill up the remainder of the space. A very few years ago this was the snug little law-nest in the world; now it is a hospital and store-room for the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. For we are in Doctors' Commons, and lawyers themselves will be startled to learn that the old Arches Court, the old Admiralty Court, the old Prerogative Court, the old Consistory Court, the old harbour for delegates, chancellors, vicar-generals, commissaries, prothonotaries, cursitors, seal-keepers, serjeants-at-mace, doctors, deans, apparitors, proctors, and what not, is being applied to such useful purposes now. Let the reader leave the bustle of St. Paul's-churchyard, and, turning under the archway where a noble army of white-aproned touters formerly stood, cross Knight Rider-street, and enter the Commons. The square itself is a memorial of the mutability of human affairs. Its big sombre houses are closed. The well-known names of the learned doctors who formerly practised in the adjacent courts are still on the doors, but have, in each instance, “All letters and parcels to be addressed” Belgravia, or to one of the western inns of court as their accompaniment. The one court in which ecclesiastical, testamentary, and maritime law was tried alternately, and which, as we have seen, is now ending its days shabbily, but usefully, is through the further archway to the left. Here the smack Henry and Betsy would bring its action for salvage against the schooner Ma-y-Jane; here a favoured gentleman was occa-

sionally "admitted a proctor exercent by virtue of a rescript;" here, as we learnt with awe, proceedings for divorce were "carried on in ponam," and "the learned judge, without entering into the facts, declared himself quite satisfied with the evidence, and pronounced for the separation;" and here the Dean of Peculiaris settled his differences with the eccentrics, who, I presume, were under his charge, and to whom he owed his title.

Alteration in the law has dispersed the merry brood; alterations in London have thrown their deserted legal eyrie into the hands of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and, until the ground adjacent is filled by the new thoroughfare, Mansion House-street, the old court-house and the Commons' grounds will remain at the disposal of Captain Shaw and the Fire Brigade. It serves at once as a nursery, a store-house, a drill-ground, and a testing-place, and it is in the latter capacity it is figuring this morning. In the yard beyond the first square, known as Garden-court, the pumping quality of some new fire-engines is being proved. They stand side by side in a deserted garden to the right, and are wheeled forward one by one for inspection and trial, just as horses are trotted out by the dealers at a fair. Hose is applied, and, at the word of command, some thirty men pump for their lives. One end of the hose is put into a movable wooden tank, and the time taken to fill this is carefully noted. Foremen, superintendents, and the chief of the brigade stand by, stop-watch and memorandum-book in hand, until the prescribed mark is reached by the water, and "Avast there!" shouted to the enginemmen. These are all new hands, for the brigade has been doubled since the commencement of 1866, and their mode of pumping, their occasionally spasmodic action, and consequent water-splashing, are all carefully watched and commented on. The flags of Garden-court are necessarily ankle-deep in water at times, but there is no waste. Directly the quantity necessary for the experiment has been used the hands "knock off." When, as is occasionally the case, they turn one of the hose the wrong way, or spill a gallon or two of water unnecessarily, one of the foremen or the chief himself comes up, and by whispered expostulations and explanations seems to bring the culprit to a sense of shame. A well-conducted class in a public school, an active cricketing eleven under a popular captain, a boat's crew learning its business with full faith in its coxswain, an enthusiastic party of volunteers privately practising the goose-step before the drill-sergeant of their choice, are all brought to mind by the proceedings before us. For the work, though both simple and laborious, is set about with so much good will, the understanding between each of the workers is so obvious, and the general evidence of organisation so complete, that the element of sport seems to mingle with the sense of duty.

Later in the day, we learn facts showing that a healthy public spirit is sedulously cultivated

among the men we see; that the labour they are upon now is but part of an elaborate system of drill, and that careful weeding, friendly watchfulness, and painstaking instruction are unceasingly at work upon the brigade. The pumpers of this morning are all comparatively raw recruits. Some have not yet got their uniforms; others have not yet worn theirs; and others again have been in the force for months, and are still ineligible for duty at a real fire. The whole drill must be mastered, and the chief of the brigade satisfied of the tyro's proficiency, before he is allowed to join the fully disciplined men we have all seen tearing through our streets. Every one of the bright-helmeted, green and red coated figures clinging to the red sides of the fiery vehicle, which does its spiriting at railway speed, is master of his profession. That profession consists in saving life and property by fixed and carefully considered rules. The essence of the action of the Fire Brigade is system, and the raw hands before us are learning, this morning, one of the lessons which it will be their life's duty to retain. At a given word the engine just tested is run back into the garden, with a qualified certificate of character chalked upon its red side; and at another word one of its neighbours is seized and speedily stands in its place. While the pipes and hose are being adjusted with something of the man-of-war's-man method; and before the jolly-looking foreman, who acted as boatswain's mate, announced that tank and engine were ready, let us glance round the old Commons' garden. The same air of desuetude, decay, and change as in the court-house. Here, doubtless, the learned doctors walked, and held sweet converse on knotty points in sacerdotal, bottomry, and salvage law. The two old watch-boxes now rotting useless against the wall once held fierce warders to keep out aliens, and to see that all would-be strollers were "proctors exercent," or otherwise qualified. "Gardening," Sir William Temple grandiloquently tells us, "has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers, as well as the common favourite of public and private men." Perhaps, therefore, those stone rollers now lying handleless and half buried in dead leaves, have been sportively turned by departed delegates. Perhaps the beds and walks now levelled into one blank of withered rubbish and dirt, and as difficult to distinguish from each other as the confused patch of grass-grown holes and hillocks shown to tourists as King James's garden at Stirling—perhaps these were carefully tilled and tended by the philosophers whose portraits hung in the court-house we have left.

"Very particular about their garden, the doctors were, sir," said a friendly figure in uniform, "and wouldn't let any one inside this gate only themselves and their friends; but they've all gone now, and before the captain had it swept and tidied up a bit, it were much worse and neglected like than you see it now. Yes, it's handy enough for the engines, and makes a good place for drilling the new hands,

just as the old court-house makes a capital store-room. No, sir, I don't know who they tried there; shipping cases and divorces, and sometimes a bit of blasphemy agin the bishops, that's what the ticket-porter told me, though it seems a funny mixture, don't it, sir? The marks on the walls are where the doctors' portraits hung. All round the court they seem to have been, and the room next to us?—we had moved into the ex-justice-hall now—"is where they changed their clothes, and kept their furs and gowns. We keep stores there too, but of a very different sort. Benches and tables, lamps and buckets, hose and engine gear, that's what we have here, for there's a powerful lot o' new stock wanted for the stations we're going to have. You see, sir, we divide London into four great districts, A, B, C, and D. Each of these has a centre station, with one set of telegraph wires running to every other station in the district, and another communicating with what you may call the head-centre in Watling-street, where Captain Shaw is. The whole of the men at these stations can be signalled to, and got at in a few minutes; and directly the system's complete, London will be right well protected from fire.

"Why was our government changed? Well, you see London has increased so much that the present Fire Brigade stations and staff weren't sufficient. The best authorities said there might be a terrible disaster if a big fire came; for the little parish engines were worse than useless, getting in our way, and a hindrance instead of a help. They all had rewards for being first on the spot, not first to give aid in extinguishing, mind you, but first there, so it wasn't of much consequence to them whether they did much or little. This got wind at last, don't you see, sir—we'd known it long enough, but it weren't for us to speak—and it was thoroughly understood that the present protection wasn't enough. Well, the insurance offices, on being applied to, found they couldn't afford to put the brigade on a really proper footing, and the end was that the Board of Works had the whole affair handed over to them, the offices agreeing to pay ten thousand pounds a year towards keeping it up. Ten thousand nearly enough? God bless you no, sir, nothing like it! Why, the Board has altogether about *fifty-two thousand pounds a year for the Metropolitan Fire Brigade*, and has had since the 1st of January, 1866. The government pays ten thousand pounds a year on account of the public offices, and about thirty-two thousand pounds more is raised by a half-penny rate."

Making some slight allowance for class prejudice, I believe my friend's statements to be strictly accurate. Interminable delays and wearying debates have prevented the large sum placed at the disposal of the Board of Works being properly utilised. London is at this time insufficiently protected, for want of engines and men, as well as for want of branch stations at which to post them, and the taking

and fitting up these stations has been simply deferred through the dilatoriness and procrastination apparently inseparable from departmental or rather representative management. Those who have assisted at the debates of the Board of Works will remember how frequently and with what terrible fluency honourable members have disputed point after point connected with the Fire Brigade establishment, and it would be instructive if the public could be informed now exactly what has been done and what left undone in consequence, since the commencement of 1866.

Later in the day we accepted an invitation to go over one of the barracks of the brigade, and learnt more of its discipline and management from our friendly fireman. Nearer the river-side than Doctors' Commons, this barrack is a few minutes' walk from it, and consists of three large warehouses and dwelling-houses thrown into one. The new thoroughfare already mentioned as in course of formation has thrown whole streets into the hands of the Board of Works; and until the time arrives for these to be demolished most of their houses remain unoccupied. The barrack we are in is composed of such houses. A man in uniform is on guard in the little entrance-chamber. The belt he wears denotes that he is in charge, and he answers all questions as to the whereabouts and occupation of different members of the staff with prompt alacrity. A deliciously savoury smell greets us as we pass up-stairs, and crossing a spotlessly clean little chamber with "Wipe your feet" chalked in large letters opposite its door, we come upon two of the brigade who are told off for "mess duty." Busily stirring a toothsome-looking caldron, clattering plates and dishes, and making rapid preparation for their hungry comrades, the two young fellows grin knowingly as we pass, and answer my companion's question, "Got anything good for dinner to-day?" by artfully tilting a lid, and so sending up such a gush of savoury odour that we hurried away desperately, and with watering mouths.

"A sailor that young fellow, sir, before he joined the brigade; always make the best cooks do sailors, but it's strict turn and turn about, though; here; and they all take mess duty for a time. Now you see these sleeping-rooms are nice and comfortable, and have been fitted up at very small cost. The captain gives out of stores an iron bedstead, a blanket, and a rug for each man directly he joins. He has to find bed-linen himself; and if he don't do this within a week, he forfeits the rest. Then his bedstead is ticketed with his name, as you see here; and wherever the man's drafted, he takes it with him. This, you'll understand, is a training school for the new hands, and none of 'em are allowed to take real duty until they've been here two months." In addition to the daily drill, providing for every contingency which can possibly take place at a fire, an elaborate course of instruction is given. The recruit is employed day after day in manipula-

ting different portions of the engine until its mechanism is thoroughly familiar, and goes through a prescribed course of practical lectures on pneumatics, hydraulics, mechanics, and on the import of the mechanism he has learnt to handle, and his drill. "The captain is very particular as to the character and behaviour of the force, sir, and we all take a kind o' pride in having no black sheep among us. When a man's once joined, the captain always advances money out of his own pocket to the foreman on that man's account. This is to let any of 'em have a trifle in advance if they want necessities, and to prevent them having to run into debt outside. Yes, it works well, and does a deal o' good, and it says something for the force. I think you'll say, sir, that every penny that's been borrowed in this way has been repaid. When we go up to Watling-street, I'll show you the office returns made twice a day, and you'll see that we can tell where every one of our hands is at any moment, and how he is employed."

"At home," "Out duty," "On leave," "Sick," "Total," were the headings of these returns, which are made up at seven in the morning and seven in the evening of every day, and despatched to the head office, so that Captain Shaw can redistribute his staff or call portions of it out for special work at any moment.

The other statistics of the Fire Brigade are suggestive and curious. Fifty years ago there was an abortive attempt at combined action by a very few insurance offices, but it was not until 1832 that seven of these companies agreed to work together for the common good; and on the 1st of January, 1833, "The London Fire-engine Establishment" started into life. Year after year, as fresh insurance companies were formed, additions were made to the proprietary of this preventive organisation, until it represented, in 1865, no less than thirty companies. On the 1st of January, 1866, it was handed over, as we have seen, to the Board of Works; and its thirty-three years of existence show the following results: The brigade books show thirty-five thousand one hundred and forty-five calls to fires, of which two thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine were false alarms, three thousand three hundred and seven merely chimney alarms, nine thousand six hundred and thirty-five fires resulting in serious damage, and nineteen thousand four hundred and thirty-four fires which resulted in slight damage. Twelve firemen have been killed in this time, and a rough calculation gives one thousand three hundred as the number of accidents, exclusive of the men who have become disabled or have died from diseases engendered by the hardships and exposure of the calling. Six hundred men have been in the service of the establishment, and of these one hundred and twenty-nine remained and went over to the Board of Works at the commencement of the year. Tingle goes a little bell to the right of the ground-floor room in which these particulars are furnished us, and our guide, having read off a telegraphic mes-

sage, enters it as a "stop" one in the journal for the day. "Our first duty, when we hear of a fire, is to telegraph the news to all the district stations, and to ask for or *stop* their sending help. 'Not wanted' is the rule, you see: and if we didn't do this, we should often have half the plant of the brigade blocking up a narrow thoroughfare hours after a fire had been put out. Directly a chimney smokes, or there's as much flame seen as might be put out by one of the old parish squirts, busybodies rush off in cabs or run for their lives to distant stations to tell of the awful fire in Blank-street, and to beg there may be no delay in sending help. Scarcely a day passes that we have not such messages now, but, thanks to the telegraph, which every man about the place can work—for it is a simple alphabet, and no codes or abbreviations are allowed—we can always answer we know all about it, and that it's being seen to." A sharp-eyed chirpy sort of man, tall and gaunt, and who, in his snuff-coloured tourist suit, looked something between a prosperous cabman and a broken-down stockbroker, chimed in here. I have since had reason to believe that he had, strictly speaking, no business in the place. A good-tempered, harmless busybody, whose passion is attending fires, and who has rendered good service as a swift messenger in time of need, he had just made his twelfth fruitless application for a post in the brigade, averring with perfect truth that wages were no object to him, as he enjoyed an annuity sufficient for his wants, and only wished for recognition as a professional instead of an amateur helper at fires. Taking advantage of the momentary absence of my guide, he went off at full pressure, and with a strong sense of personal injury, thus:

"I don't suppose they'll have a proper head office for years, judging by the rate we've gone on at since the Board of Works took the brigade in hand; and there ain't a doubt either that London isn't safe now, or that it might be made so in a few months if they were to set about it with a will. When are they going to have the other new offices? Well, sir, that's more than I can tell. Ever since the beginning of the year, when the brigade was handed over to the Board of Works, it's been settled that the number o' stations should be increased, but there's been very little actually done towards it; and at this time, out of the sixty brigade stations they show on paper, they've only forty open. The rest ain't taken yet, though nearly a year's gone by; and if a great fire came like that of London-bridge wharves a few years ago, there ain't much doubt but that hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of property might be wasted for want of bringing men and engines properly into play. They've got the hands, and they're getting the gear and material fast enough, but they'll have to be stowed away in store-rooms and such like, until stations are found for them. I often think if those who find the money knew how the brigade's humbugged about, and how

precious time's being wasted, that there'd be a fuss made in the papers, and 'somebody whopped,' as the saying is. I'm talking freer than he'd like to do"—with a jerk of the head at the last speaker—"for I ain't in the service, and can speak my mind, and it'd worry a saint to see things hang back as they do, and all for want of head-work instead of jaw. Why, I've known long speeches made about engines, or the best way of putting fires out, or on something Captain Shaw's written, by men who've known no more of the subject than my old grandmother, who haven't taken the trouble even to think of it, and who go on prate, prate, prate as if they'd made the Fire Brigade practice the study of their lives. And, you see, the worst of it is that London's in danger all the time. There's nothing been done to speak of by the Board for the fifty thousand pounds which has been paid 'em, and if a change of system was necessary twelve months ago, it's just as necessary now. Too many masters, sir, and too much talk, that's where it all is; and as we sometimes say when we're discussing these things over our pipes and among ourselves, if these Board of Works gentlemen would only keep their speeches for matters they understand, and give a practical man or two authority to act for the best, we'd be supplied with stations, and the whole metropolis be safe, in less time than it takes to pass a single report now. I repeat, sir, they're three stations short in the A district, four in B, two in C, and eleven in D, or twenty in all. No, I can't tell you exactly whose fault it is that there's so much delay, but, you see, there's a good many more masters now than when the brigade was under the insurance companies; and motions have to be put, and reports adopted, and officers sent to examine, and all this means delay. Before the Board of Works' time, the captain had but to say a thing was necessary, and the insurance people knew it was right and authorised him to get it at once." The fireman returned here, and my volunteer informant stopped as suddenly as if he were a piece of clockwork in which the machinery had run down. I asked for confirmation of his statements, but discipline or prudence closed the official lips, and it was some days later, and from an independent but indisputably veracious source, that I learnt that the charges of dangerous procrastination and verbiage on the part of the new governors of the brigade were profoundly true.

Engines glistening in red paint and brightly burnished brasswork, and with fuel ready for lighting and steam which can be in full force at three minutes' warning; the warlike metal helmets, which have replaced the old black and shining head-covering; axes, sheathed and slung ready for use; bedding neatly stacked for the night; firemen book-keeping and letter-writing, firemen at mess, firemen polishing and cleaning gear and building—were next seen in our hasty inspection of the place. At night, one section of the brigade takes up its station on the bedding we see stacked, and slumbers quietly until an alarm comes. Directly a fire is telegraphed,

the news is communicated up a speaking-tube to Captain Shaw's room, and another section of the brigade is summoned. The men composing this are comfortably in bed, and turn out fresh to duty, while those roused from their slumbers on the floor prepare the engine, yoke the horses, and make all ready for the start. This occupies exactly three minutes, by which time the engine is manned and off with full steam on, and the house-duty men resume their watchful rest. Thus the men whose turn it is for serious work are served by their comrades, and the whole of their energies are reserved for the fire. The horses are kept in a subterranean stable beneath the station-house, which is admirably ventilated by shafts, and are harnessed and trotted up a sloping passage to the street in far less time than it takes to read these words. For small fires, hand-engines are frequently used, and several of the parochial ones have been bought up. Some of these had been condemned as useless even by their late owners, but are found to work admirably now. Choked with dirt and rusty from disuse, these machines were regularly dragged out to fires by the beadle or other parish functionary, and the reward for an early appearance claimed. Many were too crazy to be purchased, and nearly all had to be cleaned or altered before they were properly available for this purpose. But, like everything else connected with the brigade, the stock of engines is classified and applied as they may be most effective, and, when all arrangements are completed, will be subdivided under five heads, thus:

1. Floating steam, delivering about four thousand gallons of water per minute.
2. Large land steam, delivering about five hundred gallons of water per minute.
3. Small land steam, delivering about two hundred gallons of water per minute.
4. Manual engines, to be drawn by horses, some six and some seven-inch cylinders. To be kept in the contract stations.
5. Manual engines, drawn and worked by men, under six-inch cylinders, and delivering about twenty gallons of water per minute.

It is probable, too, that when the fifty thousand pounds a year now in hand is properly disbursed, the brigade will consist of three hundred and fifty officers and firemen; four large land-steamers; four steam floating fire-engines; twenty-seven small land-steamers; thirty-seven large manual engines; and fifty-seven small manual engines with horses, drivers, &c., distributed among thirty-three large and fifty-six small fire-engine stations. Let it be remembered that the above organisation will protect an area of one hundred and seventeen square miles and property valued at nine hundred millions of pounds, and the importance of perfecting it will be fully realised. "Our men are quiet, devoted, orderly, and thoroughly up to their work. If an officer tells a man to remain at a particular spot till further orders, you wouldn't get that man to move do what you would. I've known a case in which

this was done at a biggish fire, and the heat got so great that the man was found insensible at his post, when moving only a few yards would have kept him cool. That's discipline and practice; and if you could only be with us at a fire you'd see for yourself how well our plan works. There's none of the 'rushing' and b'lethering about you read of in the papers. Yet I've known the Duke of Sutherland and the Prince of Wales to be both at a fire, but never in the way it's supposed. They never 'rush,' bless you, or do anything but smoke a cigar and keep out of the men's way. No one would be allowed to interfere with the work, and the duke's the last man to want to do it. He's very kind to the brigade—the firemen's friend' we call him—and he takes a great interest in his seeing that it's proficient and improving; but as for the working with us, or shouldering his axe, or 'rushing'—it's always 'rushing' I notice—it's just a pack of old woman's stories, neither more nor less. Why, sir, our men would soon turn one of the big hose on, by accident, of course," the speaker's eye twinkled humorously here, "and half drown any one, whether duke or prince, who bothered them by 'rushing' when they've got their work before them. Could you go with us to a fire? Well, sir, I haven't the power to say. No one but Captain Shaw can give permission for that, and he's very averse to having strangers or any one else on an engine besides the men. Perhaps if he knew your name was All the Year Round it might make a difference, and I really should like you to see how quietly we do our work; I should indeed. No, sir, there's no particular day of the week when there's a higher average of fires than another; and of course no way of knowing beforehand when one's likely to happen. From half-past nine at night to one in the morning is a very frequent time, but there's no certainty about it, and it's impossible to lay down a rule."

CONVICTS FOR THEIR FAITH.

WHATEVER else we may be—and there are some things in which we may well wish to be other than we are—we English are certainly on the whole a tolerably humane people. Except a little witch-burning—and all Europe went mad on that matter; in France and Germany they burned five to our one, though they have talked less about it—even our mediæval and post-mediæval cruelties were as nothing compared with those of nations claiming to be at the time far more civilised than we were. Smith-field fires were bad enough; but what were they compared with the fires which blazed almost unceasingly in some continental capitals? Even when we did persecute, we showed little of the elaborate cruelty in which other people seem to have revelled. It was on the north side of the Solway that poor wretches were "planted" chin-deep in the sand, and left for the tide to creep over them. It was in "the sister island" that both sides vied with one another in bar-

barity both in 1641 and again in 1798. No doubt there often was grievous persecution among us. Bunyan and many others in his day suffered sadly. Good men died of jail fever; others were spoiled of their goods; many were browbeaten by inselent judges: even kind Sir Matthew Hale seems to have taken a leaf out of the French judge's book when he had to deal with nonconformists. But all that was the merest trifle to what sectaries suffered elsewhere as a matter of course. It was unusual in England. Most unusual of all was anything like that forcing of the law which was the rule elsewhere. Here men did not even in the worst times lose their rights because they "dissented." What they did suffer was but little, considering that toleration, properly so called, was utterly unknown here as elsewhere—dreamed of only by a few despised Dutch anabaptists.

These are the thoughts which always enter my head when I take down, in our town library, one of our splendid volumes of Montfaucon (folio Paris edition of 1733, "with the king's approbation," as was the style in those days); vol. v. is what seems to come handiest; and it opens naturally—perhaps because I've turned to the place so often—at the grand persecution of the Huguenots (there were always petty persecutions going on) which preceded the treaty of Amboise. The plates of horror are bad enough. You may see the noyades of '93 anticipated, the Loire full of drowning wretches, on whose backs the crows have already settled, while ferocious men in armour are cutting off the heads of those who escape to some little islands. The young king and court ladies used to go and look on at these atrocities, which so sickened gentle-natured Chancellor Olivier that he died outright. Then you have the massacre of Vassy, the slaughter of a whole chapel full of Protestants, whom the Duke of Guise's varlets had interrupted during prayers, and (being turned out as they deserved to be) had called in their companions and their noble master. The picture gives us, in the good old comprehensive style, the scene both inside and out. The chapel is as full of murder as was Baal's house when Jehu loosed his captains on the poor idolators. There are old men, richly dressed ladies, children, all being backed and stabbed without mercy. Two have taken refuge in the pulpit; but they are found out, and a pike-thrust will soon force them to break cover. Outside, the roof is covered with runaways, whom the duke's "people" are amusing themselves by "potting." Such is one phase of the Huguenot persecution, as illustrated by Montfaucon. The other is the solemn humbug of conferences, such as the "Colloque de Poissy" in 1561. Here is Catherine of Medicis with all her grandes, male and female, about her, and a row of bishops and abbots comfortably seated on each side of the hall, while at the end of the room, fierce, rugged, and ill-favoured, gesticulating wildly in their scanty Geneva gowns, are Beza and the other preachers. Such villainous faces the artist contrives to give them all, and such contempt he throws into the

manner of the gentlemen of the guard, Swiss, halberdiers of the king, and others who hedge them in. There is a grim humour in all his pictures; but the best of it is, the good Benedictine does not at all see what a sledge-hammer argument such fearful scenes are against his own creed.

Bad enough, in all conscience, were these Huguenot persecutions; but much worse were the cruelties perpetrated in the name of religion by Madame de Maintenon and the Grand Monarque on the wretched Camisards ("smock-frocks," Auvergne shepherds) and Protestants of various denominations, whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes left defenceless. We have all read something about those bad times—about the dragonnades, and the Duke de la Foree's mission botée. We know that numbers of the refugees came over here, went to Berlin, which got to be more French than German, settled in Holland, where the States pensioned them, went anywhere, to escape the paternal rule which settled their faith for them as well as all other matters. Probably those who came to England fared worst. In Ireland they did well; they behaved finely at the Boyne, when the few troops of Irish horse, which did come on in spite of James's "strategic movement," charged so furiously into the water that they broke the Dutch guards. Then, in answer to Duke Schomberg's "Messieurs, voilà vos persécuteurs," on went the refugees as one man, and pretty soon cleared the river. Many good names in Ireland are traced to them; so are our Romillys, and Bosanquets, Fonblanques, and three or four more notable names. But, in the main, for such picked men, they have not done much in England.

Strangely enough, the thing that is absolutely wanting in the Huguenot memoirs that have lately been reprinted, and which most of our reviews have already seized upon, is theological bitterness. There is nothing theological in them from beginning to end, and very little conventionally religious. Of course these men had a reason for their faith, and could argue on occasion; and there were plenty of occasions, for, though one good curé does try to convert a lad of sixteen by offering him his pretty young niece with a large dowry, still the chaplains in prison and in the galleys are at them incessantly, clinching every argument with the argumentum ad hominem, "Well, you know, you've only got to say the word, and in forty-eight hours you'll be free." They could argue; though their blood was perhaps more eloquent than their words, as Jean Bion found when, being chaplain on board the *Superbe*, he went down into the hold to "exhort" the poor wretches who had just been bastinadoed for refusing to kneel at mass. What state he found them in you may imagine, if you can form any idea of what bastinadoing is like; and instead of his exhorting them, they exhorted him, and showed such calm Christian courage, that from that moment Bion became a convert, and after suffering the same things, escaped, and published his book in Amsterdam. We think of a certain

pair in prison at Philippi, who also comforted their jailer and left him rejoicing; and we can understand how Bion should say, "Their blood preached to me, and I felt myself a Protestant." But they clearly do not think religious talk the thing in historical narratives. When Marteilhe of Bergerac, whose story is perhaps the most interesting of them all, tells how, though firm in their faith, he and his comrade did "suppress the truth a little" as to their object in being on the frontier, he regrets his conduct, but he does not talk about "repenting in dust and ashes," or use any of the language which so often spoils the memoirs of good men among ourselves. M. Coquerel, the French pastor, who has given us in his *Convicts for the Faith* an epitome of several touching narratives, thinks it necessary to apologise for this. He is rather scandalised that men who had passed through such perils in such a cause should talk more in a style which anticipates Rousseau than in that of the Apostles. As sincere they are as our own Puritans, but certainly not so Biblical, though M. Coquerel's charge of Rousseauism certainly seems unmerited. Those who want sentiment and sensation must go to Sue's wild novel about the preachers in the wilderness and the Gentlemen Glass Burners, or to Miss Ouvry, who has worked up Arnold Delahaise and Henri de Rohan out of her own imagination and the records of the time. The *Memoirs of Marteilhe de Bergerac*, and the autobiography of Jean Fabre, who gave himself up to rescue his father, are simple details of fact. They are "sensational" enough in themselves, and (as for marvels) what marvel so great, since the days when his counsellors asked Pharaoh, "Seest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed?" as the blind stubbornness of kings and statesmen in deliberately spoiling their country of its best inhabitants? Marteilhe's book had become exceedingly scarce; only three copies of it were known to exist. Michelet, the historian, who got hold of it, and discovered its worth, gave the French Protestants a sharp reproof for not reprinting it. So not long ago it was reprinted, along with several other memoirs, and hence all the recent talk and writing about Huguenots here and in France. Besides the memoirs, lists have come out, showing that between 1684 and 1762 at least fourteen hundred and eighty were sent to the galleys "for being found on the frontier without a passport." The poor creatures were as badly off as the Britons when they cried, "The barbarians drive us to the sea, and the sea drives us back to the barbarians." Stay in France and you must conform, or your children will be taken from you, and you subjected to all sorts of pains and penalties. Try to run off, and, if caught, you will be sent to the galleys.

And what does "sending to the galleys" mean? You know what the "hulks" are: that life would be bad enough for people who have done no wrong; but that life, at its worst, is paradise compared to what the galley-slave had to go through. Here they were, five chained to each oar, sleeping like dogs, huddled together under the benches, exposed to all sorts of

weather, and dying like dogs from the exposure. The galleys were the war-steamers of that day. On occasion, the rowers were kept at work day and night; when they could hold out no longer, the gangsmen walked round, putting a bit of bread soaked in wine into everybody's mouth, so that he might not have to leave off rowing. But worse than the hard rowing was the state of suspicion in which the poor creatures lived. Out of the complement of two hundred marines, fifty were always ready at a moment's notice to fire upon their own rowers: of the four or five guns which each galley carried, two were pointed so as to command the benches. Each galley-slave had a large cork hanging from his neck. This was often forced into his mouth when the galley was going into action, so as to gag him when it was thought likely he might try to hold some communication with the enemy. Of all on board the rowers were the most exposed. To shoot down a row of them was the readiest way of crippling the galley; it was just like aiming at the screw or the paddles of a steamer now-a-days. If a boarding party was thrown into the galley, there the slaves must sit to be cut down on their benches. None of the excitement, none of the wild joy, of battle for them. Marteilhe gives an instance of what the convicts had to expect in an engagement. While he is at Dunkirk, his galley, cruising about the Nore, falls in with an English frigate taking a convoy up the river. The Frenchmen are trying to board, and the gunwale of the galley almost touches the frigate's side. There's a cannon so close that Marteilhe could touch it by stretching out his hand. All the rest on his bench lie down, thinking so to have the best chance of escape. But he argues that, as the cannon is a little above them, the safest way is to sit upright. Of course, his chain prevents him from moving to the other side. Well, he watches the gunner come from port-hole to port-hole; bang, bang along the whole length of the ship. He even keeps his eyes on him as he puts his match to the cannon just opposite, and then, the next thing he notices is that he is lying at the full length of his chain on the dead body of the lieutenant. He must have lain there some time, for it is night. A happy thing for him, since it is too dark for him to notice all the destruction which had been going on on board.

"Get up, comrades; it's all over now," he cries to his mates whom he supposes still lying down to escape the shot. But there is no answer. His next neighbour had been a Turk, an old janissary who was always bragging of his courage. "How now, Yusuf," says Marteilhe, "you're not afraid this time, are you?" and he stoops down and takes the Turk by his arm. The arm comes away in his hand. That one discharge of grape had killed every one of the eighteen on the three nearest benches except Marteilhe himself, and he is left badly wounded in three places. Pretty well for one gun. But the whole galley is heaped with dead. It had been right under the ship's guns; and

though five other galleys come to help it and the frigate has to surrender, still it would have been a very strange kind of victory, had not the loss fallen heaviest on a class for whom no one had any pity, and whom no one thought of any account. They are in almost total darkness, and dare not light a lamp for fear of bringing down the men of war which are in the offing. So the warders go round, throwing into the sea every one who does not show unmistakable signs of life. Marteilhe has fainted, and is lying among the mangled limbs of his mates. He's dead too, says a warder, and they begin unriveting his chain, in order to throw him in. Fortunately, one of them presses hard on his wounded leg. He shrieks out, and so gets taken into the hold and thrown on a coil of rope. Here he lies three days, in a stifling atmosphere, "the wounded men dying like flies about him," and nothing done to his wounds except to wash them once with camphorated brandy. Of course, gangrene spreads among them; and when they get to Dunkirk, they are slung out like cattle and sent on shore to the hospital. Every galley-slave who gets wounded is a free man from that moment, unless he is one of the Protestants; they alone of all the slaves are absolutely without hope. Indeed, service where there are sure to be plenty of hard knocks is recommended by M. de Seignelay, son of the great Colbert, as the best way of bringing obstinate Huguenots round.

After his recovery, however, Marteilhe fares better. He is put on board, but the doctor certifies that he is too ill to pull. His gangsmen too, has been impressed with his noble Christian behaviour, and says in his rough way, as he is giving him some little indulgence: "There, if you are to be damned by-and-by, you will have enough of it then. I'm sure you're very well-behaved fellows, all of you heretics that I've had anything to do with." That gangsmen understood toleration far better than marquises and ministers of state. Eventually Marteilhe is made secretary to his captain, M. de Langeron, a wag in his way. A long while before this sea fight, the galley was at Boulogne; where was living the Duc d'Aumont, a great man, afterwards ambassador to England. The captain invites the duke to spend a long day on board. It is very calm, so they take his grace out to sea. Galleys, as we can readily understand, would only answer in calm weather. They pull leisurely nearly as far as Dover; and D'Aumont, walking along the gangways, wonders how the poor creatures can sleep without bed or bedding. "Oh, trust me for that," says De Langeron. "I've got a prescription which never fails to send them all off as sound as tops;" and passing the word "double-quick" to the gangsmen, he makes them keep up the pace all the way back right into Boulogne harbour, a trifle of ten leagues or so. Duke and captain go down to dinner, which lasts till past midnight; and then, says De Langeron to his guest, "Come and see how my prescription has worked." Most of the poor wretches are really asleep, worn out with excessive fatigue; those

who are not, of course shut their eyes. "And now, your grace, I'll show you that my opiate does not lie heavy on them after they're awake." The whistle sounds, the "cat" is plied freely, and the miserable sleepers stand up, after such wriggling and grimacing that my lord duke fairly laughs aloud. It is a sight, thank God, such as has never been seen in England since the days of Baron Front de Bœuf and his peers. Two high-born gentlemen disporting themselves with the misery of men like this Marteilhe. And then we wonder at the French Revolution.

The labour on board a galley was so severe that no human creature could go through it, unless goaded by the lash. The French tried free rowers in 1707, but they could not do the work. How did the old Athenians manage? We know their rowers in the triremes were freemen, and we read of their once pulling at a stretch across the Adriatic. But the ancients were quite certain not to kill themselves with overwork; and the contrast is grim enough between a fleet of Greek ships racing up to be ready for the battle for freedom, and such a devil's boat-race as it must have been, when galley was matched against galley—the whip urging on those who would have fainted but for fear of the gangsmen's recipe against such weakness, the yells of the half-naked sufferers, the oaths of the gangsmen, and the shouts of the officers urging them to keep up the pace. Has the world ever seen anything worse? And this was going on in the politest nation in Europe. Well may Victor Hugo, in his *Misérables*, cry out for "floods of light" to shame those who in the dark corners of every land still work the works of cruelty.

We said that Marteilhe and a young friend got to the frontier; they even got across it, but their geography was at fault, and they were lured back by a spy, and put in prison at Marienbourg. Here it is that the curé wanted Marteilhe to marry his niece, and, startled at his peremptory refusal, said, "They are a pair of hopeless reprobates, under the dominion of the devil." They were then tried by the Tournay parliament, and acquitted of the intention of leaving France; for why (they argue) should they have come back had they meant to go? But M. de la Vrillière, the minister of state, whose family, by the way, had once been Protestant, will not let them off with mere imprisonment. He makes the Tournay parliament eat dirt, and orders the two to the galleys without hope of mercy. At Tournay they are worried by another curé, who gets them kept on short rations, and so weakens, not their resolution, but their bodies, that they are glad their straw is near the dungeon grate, so that they may easily reach the pittance of bread which they would be too weak to crawl over for. This treatment would, at any rate, have saved them from the galleys, had not two rich young men from their country been caught just at this time, so that the starvelings share for a while their abundance. The new comers, however, have no stomach for martyrdom; they soon recant, and the Jesuits persuade Madame

de Maintenon to give them lieutenants' commissions. Marteilhe is but a man, and the old Adam cannot help recording triumphantly that they were both shot just after the battle of Hekeren. By-and-by five more are brought in, betrayed by one Baptiste, a convicted thief, who had on other occasions really helped fugitives to escape. This made him liable to be hanged; and the magistrates wanted to let him have his deserts, and begged their prisoners to give evidence against him. They would not, saying, "A convict has no civic rights; he cannot give evidence." "Go, you scoundrel," said the mayor to Baptiste; "go, kiss the footprints of these noble-minded men who have taken the rope off your neck for you. You've got them condemned to the galleys; at any rate, you shall go there with them." He was chained to one of his victims; and as they marched along, the people cried out, "There go goodness and wickedness tied together."

Fortunately, Marteilhe's youth and manner so far prepossessed the provost at Tournay, that he kept the pair on sick leave till a rough lot of regular convicts had gone off, and then sent them to Dunkirk, a much better station than Marseilles. Here Marteilhe was put on board the *Heureuse*—what a name!—and his life for the next twelve years was such as we have described.

A very good thing for him was this fight at the Nore with the frigate *Nightingale*, whose unknown captain took such a clever way of disabling the galley. Of course the Frenchman aimed at the frigate's stern. Rowing up at full speed, and firing in all his guns, he tried to drive in his galley's beak, when the Englishman suddenly brought up his helm, and, slewing round, broke off nearly all the oars along one side, grappled the galley tight before she could recover, and poured in the broadside which took such tremendous effect in Marteilhe's neighbourhood. The French captain was just able to signal for his five consorts, and at last (as we said) the frigate had to surrender. But, after every one else had succumbed, the English captain stood with a brace of pistols in his hands by the powder-room, and vowed he'd blow French and English into the air sooner than give in. They sent a sergeant and ten men to take him. He shot the sergeant dead, and no one else cared to be number two; so he held out till his convoy had got safely off, and then gave up his sword, which De Langeron gave back to him, saying, "Keep it; you are my prisoner only in name." Making up prescriptions for galley-slaves does not seem to have increased De Langeron's bravery, though it did not destroy his appreciation of that virtue. And so, owing to the captain of the *Nightingale*, Marteilhe's sufferings are very considerably lightened, and during the rest of his stay at Dunkirk he may by comparison be called well off.

But now comes the sorest trial of all. The treaty of Utrecht is signed, and France "has sunk so low," says the narrative, not without a bitter reminder that she, the persecutor of the saints, deserved so to fall, "that, in 1712, Dunkirk had to be given up to the English;" and so

the two-and-twenty Protestant galley-slaves who were there are marched across to Marseilles. The march begins in October, and lasts nearly four months, and Marteilhe declares that he suffered more in that journey than during all the twelve years that had gone before. They march either in single or double file. The latter is much the easiest work: then there is just a short chain to fasten every pair, and "the chain" joins all the pairs together. In single file each convict has two chains fastened to his iron collar, linking him to the men in front and behind, so that the weight he has to carry is something terrible, and every movement along the line is felt upon the necks of every separate prisoner. When the order is given to sit, or lie down, or get up, everybody must move at the same instant, or else everybody suffers. And so they were constantly being set to solve the impossible problem how a string of poor fellows of all heights and ages and strength could act together more perfectly than the best-drilled regiment. Besides, somebody was always falling down exhausted, and his fall, of course, gave each of his neighbours a shrewd blow and an ugly bruise on their necks. In this way they are driven by their "argousins" across France, stopping for the night in doleful places. Take, for instance, the Tournelle, their Paris quarters. Fancy a big cellar, with rows of stout oak benches about three feet apart. The benches are not to sit on, however. No such luxury for the poor footsore wretches. As they come in they are made to lie half down, their heads resting on the benches, which are forty feet long. At every interval of two feet there is a chain, a foot and a half long, with an iron collar at the end. Into these collars their necks are elinched. And there they grovel, twenty to a bench, in the most painful position in which the human body can be placed, three days and three nights.

What befel them as they were leaving Paris was still worse. Everybody knows what the *cetroi* is. Before the "barrières" were done away with, it used to be great fun to go and dine at one of the pleasant restaurants just outside (you could dine there a good deal cheaper than you could within the city bounds), and to watch the *cetroi* men "visiting" the suspicious-looking passengers, jumping up on the hay-carts, and prodding them all over with long iron rods. But the idea of "visiting" these wretched convicts to see if they had not managed to get a few files and knives, and a little money, during their stay in Paris, few would have thought of. It is nine at night; a hard frost, and a cold east wind; when the convicts have their collars taken off, and are turned out into the courtyard of this Tournelle (a little private royal palace in old time); and there, by moonlight, they are made to strip, the "cat" quickening the movements of the lingerers. Starknaked, they are marched to the other end of the yard, and kept there full two hours while the "archers" overhaul the clothes; pocketing handkerchiefs, scissors, snuff-boxes, anything they took a fancy to. When the poor prisoners were ordered to

march back, they were found so stiff with cold that the "cat" itself could not stir them, and they had to be dragged across by a squad of archers tugging at the chain. Eighteen died either that night or next day, eighteen out of one gang. Marteilhe's own gang fared much better. They had got some money, slipped into their hands by sympathising friends as they marched through places where there were some "converts" (Protestants who had conformed), and they used it so well that the archers treated them with something like decency, only just robbing them of everything. "Thank God," says he, "not one of our set died, in spite of the exposure." Thrice more during the march had they to submit to this piece of gratuitous torture, every time in cold sharper than before. The object probably was to kill off the weaklings; for those whom the "cat" failed to rouse had to be taken in carts, and, as the officer in charge was paid so much a head and was bound to find his own conveyances, it was to his interest to have as few to carry as possible. On the road they are lodged "anywhere." Near Montpeller they are driven into a stable, and think themselves happy in having the warm dung as a protection against the weather. At last they come to Nismes, the holy city of the Protestants, and as they march in under heavy rain they take off their caps and begin a psalm; the gangsmen try to silence them by the usual recipe; but the cat could not quell the singers. As they neared Marseilles, they had to put up with the insults of the villagers. Half dead with thirst, along the dusty roads they held out their wooden bowls to beg a little water; but the savage Provençal women would cry out, "Get along with you; you'll have plenty of water where you're going to."

But Marteilhe, happily, did not have to remain long at Marseilles. Already there was a rumour that efforts were being made to free the Huguenot galley-slaves; though, as yet, the only effect of the presumed intervention was to make the Jesuits all the more active in trying to get converts.

Marteilhe gives us some strange tales of the special pleading of these gentry. "You can't charge your sufferings on the Church, you know," said one. "The Church regrets it as much as you can. It's the king's doing. Just think why you are here. One of you tried to leave the kingdom. Well; his majesty does not allow his subjects to leave the kingdom. And you, you went to 'meeting.' Just so; the king does not allow 'meetings.' You, again, hid Pastor So-and-so, when he was planning his escape. Now, you know the king does not permit any one to conceal a pastor. So in every case it is the king who punishes, for it is the king whom you have offended." "But what would happen if we were to recant?" asks Marteilhe, quite simply. "Why, within forty-eight hours you'd be free, and probably have some nice little appointment into the bargain." "But how about the king, whose laws we have broken?" asks Marteilhe, in a tone that shows he sees through the Jesuit's sophistry.

At last the order comes. Old Marquis de Rochegude, having got letters from the courts of Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia, had way-laid Queen Anne in St. James's Park, and moved her to appeal to the French government. Out of three hundred, one hundred and thirty-six are set free, and go by sea to Nice, where Victor Amadeus receives them right royally, and thence to Genoa, where, and also at Berne, they are fed and lodged at the public cost, and treated as the Greeks treated conquering heroes. Thence to Amsterdam, where all who choose to settle are pensioned by the Dutch government. Marteilhe and another visit England to beg Queen Anne to intervene on behalf of those still in captivity; but he goes back to Holland and lives till 1777, just two years after the last Protestant galley-slave is set free. From family papers it would seem that he married, and that his daughter married Vice-Admiral Douglas, and that their son was about Bergerac in 1785 "looking up" his Huguenot relations. So, says M. Coquerel, it seems that Marteilhe, forgotten in France, was respected as he ought to be in England.

Jean Fabre, the other sufferer, whose memoirs M. Coquerel gives us, became unexpectedly famous. He was attending service near Nismes in 1756, when an alarm was raised that the soldiers were coming. He, light and active, easily escapes, and comes back by-and-by among the crowd to see what was going on. He finds his father being marched off, and instantly insists on taking his place. There is a long struggle between father and son as to who shall go; at last, by the help of a kindly sergeant, Jean gets his father off; and continues, between prisons and galleys, more than six years in captivity. Fortunately, he has good friends, who, at last, after his health is quite broken, make interest enough to get him out. Jean Fabre's autobiography is not quite so generally interesting as Marteilhe's. He gives us a great deal more about himself, his wishes, his plans, his early history—how he lost money in the silk trade, how depressed he felt in consequence, and so forth; and much less about things which are of general concern. His style, too, is against him. He talks of the *Être suprême*; when his wife is supposed to be in a dying state, "his principal food is the torrents of tears which he sheds unceasingly." Altogether, a weaker man than Marteilhe, and with an unpleasant whine throughout his writings. Still he had a tender conscience. When he put himself in his father's place, it was, of course, necessary that he should be free from the charge on which his father was taken up; so he says, "I was not at meeting;" and his letter to Paul Rabaut, his pastor, confessing and begging forgiveness, is one of the most touching things in the book. Interest is made for him (as was said) with the Duc de Choiseul, and he is not only set free, but invited up to Paris, where one Fenouillet de Falbaire has written a play about him, called *The Noble Convict*, as if it was the

most wonderful thing in the world for a son to sacrifice himself for his father. He is too ill to go at once; but the play is acted, Duchess de Villeroy interesting herself about it, and planning a subscription for the poor fellow, whose prospects have been ruined, and whose cousin, having waited so long for him in spite of her parents' wishes (a rare thing in France), now finds she has a husband broken in health as well as ruined in fortune. Unfortunately, St. Florentin, a bitter persecutor of Huguenots, works against the "subscription" plan, saying, in his rough way, yet not without a spice of truth, "They'll be getting up acts of heroism and devotion every day, if they're to be paid for them;" and Fabre gets nothing but a little money which Princess Beauvau had collected for him, and a piece of silk which she gave him to make his wife a dress, along with a promise from her husband that he would exert himself to get him restored to his civic rights. By-and-by he goes up to Paris. But the very next day there is a change of ministry—a more serious thing then than now—and his friend the Duc de Choiseul is "disgraced." So, what with regret at the money he had spent, and vexation at not having gone up before, and fatigue with running up and down Paris, he gets quite ill; falls (as he calls it) "*dans un anéantissement universel*"—a polite Gallicism for being kilt intirely. All that Fabre adds to our knowledge of the galley life is, that worse than the vermin which devoured him, and the ruffians whom he had to consort with, were the chaplains, who worried him with their exhortations and played the spy over his every action. There are several other Nismes people in his galley. One of them, a poor tailor—"an Israelite, indeed," says Fabre—is dying; he calls his townsman to him to entrust him with a family secret. Abbé Manan, whose theological advances had been slighted, goes straight to the commissary, and accuses Fabre of "preaching." He is ordered never to go near his poor townsman again. But the Jesuits won't let him alone. A hairdresser's son of Nismes, sent to the galleys for theft, is set on to accuse him of trying to proselytise him. Fabre speaks up in right violent style, and so enrages the chaplains that they threaten to carry the case up to Paris if the commissary does not punish him most severely. The poor judge puts him off till next day, and meanwhile the friends who stand by him so well go before the "intendant," and get the matter taken out of the commissary's hands. "But for them," says Fabre, "I should not be here to write this history."

The list of convicts, which takes up a large part of Coquerel's volume, speaks for itself. Whole families were swept off together. In February, 1746, for instance, the "intendant" of Auch condemned twelve "gentlemen glass-workers"—a father, his five sons, a grandson, his three sons-in-law, his brother, and his nephew; and by the same judgment one of his daughters was sentenced to have her head shaved by the public hangman, and to be shut up for life in a penitentiary, "for having been godmother to a Pro-

testant child." Why so many glass-workers? They come in at every turn; and in Sue's novel one of them makes the principal figure. It was that glass-blowing, "being mouth-work and not handicraft," was not held to be a degrading pursuit. Hence many Protestant nobles, ruined by persecution, were glad to take up with the only trade which they could practise without losing caste. Gentle or simple, they were an energetic set; and the persecutions, which lasted much more than a century (for the synod of Alençon, so early as 1637, prays Louis the Thirteenth to free "those who had been sent to the galleys during the wars"), must have been a great drain upon the nation. Those who "ran the blockade," and got clear out of France, had very different fortunes. In Holland they have thriven; in Berlin a large part of the population (so very un-German in its look) is of Huguenot origin; in England, at the time, they had a great ally in Dutch William. His Duke of Schomberg was almost one of them. German as he was, he had won a field-marshal's truncheon from Louis the Fourteenth, but when the Jesuit ascendancy began he migrated and (as Macaulay says) began the world again at eighty rather than conform. So did the old Marquis de Ruigny, whom the Grand Monarque so valued that he offered to make an exception to the rule of conformity in favour of him and his household. He refused, and cast in his lot with his brethren.

On the whole, however, they have not done so well with us as elsewhere. Individuals have risen and founded families of note both in England and Ireland. But the mass of them have certainly degenerated physically, if that "Corraye, a French Protestant," who looks so blooming in his close-fitting white surplice among the pictures in the Ratcliffe at Oxford, is to be taken as a fair sample. They form the bulk of the population in Spitalfields, where they seem (it is certainly on one of the most unhealthy soils in the country) to have quite lost their old energy. They are the "liberty-boys" of Dublin, the dwellers in the "Coombe," or hollow, sloping down to the river, famous for their lawlessness, their strikes, and their manufactures of poplin and tabinet. They do not seem at all favourable specimens of humanity as you watch them leaning out of window in the tall, gaunt, filthy, tumble-down houses around and beyond St. Patrick's. Other towns besides London and Dublin got French colonies at that time. Does not Thackeray, in his last unfinished novel, tell of them along the Kentish coast? There was, as I said before, a "congregation" at Canterbury, where, strangely enough, they had the Black Prince's chapel granted for their meeting-house. I remember, more than twenty years ago, being taken down to see the prince's tomb, and being immensely disgusted with the ugly green-baized pews and the utter disregard of the hero's really fine altar-tomb. I thought, boy-like, it must be a retribution for the sack of Limoges. The

Huguenots seem not to have been very popular over here. Some of our people were disappointed at their apparent "want of spirituality." They had none of the Puritan twang. The Frenchmen are sensible enough to feel that they have given pledges such as few could match of their sincerity, and that to drag in sacred names and indulge in pious ejaculations on the smallest provocation is by no means a mark of true reverence. Others of us, on the contrary, found them cantankerous and argumentative, terrible sticklers for non-essentials, by no means suave and conceding. That was Bishop Burnet's estimate of them. It probably did not occur to the bishop that what men have given up home, and country, and kindred for, must be important in their eyes; so important, that they will even be rash enough to contradict his lordship about such trifles, and to determine to hold their own opinion, do what he can to the contrary. Grim, dogmatic men we can well fancy them to have been, in spite of their talking just like ordinary mortals.

One of the great evils of persecution is that it so case-hardens the persecuted as to render union impossible even when both have learned aright the lesson of toleration. And in spite of Bishop Burnet, the immigrants were not absorbed by our Church of England, nor have they (as a body) been absorbed since. The terrors of the mission *bottée*, the prominent part taken against them by many of the high clergy, gave them a horror of prelacy which extended even to the mild form in which prelacy exists amongst us. Genial or ungenial, however, almost every man, woman, and child among them could tell of hair-breadth 'scapes. Volume after volume might be made up out of private memoirs to show how that the unhappy creatures were met at every turn, and how, when captured, the alternative awaited them—recantation and peace, or firmness and the galleys. Marteilhe's is by no means an exceptional case. Surely when we read such accounts of trials so bravely met and so patiently endured we cannot help asking ourselves, should we be as brave and patient if we were subjected to the same trials?

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BOOK III.

CHAPTER VI. A FIRST APPEAL.

"STEWART," said Harriet Routh to her husband, in a tone of calm, self-possessed inquiry, on the following day, "what has happened? What occurred yesterday, which you had not the courage to face, and deprived yourself of the power of telling me?"

As Harriet asked him this question, she unconsciously assumed her former manner. Something told her that the cause of Routh's conduct, and of the distress of mind which she read in his face, was not connected with the subject that was torturing her. Anything apart from that, any misfortune, any calamity even, might draw them together again; might teach him anew his need of her, her worth to him—she felt some alarm, but it was strangely mingled with satisfaction. The sharp agony she had endured had impaired her faculties so far, had dulled her clear understanding so far, that the proportions of the dangers in her path had changed places, and the first and greatest danger was this stranger—this beautiful, dreadful woman. In that direction was the terrible impotence, the helpless horror of weakness, which is the worst attribute of human suffering; in every other, there was the power to exercise her faculties to rally her presence of mind, to call on her fertility of resource, to act for and with him. With him at her side, and in his cause, Harriet was consciously strong; but from a trouble in which he should be arrayed against her, in which he should be her enemy, she shrank, like a leaf from the shrivelling touch of fire.

She was standing by his side as she asked him the question, in the familiar attitude which she had discarded of late. Her composed figure and pale calm face, the small firm white hand, which touched his shoulder with the steady touch he knew so well, the piercing clear blue eyes, all had the old promise in them, of help that had never failed, of counsel that had never misled. He thought of all these things, he felt all these things, but he no longer thought of, or remembered, or looked for the love which had been their motive and their life. He sat

moodily, his face pale and frowning, one clenched hand upon his knee, the other restlessly drumming upon the table; his eyes were turned away from her, and for some time after she had spoken he kept a sullen silence.

"Tell me, Stewart," she repeated, in a softer voice, while the hand that touched his shoulder moved gently to his neck and clasped it. "I know there is something wrong, very wrong. Tell me what it is."

He turned and looked full at her.

"Do you remember what you said, Harriet, when that letter came from Poynings—what you said about the hydra and its heads?"

"I remember," she answered. Her pale cheek grew paler; but she drew nearer to his side, and her fingers clasped his neck more closely and more tenderly. "I remember. Another head has sprung up, and is menacing you."

"Yes," he said, half fiercely, half wearily. "This cursed thing is never to be escaped nor forgotten, I believe. I can hardly tell you what has happened, Harry, and even you will hardly see your way out of this."

A touch of feeling for her was in his voice. He really did suffer in the anticipation of the shock she would have to sustain.

"Tell me—tell me," she repeated, faintly, and with a quick involuntary closing of her eyes, which would have told a close observer of constant suffering and apprehension.

"Sit down, Harry." He rose as he spoke, placed her in his chair, and stood before her, holding both her hands in his.

"I have found out that the man we knew as Philip Deane was—was Arthur Felton, George Dallas's cousin, the man they are inquiring about, whom they are expecting here."

She did not utter a cry, a groan, or any sort of sound. She shrank into the chair she was sitting in, as if she covered for life in a hiding-place, her outstretched hands turned cold and clammy in her husband's grasp. Into her widely opened blue eyes a look of unspeakable horror came, and the paleness of her cheeks turned to ashen grey. Stewart Routh, still standing before her holding her hands, looked at her as the ghastly change came over her face, telling—what words could never tell—of the anguish she was suffering, and thought for a moment that she was dying before his face. The breath came from her lips in heavy gasps, and her low white brow was damp with cold sluggish drops.

"Harriet," said Routh—"Harriet, don't give way like this. It's awful—it's worse than anything I ever thought of, or feared. But don't give way like this."

"I am not giving way," she said. Drawing her hands from his hold, she raised them to her head, and held them pressed to her temples while she spoke. "I will not give way. Trust me, as you have done before. This, then, is what I have felt coming nearer and nearer, like a danger in the dark—this—this dreadful truth. It is better known than vague. Tell me how you have discovered it."

He began to walk up and down the room, and she still sat cowering in her chair, her hands pressing her temples, her eyes, with their horror-stricken looks, following him.

"I discovered it by an extraordinary accident. I have not seen much of Dallas, as you know, and I know nothing in particular about Mr. Felton and his son. But there is a lady here—an American widow—who knows Felton well."

"Yes," said Harriet, with distinctness; and now she sat upright in her chair, and her low white brow was knitted over her horror-stricken eyes. "Yes, I have seen her."

"Have you indeed? Ah! well, then, you know who I mean. She and he were great friends—lovers, I fancy," Routh went on, with painful effort; "and when they parted in Paris, it was with an understanding, that they were to meet here just about this time. She met George Dallas, and told him, not that, but something which made him understand that information was to be had from her, and she has appointed an interview with Mr. Felton for to-morrow."

"Yes," repeated Harriet, "I understand. When she and he meet, she will tell him his son is coming here. His son will not come. How did you discover what you have discovered?"

He took out of his pocket a large locket like a golden egg, and opened it by touching a spring. It opened lengthwise, and he held it towards Harriet. She looked at one of the photographs which it enclosed, and then, pushing it from her, covered her face with her hands.

"She showed me that yesterday," Routh continued, his throat drier, his voice more hesitating with every word he spoke, "when she told me she was expecting him—and I contrived to secure it."

"For what purpose?" asked Harriet, hoarsely.

"Don't you see, Harriet," he said, earnestly, "that it is quite plain Dallas has never seen a likeness of his cousin, or he must have recognised the face. Evidently Mr. Felton has not one with him. Dallas might not have seen this; but then, on the other hand, he might; and to prevent his seeing it, even for a few hours, until we had time to talk it over, to gain ever so little time, was a great object."

"You took a strange way of gaining time, Stewart," said Harriet. "Had you come home last night in a state to tell me the truth, time would really have been gained. We might have got away this morning."

"Got away!" said Routh. "What do you mean? What good could that do?"

"Can you seriously ask me?" she returned. "Does any other course suggest itself to you?"

"I don't know, Harry. I am bewildered. The shock was so great that the only thing I could think of was to try and forget it for a little. I don't know that I ever in my life deliberately drank for the purpose of confusing my thoughts, or postponing them, before; but I could not help it, Harry. The discovery was so far from any apprehension or fancy I had ever had."

"The time was, Stewart," said Harriet, slowly and with meaning, "when, instead of 'confusing' or 'postponing' any trouble, dread, or difficulty, you would have brought any or all of them to me at once; unhappily for us both, I think that time is past."

He glanced at her sharply and uneasily, and an angry flush passed over his face.

"What cursed folly have you got in your head? Is it not enough that this fresh danger has come down upon me——"

"Upon *us*, you mean," she interrupted, calmly.

"Well, upon *us*, then; but you must get up an injured air, and go on with I don't know what folly? Have done with it; this is no time for womanish nonsense——"

"There is so much womanish nonsense about me! There is such reasonableness in your reproach!"

Again he looked angrily at her, as he walked up and down the room with a quicker step. He was uneasy, amazed at the turn she had taken, at the straying of her attention from the tremendous fact he had revealed; but, above and beyond all this, he was afraid of her.

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and said, "Let it drop, let it drop; let me be as unreasonable as you like, and blame me as much as you please, but be truer to yourself, Harriet, to your own helpful nature, than to yield to such fancies now. This is no time for them. We must look things in the face, and act."

"It is not I, but you, who refuse to look things in the face, Stewart. This woman, whom I do not know, who has not sought my acquaintance, whose name you have not once mentioned before me, but who makes you the confidant of her flirtations and her appointments—she is young and beautiful, is she not?"

"What the devil does it matter whether she is or not?" said Routh, fiercely. "I think you are bent on driving me mad. What has come to you? I don't know you in this new character. I tell you, this woman——"

"Mrs. Bembridge," said Harriet, calmly.

"Mrs. Bembridge, then, has been the means of my making a discovery which is of tremendous importance, and thus she has unconsciously saved me from an awful danger."

"By preventing George Dallas from finding out this fact for a little longer?"

"Precisely so. Now I hope you have come to yourself, Harriet, and will talk rationally about this."

"I will," she said, rising from her chair and approaching him. She placed her hands upon his shoulders, and looked at him with a steady, searching look. "We will talk this out, Stewart, and I will not shrink from anything there is to be said about it; but you must hear me then, in my turn. We are not like other people, Stewart, and our life is not like theirs. Only ruin can come of any discord or disunion between us."

Then she quietly turned away and sat down by the window, with her head a little averted from him, waiting for him to speak. Her voice had been low and thrilling as she said those few words, without a tone of anger in it, and yet the callous man to whom they were addressed heard in them something which sounded like the warning or the menace of doom.

"When Dallas knows what we now know, Harriet," said Routh, "he will come to us and tell us his discovery, and then the position of affairs will be that for which we were prepared, if we had not succeeded in inducing him to be silent about Deane's identity."

"Exactly so," said Harriet; "with the additional difficulty of his having concealed his knowledge."

"Yes," said Routh; "but that is *his* affair, not ours. He concealed his knowledge because he was compromised. There is nothing to compromise me. I neglected a public duty, certainly, in favour of a private friendship; but that is a venial offence."

It was wonderful to see how the callousness of the man asserted itself. As he arranged the circumstances, and stated them, he began to regain his accustomed ease of manner.

"It is unfortunate that he should be compromised in this double way, and, of course, there will be a great deal to go through, which will be hard to bear, and not easy to manage; but, after all, the thing is only as bad as it was when Dallas came back. Don't you see that, Harriet?"

"I see that, Stewart, but I also see that he will now have a tenfold interest in finding out the truth. Hitherto he might have been content with clearing himself of suspicion, but now he will be the one person most deeply interested in discovering the truth."

"But how can he discover it?" said Routh; his face darkened, and he dropped his voice still lower. "Harriet, have you forgotten that if there be danger from him, there is also the means of turning that danger on himself? Have you forgotten that I can direct suspicion against him tenfold stronger than any that can arise against me?"

She shivered, and closed her eyes again. "No, I have not forgotten," she said; "but oh, Stewart, it is an awful thing to contemplate—a horrible expedient."

"Yet you arranged it with a good deal of composure, and said very little about its being horrible at the time," said Routh, coarsely. "I hope you are not going to be afflicted with misplaced and ill-timed scruples now. It's rather

late in the day, you know, and you'll have to choose, in that case, between Dallas and me."

She made him no answer.

"The thing is just this," he continued; "Dallas cannot come to any serious grief, I am convinced; but, if the occasion arises, he must be let come to whatever grief there may be—a trial and an acquittal at the worst. The traitor's death, and his mother's recovery, will tell in his favour, though I've no doubt he will supply all the information Evans would have given, of his own accord. I think there is no real risk; but, Harriet, much, very much, depends on you."

"On me, Stewart! How?"

"In this way. When Dallas comes to see you, you must find out whether any other clue to the truth exists; if not, there is time before us. You must keep up the best relations with him, and find out all he is doing. Is it not very odd that he has not mentioned his uncle's solicitude about his son to you?"

"I don't think so, Stewart. I feel instinctively that Mr. Felton dislikes and distrusts us—(what well-founded dislike and distrust it was," she thought, mournfully, with a faint pity for the unconscious father)—"and George knows it, I am sure, and will not talk to me about his uncle's affairs. He is right there; there is delicacy of feeling in George Dallas."

"You seem to understand every turn in his disposition," said Routh, with a sneer.

"There are not many to understand," replied Harriet, simply. "The good and the evil in him are easily found, being superficial. However, we are not talking of his character, but of certain irreparable harm which we must do him, it seems, in addition to that which we have done. Go on with what you were saying."

"I was saying that you must find out what you can, and win his confidence in every way. I shall keep as clear of him as possible, under any circumstances. If the interview of to-morrow goes off without any discovery, there will be a chance of its not being made at all."

"Impossible, Stewart—quite impossible," said Harriet, earnestly. "Do not nourish any such expectation. How long, do you suppose, will Mr. Felton remain content with expecting his son's arrival, and hearing no news of him? How soon will he set inquiries on foot which must end in discovery? Remember, hiding is possible only when there is no one seeking, urged by a strong motive to find. Listen to me, now, in your turn, and listen to me as you used to do, not to cavil at my words, or sneer at them, but to weigh them well. This is a warning to us, Stewart. I don't talk superstition, as you know. I don't believe in any nonsense of the kind; but this I do believe, because experience teaches it, that there are combinations of circumstances in which the wise may read signs and tokens which do not mislead. Here is just such a case. The first misfortune was George's return; it was confirmed by his uncle's arrival; it is capped by this terrible discovery. Stewart, let us be warned and wise in time; let us return to England at once—to-morrow. I

suppose you will have the means of learning the tenor of Mr. Felton's interview with this lady who knew his son so well. If no discovery be then made, let us take it as another indication of luck, circumstance, what you will, and go."

"What for?" said Routh, in amazement. "Are you returning to that notion, when all I have said is to show you that you must not lose sight of Dallas?"

"I know," she said—"I know; but you are altogether wrong. George Dallas must make the discovery some time, and must bear the brunt of the suspicion. I don't speak in his interests, but in yours—in mine. Let it come when it may, but let us be away out of it all. We have money now, Stewart—at least, we are not so poor but that we may make our way in another country—that we may begin another life. Have I ever talked idly, Stewart, or given you evil counsel? No, surely not. In all the years for which you have been all the world to me, I have never spoken vainly; let me not speak vainly now. I might implore, I might entreat," she went on, her eyes now bright with eagerness, and her hands clasped. "I might plead a woman's weakness and natural terror; I might tell you I am not able for the task you dictate to me; but I tell you none of these things. I am able to do and to suffer anything, everything that may or must be done, or suffered for you. I don't even speak of what I *have* suffered; but I say to you, be guided by me in this—yield to me in this. There is a weak spot in our stronghold; there is a flaw in our armour. I know it. I cannot tell, I cannot guess where it is. An instinct tells me that ruin is threatening us, and this is our way of escape. Oh, my husband, listen to me!"

He was standing opposite to her, leaning against an angle of the wall, mingled fury and amazement in his face, but he did not interrupt her by a word or a sign.

"There is no power in me," she went on, "to tell you the strength of my conviction that this is the turning-point in our fate. Let us take the money we have, and go. Why should you stay in England, Stewart, more than in any other country? We have no ties but one another." She looked at him more sharply here, through all her earnestness. "Friendships and the obligations they bring are not for us. The world has no home-bonds for us. Where money is to be made you can live, in such content as you can ever have; and where you are I am as content as I can ever be."

"You are a cheerful counsellor," Routh broke out, in uncontrollable passion. "Do you think I am mad, woman, when I have played so desperate a game, and am winning it so fast, that I should throw up my cards now? Let me hear no more of this. Come to your senses, if you can, and as soon as you can, for I will not stand this sort of thing, I can tell you. I will not leave this place an hour sooner than I intended to leave it. And as to leaving England, if the worst came to pass that could happen, I should hardly be driven to that ex-

tremity. What devil is in you, Harriet, to prompt you to exasperate me, when I looked to you for help?"

"What devil is in *you*," she answered him, rising as she spoke, "that is prompting you to your ruin? What devil, do I say? Words, mere words. What do I know or believe of God, or devil, or any ruling power but the wicked will of men and women, to waylay, and torture, and destroy? The devil of blindness is in you, the devil of wilfulness, the devil of falsehood and ingratitude; and a blacker devil still, I tell you. See that it does not rend you, as I read in the old book—for ever closed for me."

Her breast was heaving violently, and her eyes were unnaturally bright, but there was not a ray of colour in her face, and her voice was rapid and unflinching in its utterance. Routh looked at her, and hated her. Hated her, and feared her, and uttered never a word.

"The madness that goes before destruction is coming fast upon you," she said; "I see it none the more clearly because that destruction must involve me too. Let it come; I am ready for it, as I have been ready for any evil for a long time now. You speak idle words to me when you reproach me, Stewart. I am above and beyond reproach from you. I am as wicked a woman, if the definition of good and evil be true, as ever lived upon this earth; but I have been, and am, to you what no good woman could be—and look to it, if you requite me ill. I don't threaten you in saying this—no threats can come from me, nor would any avail—but in your treachery to me, its own punishment will be hidden, ready to spring out upon and destroy you. Scorn my influence, slight my counsel, turn a deaf ear to the words that are inspired by love such as only a wretch like me, with no hope or faith at all in Heaven, and only this hope and faith on Earth, can feel—and see the end."

He stepped forward and was going to speak, but she put out her hand and stopped him.

"Not now. Don't say anything to me, don't ask me anything now. Don't speak words that I must be doomed for ever to remember—for ever to long to forget. Have so much mercy on me, for the sake of the past and for the sake of the present. Ruin is impending over us; if you will, you may escape it; but there is only one way."

She had drawn near the door as she spoke the last words. In another instant she had left him.

Left him in a most unenviable state of bewilderment, rage, and confusion. The emotion which had overpowered him when he had made the discovery of yesterday was almost forgotten in the astonishment with which Harriet's words had filled him. An uneasy sense, which was not anything so wholesome as shame, was over him. What did she know of his late proceedings? Had she watched him? Had any of the gossiping tongues of the place carried the tidings of the beautiful American's openly paraded conquest? No, that could hardly be, for Harriet knew no one at Homburg but George, and

George knew nothing about him. Was he not always with either his mother, or his uncle, or with Harriet herself? Besides, George would not say anything to Harriet that could hurt her. The fellow was a fool and soft-hearted, his quondam friend thought, with much satisfaction. He must set it right with Harriet, however; under any circumstances he must not quarrel with her; in this fresh complication particularly. It could only be a general notion that she had taken, and he must endeavour to remove it; for though he was horribly weary of her, though he hated her at that moment, and felt that he should very likely continue to hate her, even at that moment, and while resolved to disregard her advice, and utterly unmoved by her appeal, he knew he could not afford to lose her aid.

If the beautiful American could have seen the visions of probabilities or possibilities in which she was concerned, that floated through Stewart Routh's mind as he stood gazing out of the window when his wife had left him, she might, perhaps, have felt rather uneasy at the revelation. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge was not an adept at reading character, and sometimes, when a disagreeable impression that her new admirer was a man of stronger will and tougher material than she altogether liked to deal with, crossed her mind, she would dismiss it with the reflection that such earnestness was very flattering and very exciting for a time, and the duration of that time was entirely within her choice and discretion.

Stewart Routh stood at the window thinking hurriedly and confusedly of these things. There was a strange fear over him, with all his assurance, with all the security which he affirmed over and over again to himself, and backed up with a resolution which he had determined from the first to conceal from Harriet.

"If my own safety positively demands it," he thought, "Jim's evidence about the note will be useful, and the payment to the landlady will be tolerably conclusive. Dallas told Harriet the initials were A. F. I wonder it never occurred to me at the time."

Presently he heard Harriet's step in the corridor. It paused for a moment at the sitting-room, then passed on, and she went out. She was closely veiled, and did not turn her head towards the window as she went by. Routh drew nearer and watched her, as she walked swiftly away. Then he caught sight of George Dallas approaching the house. He and Harriet met and shook hands, then George turned and walked beside her. They were soon out of sight.

"I don't think I shall see much more of Homburg," George was saying. "My mother has taken an extraordinary longing to get back to Poynings. Dr. Merle says she must not be opposed in anything not really injurious. She is very anxious I should go with her, and Mr. Carruthers is very kind about it."

"You will go, George, of course?"

"I don't quite know what to do, Mrs. Routh. I don't like to let my mother go without me,

now that things are so well squared; I don't like to persuade her to put off her journey, and yet I feel I ought, if possible, to remain with my uncle until his truant son turns up."

"Has—has nothing been heard of him yet?"

"Not a word. I was awfully frightened about it, though I hid it from my uncle, until I met Mrs. P. Ireton, &c. But though she didn't say much, I could see by her manner it was all right. Bless you, *she* knows all about him, Mrs. Routh. I dare say he'll appear next week, and be very little obliged to us all for providing a family party for him here."

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

In that large square room of the Louvre, on one of whose walls Paul Veronese's Marriage of Cana glows like an eternal rainbow, there is hung a fine robust but lurid picture by Jerichau, representing a raft strewn with dead bodies; and, clambering above them, a group of shouting frantic men, surmounted by a negro, who is waving a signal to a distant brig. That picture represents the Wreck of the Medusa, and the story runs that Jerichau painted it in a studio crowded with corpses.

The year after Waterloo, the French government resolved to carry out a project that had been long in embryo, to send out an expedition to its newly restored colony in Senegal. Ever since 1637, the ports of this possession had furnished France with amber, ebony, gum, palm oil, wax, ivory, pepper, and skins of the buffalo and tiger. It was also intended to form, at the same time, a smaller colony at the adjacent Cape Verde. On the 17th of June, 1816, soon after daybreak, the expedition set sail from the roads of the Island of Aix, near Rochefort. There were four vessels: the Medusa, frigate, of 44 guns, Captain Chaumareys; the Echo, corvette, Captain Cornet de Venancourt; the Loire, First Lieutenant Guikel Destouches; and the Argus, brig, Lieutenant Parnajou. Crowded on the poops, and leaning over the breastworks of these four vessels, stood some four hundred and fifty persons (men, women, and children), taking their last farewell of the Charente coast, of the islands of Rhé and Oleron, and of the dreary sands of Olonne. Persons of half a dozen professions mingled with the crews of sailors and the three companies of soldiers that filled the transports. There were there, hopeful or sad, clerks, artillerymen, and curés, school-masters, notaries, surgeons, pilots, gardeners, bakers, engineers, agricultural labourers, naturalists, in all (not reckoning seamen) three hundred and sixty-five persons, of whom two hundred and forty (nearly one-half of them pardoned convicts) were on board the fast-sailing Medusa, the leader of the expedition.

The fresh north wind, that had swept the vessels bravely out of port, changed suddenly, and a south-wester all but drove the Medusa on Les Roches Bonnes, near the Island of Rhé.

Escaping this danger, and doubling Finisterre, Captain Chaumareys outsailed his slow convoy, as he had already expressed his wish and intention of doing. The omens were adverse to the Medusa from the beginning. The crew were undisciplined, the captain careless, reckless, and incompetent. A sailor-boy fell out of a porthole and perished, in spite of the life-buoy thrown out to him, from no gun being ready loaded to signal the nearest vessel. The ship hove to, but too late; the six-oared barge was lowered, with only three men to pull it, and the boy sank. Touching at Teneriffe, to procure wine and oranges, Captain Chaumareys kept his subsequent course dangerously near the coast of the island. On the 29th of June there was another bad omen. Two nights running the frigate caught fire between decks, owing to the gross carelessness of the head baker. Early on the morning of the 10th of July, when off Cape Bayados, the Medusa passed the equator. Old Neptune, of course, instantly hailed the luckless vessel and came on board, and the ceremony of rough shaving and the paying of fines was performed amid wild laughing and buffoon dancing. Captain Chaumareys presided at this noisy buffoonery, and literally throwing the reins on the horses' neck, he let the vessel go almost where it pleased.

At the very height of this saturnalia the officer in command changed the vessel's course, and informed the captain that the Medusa was bearing in upon a reef of enormous rocks, on which the sea, only half a cannon-shot off, could indeed be seen breaking fiercely. More mismanagement that night. The *Écho* fired two guns and hung out a lantern at her mizen, but the signals were never properly answered. The Medusa had taken a dangerous course—she had gone inside the Canary Islands. She should rather have gone outside, taken a long sweep round, like a carriage when it prepares for turning a corner, and then borne down suddenly straight on Senegal.

There was now great and palpable danger. Every two hours the frigate was brought to, in order to sound; every half-hour the lead was heaved—still always shallows. At last, the water deepening to a hundred fathoms, the captain stood again to the S.S.E., and bore towards the African shore.

The minister of marine's direction to Captain Chaumareys had been imperative not to trust to the charts, but to make W.S.W. instantly after sighting Cape Blanco. On the evening of the 1st of July some of the officers thought they saw the wished-for cape. About six o'clock the captain was called up and shown a bank of mist, which he was easily persuaded was actually the cape. The officers, indeed, thinking the cape had been passed in the night, wished to persuade him that he had obeyed instructions. The great and dreaded reef of Arguin, thirty leagues broad, was ahead; the way to steer now was W.S.W., then turning south to Senegal. The captain, blindly trusting himself to a M. Richefort, an ex-naval officer who had just returned from ten years in an English prison, and

who had once known something of the African seas, resisted all interference, ignored the reef, and at once steered south for Portendie. In vain a young Swiss surgeon, M. Savigny, who had studied Alpine vapours, assured the captain that what he saw was only cloud; while M. Picard, a notary of Senegal, who eight years before had struck on the Arguin reef, also declared that the Medusa was rushing into the very jaws of death.

The evil omens came faster and faster to the wilful man; but all in vain. He was doomed and so was the ship. M. Lapérère, the officer of the morning watch, was disregarded when he found by his reckoning, as well as by soundings, that the ship was very near a reef; and M. Maudet, who succeeded him, when he took the sun's altitude grew very grave, and told M. Richefort, the ignorant and self-appointed pilot, that the reef was then quite close. The captain's adviser merely replied, "Oh, never mind; we're still in eighty fathoms."

M. Maudet sounded; the water grew thicker and browner, fish were numerous, and seaweed floated by in green drifts. Presently the lead showed eighteen fathoms. The captain, in a flurried way, instantly ordered the studding-sail to be taken in, to bring the ship a little more to the wind; the lead then showed only six fathoms—a terribly rapid decrease. "Haul her closer to the wind." Too late. There was hope, with promptitude, at eighteen fathoms, but now none. The tide, too, was at its highest, and would, in a few minutes, begin to decline. A few seconds more and the startled ship luffed, gave a heel, went on, heeled again and again, and stopped. The Medusa, at a quarter-past three on the 2nd of July, struck on the west edge of the dreaded Arguin reef, off the great African desert, nineteen degrees thirty-six minutes north latitude, nineteen degrees forty-five minutes west longitude.

The ill-disciplined crew fell into a despair as instantaneous as it was cowardly and unworthy. Two ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle Chemals, wife and daughter of the governor, alone remained calm and unmoved, while veterans of Napoleon, and old sailors tried in a thousand storms, screamed and shrieked like terrified madmen; others remained as if paralysed, thunderstruck, or chained to the deck, hopeless, speechless, powerless. Every countenance changed; the features of many absolutely shrank and grew hideously contracted and deformed till the first stupefaction of instantaneous and overwhelming terror passed away. The Frenchmen broke into wailing or into curses at the pseudo-pilot; and an officer who came upon deck said to the cause of this misfortune:

"See, monsieur, what your obstinacy has done. You know I warned you."

All that day the sailors worked with the fury of despair. The sails were lowered, the topgallant-mast taken down, and everything prepared to get the Medusa off the reef. The next day the topmasts were taken off and the

yards lowered, while the men heaved at an anchor a cable's length off, but both this and the bower-anchor proved too weak, and could retain no hold of the sand and grey shell-sprinkled mud. The water-butts in the hold were then staved in vain, and the topmasts, yards, and booms thrown overboard to lighten the vessel.

The loss of the *Medusa* seeming imminent, and the six boats being incapable of holding four hundred persons, the governor, leaning on the capstan-head, sketched a very feasible plan of saving all hands. He ordered a raft to be instantly constructed, large enough to hold all the provisions and two hundred men. At the hours of meals the boats' crews were to meet at the raft to receive their rations. Boats and raft were to proceed together to the shore, and an armed caravan was then to be organised to push through the desert towards the island of St. Louis. The plan was well laid, but it was defeated by the indecision and cowardice of the officers, and the mutinous restlessness of the soldiers, sailors, and civilians.

The next day, the 4th, adverse currents, rising sea, and violent wind, rendered all attempts to fix anchors or carry out warps useless. The despairing men continued, however, to work at the raft, and threw many of the flour-barrels and powder-barrels overboard. In the evening, just before high water, the sailors set to with a will at the capstan. To the delight of all, the frigate at last slowly moved to the larboard, then swung perceptibly, and at last turned her head to the open sea. They were all but saved. Every one was sanguine. The *Medusa* was out of her grave-like bed, she was all but afloat; only her stern touched the sand. Nothing remained now but to haul at her with more ropes, to throw over all the remaining flour-barrels and the fourteen twenty-four-pounders. Yet all was imbecility and irresolution. The governor, knowing the scarcity of food at Senegal, was reluctant to sacrifice the flour; the captain hoped for a calm night, to send out more cables on which to haul. The opportunity was lost for ever. The tide ebbed. The frigate wallowed again, and deeper, into the sucking sand.

At night, the wind blew furiously on the shore. The sea beat high and threatening. The frigate rolled more and more hopelessly under every blow. No one slept, for the *Medusa* threatened every moment to founder or break in sunder. At last, the death-blow came; there was a quivering, a crash, and the keel was shattered in two. The ship bulged; the helm was unshipped; the broken keel, dashing against the poop, beat in the captain's cabin, and let in the sea through a dangerous breach. The men had no confidence in their officers—how could they? About eleven o'clock the soldiers seized their arms, and took possession of various parts of the vessel, a report having been spread among them that the sailors were going to escape in the boats, and leave them to perish on board the frigate. The presence of the governor and his staff at last allayed their fears. In the midst of

this confusion and danger the raft broke loose, and, drifting to sea, was with difficulty recovered. At three o'clock in the morning, the master caulker informed the captain, with a desponding face, that the vessel was filling fast. The pumps would not work, the hull was split, the frigate threatened to heel over; it was necessary to desert her at once.

Biscuit from the store-room was instantly placed in strong barrels, and casks were filled with wine and fresh water; but most of these were thrown overboard or left behind in the confusion and disorderly excitement. A list had been previously drawn up, assigning to each man his special boat and peculiar duty; but, in the tumult, no one obeyed orders. The moment to embark arrived. The soldiers descended first on the raft, leaving their muskets in the ship, and retaining only their sabres and a few carbines; the officers, however, kept their fowling-pieces and pistols. There were one hundred and twenty soldiers and officers; besides these, twenty-nine sailors and passengers and one sutler woman. The large fourteen-oared barge took off the governor, his family, and thirty-two other persons; a second large boat received forty-two, and the captain's barge twenty-eight men. The long boat, by no means sound and almost without oars, held eighty-eight persons; an eight-oared boat took twenty-five sailors; and the smallest boat had on board fifteen persons, including four ladies and four children. Several men, either already drunk or afraid of the overcrowded boats, refused to leave the vessel.

The long hours of suspense upon the reef had demoralised the crew of the *Medusa*. Most men in sudden and unusual danger are little better than sheep; but these men ran about with the insane terror of frightened chickens. There was no one to lead them or to drive them; no one to animate their faint hearts, or rally their scattered senses. Some rushed to the gangway and the ladders; others dropped from the main-chains, or flung themselves headlong into the sea.

About seven o'clock, four of the boats put eagerly to sea, the raft being still moored alongside of the frigate. When the order came to let the raft go, M. Corréard, a brave young engineer, who was still cool and firm, unable to move through the crowd of soldiers that surrounded him, called to one of the officers on board the barge, into which the governor was just then being lowered in his arm-chair, that he would not start until they were supplied on the raft with instruments and charts, in case of getting separated from the boats. The officer replied they were provided with every necessary, and he was coming on board in a moment to command them. M. Corréard saw that man no more; for he sought his own safety on board one of the boats which were joined by tow-ropes. The base captain also pushed off in his own barge and deserted the vessel, leaving eighty men in the wreck; who, uttering cries of rage and despair, were with difficulty prevented from

firing on their runaway captain. Lieutenant Espiau and M. Bredif, another engineer, returned for them with great difficulty in the leaky long boat, and rescued all but seventeen, who preferred waiting till assistance could be sent them from Senegal. The French flag was then hoisted on the wreck, the unfortunates were left to perish, and the boats got into line, led by the captain's barge, which was preceded by the pin-nace. The hundred and fifty men crowded on the raft broke into excited cries of "Vive le roi!" and a little white flag was hoisted on a soldier's musket. There was a pretence of order, but it was really only a selfish and cowardly scramble to land. The raft was cumbersome and slow. Eh bien! they would desert the raft, and leave its crew to perish. There was no irresolution about the cowards now.

Espiau, finding the long boat crazy, leaky, almost unmanageable, asked the officers of each of the boats by turns to relieve him of some twenty men. Lieutenant Maudet, of the third boat, fearing a collision, in his despair, especially as his own craft was slight and patched, let go the tow-rope. The captain made no effort to recover the rope or preserve the line, but hurried on his rowers. The governor seeing this—being by no means a candidate for martyrdom and two leagues from the frigate—resolved to let the raft go. Then arose a cry of "Let's leave them." An officer kept every moment crying, "Shall I let go?" M. Clanet, a paymaster, resisted; but the rope was eventually let go, and the raft remained alone and helpless.

The despairing crowd on the raft could not at first believe that they were so ruthlessly deserted. It was thought that the boats had only parted in order to hasten to some vessel that had been seen on the horizon. The long boat, too, was still to leeward; she lowered her foresail, as if going to take up the tow-rope; but all at once she tacked, then slowly hoisted her sails and followed the division.

In fact, brave M. Espiau had urged the sailors to rejoin the raft, but they feared that the people on the raft would attack them. Finding the other boat would not join him, M. Espiau at last reluctantly set sail, exclaiming:

"We shall sink, but let us show courage to the last. Let us do what we can. Vive le roi!"

This cry spread from boat to boat, but not one turned to save the men on the raft, who, frantic at the desertion, which, in their rage, they believed to be premeditated, swore that they would cut to pieces whoever they overtook. Thirst and famine, pestilence and death, hovered over those miserable and doomed men; terror in the sea, terror in the burning sky. The soldiers and sailors were either petrified with despair or maddened with fear. The officers alone preserved an outward fortitude, and by degrees partially calmed or consoled the herd of howling, base, and frantic creatures.

Let us describe the floating grave which these panic-stricken men had so clumsily constructed. It was twenty metres long and seven

broad, but was so flimsy that only the centre could be relied upon for safety, and on this space there was barely *standing* room for fifteen men. It had neither sails nor a mast. It was composed of the Medusa's masts, poles, boom, and yards. The groundwork and the sides were solid, and strongly lashed and bound together; on these supports were nailed crossboards, and on the sides there was a low breastwork. The head of this lattice-work raft was formed by two top-gallant yards, which crossed each other. The angular space thus formed was crossed by slight planks, and was continually submerged. The raft had, before starting, been used as a *dépôt* for the flour barrels. There had also been placed on it six barrels of wine and two small casks of water. But the first fifty men, finding the raft sink seventy centimetres, threw over all the flour barrels, and let them drift away with their store of life. Even when thus lightened, the raft at the head and the stern, when the hundred and fifty men had all embarked, was still three feet under water. At the moment of putting off, a man threw down to the raft a bag with twenty-five pounds of biscuit. It fell into the sea, but the briny paste was preserved, and with the casks carefully lashed to the crossbeams of the raft.

The commander of these unhappy people was M. Coudin, "an aspirant of the first class," to use a term of the French navy. He had injured his leg while in the Aix roads, and the salt water distressed the wound; but, being the oldest officer of his class on board the Medusa, he had refused to relinquish his dangerous post. His noblest coadjutor was M. Corréard, the engineer, who had been ordered to the boats, but refused to leave his twelve workmen who were on the raft. M. Savigny, the young Swiss surgeon, was also very generous in his devotion to save these unworthy men. Only two military officers had deserted their soldiers. A captain had been ordered, with thirty-six soldiers, to fire on any who should desert the raft, but he resisted his men when they began to load; the other, Lieutenant Danglas, forsook the raft, and then threatened to fire at the governor and captain, who in their turn deserted him and left him on the wreck.

The first inquiry of the abandoned men was for the charts, anchor, and compass, which they had been told had been left for them. Cries of horror and rage ran through the group of half-famished men when they found that neither compass nor chart was there. All at once, M. Corréard remembered that one of his workmen carried a small compass about the size of a crown-piece, and there was a smile of joy among these mobile people at the discovery. A few hours after, they lost it between the interstices of the raft, and had only the sun to guide them. Having left the frigate without a meal (another fatal oversight), and having for several days had no regular food, the biscuit paste, to the last mouthful, was now mixed with wine and distributed to the men, with a pint of wine each.

The crew had not yet lost all hope. The officers spoke of safety as certain, and the sailors nourished the thought of revenge against those who had so cruelly deserted them, and whom they loaded with imprecations.

M. Coudin being unable to move, M. Savigny, the young surgeon, directed the men to erect a mast on the front of the raft, and to make shrouds and stays from a tow-rope. The sail trimmed well, but was of use only when the wind came from behind. The raft kept always in a cross position, probably from the excessive length of its cross-pieces. In the evening, every one on board prayed hopefully to Heaven for help out of that imminent danger. The universal belief was that the governor, once safe on the Island of Arguin, would the next day return to their assistance. Night came, the wind freshened, and the sea rose cruel and threatening. The raft rode a mere chip upon the inky waves. M. Savigny, retaining his presence of mind, fastened ropes to the bulwarks for the soldiers and the more helpless of the landsmen to hold on by when the great washing waves came breaking in on them. About midnight the sea grew more mountainous, and the shrinking soldiers were lifted from the raft at every wave. To add to the horror, the night was peculiarly dark, and the sky seemed to press down on them like a low roof of black marble. At one time, the foam of the breakers gleamed so white and phosphorescent, that the sailors, in their heated imagination, mistook it for a distant fire; and having some powder and pistols hanging to the mast, they flashed them repeatedly, till they discovered their error. Those who clung to the ropes were dashed to and fro upon the raft, and fifteen or sixteen perished unobserved. Till daybreak, nothing was heard, through the roaring of the sea and wind, but cries and groans, prayers, farewells, adjurations and vows to God.

At daybreak, the sea somewhat subsided, and the wind, as if exhausted by its own rage, lulled itself to more calmness. The sickly light showed ten or twelve poor creatures, who, entangled in the lattice-work of the raft, had broken their limbs and perished miserably. When the roll-call was made, there were nearly twenty men missing. The sea, the storm, had claimed their earliest victims, and the survivors envied them the rest of death. Amidst these horrors that sometimes harden men, the survivors shed tears at witnessing the joy of two young men who, discovering their aged father trampled and senseless under the feet of the soldiers, had by the most assiduous care restored him to life, and were now clasping him in their arms. At this very time two lads and a baker took solemn farewell of their companions, and, throwing themselves into the sea, instantly perished. Already the minds of many of the men began to fail, and, with loud cries, some shouted that they saw land, and vessels coming to their help. As the day grew fine and sunny, they were tranquilly expecting every hour to see the boats flying to their succour. As night drew on, a

deeper despair again weighed upon them. The soldiers grew mutinous, and yelled with fury at their helpless officers. When night came, the sky grew murky, the wind rose in fresh fury, and the sea, swelling mountains high, drove the raft forward at an incredible speed. Almost all who could not fight their way to the centre of the raft, the more solid part, were swept away by the waves, which broke fore and aft. In the centre many were trodden to death in the crowd. The officers clustered round the mast, crying out to the men to move to this side or that, when the raft, hanging almost perpendicularly on the waves, required a counterbalance to prevent it falling over, like a rearing and maddened horse.

The soldiers and sailors now abandoned all hope. They wished only to die drunk, and so escape the last pangs. They broke a large hole in a cask in the centre of the raft, and filling their tin cups, drank till the salt water washed in and spoiled the remainder of the wine. Crazed with hunger, fear, and drink, the men broke out into open mutiny, and swore they would butcher their officers because they would not agree to destroy the raft. The cry now was to cut the rope and let all drown at once and together. A Malay soldier, a giant of a man, with short crisp hair, sallow complexion, and a hideous distorted face, threatened to kill an officer, struck down every man who opposed him with his fist, and, fiercely waving a boarding hatchet, began to hew at the ropes that bound the edge of the raft. He was instantly killed with one blow of a sabre. The subaltern officers and passengers flew to arms. The mutineers, gathering in the dim moonlight, drew their sabres and got ready their knives. These madmen were chiefly branded galley-slaves from Toulon, Brest, and Rochefort, the scum of all countries—the sweepings of French prisons, sent to perish in Africa. They had neither courage nor endurance; they only wished to murder their commanders, pay off old scores, and roll drunk into the sea. The officers were only twenty, and they had to face more than a hundred of those mad wolves. The first mutineer who lifted a sword was instantly run through the body. This awed the soldiers for a moment, and they retreated to the back of the raft. Seeing one of the villains cutting the ropes with his knife, the officers rushed on him and threw both him and a soldier, who tried to defend him, overboard! The *mêlée* then became general. A mutineer cried, "Lower the sail!" and, cutting the shrouds and stays, threw down the mast, which felled one of their assailants, whom they then threw into the sea. Rescued by his friends, the mutineers again seized him, and were going to cut out his eyes with a penknife. Exasperated at this cruelty, the officers and passengers charged the wretches furiously, and cut down savagely all who resisted.

M. Corrêard, the engineer, roused from a sort of trance by the curses of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and the cries of "Aux armes!" "A nous, camarades!" "Nous sommes

perdus," leaped up, drew his sabre, assembled his armed workmen, and remaining at the front of the raft, stood on the defensive. Every moment they were charged by drunken mutineers armed with clubbed carbines, sabres, knives, and bayonets. The men thrown overboard also swam round, and clambering over the front of the raft attacked them in the rear.

One of the workmen, named Dominique, joining the rebels, was knocked overboard; but M. Corréard, hearing his voice over the side, dragged him up by the hair of his head, and bound up a large sabre-wound on his head. This wretch, the moment he had recovered, returned to the mutineers, and was struck dead in a subsequent charge. Such were the monsters of which the African battalion was composed, and it is difficult to lament their fate. Hearing cries and screams from the waves, M. Corréard found that the mutineers had flung the sutler and her husband into the sea, where they were frantically invoking the aid of Our Lady of Laux (department of Upper Alps). Fastened to a rope, M. Corréard rescued the woman, while an artilleryman saved her husband. The grateful woman instantly gave her preserver all that she had in the world—a little parcel of snuff, which M. Corréard presented to a sailor, who subsisted on it for four days. The soldier and his wife could hardly believe their senses when they found themselves once more safe in each other's arms.

"Save me, for I am useful," the delighted, garrulous woman said to the workmen. "I was in all the Italian campaigns; I followed the grand army twenty-four years; I braved death; I helped the wounded; I brought them brandy, whether they had money or not. In battle I generally lost some debtors, but then the survivors paid me double; so I, too, shared every victory."

After that rough check the mutineers lost heart, and, throwing themselves at the officers' feet, asked and received pardon. At midnight, however, they broke out again, charging savagely at the officers who stood armed round the mast. The soldiers who had no arms bit the officers, and tore them with their teeth. If they got a man down, they beat him with their sabres and carbines. Sous-Lieutenant Lozach, who had served with the Vendéans under St. Pol de Léon, and was therefore obnoxious to the troops, was with difficulty rescued from their cruel hands, as they dragged him to the side. Their cry was constantly for the head of Lieutenant Danglas, who had been harsh with them when in garrison in the Isle of Rhé. They could not be persuaded that he was with the boats. They then seized M. Coudin, who held a boy in his arms, and flung them both overboard. M. Coudin, though wounded, was saved.

M. Savigny has left on record his feelings at this time. An irresistible lethargy came, during which the most beautiful wooded country, and scenes delightful to the senses, passed before his mind. If such torpor was not resisted, men became furious, or calmly drowned themselves, saying "they were going for assistance, and

would soon return." At times a soldier would rush at his comrades with his sabre drawn, and demand bread or the wing of a fowl; others called for their hammocks, saying they wanted to go between decks and get some sleep. Many believed they saw ships passing, and hailed them; others described a harbour and a magnificent city, which seemed to rise in the air. M. Corréard fancied himself travelling across the plains of Lombardy. One of the officers said to him, gravely, "I know, Corréard, that the boats have deserted us; but never fear. I have just written to the governor, and in a few hours it will be all right." M. Corréard replied in good faith, and asked if he had a carrier-pigeon to take the message. The moment the fighting ceased, the men sank again into these semitrances, and when they awoke in the morning regarded the combats as nightmare dreams. With the daylight the unhappy men grew calmer; but the terror always rose up again in the darkness.

When day broke, it was found that upwards of sixty men had perished in the mutiny; about a fourth of these having drowned themselves in paroxysms of despair. Two of the loyal side had perished, but neither of them was an officer. Sobered by fatigue, the soldiers, shedding tears, loudly bewailed their fate after the demonstrative French manner. A new misfortune had happened. In spite of all the struggles of the officers, the mutineers during the night had thrown into the sea two barrels of wine and the only two kegs of water. There was only one cask of wine left for the sixty survivors; they at once, therefore, put themselves on half allowance.

The sea had now grown calm, and the mast was once more raised. Some of the practised sailors thought they saw a line of desert shore glittering in the distance, and tried to believe they felt the hot breath of the adjacent Sahara; but the sail was now spread to every wind, so the raft alternately approached and receded from the land. The soldiers, fainting with fatigue and the relapse from their drunken fury, still groaned out their execrations at their officers, whom they accused as the cause of their tortures. The officers, though now forty-eight hours without food, were upheld by their higher moral feeling, and held up bravely. They collected tags from their men, and bent them into hooks for fishing; but the current carried them under the raft, and there they got entangled and lost. They then twisted a bayonet into a hook, but a shark bit at it and straightened it. All was useless.

Suddenly the horrible impulse of cannibalism seized the more degraded of the soldiers (it is with pity as much as indignation that we record this horror). They instantly leaped on the dead bodies that strewed the raft, cut off lumps of flesh, and devoured them voraciously. Many (especially the officers) refused to share in this unnatural meal, and still bore up, subsisting on a larger portion of wine. The men, feeling stronger after their cruel meal, set to work and dried the

remaining human flesh to render it less revolting; the rest chewed at their sword-belts and cartridge-boxes, or ate pieces of their shirts and the linings of their hats, the epicures especially selecting those that were greasy.

The fourth morning's sun showed ten or twelve more dead men, and the survivors wept as they lowered them into the sea, reserving one only for food.

The day was fine, the sunshine diffused calmness in every heart, and a faint ray of hope spread over the pale and haggard faces. God heard their prayers. About four in the afternoon a large shoal of flying-fish got entangled under the raft. The men caught nearly two hundred, eating the milt at once, and storing the rest in a cask; but these fish were much smaller than herrings, and one man alone, in his raging hunger, could have eaten half the shoal. The first impulse of the men (the galley-slaves had nearly all been given to the sword and the waves) was to thank God for this goodness.

Having dried an ounce of gunpowder in the sun, and discovered a parcel with steel, gun, and tinder, the soldiers made a fire in a cask, and cooked some fish, adding to it portions of human flesh, which proved less disgusting when dressed, to eke out the meal. The officers ate human flesh that day for the first time, and from that time continued to eat it. Unfortunately, the barrel caught fire, and powder and tinder were all destroyed. No more food could be cooked after this. That night the officers, feeling stronger, were more tranquil, and slept better; but, as if Satan himself was on board inventing new torments, that night there was a fresh revolt and a second massacre. The dregs had still to be drawn off, the dross still to be purged in the purgatorial furnace of suffering.

A Piedmontese sergeant, who had stolen the wine which he had been entrusted to guard, had plotted with some Spaniards, Italians, and negroes to throw the officers into the sea during the night. The negroes, tempted by a bag containing some valuables and fifteen hundred francs, which was hung on the mast, had persuaded these wretches that once on land they could guide them to a place of safety. The sailors, remaining faithful, betrayed the plot. A Spaniard, clutching the mast, crossed himself with one hand, and drew his knife with the other. The sailors threw this man into the sea. An officer's servant, an Italian, seeing this, snatched up a boarding-axe, wrapped himself in some canvas, and threw himself into the sea. The mutineers rushed forward to avenge their comrades, and a desperate and savage fight ensued. The raft again streamed with blood, and was strewn with dead bodies. The soldiers shrieked for the head of Lieutenant Danglas, and a second time threw the sutler woman into the sea, from whence M. Coudin again rescued her. At last the mutineers were driven back, and the officers sank, almost instantaneously, into a fitful sleep.

The fifth daybreak rose on only thirty men,

bruised, wounded wretches, crying out with pain as the salt water inflamed their wounds. Not more than twenty could stand or walk. There were only a dozen fish now left, and wine enough for four days. Beyond that time none of the crew could expect to live. That day two soldiers, discovered sucking wine from the cask, were instantly thrown into the sea, as had been before decreed. Soon after this a soldier's boy, a beautiful, brave lad, who had been the pet of the regiment, went mad, ran to and fro calling for his mother and for food and water, and eventually expired in the arms of M. Coudin.

There were now only twenty-seven survivors; of these all but fifteen were covered with wounds, and were delirious. The sutler had broken her thigh, and her husband was wounded in the head. The dying men still lingered on half allowance, and it was calculated they would consume forty bottles of wine. After a debate, at once terrible and revolting, it was resolved to throw these wounded people into the sea. Three sailors and a soldier were the selected executioners. Their companions hid their faces and wept as the cruel work went on.

We, who have not suffered in such scenes, must not wonder at hearts turning to stone in the midst of such calamities. The deed done, all arms were thrown overboard except one sabre, which could be used to cut a rope or hew a spar.

On the ninth day, a small white butterfly appeared, to the joy of every one, fluttering over the raft, then settling on the sail. Some of the soldiers watched it with feverish eyes, and would have fought for it as food had not the rest declared that they would protect it, for it was an omen of God's intended mercy. On the following day, they saw more butterflies and some sea-birds, that they tried in vain to allure. The next day they raised a rude platform on the centre of the raft, over which the sea broke, but not often or violently. The men who still lived resolved at last to meet death with resignation; a lingering hope and faith still buoyed them up. The older soldiers, who had fought under Napoleon, to beguile the time related their adventures; the intrepid Lavillette, the artillery sergeant, being the foremost of these raconteurs.

The sun had now grown intolerably burning, the heat redoubling the thirst that consumed these poor men. They fought and quarrelled for shares in a lemon, some cloves of garlic, some spiced tooth-liquid which had been found by chance. Many of the sailors kept their hats full of sea-water, and splashed their hair, faces, and hands repeatedly with it; others kept pieces of pewter in their mouths; one or two took their wine through a quill. A small quantity of wine now produced intoxication.

The tenth day five men declared their intention of drowning themselves when drunk. The officers did all they could to dissuade them, and fresh butchery was about to commence, when a shoal of sharks surrounded the raft, and diverted the wretches' minds from their suicidal purpose.

Lavillette struck at these hideous and threatening monsters with the remaining sabre; but the most furious blows only drove them back into the sea for a few moments.

Three days more of inexpressible anguish, and many of the men, careless of life, even bathed in sight of the sharks, or, to lessen their thirst, stood naked on the front of the raft where the waves broke. Sometimes great numbers of polypi were driven on the raft, and their long prickly arms clinging to the naked men, caused them horrible pain before they could be flung off. Still there was hope; and one man, actually joking, said, with irrepressible French gaiety:

"If the brig is sent to look for us, God grant her the eyes of an Argus."

Thinking land near, eight of the more determined men resolved to build a small raft and row in search of shore. They nailed boards across a part of a spar, and fixed a small mast and sail, but the raft was found crazy and dangerous, and the builders let it drift away. There were now only twelve or fifteen bottles of wine left. An invincible loathing of human flesh at last seized the sufferers. The sun rose without clouds, pure and bright. The survivors had prayed and divided the wine, when a captain of infantry, looking towards the horizon, suddenly desisted a ship. There was a shout of irrepressible joy. A vessel was seen, but at so great a distance that only the tips of the masts were visible. The joy was convulsive and passionate. They returned thanks to God with one voice; but their hope was still alloyed with fear. They straightened cask hoops, and tied to them handkerchiefs of different colours; these were waved from the top of the mast by one man, aided by others. Some thought the ship grew larger; others, that it receded. All at once it disappeared. The men, then struck down with the profoundest despair, lay down to die under a rude tent made of old sails, proposing to write a short detail of their sufferings on a board, sign it with their names, and fasten it to the top of the mast.

After two hours of this last agony, the master gunner, suddenly looking feebly out of the hut, uttered a shout, then held his breath, and stretched his hands towards the sea. All he said was, "Saved! the brig is close on us." Yes, the brig, with her great white wings spread, was bearing down full on them. Then the sailors, soldiers, and officers embraced each other and wept for joy, and even the wounded men crawled out to see the messenger of God. Every one of the fifteen haggard, hollow-eyed, long-bearded men, sun-scorched, delirious, almost naked, waved signals as the well-known brig, the *Argus*, flew rapidly before the wind, and hoisted the great white flag of France, the crew standing in the shrouds waving their hats in joyful welcome. Of the one hundred and fifty persons left on the raft only fifteen remained, and of these five perished of fatigue shortly after reaching St. Louis.

Of the cowardly rascals in the boats, it is waste of time to say much. They reached the coast,

and made their way through the desert to Senegal, suffering by the way, and fighting, praying, and uttering lamentations and adjurations in their previous manner. Of the seventeen men left in the *Medusa*, twelve perished on a raft on which they tried to reach the shore. Three men only were found alive. Each of these lived apart in a separate corner of the vessel; never meeting his companions but to fight over the provisions.

The almost incredible sufferings of the crew of the *Medusa* (the record of which reads like a dark page from the *Inferno*) created a profound sensation in Europe. Subscriptions were raised for the survivors, both in Paris and London.

Among those who showed kindness to M. Corréard, one of the most meritorious of the survivors, was a countryman of our own, Major Paddy, the successor of Mungo Park in his African expedition; but the French government never forgave M. Corréard for writing, in conjunction with M. Savigny, an account of the wreck that exposed the incompetence, baseness, and criminal carelessness which had occasioned the loss of the *Medusa*.

LONDON FIRES.

"It's getting near quarter-day, you see, and fires come round as regularly as the tax-collector!" said a literary gentleman, whose acquaintance I made in a parish board-room, and whose course of public duty leads him to observe fires, inquests, casual wards, and parochial bear-gardens. We were standing under the shadow of St. Dunstan's church; his text was the red monster which had just torn by, steaming, glaring, and yelling; and the "Hi! hi! hi!" of the helmeted figures forming its back, and the hard clasp of its hooved feet, had interrupted us in the midst of a philosophic comparison between the recent defamatory brawlings of the poor-law guardians of Bethnal-green and the equally recent pugilistic encounter between the vestrymen of Clerkenwell.

"Fires," my friend repeated sententiously, "are the easiest way of paying rent, and the insurance companies are very kind, and not over-particular, so that a man has only to manage cleverly to make a good burn-out serve his turn remarkably. They don't like asking too many questions, you see; for it gives an office a bad name to do that; and where there's so much competition for policies, it's better to pay a claim smilingly than to spend money in advertisements."

This cynical view of the pursuits and speculations of the London householder, as well as the expediency-worship of the insurance offices, I have since found to be unsupported by facts. Fires are not especially numerous during the weeks preceding quarter-day, and, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, arson is a comparatively rare offence. The returns of foreign capitals do, it is true, show a smaller percentage of disaster by fire in proportion to population

than London, but this can be accounted for in two ways: first, the vastly greater wealth of the combustible material stored in the wharves, warehouses, and dwellings of our own metropolis; secondly, the superior accuracy of our official returns. Here every "alarm" is recorded, and it is rarely indeed that the most trivial fire takes place without the word being passed and the call made at one of the Metropolitan Fire-Brigade stations. Printed returns are circulated every day, of the "alarms" raised during the preceding twenty-four hours, and "a pair of stockings and two shirts scorched while hanging up to dry," "wainscot of front room slightly damaged, and flooring burnt," "glass cracked, and chimney ornaments injured by smoke," may be taken as samples of their minor entries. But if any reader wishes to convince himself effectually of the comparative infrequency of long continuous fires, let me advise him to devote himself to their personal study, and to give up his days and nights to attending them as an amateur. Assuming him to have every facility afforded him to be made free of the different fire-stations, and to become on terms of familiar intimacy with the firemen, he will yet, unless he be more favoured than the present writer, have to go through many long hours of weary and fruitless watching, be called out and "stopped," receive summonses and counter-summonses, attend fires which literally end in smoke, and very little of it, and be on the point of giving the quest up in despair, before he succeeds in facing a really powerful blaze, and observing the brigade at work upon it. For the appliances for putting out fires are so much more effectual than formerly, that it frequently happens that within half an hour after the first alarm is given the fire is out, and there is nothing but the soaked and smouldering timbers, the thrice-baked crumbling bricks, and the firemen left to watch it, to tell its recent whereabouts. Thus it is that waiting for an opportunity of being present from the commencement to the termination of an important fire is a more tedious business than might be supposed.

Take a night at King-street, Regent-street, as an example. A foreman's station this, in direct telegraphic communication with the chief office at Watling-street, as well as with the tributary stations in its own district. Time, nine in the evening; scene, a small back room, with firemen smoking and chatting amicably, those with belts on being ready for active duty. A sluggish-looking clock and the telegraphic dial-plates the most prominent articles in the room; lanterns, helmets, axes, and a printed list of rules its chief ornaments. An open door looking through the front apartment, where the engines stand ready for action, a window of singular powers of draught opposite the door, an unpolished deal table recently finished by some of the men, a corner-cupboard holding files of old official papers, and a fire which we all mend and stir by turns, its leading features. I find waiting here a gentleman of ample means and considerable scientific acquirements, who is the only visitor

besides myself, and I'm bound to say that by no stretch of politeness could either of us be called entertaining company. We have both "come for a job," that is, on the chance of a "call" coming, and our being taken on the engine to a fire, and our conversation is in consequence both limited and spasmodic. The least noise in the outer chamber, the slightest stir among the patient watchers at our side, makes us start hopefully and lose the thread of our forced talk. The clock ticks on with dull monotony until the warning for the stroke of ten comes upon us suddenly, and inspires false hope. Once, too, the telegraphic bell rings, and our hearts are filled with anticipatory joy: I inwardly resolve that in case there should be only room for one stranger on the engine, that I will be that one, and I mentally gauge my fellow-watcher's strength and agility with my own. Is it a great fire? will lives be endangered? shall I see men and women brought out of bedroom windows by the fire-escape? will the firemen cheer each other on to deeds of valour, as at the play? are the problems I put to myself as the needle darts round the dial-plate, and the fireman reads its message off.

"Not an alarm at all, sir, this ain't; only saying that one of our men may have leave to-morrow, which it's his aunt's funeral," plunges us into an abyss of disappointment, and humanises me to the extent of thinking that, after all, I would have tried hard to make room on the engine for the other stranger too. "Don't seem as if we was going to have an alarm to-night at all, though there was plenty doing last night and the night afore—three calls we had last night, and one a biggish job down Brompton way," comes upon me like a knell after several hours' waiting, and we soon afterwards retire discomfited.

I had enjoyed similar experiences to the foregoing at different stations on many evenings before even that portion of my ambition was realised, which aimed at galloping through the town upon an engine at full speed. This experience was by no means so delightful as I anticipated. If a parched pea could be made to balance itself on the convex surface of an inverted spoon, it would closely resemble my position on the rounded boiler which serves for engine-seat. My first step, too, is a false one; for, in clambering up heavily, I place my foot on the ladder slung lengthways at the side, and by unshipping it delay our start three seconds. Then the helmet lent me to replace my hat has a chin-strap which is too short for me, and takes the skin off my nose instead of passing in secure comfort under the chin. When we're off, my feet dangle unpleasantly as if they belong to another self who attends fires, until I nearly unship the ladder again, in my anxiety to feel firm. The chin-strap conducts itself so unpleasantly that I have to take the helmet off, and occupy one hand in unbuckling and lengthening it, while the other clutches with a drowning man's earnestness at a little iron bar behind. All this has taken place in less

time than is occupied in writing it. The "call" came up a tube to the room I was sitting in, and the single word "Manual" was given in reply. A rapid change of coats, a catch at the vicious helmet, and we are at the station door, where the engine is ready manned, and the savage-looking horses eager to be off. "Under three minutes from the time of the first call to our turning the corner of the first street," whispers my guide; but this makes no impression, and indeed seems rather a long time than otherwise, to a man who feels he's been acting a flash of lightning. "Hi! hi! hi!" shout the sturdy fellows on the look-out. "Hi! hi! hi!" echo the silent streets we tear through. Firemen have perched themselves on odd quaint parts of the engine until they look like green and red excrescences growing there; our horses clatter along as if madly sharing the excitement; and idle loungers follow us, or point our way out lazily to each other as we rush by. But the convexity of the wood-covered tank upon which I sit continues to give me most serious trouble. My neighbours preserve their statuesque attitudes, keeping their hands folded before them, and disdaining to move a muscle even when we jerk round the sharpest corners. The shouting is confined to the two foremen, one of whom stands on each side the driver, in the attitude of pilots on the watch. Their lungs are of great power. The rather stout foreman on my side might have passed in any competition for the magnitude, frequency, and volume of his "Hi! hi! hi." The other and slimmer foreman's voice is a note or two shriller, and after some experience of the effect of speaking-trumpets during a storm at sea, I am disposed to say his shouts would be heard above the loudest blast from the most sonorous wind-instrument in the world. When both fat and thin foreman mingled their voices, the effect was simply terrific, and my seat seemed to slope to the ground more maliciously than ever. Then the gin-shops emptied themselves, and their late occupants gazed after us as we continued our demoniacal rush; then pedestrians suspended their chat, and seemed to say, "There's a fire somewhere," with an air of giving information; then cabmen, omnibus drivers, and riders craned their necks eagerly to mark the way we took, and to look for the red smoke mark in the sky; then elf-like shadows fell across the upper windows of the houses, and nightcapped heads were thrust out, while the clamp, clash, clump of the horses' hoofs, the fitful glare from our engine lamps, and the motionless disciplined silence of the firemen—whose duty it is to keep still, just as it is the foremen's functions to shout—have an appropriateness of their own. Hi! hi! hi! while my left-hand neighbour exchanges signals with the man in charge of the fire-escape by Aldgate church, each extending his arm level from the shoulder like a human telegraph-post. This I learn subsequently—for apart from my objection to transgress fixed rules, my energies are devoted to sticking on, and conversation would be a mockery—ap-

prises the keeper of the fire-escape that he will not be wanted for the errand we are bound on. Our fire is at Horsleydown-stairs, a river-side storehouse, where there are no women or children to be saved from upper windows, but only sacks, and bales, and packing-cases, for which the ladder would be useless. Hi! hi! hi! down the Minorities, at a spanking gallop which leaves me breathless, when we meet a larger fire-engine than our own trotting quietly back. Its foreman jumps down, and, giving us a military salute, explains how he "met 'the stop' when half way there, and that it was only some straw which had caught fire, which the ware-housemen had put out themselves." There is nothing for it but to turn back; and it is with an undisguised feeling of personal injury that I find myself quietly trotting through the streets we galloped and shouted along a few minutes before.

Another experience—a false alarm of fire, given to show the speed with which engines can be brought to a given spot. We are on Southwark-bridge, on a dark and windy night, and a couple of policemen for messengers are our first want. "The men in charge would refuse to listen to a call from one of the public until they had corroborated it in some way; but when a policeman in uniform gives the alarm, it's their duty to turn out at once." We wait even more then the conventional period for one of those estimable public servants. On arrival, he proves dense, stupid, and disagreeably destitute of humour. "There ain't no fire as I can see," was his response to a carefully elaborated explanation of our motive for sending him with a false alarm. Warily, but patiently, the ground is gone over again, and our purpose laboriously made clear. "But how can engines come to a fire when there ain't one?" was conscientious, but embarrassing; so our friend, who remained provokingly civil and good tempered throughout, was finally told to find one of his fellows, and return to us for instructions. This done, both policemen were directed to call at the Watling-street and Thames-street Fire-Brigade stations, with the message, "Wanted at Southwark toll-bridge," and to come away before a single question could be put. We impressed upon them that their function ended here; that whether we set the Thames on fire during their absence, or whether we exercised our authority improperly, and carried on an idle hoax, was no concern of theirs; and that, having recognised our credentials, their duty ended with delivering the message and earning the reward. It wanted seven minutes to eleven when they started, and at two minutes past we heard the bark of a dog and the sound of wheels. This was "the curricule" from Watling-street, a small hand-engine, drawn by two men, and always accompanied by Captain Shaw's dog. It must have been patent both to bipeds and quadruped that neither the toll-house nor the adjacent buildings were alight, long before they reached the summit of the little hill; but there was no

relaxation of speed until, panting and breathless, they reached the bridge. Here, at a signal from my companion, they took up their station silently, and so far under the shadow of one of the toll-houses as to be out of sight of the coming horse and steam-engines. This was scarcely done, when the now familiar "Hi, hi, hi!" mingled with the heavy tramp of horses' feet and the swiftly approaching lamps, were seen to turn the corner and descend the hill, then cross the valley up which Thames-street runs, and gallop up at railway speed to where we stood. The scene now became infinitely exciting. The alarm had spread, and engine after engine came up. Faster than we could note, the swiftly gleaming lamps multiplied, and the wild mingling of men's voices and the clasp from horses' feet went on. But there was wonderful method in it all; and as each engine came up, it filed off into the shadow of the bridge. There was neither questioning from, nor explanation to the men called out on duty. My companion simply stepped out of the shadow into the middle of the road, and signalled with both arms, "Stop!" when the excitement dropped, and the horses and engine were drawn up at the place directed, as if being summoned fruitlessly were in the regular course. The policemen were slow messengers, and we learnt afterwards that the huge steam-engine started fully equipped from Watling-street in two minutes and twenty seconds after the call.

"Hi, hi, hi!" on another night along Holborn, down a narrow turning from Gray's Inn-lane, over the hollow leading to the prison, and up the ascent at a hand-gallop on the other side. No false alarm or provoking "Stop!" this time, for the full blaze of a burning house is seen against the dark sky, shooting up a perfect rocket of oddly shaped sparks and stars; then leaping into a flame, like the golden fountain exhibited years ago at an emporium of science now defunct; then sullenly sinking down, as if offended at the streams of cold water consistently poured into its midst. Such are our first impressions of the fire. The crowd is in a dense line, stretching from the prison to the opposite side of the road. Beyond the close border formed by it is a huge open space, like an impromptu market-place, in which hose and enginemens, firemen, turncocks, and policemen are already at work. The duty of the latter seems to be confined to keeping the crowd in an unbroken line, and it is discharged with wonderfully little difficulty. Beyond the blazing house and down the turning leading to Farringdon-street is a second human wall; and the opposite corner, where Exmouth-street and another turning join, is similarly hemmed in. After we have been dismounted, and are strolling round the place preserved, it becomes curious to note how even the roughest portion of the crowd does not attempt to trespass across the imaginary line chalked down. Jostling, pushing, and a little genial horse-play are discernible in the hinder ranks; but the men and women in front stand shoulder to shoulder as firmly as, perhaps more

firmly than volunteers on parade. We have passed through this living wall, which opened for us at our approach, and closed again in its old position directly we were through. A passing thought of "the waters which miraculously formed a wall upon the right hand and upon the left" for the children of Israel was suggested by the sea of faces tiding to and fro; but no pursuing Pharaoh followed, and the scene before us soon engrossed our full attention. At this time the house we had come to see was one mass of flame. From each of its windows, as well as from roof and doorway, a fierce strong blaze shot forth, making the large enclosed space hot, and lighting up the firemen's figures, until their brightly polished helmets looked, as they moved rapidly in and out the darkness, like gaudy beetles of gigantic size assembled in conclave before proceeding to some butterfly's ball. Everything was surprisingly quiet, and as unlike the famous stage representation of a house on fire as could well be possible. One engine was pumping away merrily at the corner of Exmouth-street; another stood idle by the pavement skirting the prison, and exactly opposite the burning house; a third was at the Farringdon-road corner; while a red waggon of the London Salvage Corps, and a stray volunteer engine, stood at the side nearest Gray's Inn-lane. The house was empty, and the property of a railway company. Neither lives nor valuables were to be saved, and the full energy of hose and men was directed to quelling the fire before it should spread to the inhabited house at its side, or to the human warrens lying between it and the rotten old workhouse behind. If the inmates of that crazy edifice could only have been removed and provided for in safety, how ardently one would have longed that the fire might defeat its sturdy assailants, and progress until it swept up the noisome dens and cellars, unwholesome wards, and cramped old rooms and staircases in and up which the Clerkenwell paupers are packed!

"Are we sure to get it under before it catches the next house?" repeated the driver of the engine which was standing stationary and useless, exactly opposite the fire. "Well, it's difficult to say just yet; but, from what I see of it, it would not surprise me if the whole place came down with a run before many minutes are over." The flames were now stretching half way across the road, sent a hot breath into our faces, and, at half a dozen paces nearer, had given beard and hair that dry wispy feel which precedes actual singeing. At this time, the only sounds were the crackling and subdued roar of the burning timbers, the monotonous pump, pump, of the engine to the left, and the rush and hiss of the water from the hose. The people in the crowd drew deep gasps of delight as the fire seemed to make way, just as at a display of fireworks. The foremen, who are easily recognised by their metal shoulder-straps, gave an occasional word to their men; and the fire and its attendants went on in what seemed to be a prescribed routine. Had it all been re-

heard beforehand, the proceedings could not have been more business-like and methodical. That the engine I was near stood idle, was due to the failure of the water supply from the plug it should have worked from. Turncock, beadle, and other functionaries had rammed and probed without effect; and the most powerful engine at the fire was unavailable, for the simple reason that the parochial arrangements, with beautiful consistency, had permitted a principal water-main to become useless. Just as the flames were at their fiercest, a strange rumbling sound mixed with their fiery hiss; then the whole front of the house bulged forward; then it seemed to quiver, much as a theatrical scene does when run rapidly across the stage by the shifters; then, without further warning, it became a heap of ruins. It fell forward, in one dead lump. In a single instant, what had been a house was a mere chaotic map of charred timbers and broken bricks and stones. One great crash, in which its front split up into countless solid hurtful atoms, injuring one fireman slightly, and spitting angrily across the road, and all was over. Nothing remained to show even the shape of a room or the direction of a staircase. A huge lump of ugly rubbish, which smoked and hissed under cold water, and that was all. The hose kept playing vigorously; for certain tell-tale "bull's-eyes" showed that the building behind had caught fire, and needed careful tending; then the foremen presehnt came round and quietly gave instructions to their silent men; then the waggon of the Salvage Corps drove off; the firemen made up the rubbish, which had been a house, into a more seemly heap; the watch was told off for the night; the crowd gradually melted away; and soon the water, flowing steadily and plentifully down the alleys near, alone reminded the spectator of the fierce element subdued.

PANCAKES AND BELLS.

THAT mankind are more disposed to mirth than grief, may appear from the fact continually recurring that the grave passes readily into the burlesque as by a natural law. The sacred, the solemn, and the staid, imply a strain upon the mind to which it unwillingly submits; the bow then unbends, and the thing gladly relaxes. In an age so devoted to burlesque as the present, illustrations cannot be wanting of the manner in which the sublime is made to pass into the ridiculous, and the beautiful to become vulgar and even coarse. The finest poetry, the finest music, the most fanciful legends, whether of antiquity or the most recent fairy lore, are in these times customarily traduced and linked to the lowest associations. The art thus exercised grows, like other arts, out of a natural tendency. Even grave customs have a similar proclivity to burlesque themselves. The shriving-bell of an elder period became after the Reformation the Pancake Bell, which is still rung in some parishes on Shrove Tuesday, from half-past

twelve until two o'clock in the afternoon. Originally designed to call people together to shrift or confession, as a preparation for Lent, it was ultimately used for a signal to the people to begin frying their pancakes. This fact is noticed by Taylor, the water-poet, in the following facetious manner: "By the time the clock strikes eleven," says he, "which by the help of a knavish sexton is commonly before nine, there is a bell rung, called the pancake bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted and forgetful either of manners or humanity. Then there is called wheaten flour, which cookes do mingle with water, spice, and other tragical and magical enchantments, and then put it little by little into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dismall hissing, untill at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transformed into the form of a flip-jack, which *ominous incantation* ignorant people doe devour greedily."

Ominous incantation! Taylor seems to have thought that the frying of these flip-jacks was a custom originally related to black magic; by the celebrated Franklin the custom was more favourably esteemed. He connected happy notions with it. "Some folks," he says, "think it never will be good times till houses are tiled with pancakes." The cake itself probably comes down to us from pagan times, and the prefix is derived rather from the god Pan than the vessel in which it is so curiously made. The pancake may be thus elevated to the highest antiquity, and, with the bell-ringing in addition, might then have formed a part in such an incantation, "ominous" or other, as Taylor has intimated.

To Taylor clearly the ceremony of making pancakes was significant, or, as he words it, "ominous." He probably connected it with that natural terror which is called panic, to which shepherds, dwellers in forests, and some animals, are occasionally liable. Military troops are subject, also, to this strange kind of sudden fright. The great element in this species of terror is, indeed, its suddenness. It frequently occurs without any real cause; or, at least, it is inspired by some trivial occasion, or misapprehension of danger. The soldier, by the influence of his dreadful, however needful, trade, is reduced, it would thus seem, to a mere animal condition, and flees from the unknown by the force of instinct only, like the herds of the field.

One might, by virtue of the prefix Pan (which stands for the universe of things, personified), include in our consideration of this subject an infinity of particulars, and affect all kinds of knowledge in illustrative details. But our ambition is confined within narrower limits. We may gather from this instance how tenacious the ancient superstitions have been of their existence, and how, at last, in Protestant times, they have mingled with common occurrences, having some small force of custom left, but inept to excite serious reflection, though not to provoke sportive remark. The pancake-bell no longer calls us to confession, and bells

themselves now scarcely awaken the sentiments that they did formerly. We no longer ascribe the invention of bells to Noah, as was done by a scholar of the twelfth century, Dionysius Bar Salhi, who has left us a learned disquisition on them. Among the stories he tells is this : That the patriarch was commanded to strike on the bell with a piece of wood three times a day, in order to summon the workmen to their labour while building the ark.

Grave men have repeated this idle legend, and referred to it as giving the origin, forsooth, of church bells. The opinion is, in fact, common to Oriental writers. Certain it is, that ancient nations had bells in use for sacred as well as for domestic purposes. The Romans, we know, had them; for Strabo records that market-time was announced by the ringing of them. The tomb of Porsenna, king of Tuscany, was hung round with bells. The hour of bathing was made known at Rome by the sound of a bell; the night-watchman also carried one, and it served to call up servants in great houses. Sheep had bells tied about their necks to frighten away wolves, or perhaps as an amulet. A practice still obtains in the country, even in England, of attaching a bell to the neck of the ewe, by which to guide the lambs. This practice is generally regarded as the relic of an ancient superstition.

Bells were introduced into the Christian church, about the year four hundred, by Paulinas, bishop of Nola. More than two centuries later, an extraordinary occurrence happened in relation to them, during the siege of Sens by Clothair the Second. Lupus, the bishop of Orleans, ordered the bells of St. Stephen's church to be rung. The deafening sound so terrified the besiegers that they fled panic-stricken, like a flock of sheep or a herd of bulls.

We learn from Bede that wooden rattles (*sacra ligna*) were used before bells came into fashion in the churches of Britain. The first intimation of them occurs in 680. The first regular peal of bells was put up in Croyland Abbey, Lincolnshire, by the famous abbot, Turketullus, who died circa 870. Subsequently to that period they were in frequent use. The arrival of kings and great personages was usually greeted by the ringing of a joyous peal. Henry the Eighth was so welcomed by the churchwardens of Waltham Abbey church, for which service they paid the ringers a penny. The bells used in monasteries were sometimes rung with ropes, having brass or silver rings at the ends for the hands, and were originally rung by the priests themselves. In course of time the office was performed by the servants, and sometimes by those incapable of other duties. Thus "in the monasterie of Westminster there was a fayre yong man which was blinde, whom the monks had ordeyned to ryng the bellis."

We need scarcely refer to the superstitious practice of baptising bells, intended to endow them with the power of acting as preservatives against thunder and lightning, hail, wind, and all kinds of tempest, and also for the driving away of evil spirits. Bells were named in

honour of particular saints, and the ceremony was conducted with much pomp. The oldest bell belonging to a church of St. James's was consecrated to St. Nicholas, and its margin was inscribed with a Latin prayer: "*O presul pie Nicolæ nobis miserere.*"

Of the uses to which bells were formerly applied, the Church of England still retains a few. Among these is the Passing-bell, now tolled after death, anciently before: either to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing, or to drive away the demons who were ready to receive their prey. A high price was demanded for this service by the ringers. On the day appointed for the interment of Queen Mary, the consort of William the Third, the king commanded that the largest bell in every cathedral and collegiate and parochial church in England and Wales should be tolled in the morning from two until three, and from five until six.

Many persons yet believe that the good luck of the rest of the year depends on their celebrating the Feast of Pancakes on Shrove Tuesday; and bells have yet touching or happy associations. Who can forget Schiller's famous song of the Bell, in which its founding, its baptism, and its various uses are gloriously sung? Poe, too, has given us a lyric on bells, in which they ring audibly in every line, and leave an impression on the mind not easily to be effaced. Prosaic churchwardens, who have the custody of these musical chattels, should regard themselves as especially honoured by the office, though indeed it extends a very small way; they are bound to supply the church with a bell and rope, but not to furnish a ring of bells. People are thus rung into their church and into their grave. The palace of Macbeth had a bell on which his lady was appointed to strike "when his drink was ready," and which he did not wish his guest, King Duncan, to hear. At the recent festive season, who disliked to listen to Big Ben, or to the peal of St. Paul's, when they "sounded on into the drowsy race of night," welcoming in the merry Christmas, or ringing the old year out, and the new year in! The banquetings—and they are many—which bells announce, or to which they are accessory, are benevolent, charitable, and friendly in their purpose, frequently reconciling differences in the past, and cementing Christian fellowship in the future. At weddings and at christenings, too, we hear their merry voices; and while such things continue, they cannot cease to be rich in poetical associations, and dear to feelings "that spring eternal in the human heart."

Happily, however, their superstitious uses have sunk into abeyance. Fuller long ago disputed their claims to accomplish all that was pretended in their favour. A legend was originally inscribed on or near them, which he quotes:

Men's death I tell by doleful knell;
Lightning and thunder I break asunder;
On Sabbath all to church I call;
The sleepy head I raise from bed;
The winds so fierce I do disperse;
Men's cruel rage I do assuage.

But, says Fuller, "the frequent firing of abbey churches confuteth the proud motto. Bells are no effectual charm against lightning; for whereas it appears that abbey steeples, though quilted with bells almost cap-à-pie, were not proof against the sword of God's lightning."

By the law of the land, churchwardens are compelled to see that the bells be not rung superstitiously upon holy days or eves abrogated by the Book of Common Prayer.

THE TWO SISTERS OF COLOGNE.

MORE than forty years ago I was a poor art-student, journeying over Europe, with a knapsack on my back, having resolved to visit, if possible, every gallery worth a painter's study. I started with but a few shillings in my pocket; but I had colours and brushes, strength of limb, and determination of heart. It was my practice, on entering a town, to offer to paint a portrait, in exchange for so many days' bed and board; or, when I found no man's vanity to be thus played upon, I applied at all the likeliest shops, and I seldom failed of work. Thus I was enabled to carry out my scheme, while most of my fellow-students were vegetating where I had left them, with minds unenlarged by contact with the men and the arts of other countries. Though I left England with a heavy heart—for I was leaving behind me the hope and promise of my life—and though I was away on my walk through Europe more than two years, "in weariness" . . . and "in fastings often," yet I never envied the unambitious routine, the inglorious repose, of my less enterprising friends. I was constantly obliged to go without a dinner, when a turn of ill-luck (some temporary illness, or the artistic obtuseness of a whole city) had drained my purse very low; but I seldom lost courage—courage and a confident hope in the future.

I was nearly in this plight, however, when I entered Cologne late one evening in September. I had been laid up at Dusseldorf for many days with low fever, and the belt in which I carried my thalers round my waist had been much lightened in consequence. My illness had left me weak; and I crawled into the town, dusty and footsore. Twilight was gathering around the many spires and towers as I crossed the bridge of boats; a dark ruddy light alone remained in the calm river, where purple shadows were fast deepening into black; and the reflexion of a candle here and there flickered in long scales of gold upon the water. It was very hot. I sat down on a stone outside the cathedral, too exhausted to go from pillar to post, bargaining for a bed, as was my wont. I pulled a crust and bunch of grapes from my wallet. Vespers were going forward, as I knew from seeing a few devout old women hobbling up the steps, and disappearing through the heavy leathern door. In no like spirit it occurred to me, after a while, to follow them. It would be pleasanter than outside: the soothing

influence of music, the whiff of incense, the luxury of a straw-bottomed chair—these were the attractions, I fear, that drew me in. Heaven knows, I was properly punished, inasmuch as I can never again hear Cologne Cathedral named without a shudder.

There were but few persons present, and those were huddled together in one of the side-chapels, dimly lighted by the flare of half a dozen candles upon the altar, where a priest was officiating. The only other light throughout the great shadowy pile was given forth by a feeble lamp or votive candle here and there, burning its little life away before the Mother of Seven Sorrows, or the presiding saint of some smaller betinselled shrine, and struggling out into the great sea of darkness fast gathering over all. The chairs were piled away in blocks, except a few, left for the use of the devout, near the altar. I preferred slinking into a confessional against the wall, where no ray of light penetrated. I laid my head upon my knapsack. I heard the priest's monotonous drone, the tinkle of the little bell, the low heavenly murmur of the organ, and then—I fell asleep.

Did I dream what follows? As I am telling you as simply and truthfully as I can all that I know of the matter, I begin by saying that I have never been able to satisfy myself entirely upon this point. Assuredly, the strangeness is no way lessened, but rather increased twofold, as the sequel will show, if one can believe that the strong and painful impression left upon my brain was produced while I was asleep.

I woke—that is to say, my own distinct impression is that I woke—just as the service was finished. In half an hour the cathedral would be silent and deserted; then it would be locked up for the night. If possible, why not pass the night here, instead of seeking and paying for a bed elsewhere? My legs felt mightily disinclined to carry me a yard further. At dawn, when the doors were opened, I should rise up, refreshed, to seek for work. But, even while I revolved these things in my mind, I saw a light coming down the aisle where I was—nearer and nearer. I slunk as far back as possible into the corner of the confessional, hoping to escape detection. But it was not to be. The sacristan was upon his rounds, to see that there were no loiterers in the sacred building; his vigilant eye spied me. He laid a hand on my shoulder; he shook me—I must move off. With a heavy sigh I rose, and then, for the first time, perceived two young women standing behind the sacristan, their eyes fixed upon me. No doubt they were leaving the cathedral, and had stopped, arrested at the sight of a young man being unearched from a confessional.

It was impossible to mistake that they were sisters, though one was shorter and much less well-favoured than the other; but they had the same grey piercing eyes, fair skins, and hair which was something beyond flaxen—it was almost white. This hair was worn in a strange fashion, which I cannot describe, though I see it even now before me—the glittering spiral threads

hanging partly down the back, and surmounted by some sort of black coif or conical head-gear. Their aspect, altogether, was very singular: I found that, so soon as my eye had fallen on them, I could not take it off; and, to say the truth, if I stared, the young women returned my stare with interest. As I moved wearily away, the elder one spoke:

"Have you no money to buy yourself a night's lodging, young man?"

"I have enough for that, Fräulein," I replied, colouring, "but I am almost too tired to go about and look for one. . . . I have been ill, and have walked some miles to-day."

The sisters exchanged glances.

"If it be so, we will give you a supper and a night's lodging. We need no payment. We are bound by a vow to help any poor wayfarer so far. You may come with us, young man."

Something within me said, "Do not go." But why? What young fellow of twenty would refuse the hospitality of two handsome women, especially when he has but a few shillings in his pocket; is tired and hungry? Yet I hesitated.

"Accept it or decline it," said she, who was still the spokeswoman, somewhat impatiently. "We cannot wait here longer."

We were at the door as she said this.

"I will paint your pictures in the morning, then, in return for your hospitality," I replied, smiling. I was a vain boy, I am afraid, in those days. I had good teeth, and liked to show them. The younger sister, I saw, never took her eyes off me. There was no harm in appearing to the best advantage. I bowed rather directly to her as I spoke; and once more the sisters exchanged glances.

A hired carriage was waiting. Without a word, they stepped into it, and I followed them. The driver clearly knew where to drive. Without any order being given, we set off rapidly, but in what direction I did not think of observing. Like most German carriages, the glasses rattled over the stones, so that I could not hear myself speak. I made a futile effort, but neither sister attempted to respond. Both sat there, opposite me, motionless, leaning back in the two corners. I had nothing for it but to watch their faces in silence, and speculate about their history, as the lamps, swung across the narrow streets, threw lurid jets of light ever and anon upon those two white masks under the black pointed coifs.

It was not until we had been driving for upwards of twenty minutes, and had come out into what I suppose to have been a suburb of the city, judging from its high garden walls, that it suddenly flashed upon me that I had left my knapsack behind me in the confessional. An exclamation of annoyance escaped me.

"What is it?" said the younger sister, leaning forward; her voice was far more musical than her sister's.

I told her what troubled me.

"Did it contain anything of value?" asked the other.

I shook my head. "Nothing of value to

any one but myself—a change of clothes, my colours and brushes, and a few books."

"The cathedral is locked now. It would be no use our returning. It will be open at six; and if you are there before that hour, you will find your property all safe, no doubt. . . . Here we are, Gretchen; have you the key? Open the door."

We stopped before a small single-storied house, having a wall on either side of it, and no other habitation near. So much I saw, while Gretchen (the younger one) drew out a key, and opened the house door. The carriage drove off. I followed the sisters into a narrow passage. Upon the right was the kitchen; on the left, the staircase; at the back, a door, leading, by a flight of steps, into a garden.

"Come with me, young man," said Gretchen. "Lori will get supper ready meanwhile."

The elder sister turned into the kitchen; Gretchen led the way up-stairs.

"We have but two rooms. . . . Lori will prepare your bed in the parlour, after supper. . . . Will you wash your hands?"

She struck a light, and opened a door to the left, at the top of the stairs. It was the bedroom of the two sisters—small, yet containing two beds, and several great chests. A black crucifix, too, I observed in the corner of the room.

"And you two live here, alone?" I asked. "No servant? Are you not afraid sometimes?" She shook her head. "No, we are not afraid. Lori is afraid of nothing—not even of ghosts. Do you believe in ghosts?"

I laughed.

"Do not laugh," she whispered. "Ghosts are the only things I fear. Sometimes I fancy I see them in the garden there." She shuddered. "See what a fine garden we have. . . . Plenty of space, is there not?"

She was pouring water into a basin from an earthenware ewer, I remember, as she said this. She set the vessel down, and turned to the window, through which the moon, which was now rising behind a solitary sycamore, shone into the room.

A square space enclosed by high walls where the grass grew rank, and a moss-grown walk, led to a little door in the wall at the further end. This was what she was pleased to term the garden.

"The violets grow rarely there in the spring," she said, with a strange smile, as if interpreting my thought.

When I had washed my hands, Gretchen conducted me into the next room, where Lori had now laid the supper. It was a small chamber, with an alcove, or closet, at one end, a great earthenware stove, and a number of gaudy prints around the walls. In the midst was the table, where three covers were laid. It was decked with a bunch of China asters in a jar, and was substantially furnished. I was glad to see, with a pie, a dish of raw ham, a loaf of black bread, and some grapes. As for drinkables, there was a small jug of Bavarian beer, and there was a bottle of water.

Lori bustled to and fro; Gretchen lighted another candle, and set them both on the stove, behind the table. As she did so, my eye was attracted to the floor, on which the light streamed. It was uncarpeted; and a number of black-beetles were running across it, alarmed by the illumination, no doubt. Now, I have always had an irrational repugnance to this insect: I am afraid my face showed it.

"We cannot get rid of the nasty creatures," said Gretchen. "They come out in myriads from crevices near the stove; but the light always frightens them away."

We sat down. I was very hungry, and fell to with right good will. Lori kept me in company. She sat opposite; and whenever I raised my eyes, I saw the movement of her massive jaws defined against the candles behind her. Gretchen sat on my right hand; thus the light fell sideways on her face, while that of her sister was in shadow; and, the table being small, Gretchen's hand and mine came frequently in contact. She ate very little; she crumbled and played with a piece of bread, and seldom allowed those strange piercing eyes of hers to leave my face. As supper went on, Lori talked and laughed a good deal; Gretchen said nothing. She seemed to grow more and more absorbed in her own thoughts; and once, when her hand touched mine, I observed that it shook. She filled up a tumbler of water, and drank it. Lori pushed the beer towards me.

"Fill up for yourself—" I drained the jug into my glass. I raised it to my lip and began to drink. Suddenly Gretchen uttered a sharp cry, and started up. In doing so, she nearly upset the table; and her elbow somehow came in contact with the glass in my hand. Its contents were spilt upon the floor.

"Ach! the beetle—the horrid thing!" she cried. "It has gone down my back, I believe!" She rushed from the room, as white as a sheet.

"Fool!" muttered Lori, setting her jaws tight. "What waste of good liquor! And there is no more in the house! I will send her, for her pains, to go fetch another schoppen."

"Not on my account, I pray. I like water quite as well. Nay, your 'Bayerische bier' sometimes disagrees with me."

She looked up sharply into my face.

"Why, what manner of man are you, that drink water?" she demanded.

"I seldom afford myself anything else," I replied.

The beer had streamed from the table to the floor, where it had formed itself into a long diagonal channel towards the stove. It was still dripping, which drew my attention, I suppose, to the boards. The beer had encountered one or two black-beetles in its course. I had heard of their fondness for fermented liquors; it had taken effect very quickly in this case. I saw them struggle, feebly and more feebly, to crawl away from the intoxicating flood. Lori's quick eye discerned what I was looking at.

"The nasty creatures! They soon make themselves tipsy," she said, as she ran and

fetched a broom. Then she swept them up into a plate, and carefully wiped the floor.

Gretchen now returned to the room, and helped her sister to clear away the supper. As she moved about, I, my hunger being appeased, noted with a quickened preception what a supple grandly formed creature this Gretchen was. The fancy came into my head, that the White Cat, when transformed, must have resembled her; fair and lissom, with delicate pink nostrils and strange bright eyes. In the elder sister I thought the cat grew akin to the tigress; her sharp narrow teeth, heavy jaw, and stealthy cruel eyes, filled me more and more with an indefinable repulsion. I was glad when she said:

"I will go see after your bed, young man. Gretchen will keep you company meanwhile."

I was sitting in the moonlight, near the window. Gretchen stood beside me.

"You are unlike all the men I have known," she said, after she had looked at me, in her strange way, for some minutes. "Are all Englishmen like you?"

"Happily for them, I suppose, very few."

"But Englishmen are faithful," she said, eagerly. "They never deceive, never betray. I have read about one Englishman in a book. Could you be true to a woman, without changing all your life?"

"I should hope so!" I cried, with the impetuosity of youth. "A man's love is not worth much otherwise."

She stretched forth her long white hands and laid them on my shoulders.

"Will you be my love, young Englishman?" she murmured, in a hoarse tremulous voice. "I can make you rich. You need toil no more. I can save you from great dangers, too. I like your face."

I started up, blushing, for the thing came upon me suddenly, after all; but I replied, without hesitation:

"Were I to say I could love you, Fräulein, I should be false. I have left behind me, in England, one whom I have long loved, and to whom my word is pledged. I——"

"Listen," she interrupted, vehemently, but in a whisper, as though dreading to be overheard. "I have more in my power than you know of. Do not reject the love I offer; it may be the worse for you if you do. I would save you, young man."

I understood her to refer to my poverty and her own wealth, as I replied, with a little flourish of gallantry:

"If my love for another makes me proof against your charms, Fräulein, I am not likely to yield to the temptation of riches. Poverty and I are well acquainted already. Its dangers and hardships cannot scare me, for I have experienced them all."

"There are some dangers you have not experienced. A comely young fellow may run risks sometimes that he knows not of."

There was a wild look in her eyes as she spoke, and her words left a vague uncomfort-

able impression on me. But Lori entered the room at this moment, carrying my bedding in her arms; and further conversation with Gretchen was impossible. She helped her sister to spread the bed upon a trestle in the corner of the room; then she fetched sheets and a patchwork counterpane, the design of which I can distinctly recall even now. There were triangular bits of red cloth inserted here and there, which looked to me like so many small tongues of fire;—I have good reason to remember them.

When her task was done, Lori stood before me, with her arms akimbo.

"You feel sleepy, young man, no doubt, after your long day. We keep early hours, for we are up betimes. You shall have a cup of coffee and a slice of black bread at five, before we bid you Goodspeed. Nay, no excuses. It is in our vow. *Schlafen Sie wohl.*"

Had I spoken the truth, I should have said that, far from being sleepy, I had never felt more wide awake than I did then. Ever since supper a strange restlessness of mind had taken the place of the languor which had oppressed me. Gretchen made as if she would have spoken when Lori ceased. She turned towards me. I saw her fingers working nervously at the black apron. I believe it was her sister's silent ascendancy over her which restrained her, for I intercepted a sideways glance from Lori's stealthy eyes which she shot towards Gretchen. With a face in which fierceness and terror and anguish seemed to be conflicting, the latter looked at me, as she followed her sister from the room, without even wishing me the customary "good night."

What did it all mean? Now, for the first time, I think, I began revolving in my mind all that I had seen and heard since I entered that house, and a disagreeable sense of something strange and mysterious gradually took possession of me. What was there about these sisters to inspire mistrust? With the elder, indeed, I could understand it. There was a physical repulsion which made the blood curdle in my veins when I thought of her. But the younger was beautiful to look upon. She had shown herself tenderly inclined towards me. Why should I find myself thinking of her, with a feeling akin to dread? Her words recurred to me. At what danger had she hinted? There had been something wild about her eyes, about her talk, at times. Then there was her extraordinary proposal. Was she mad? I remembered her strange conduct at supper, the fierce authoritative look wherewith her sister had overawed her. It seemed a likely solution to much that was otherwise inexplicable about them both. But, if so, how unaccountable that Lori, knowing her sister to be subject to fits and fancies like these, should offer hospitality to a stranger! There was nothing immodest about the demeanour of either of them; there was nothing that could suggest the suspicion that this was a *guet-à-pens* of any sort. The idea of robbery was ridiculous. Was not my poverty, so apparent in the threadbare

student's blouse I wore, a sufficient safeguard? Why, I had not even my knapsack with me, as they knew; and I was young and muscular—not an easy victim for open violence, had any been intended.

I racked my brain with endeavours to arrive at some definite conclusion, for as to trying to sleep, I found it useless. My brain seemed on fire by this time. Every moment I felt myself growing more excited, more keenly alive to every sound, and all my mental perceptions quickened. The single candle they had left me, burned dim; it seemed to fill the room with all sorts of grim shapes and shadows. After a long interval, during which everything in the little house was absolutely still, I got up, in my restlessness, feeling that anything was better than to lie tossing there, a prey to feverish fancies. I walked about the room, with the candle, examining every article in it. First, there were the coloured prints upon the walls—among others, one of the Loreley, I remember, and one, a scene from Schiller's *Robbers*, which made my blood run cold as I looked at it. There was a cupboard, which I opened; nothing but a few plates and one old knife. I sat down again upon the bed, and my eye was attracted once more to the red tongues of the patchwork quilt. It was a very ingenious piece of work. I tried to follow the kaleidoscope pattern into which the various shreds had been wrought with that strange device of crimson cloth at regular intervals. Regular? No. At one place in the corner, I perceived now that three or four tongues seemed to have been sewn together. I held down the candle to examine them, and started back. What I had taken for crimson cloth was a stain of coagulated blood.

I shuddered. "Perhaps some one cut his finger here," I said; but I didn't believe my own words; and then I tried to laugh at myself, and said my brain was giving way. I started up. I saw nothing clearly. The *Robbers* and *Loreley* were dancing hobgoblin dances on the wall. The moonlight through the sycamore branches played in a shivering shadow on one spot of the floor. I knelt down, and crept along upon my hands and knees, examining the boards. But there was no stain there; only the smell of the beer in one place, and an army of those horrible beetles, who ran away from the light as I lowered it, to the back of the stove. I pursued them with a sudden savage impetus towards destruction. They all disappeared between two chinks in the floor. I set my foot on the boards. I thought one moved. I stooped, and saw at once that the two boards immediately behind the stove, though fitting closely, were not nailed down—might be removed, no doubt, with some little trouble. I dug my nails into the chinks and tried to lift one. In vain. I only tore my finger with a splinter. Then I bethought me of the old knife I had seen in the cupboard. With its help, I presently raised the end of one of the boards, and so drew it out. A square deal box lay concealed beneath. It had no lock or fastening of any kind.

Although my excitement was so strong, that I remember my two hands trembling as they laid hold of the lid, yet I paused for a moment before raising it. Was it a dishonourable action? My conscience told me I was justified, and I tore the box open. I nearly dropped the candle as my eyes beheld the contents.

First, there was a great bundle of coarse black hair; then one of curly flaxen, like a child's; then another of very long and silky brown—a woman's, evidently. Along with these, were four—six—eight—rows of *teeth*, some large and strong, some fine and white. A common ring or two, a silver watch-chain, a poor cloth cap, filled the remaining space in the box.

The horrible truth flashed upon me. I had been brought here, not to be robbed of my poor clothes, nor of what little coin I might have about me. These were only to be *thrown into the bargain*. They were seeking to compass my life, as they had done the lives of others, for the sake of such possessions as these before me—possessions independent of poverty or wealth! I remembered the tales that had been rife in my own country, not long before that time, touching Burke and Hare. And I now remembered, too, the look that Lori had given her sister, when, in my idiotic vanity, I had smiled and showed my teeth.

Now, I knew what was the danger to which Gretchen, in a sudden compunction and softening of heart towards me, had referred. Now, I could see clearly whither every incident of the evening tended. The beer at supper was drugged with some strong narcotic. Gretchen had tried to save me. Had she really done so? I had tasted the drink; and though I never felt wider awake in my life than I did at that horrible moment when the sweat started out upon my brow, in the consciousness that my life might not be worth an hour's purchase, might not the effect of the drug be only weakened and retarded for a while? The small quantity I had imbibed had excited my brain into an abnormal condition for the time. I had little doubt of this. Might it not be succeeded by a reaction? I was seized with a horrible dread of succumbing, sooner or later, to sleep. I should then be powerless. I cared for nothing, comparatively, if I could only keep awake. I started up. It was dangerous to sit still. I traversed the room with hasty strides. I tried to turn the handle of the door; it did not yield; it was locked on the outside. There could be no longer a doubt of the design against me.

The many church clocks through the old city struck two. I listened for any movement in the house, and once I fancied I heard some one breathing outside my door. But I waited a long time, and it was followed by no other sound. Then I began to drag the bed, the table, and the chairs, and to pile them up into a barricade against the door. This occupied some little time, and, work as quietly as I might, the necessary noise prevented my hearing anything else. It was not until my task was done that I became conscious of something moving in the

garden, just below my window. There was a dull low thud, as of some hard substance striking the earth at regular intervals. I crept to the window and looked out into the moonlight, which was now fast disappearing behind a gabled roof. Instead of illuminating the entire plot of ground, the faint rays now fell slantwise into the garden, of which more than one-half was swallowed in black shadow. But I clearly distinguished two figures. Do you remember Millais's *Vale of Rest*? When I saw that picture, years afterwards, I could not help shuddering. It recalled so vividly the attitude of the two sisters as I beheld them in that terrible moment. The women were digging a grave; the elder one with all her masculine energy; the younger, reluctantly, as it seemed, removing, with slow strokes of the spade, the black earth, and pausing long between each. Once she looked up, and the moonlight fell upon her wan haggard face. She put back the long silver-lighted hair from her brow; she leaned upon her spade; and then a whisper, like a serpent's, in her ear, urged her to her task again.

Should I fall asleep now, I was a dead man. I knew it. No strength, no agility, could save me. The dread of this became so acute, that it worked upon my imagination. I began to think I felt drowsy. A numbness seemed creeping over my limbs. A weight was falling gradually on my stiffened eyelids. I prayed, in an agony of terror, that I might not be killed asleep—that I might, at least, have a fight for my life.

Suddenly Lori raised her head and listened. The sound to which she listened—a whistle, so low that I could scarcely hear it—was repeated. She crept stealthily across the garden, and raised the latch of the postern, which evidently did not open from the outside. A man came in, a burly thickest fellow, and the door was closed again. The three stood together for a moment in the moonlight. Lori and the man looked up at my window (I took care they should not see me), while Gretchen turned her head away and wrung her hands. Then all three came slowly and noiselessly towards the house.

Now or never was my moment for escape! There was one chance for me. I had seen how the door opened . . . if I could manage to reach it! . . . But if I hesitated, a few minutes hence the drugged beer might complete its work, and I be unable to move hand or foot. I opened the window softly, and looked out. There was a drop of about twenty feet into the garden (which, it will be remembered, was some feet below the kitchen again). If I jumped this, the noise must attract attention; and I might sprain or break my leg into the bargain. An expedient occurred to me. I had not replaced the flooring which I had removed. The board, which ran the full length of the room, measured nearly sixteen feet. Leaning, as far as I could stretch, out of window, I managed to rest one end of this board upon the ground, the other against the house wall some four or five feet below me.

I had scarcely accomplished this, when I heard the sound of feet outside my door, a bolt withdrawn, the handle turned. My barricade would obstruct the doorway for some few minutes: but for some few minutes only. I had just time to swing myself from the window-sill by my hands, to get both feet round the plank, to slide to the ground, to fly like the wind, to raise the postern latch, when the crash of falling table and chairs reached my ears. I ran—I know not in which direction—up one street, and down another, on, on, fancying I heard the sound of feet behind me; no soul visible, to right or left. At last, breathless and exhausted, down by the river's side, I came to a soldiers' guard-house. A sentry was at the door; there was the ruddy light of the men's pipes and of a lantern within. No haven was ever more grateful to shipwrecked mariner. I fell down upon the step; the sergeant and his men came and stared, demanded with oaths what I wanted, and, as I could not speak at first, declared I was drunk. Then, as in half-articulate phrase I poured out my strange tale, they changed their minds, and declared I was mad. But as I was an amusing rather than a dangerous lunatic, and served to beguile the tedious hours of the night, they let me remain among them; asked the same stupid questions over and over again; laughed their horse-laughs; and spat and spat all around me, until daybreak. Then they directed me to the cathedral, and I left them. One of the sacristans was unlocking the doors as I got there. I found my knapsack untouched, in the dusky corner of the confessional; there, utterly worn out, at last, with the excitement of that eventful night, I leaned back, in the grey morning light, and fell asleep.

The sun was high when I awoke; the feet of the devout were shuffling in to their morning orisons. I shouldered my knapsack and crept away. My head ached; my limbs felt chill and numb. Had I been dreaming? Were they no more than mere shadows of the brain, which had left behind them so deep and terrible an impression? I met a sacristan—not the one whom I remembered the night before—as I was going out. I stopped to question him. Did he know anything of two fair-haired women who had been at vespers last evening? I described them. He stared at me, and shook his head. In the crowds who came there daily, how could he tell whom I meant? I left him, and entered a humble little gasthaus hard by, where, for a few groschen, I broke my fast. Here I made the same inquiries. I even essayed to tell my story; but I saw that, like the soldiers, the people thought me wandering in my wits. They told me, rather derisively, that I had better tell my story to the police. But how could I hope to be believed, unsupported as my extraordinary statement was, by any proof whatsoever? If I could not test the reality of these events to my own absolute satisfaction, was it likely that others would regard them as anything but the creations of an excited imagina-

tion? I wandered for a couple of hours through the city, trying to find my way to the house, the exterior of which I felt certain I should recognise. I could not even trace the road I had taken, and, at last, I gave it up. The conviction slowly and reluctantly grew up in me that I was suffering from the effects of a vivid nightmare. Its impression remained painfully strong on my mind for many days (I left Cologne the same afternoon); and, indeed, for some weeks, I never fell asleep without a dread of living over again those terrible hours. But "no ill dreams disturbed my rest;" and since the effect of all things must wear out in time, as months rolled on the memory of my night in Cologne became to me no more than a remarkable experience of the strange phantasmagoria which the mind may conjure up, and invest with every appearance of reality, when volition is removed. I drew over and over again, in my sketch-book, the heads of those two sisters, as they had appeared to me; and I wrote down, with extreme particularity, every word they had said, and every small circumstance of my dream.

One winter's evening in the following year I again passed through Cologne, on my road home. I was a richer man now than I had been eighteen months ago; my foot was on the first rung of the ladder, for I had painted a picture which had sold well. It was no longer necessary for me to carry about my worldly possessions on my back, or to seek out the poorest gasthaus. The steamer landed me, with other passengers, on the quay, hard by a handsome hotel. I resolved to patronise it. The evening was cold; but all along the quay, outside the hotel, in the court-yard, groups of people were standing, and talking with a slow heavy power of speech, betokening that the native mind was moved by some topic of more than common interest. I caught a word here and there which roused my curiosity. I asked the kelner who showed me to my little room what the subject of such general public interest was? An execution, he replied; adding that executions were rare events there, now, and that unusual interest had been excited by this one, from the fact that the persons who had suffered the extreme penalty of the law were *two sisters, murderers*, whose crimes had long escaped undetected.

I must have turned white instantly, for the man looked at me with some surprise.

"Did you ever see these women?" I managed at last to stammer out.

"No, mein Herr. I could not leave the hotel, to attend either the trial or execution. But there is an officer in the Speise-saal who can tell you everything about them, for he saw them in prison, and commanded the troops in the Platz to day."

I said no more to the man, but went down to the coffee-room, a few minutes later, with my sketch-book in my hand. At one of the small round tables a middle-aged Prussian officer was

having his supper. Without more ado, I accosted him.

"Sir, you will forgive a stranger's intrusion, I hope. I am an Englishman just arrived in Cologne. I understand that you were present, in an official capacity, this day, at the execution of two women. You will oblige me greatly by giving me what information you can, respecting them. The motive that prompts me to ask this favour is something beyond common curiosity, as you shall presently learn."

"Be seated, sir," said the officer, politely, pointing to the chair opposite. "I will tell you all I know concerning the sisters Strauss. You are acquainted with the nature of the crime of which they were convicted? It was the murder of one Hausmann, a young pedlar. Not for the sake of his money, for he was poor enough, but for his hair and teeth." (I shuddered, but said nothing. He continued:) "This was by no means their first crime. They were discovered to have been driving their horrible trade for two or three years past. It is supposed that they murdered upwards of twenty persons, men, women, and children. Numbers who disappeared mysteriously are now said to have been made away with by the sisters Strauss. Their victims were all strangers or friendless, to whom they offered hospitality, and touching whose disappearance no inquiries were likely to be made. Some few had money, perhaps; the generality were poor; but several watches and a considerable sum of money were found secreted in the house."

"It had a garden," I said, as though I saw it all again—"a garden walled round, with a postern at the further end. In the house were three rooms."

"Just so. All the world has been visiting that house during the last few days. A great number of skeletons have been found in the garden. The popular execration was so great that it was feared the women would be torn in pieces on their way to the "galgen" (gal-lows) to-day. Had it not been for the strong guard which I commanded, and that their terrible sentence—one rarely pronounced now—would, it was known, be carried out to the very letter, they would assuredly have fallen a prey to the fury of the mob. As it was, the savage satisfaction at the prospect of seeing them broken on the wheel—"

"Broken on the wheel! Good Heaven, sir, you surely don't mean that this sentence *was* carried out?"

"Yes. It is, as I have said, very unusual, now, for this punishment to be even recorded, still less enforced. But in cases of very rare atrocity, nothing short of it seems to satisfy the

public.* I saw even women, to-day, looking on unmoved; though I, a soldier, who have seen a good many bloody battle-fields in the great war, would fain have ridden away when I heard the first crush of the elder sister's arms. It was horrible to hear—and then her cries! You know how it is done? The head is held down by two men, by a rope tied round the neck. The limbs are then broken, one after another, from above, by a heavy wheel. At the end, the head is severed from the body by a sword. The elder sister's agony was prolonged to the very end. I suspect the executioners were more merciful to the younger sister. It is known that they sometimes contrive to strangle the culprit while holding the head down. The younger, after the first sharp cry, never uttered another. She had ceased to suffer, I hope and believe, long before she was beheaded."

Some minutes elapsed before I could speak. I opened my sketch-book, and turned over its pages.

"Sir," I said at last, "I have one question more to ask you. Do these heads at all resemble the wretched women whose death you this day witnessed?"

"Assuredly they do. They must have been drawn from life," he replied.

I then told him my story, as I have now told it you. I need hardly say he did not doubt but that I had actually, in the flesh, encountered the sisters Strauss, and had been in such imminent peril as very few men have survived. As to the hypothesis of a dream, which had taken such firm root in my mind that I could not lightly discard it, the officer laughed it to scorn.

Yet even at this distance of time, when I read and hear strange stories of second-sight, of prophetic dreams, and warning visions, a doubt crosses my mind, and I ask myself whether my adventure with the two sisters of Cologne was not, perhaps, of the nature of these? But you now know as much as I do, and I leave you to decide the point for yourself.

* The wheel was absolutely abolished in Prussia about thirty years ago.

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BOOK III.

CHAPTER VII. DURING THE LULL.

ON the appointed day, at the appointed hour, Mr. Felton, accompanied by his nephew, called on Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, who received the two gentlemen with no remarkable cordiality. Coquetry was so inseparable from her nature and habits, that she could not forbear from practising a few of her fascinations upon the younger man; and she therefore relaxed considerably from the first formality of her demeanour after a while. But George Dallas was the least promising and encouraging of subjects for the peculiar practice of the beautiful widow, and he so resolutely aided his uncle in placing the conversation on a strictly business footing, and keeping it there, as to speedily convince the lady that he was entirely unworthy of her notice. She was not destitute of a certain good nature which rarely fails to accompany beauty, wealth, and freedom, and she settled the matter with herself by reflecting that the young man was probably in love with some pretty girl, to whom he wrote his verses, and considered it proper to be indifferent to the attractions of all female charmers beside. She did not resent his inaccessibility; she merely thought of it as an odd coincidence that Mr. Felton's nephew should be as little disposed to succumb to love as Mr. Felton himself, and felt inclined to terminate the interview as soon as possible. Consequently, she made her replies to Mr. Felton's questions shorter and colder as they succeeded one another, so that he felt some difficulty in putting that particular query on which George had laid restricted stress. He did not perceive how deep and serious his nephew's misgivings had become, and George grasped at every excuse that presented itself for deferring the awakening of fears which, once aroused, must become poignant and terrible. He had learned from Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge some of the facts which she had communicated to Routh: young Felton's intention of visiting Homburg at about the period of the year which they had then reached; his departure from Paris, and the unbroken

silence since maintained towards her as towards Mr. Felton himself. The information she had to give was in itself so satisfactory, so tranquillising, that Mr. Felton, who had no reason to expect obedience from his son, felt all his fears—very dim and vague in comparison with those which had assailed George's mind—assuaged. It was only when his nephew had given him some very expressive looks, and he had seen the fine dark eyes of Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge directed unequivocally towards the allegorical timepiece which constituted one of the chief glories of the Schwarzschild mansion, that he said:

"My nephew has never seen his cousin, Mrs. Bembridge, and I have no likeness of him with me. I know you are a collector of photographs; perhaps you have one of Arthur?"

"I had one, Mr. Felton," replied Mrs. Bembridge, graciously, "and would have shown it to Mr. Dallas with pleasure yesterday, but, unfortunately, I have lost it in some unaccountable way."

"Indeed," said Mr. Felton; "that is very unfortunate. Was it not in your book, then?"

"I wore it in a locket," said the lady, with a very slight accession to the rich colour in her cheek—"a valuable gold locket, too. I am going to have it cried."

"Allow me to have that done for you," said Mr. Felton. "If you will describe the locket, and can say where you were yesterday, and at what time, I will take the necessary steps at once; these may not succeed, you know; we can but try."

So Mrs. Bembridge described the lost trinket accurately, and the visit came to a conclusion. As the two gentlemen were leaving the house, they met Mr. Carruthers, who accosted Mr. Felton with stately kindness, and, entering at once into conversation with him, prevented the interchange of any comment upon the interview which had just taken place between the uncle and nephew. George left the elder gentlemen together, and turned his steps towards Harriet's lodgings. In a few minutes he met her and joined her in her walk, as Routh had seen from the window.

He stood there, long after George and Harriet had passed out of sight, thinking, with sullen desperate rage, of all she had said. He felt like an animal in a trap. All his care and cunning,

all his caution and success, had come to this. It was strange, perhaps—if the probability or the strangeness of anything in such a condition of mind as his can be defined—that he seldom thought of the dead man. No curiosity about him had troubled the triumph of Routh's schemes. He had met so many men in the course of his life who were mere waifs and strays in the world of pleasure and swindling, who had no ties and no history; about whom nobody cared; for whom, on their disappearance from the haunts in which their presence had been familiar, nobody inquired, that one more such instance, however emphasised by his own sinister connexion with him, made little impression on Stewart Routh. Looking back now in the light of this revelation, he could not discover that any intimation had ever been afforded to, or had ever been overlooked by him. The dead man had never dropped a hint by which his identity might have been discovered, nor had he, on the other hand, ever betrayed the slightest wish or purpose of concealment, which probably would have aroused Routh's curiosity, and set his investigative faculties to work. He had never speculated, even at times when all his callousness and cynicism did not avail to make him entirely oblivious of the past, on the possibility of his learning anything of the history of Philip Deane; he had been content to accept it, as well as its termination, as among the number of the wonderful mysteries of this wonderful life, and had, so far as in him lay, dismissed the matter from his mind. Nothing that had ever happened in his life before had given him such a shock as the discovery he had made yesterday. The first effect on him has been seen; the second, ensuing on his conversation with his wife, was a blind and desperate rage, of a sort to which he had rarely yielded, and of whose danger he was dimly conscious, even at its height. He was like a man walking on a rope at a giddy elevation, to whom the first faint symptoms of vertigo were making themselves felt, who was invaded by the death-bringing temptation to look down and around him. The solemn and emphatic warning of his wife had had its effect upon his intellect, though he had hardened his heart against it. It was wholly impossible that her invariable judgment, perception, and reasonableness—the qualities to which he had owed so much in all their former life—could become immediately valueless to a man of Routh's keenness; he had not yet been turned into a fool by his sudden passion for the beautiful American; he still retained sufficient sense to wonder and scoff at himself for having been made its victim so readily; and he raged and rebelled against the conviction that Harriet was right, but raged and rebelled in vain.

In the whirl of his thoughts there was fierce torture, which he strove unavailingly to subdue; the impossibility of evading the discovery which must soon be made; the additional crime by which alone he could hope to escape suspicion; a sudden unborn fear that Harriet would fail him in this need—a fear which simply

signified despair—a horrid, baffled, furious helplessness; and a tormenting, overmastering passion for a woman who treated him with all the calculated cruelty of coquetry—these were the conflicting elements which strove in the man's dark, bad heart, and rent it between them, as he stood idly by the window where his wife had been accustomed to sit and undergo her own form of torture.

By degrees one fear got the mastery over the others, and Routh faced it boldly. It was the fear of Harriet. Suppose the worst came to the worst, he thought, and there was no other way of escape, would she suffer him to sacrifice George? He could do it; the desperate resource, which he had never hinted to her was within his reach. They had talked over all possibilities in the beginning, and had agreed upon a plan and direction of flight in certain contingencies, but he had always entertained the idea of denouncing George, and now, by the aid of Jim Swain, he saw his way to doing so easily and successfully. Harriet had always been a difficulty, and now the obstacle assumed portentous proportions. He had no longer his old power over her. He knew that; she made him feel this in many ways; and now he had aroused her jealousy. He felt instinctively that such an awakening was full of terrible danger; of blind, undiscoverable peril. He did not indeed know by experience what Harriet's jealousy might be, but he knew what her love was, and the ungrateful villain trembled in his inmost soul as he remembered its strength, its fearlessness, its devotion, its passion, and its unscrupulousness, and thought of the possibility of all these being arrayed against him. Not one touch of pity for her, not one thought of the agony of such love betrayed and slighted; of her utter loneliness; of her complete abandonment of all her life to him, intruded upon the tumult of his angry mind. He could have cursed the love which had so served him, now that it threatened opposition to his schemes of passion and of crime. He did curse it, and her, deeply, bitterly, as one shade after another of fierce evil expression crossed his face.

There was truth in what she had said, apart from the maudlin sentiment from which not even the strongest-minded woman, he supposed, could wholly free herself—there was truth, a stern, hard truth. He could indeed escape now, taking with him just enough money to enable them to live in decent comfort, or to make a fresh start in a distant land, where only the hard and honest industries thrive and came to good. How he loathed the thought! How his soul sickened at the tame, miserable prospect! He would have loathed it always, even when Harriet and he were friends and lovers; and now, when he feared her, when he was tired of her, when he hated her, to contemplate such a life now, was worse—well, not worse than death, that is always the worst of all things to a bad man, but something too bad to be thought of. There was truth in what she had said, and the knowledge of what was in his own thoughts, the

knowledge she did not share, made it all the more true. Supposing he determined to denounce George, and supposing Harriet refused to aid him, what then? Then he must only set her at defiance. If such a wild impossibility as her betraying him could become real, it would be useless. She was his wife; she could not bear witness against him; in that lay his strength and security, even should the very worst, the most inconceivably unlikely of human events, come to pass. And he would set her at defiance! He kept up no reticence with himself now. Within a few days a change had come upon him, which would have been terrible even to him, had he studied it. He hated her. He hated her, not only because he had fallen madly in love with another woman and was day by day becoming more enslaved by this new passion: not chiefly even because of this, but because she was a living link between him and the past. That this should have happened now! That she should have right and reason, common sense, and all the force of probability on her side, in urging him to fly, now—now when he was prospering, when the success of a new speculation in which he had just engaged would, with almost absolute certainty, bring him fortune,—this exasperated him almost to the point of frenzy.

Then there arose before his tossed and tormented mind the vision of a blissful possibility. This other beautiful, fascinating woman, who had conquered him by a glance of her imperial eyes, who had beckoned him to her feet by a wave of her imperial hand—could he not make her love him well enough to sacrifice herself for him also? Might he not escape from the toils which were closing around him into a new, a glorious liberty, into a life of wealth, and pleasure, and love? She had yielded so immediately to the first influence he had tried to exert over her; she had admitted him so readily to an intimacy to whose impropriety, according to the strict rules of society, she had unhesitatingly avowed herself aware and indifferent; she had evinced such undisguised pleasure in his society, and had accepted his unscrupulous homage so unscrupulously, that he had as much reason as a coarse-minded man need have desired for building up a fabric of the most presumptuous hope.

As these thoughts swept over him, Routh turned from the window, and began again to stride up and down the room. His dark face cleared up, the hot blood spread itself over his sallow cheek, and his deep-set eyes sparkled with a sinister light. The desperate expedient to which he had resorted on the previous day had gained him time, and time was everything in the game he designed to play. The discovery would not be made for some time by George Dallas. When it should be made, his triumph might be secured, he might be beyond the reach of harm from such a cause, safe in an clysium, with no haunting danger to disturb. The others concerned might be left to their fate—left to get out of any difficulty that might arise, as best

they could. The time was short, but that would but inspire him with more courage and confidence; the daring of desperation was a mood which suited Stewart Routh well.

Hours told in such cases. The fire and earnestness with which he had spoken to the beautiful widow had evidently surprised and, he thought, touched her. If the demonstration had not been made in his own favour, but in that of another, no one would have more readily understood than Stewart Routh how much beauty of form and feature counts for in the interpretation of emotion, how little real meaning there may be in the beam of a dark bright eye, how little genuine emotion in the flush of a rose-tinted cheek. But it was his own case, and precisely because it was, Stewart Routh interpreted every sign which his captor had made according to his wishes rather than by the light of his experience. Indeed, he had little experience of a kind to avail him in the present instance; his experience had been of stronger, even more dangerous types of womanhood than that which Mrs. Bembridge represented, or of the infinitely meaner and lower. As he mused and brooded over the vision which had flashed upon him, not merely as a possibility to be entertained, as a hope to be cherished, but as something certain and definite to be done, his spirits, his courage, his audacity rose, and the dark cloud of dread and foreboding fell from him. He had so long known himself for a villain, that there was not even a momentary recoil in his mind from the exceeding baseness of the proceeding which he contemplated.

"I can count upon a fortnight," he said to himself, while completing a careful toilet, "and by that time I shall either be away from all this with her, or I shall be obliged to put George Dallas in jeopardy. If I fail with her—but I won't think of failure; I cannot fail." He left a message for Harriet, to the effect that he should not dine at home that day (but without any explanation of his further movements), and went out.

"I do not see the force of your reasons for objecting to my introducing you to my mother," said George Dallas to Harriet. Mrs. Carruthers had passed them in an open carriage during their walk, and George had urged Harriet to make his mother's acquaintance.

"Don't you?" she replied, with a smile in which weariness and sadness mingled. "I think you would, if you thought over them a little. They include the necessity for avoiding anything like an unpleasant or distressing impression on her mind, and you know, George," she said, anticipating and silencing deprecation by a gesture, "if she remembers your mention of me at all, she can remember it only to be distressed by it; and the almost equally important consideration of not incurring your step-father's anger in any way."

"As for that, I assure you he is everything that is kind to me now," said George.

"I am happy to hear it; but do not, therefore, fall into an error which would come very easy to your sanguine and facile temperament. Be sure he is not changed in his nature, however modified he may be in his manners. Be quite sure he would object to your former associates just as strongly as ever; and remember, he would be right in doing so. Will you take my advice once more, George? You have done it before—" she stopped, and something like a shudder passed over her; "let bygones be completely bygones. Never try to associate the life and the home that will be yours for the future with anything in the past—least, oh least of all, with us."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Routh?" George asked her, eagerly. "Do you mean that you want to give me up? I know Routh does—he has not spoken to me a dozen times of his own accord since he has been here—but you, do *you* want to get rid of me?"

She paused for a moment before she answered him. Should she say Yes, and be done with it? Should she let things drift on to the inevitable end, yielding to the lassitude of mind and body which was stealing over her? Should she gain another argument to use in a renewed appeal to her husband for the flight in which she saw the sole prospect of safety, by providing herself with the power of telling him a rupture had taken place between herself and Dallas, and her power of guiding him was gone? The temptation was strong, but caution, habitual to her, instinctive in her, restrained her. Not yet, she thought; this may be my next move. George repeated his question:

"Do you mean that *you* want to get rid of me?"

"No," she answered, "I do not, George. I was only led into overstating what I do want, that you should conform to your step-father's reasonable wishes. He has been generous to you, be you just towards him."

"I will," said George, warmly. "I wonder how far he will carry his newly-found good will. I wonder—" he paused; the name of Clare Carruthers was on his lips; in another moment he would have spoken of her to Harriet. He would have told her of the self-reproach, mingled, however, with hope, which daily grew and throve in the congenial soil of his sanguine nature; he would have pierced Harriet's heart with a new sorrow, a fresh remorse, by telling her of another life, young, innocent, and beautiful, involved in the storm about to burst, whose threatenings were already sounding in the air. But it was not to be—the name of Clare Carruthers was never to be spoken by George to Harriet. Apparently she had not heard his last words; her attention had strayed; she was very weary.

"I must go home," she said; abruptly. "We are close to your mother's house. You had better go to her now; she has returned from her drive."

"Let me see you home," said George; "pray don't dismiss me in this way."

"No, no," she said, hurriedly; "let me have my own way, please. You will come to me tomorrow, and let me know your plans."

She stood still, and put out her hand so decidedly in the attitude of farewell, that he had no choice but to take leave of her. They parted on the shaded road, close to the garden gate of Mr. Carruthers's house. As Harriet walked away with her usual rapid step, George looked after her very sadly.

"She is fearfully changed," he said; "I never saw anything like it. Since I went to Amsterdam she might have lived twenty years and been less altered. Can it be that my uncle is right, that Routh ill-treats her? I wonder if there's any truth in what those fellows said last night about him and Mrs. P. Ireton? If there is, it's an infernal shame—an infernal shame." And George Dallas opened the little gate in the wall, and walked up the garden with a moody countenance, on which, however, a smile showed itself as he lifted his hat gaily to his mother, who nodded to him from the window above. His spirits rose unaccountably. The positive information which Mrs. Bembridge had afforded Mr. Felton relative to his son's expected arrival had immensely relieved George's mind. He was satisfied with the progress of his novel; day by day his mother's health was improving. His prospects were bright. The distressing recollection of Deane, and the unhappy consequences of the tragedy, were becoming light and easy to him; sometimes he forgot all about it. If he could but win his step-father's confidence and regard sufficiently to induce him to pardon his clandestine acquaintance with Clare, he would be altogether happy. How serene and beautiful the weather was! He stood in the verandah, which extended into the garden, bare-headed, and inhaled the sweet air with keen pleasure. His impressionable nature readily threw off care and caught at enjoyment.

"It's such a glorious afternoon, mother," he said, as he entered Mrs. Carruthers's sitting-room; "I am sure you must have enjoyed your drive."

"I did, very much," his mother replied. "The air seems rather closer, I think, since I came in. I fancy we shall have a storm."

"Oh no," said George, carelessly. Then he said: "Shall I read you my last chapter? I want to post it this evening. It's a funny chapter, mother. I bring in the queer old bookseller I told you about, who persisted in being his own banker."

"I remember, George. What are you looking at?" He had taken up a letter from the table beside her, and was scrutinising the address closely. "Are you admiring the handwriting? That is a letter from Clare Carruthers."

"Oh," said George. And he laid down the letter, and went to fetch his manuscript. So it was she who had forwarded Mr. Felton's letters to him. Ellen must have asked her to do so—must, therefore, have talked of him—have men-

tioned him in some way. But had she done so in a manner to arouse any suspicion in Clare's mind of his identity? Did Clare remember him? Did she think of him? Would she forgive him when she should know all? These, and scores of cognate questions, did George Dallas put vainly to himself while he read to his mother a chapter of his novel, which certainly did not gain in effect by his abstraction. It pleased the listener, however, and she knew nothing of his preoccupation; and as he made the packet up for post he came to a resolution that on the following day he would tell Harriet "all about it," and act on her advice.

With nightfall the wind arose, and a storm blew and raged over the little white town, over the dark range of the Taunus, over the lighted gardens deserted by their usual frequenters, and, all unheeded, over the brilliant rooms where the play, and the dancing, and the music, the harmless amusement, and the harmless devilment went on just as usual. It blew over the house where Harriet lived, and raged against the windows of the room in which she sat in silence and darkness, except for the frequent glimmer which was thrown into the apartment from the street light, which shuddered and flickered in the rain and wind. Hour after hour she had sat there throughout the quiet evening during the lull, and when the darkness fell and the storm rose she laid her pale cheek against the window-pane and sat there still.

The shaded roads were deeply strewn with fallen leaves next day, and the sun-rays streamed far more freely through the branches, and glittered on pools of water in the hollows, and revealed much devastation among the flower-beds. Rain and wind had made a wide-spread excursion that night; had crossed the Channel, and rifled the gardens and the woods of Poynings, and swept away a heavy tribute from the grand avenue of beeches and the stately clump of sycamores which Clare Carruthers loved.

George had finished a drawing very carefully from the sketch which he had made of the avenue of beeches, and, thinking over his approaching communication to Harriet, he had taken the drawing from its place of concealment in his desk, and was looking at it, wondering whether the storm of the past night had done mischief at the Sycamores, when a servant knocked at the door of his room. He put the drawing out of sight, and bade the man come in. He handed George a note from Harriet, which he read with no small surprise.

It told him that Routh had been summoned to London, on important business, by a telegram—"from that mysterious Flinders, no doubt," thought George, as he looked ruefully at the note—and that they were on the point of starting from Homburg. "Seven o'clock" was written at the top of the sheet. They were gone then; had been gone for hours. It was very provoking. How dreary the place looked after the storm! How chilly the air

had become! How much he wished Arthur would "turn up," and that they might all get away!

OATHS.

WHAT is the definition of an oath? Is an oath in every case binding? Are there not cases where a man is justified in breaking his oath?

Oaths may be divided into many categories; they are as numerous and diverse as the constellations in the heavens. There are compulsory oaths; there are voluntary oaths. There are oaths which emanate from the innermost depths of a man's heart, and lie by his heart's side, as a sword does by the side of his body—ready for action, within his grasp, yet under his control.

In the intercourse of social life the word of a man of honour is equivalent to an oath. A man capable of breaking his word is capable of breaking his oath. A man who takes an oath in a legal form and breaks it becomes liable to the penalties adjudged by law. Some oaths are purely formal. Custom has sanctioned them as such.

"Let your communication," says St. Matthew, "be Yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatever is more than these cometh of evil."

Here we have the real value of an oath reduced to its simple and primeval form and purpose. Oaths date as far back as Noah. The Almighty made a covenant that there should never be a second flood.

The witness was the first rainbow.

Abraham, anxious that his son Isaac should not marry a daughter of the Canaanites, but one of his own kindred, made the eldest servant of his house take an oath to see his wish fulfilled. The manner in which that oath was administered is peculiar. The servant put his hand under the thigh of Abraham, and swore unto him. Rebecca became the wife of Isaac.

When Jacob took an oath with Labuan, they raised a pyramid of stones, which they named "the pyramid of witnesses."

As we proceed through the Biblical legends, we find that the children of Israel, obedient to an oath, embalmed the body of Joseph, and put it in a coffin in Egypt. In Numbers, Moses lays down the law about oaths clearly enough until he comes to the widows, where he breaks down. In Deuteronomy, an oath once "taken to the Lord" is declared inviolable. "That which has gone out of thy lips thou shalt keep and perform."

In the Acts, we find that certain Jews bound themselves under "a great curse" not to eat anything until they had slain Paul.

Are rash oaths to be kept? We say, No. Would it not have been more pleasing to the Lord, if Jephtha had spared his innocent child, and if Herod had declined to give Herodias John the Baptist's head in a charger? In our times, twelve honest Jews would have convicted Herod of wilful murder, and Herodias would,

with her mother, have been sent to a penitentiary.

The administration of an oath in judicial proceedings was introduced by the Saxons into England in the year of our Lord 600. The oath administered to a judge was settled in 1344. The oath of supremacy was first administered to British subjects, and ratified by parliament in 1535. The oath of allegiance was first framed and administered in 1605. The oath of abjuration, an obligation to maintain the government of king, lords, and commons, the Church of England, and toleration of Protestant dissenters, and abjuring all catholic pretenders to the crown, was taken in 1701. Oaths were taken on the Gospels as early as A.D. 528; and the words, "So help me, God and all saints," concluded an oath until 1550. The test and corporation oaths were modified in 1828. Acts abolishing oaths in the Customs and Excise departments, and in certain other cases, substituting declarations in lieu thereof, were passed in 1831. An affirmation instead of an oath, as regards Separatists, was admitted in 1837. In 1858 and 1860, Jews, elected members of parliament, were relieved from part of the oath of allegiance. In fact, if we take a rapid glance from the Deluge to the 26th July, 1858, when Baron Rothschild took his seat as M.P. for London, the startling conviction forces itself upon us that we are gradually coming to the "Yea, yea, and nay, nay," of St. Matthew.

The Test Act is a statute of Charles the Second, directing all officers, civil and military, under government, to receive the sacrament according to the forms of the Church of England, and to take the oaths against transubstantiation. This statute was enacted in March, 1673. The Test and Corporation Acts were repealed in 1828. This repealing act is entitled "An Act for repealing so much of several Acts as impose the necessity of receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper as a qualification for certain offices and employments."

Quakers conscientiously objecting to oaths, their simple affirmation was accepted instead for the first time in 1696. The "affirmation" was altered in 1702, 1721, 1837, and in April, 1859. The indulgence was granted to persons who were formerly Quakers, but who had seceded from that sect, in 1838, and extended to other dissenters in Scotland in 1855. Quakers were relieved from oaths when elected to municipal offices, by an act which extended relief generally to all conscientious Christians of the Established Church, in 1828.

The Jews Oaths of Abjuration Bill had a fierce contest. Several times it passed in the Commons, and was thrown out in the Lords (1854-1857). In July, 1858, an act was passed by resolution of the House to enable Jews to sit in parliament; and, as stated above, on the 26th of July of that year, Baron Rothschild took his seat as M.P. for London, to commemorate which event he endowed a scholarship in the City of London School.

The forms of oath are different in the various

sects of Christians, and also amongst infidels. The Roman Catholics on the Continent swear by raising the hand; the Scotch Presbyterians do the same. Members of the Church of England are sworn on the Gospels; so are Irish Roman Catholics. In Wales there is a remarkable difference in the manner in which witnesses hold the Bible when they are sworn. An English witness always takes the book with his fingers under, and his thumb at the top of the book. A Welsh witness, on the contrary, takes it with his fingers at the top, and his thumb under the book. The original oath was probably taken by merely laying the hand upon the top of the book without kissing it. Lord Coke says it is called a "corporal oath," because the witness toucheth with his hand some part of the Holy Scripture. Lord Hale says: "The regular oath, as allowed by the laws of England, is: *Tactis sacrosanctis Dei Evangelis* (You swear by touching the holy Gospels); and, in the case of a Jew, *Tacto libro legis Mosaicæ* (You touch the book of the law of Moses)." At Oxford, the oath is administered as follows:

"*Ita te Deus adjuvet tactis sacrosanctis Christi Evangelis*" (Thus God admonishes thee to swear by the most holy Gospels of Christ).

In none of these instances does "kissing" the book appear to be essential. Whereas the present form is, "So help you God, kiss the book;" but still a witness is always required to touch the book with his hand, and he is never permitted to hold the book with his hand in a glove.

There can be little doubt that the judicial oath was originally taken without kissing the book, but with the form of laying the right hand upon it. Amongst the Greeks, oaths were frequently accompanied by sacrifice; it was the custom to lay the hands upon the victim, or upon the altar, thereby calling to witness the deity by whom the oath was sworn. Christians, under the later Roman emperors, adopted the same ceremony.

According to the prophet Daniel, both hands were held up: "The man clothed in linen, which was upon the waters, held up his right hand and his left hand unto heaven, and swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever."

In Revelations we find: "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever."

The various forms in which oaths were taken are most curious. By an old German law a wife could claim a present from her husband the morning after the wedding-night, by swearing to its amount on her breast, or by swearing on her two breasts and two tresses.

Nothing was more common than for a man to swear by his beard.

Edward the First of England swore an oath on two swans.

It was also very common from an early period, both in England and abroad, to swear by one, two, seven, or twelve churches. The

deponent went to the appointed number of churches, and at each, taking the ring of the church door in his hand, repeated the oath.

One of the most curious specimens of swearing men by that to which they attached most importance, is to be found in a Hindoo law. It says: "Let a judge swear a Brahmin by his veracity; a soldier by his horses, his elephants, or his arms; an agriculturist by his cows, his grain, or his money; and a Soudra by all his crimes."

In India, as also in England and in Ireland, pregnant women decline to take an oath. A Highlander, when sworn on the Gospels or the cross, cares little for his oath; but will keep it if sworn on the point of his dirk. The degenerate Romans of the Lower Empire thought it better to break an oath to God than to the emperor, because the former might forgive them, whilst the latter would not. Of all the Roman oaths, the military oath was the most sacred. It was taken upon the ensigns. Soldiers took it voluntarily, and promised (with imprecations) that they would not desert from the army, and not leave the ranks unless to fight against the enemy or to save a Roman citizen. In the year 216 before Christ, the soldiers were compelled by the tribunes to take an oath that they would meet at command of the consuls, and not leave their standards without their orders, thus making the military oath a *jusjurandum*. In the time of the Empire (according to Dionysius) a clause was added to the military oath, by which the soldiers declared that they would consider the safety of the emperor more important than anything else, and that they did not love either themselves or their children more than their sovereign. The oath was renewed each time that the soldier enlisted for a campaign.

Oaths have been sung in doggerel rhyme. From some verses headed, "The New Oath Examined and Found Guilty," we take the following:

Since oaths are Solemn Serious Things,
The best security to Kings,
And since we've all Allegiance sworn
To J——, as king, or Successor,
I can't imagine how we may
Swear that or Fealty away.
Nought sure but Death or Resignation
Can free us from that Obligation.
All Oaths are vain, both those and these,
If we may break 'em as we please;
And did I fairly swallow both,
Who'd give a Farthing for my Oath?

* * * * *
And now I think I've made it clear
We cannot with good Conscience swear,
We cannot take Oaths Old and New
And to both Faithful prove and True.

The manner in which the natives of India are sworn is curious. A piece of lime (chumam) about the size of a pea, and a piece of betel-leaf are given to the witness to chew and swallow, and he is then solemnly warned that if he speaks anything but the truth after swallowing the above, the first time he expectorates afterwards

his heart's blood will come up. Now the amalgamation by mastication of the leaf and the lime with the gastric juices produces a substance much resembling blood. This superstition still prevails, and we could relate many instances.

When a Chinese is sworn, a live cock is brought into court, and the head of the bird cut off. In our earlier writers some oaths are impious and irreverent. Even in Chaucer it is advisable to make selections:

The Host swears, "By my father's soul."

Sir Thopas, "By ale and bread."

Areite, "By my pan (head)."

Theseus, "By mighty Mars the rede."

The Carpenter's wife, "By St. Thomas of Kent."

The Marchaunt, "By St. Thomas of Inde."

The Cambridge scholar, "By my father's kiune."

Peter, the apprentice in Henry the Sixth, holds up his hands, and, accusing Horner, says: "By these ten bones, my lord, he did speak them to me in the garret, one night as we were scouring my lord of York's armour."

Much discussion has taken place at various times respecting the form of taking an oath, and the term corporal oath. Archbishop Whitgift, in a sermon before Queen Elizabeth, thus addressed her: "As all your predecessors were at their coronation, so you also were sworn before all the nobility and bishops then present, and in the presence of God, and in His stead, to him that anointed you, 'to maintain the church lands and the rights belonging to it,' and this testified openly at the holy altar, by laying your hands on the Bible then lying upon it."

Until the arrival of the English, the custom of swearing upon the Holy Evangelists was unknown to the Irish, who resorted instead to crosiers, bells, and other sacred reliquaries, to give solemnity to their declarations. Even when the Gospels were used, it was not uncommon to introduce some other object to render the oath doubly binding. At the time of Edward the First, official oaths were taken by presenting the book, when opened, to the person about to be sworn, in the manner at this day used in the Ecclesiastical Court at Guernsey. In the reign of James the First, the oath of allegiance was taken upon bended knee. There is a curious account of an oath taken by the Earl of Northumberland, in a manuscript which is preserved in the Lambeth library. The manuscript is, moreover, illuminated. The earl is represented kneeling before an altar, on which is placed a chalice, covered with the corporal cloth; in front of the chalice, and upon the corporal cloth, but uncovered, rests a large wafer, the "consecrated body of our Lord," which the earl touches with his right hand, whilst he appears to be speaking the words of the oath. The quotation is from a French metrical history of the deposition of King Richard the Second:

" . . . Thus the king spake unto them; and they all agreed thereto, saying, 'Sire, let the

Earl of Northumberland be sent for, and let him forthwith be made to take the oath, as he hath declared he will if we all consent to all that he hath said.' Then was the earl, without further parley, called; and the king said to him, 'Northumberland, the duke hath sent you hither to reconcile us two; if you will swear upon the body of our Lord, which we will cause to be consecrated, that the whole of the matter related by you is true, that you have no hidden design therein of any kind whatsoever, but that like a notable lord you will surely keep the agreement, we will perform it.' . . . Then replied the earl, 'Sire, let the body of our Lord be consecrated; I will swear that there is no deceit in this affair, and that the duke will observe the whole as you will have heard me relate it here.' Each of them devoutly heard mass; then the earl, without further hesitation, made an oath on the body of our Lord. Alas! his blood must have turned, for he well knew the contrary."

Paley distinctly states, as his opinion, that the term "corporal," as applied to an oath, is derived from the "corporate," the square piece of linnen upon which the chalice and host were placed. This opinion is open to challenge. Touching the book implies contact of the body with it. At a very early period the soldier swore by his sword. There exists an Anglo-Norman poem on the conquest of Ireland, by Henry the Second, in which we find:

Morice par sa espé ad juré,
N'i ad vassal si osé.

Dr. Owen, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, being a witness for the plaintiff in a case, refused to be sworn in the usual manner, by laying his right hand upon the book, and by kissing it afterwards; but he caused the book to be held open before him, and he raised his right hand, whereupon the jury prayed the direction of the court whether they ought to weigh such evidence as strongly as the evidence of another witness. Glyn, chief justice, answered them that in his opinion he had taken as strong an oath as any other of the witnesses; but he added that, if he himself were to be sworn, he would lay his right hand upon the book itself. This case shows that the usual practice at the time it was decided was, not to take the book in the hand, but to lay the hand upon it. Now, if a person laid his hand upon a book, which rested on anything else, he most probably would lay his fingers upon it; and if he afterwards kissed it, would raise it with his fingers at the top and his thumb under the book; and possibly this may account for the practice in Wales.

Another point is, whether kissing the book is essential. The point is lucidly put by Lord Mansfield. According to the principles of common law (he says), there is no particular form essential to an oath to be taken by a witness; but, as the purpose of it is to bind his conscience, every man of every religion should be bound by that form which he himself thinks will bind his own conscience most.

Not long ago, in the Insolvent Debtors' Court, a witness, on being called, took the Testament in his left hand. He was told to take the book in his right hand. Commissioner Phillips said he did not see it made any difference, nor did he see why a glove should be taken off. Perhaps he thought the kiss more essential than the touch. Two questions arise. Can the touch of the book with a glove form a corporal oath? Is the touch of the naked lips equivalent to that of the hand uncovered? How often have witnesses shuffled out of the stringency of an oath by the ingenious device of kissing the thumb or the cuff of the coat in place of the book itself? We are forcibly driven back into the arms of St. Matthew. Yes or No distinctly spoken in the presence of a certain fixed number of men, or a man's signature to "I swear that I have told the truth," would suffice for all purposes when once admitted as legal; if perjured, let him take the legal consequences.

We now come to what may be called the Individual Oath—the oath which emanates from the heart of a man at the command of hatred, revenge, love, or superstition. We shall not enter into the latter two; for though we may smile at the rash vows and romantic oaths of love-sick youths and maidens, our blood would boil with indignation at recalling to mind the thousands of victims doomed to be immured for life within the walls of a convent, through having been compelled to take the oath of celibacy.

Hatred and revenge give rise to more legitimate oaths. They are the sparks which flash from the contact of the flint and steel of strong passions. There is something grand about them. When Argantes hears that Clorinda has been slain by Tancred, he takes a terrible oath:

Hierusalem! hear what Argantes saith.
Hear, Heaven! and if he break his oath and word,
Upon this head cast thunder in thy wrath.
I will destroy this Christian lord,
Who this fair dame by night thus murdered hath;
Nor from my side will I ungird this sword
Till Tancred's heart it cleave, and shed his blood,
And leave his corse to wolves and crows for food!

How he kept his oath, and paid the penalty with his life, forms one of the most brilliant episodes in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.

Another oath of double-dyed villany is that taken by Iago to Othello. The Moor swears:

Now by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago's oath is more precise:

Witness yon ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

From oaths we might proceed to curses. But thanks to the advance of civilisation, that

profane custom is gradually ebbing out, and such a profanation of the name of God seldom passes the lips of educated men.

PERFORMING ANIMALS.

It was an amusing study of the writer's younger days to visit any wonderful exhibitions of learned dogs, acting birds, &c., and to discover how they were taught. It is merely a work of time and patience to teach animals various feats of docility. Some are much more readily trained than others: especially the horse, the elephant, the dog, and the monkey. Although harsh treatment, beating, and half-starving, are too often resorted to, petting and kindness are more successful. At all events, a system of rewards for good behaviour is essential, and is uniformly practised even when alternated with correction for failure.

An accurate observer sees that, when horses apparently keep dancing-time to a band, it is the music which invariably adapts its time to the steps of the horse. There is now in the Cirque Napoléon, in Paris, a large ape admirably trained to all the various feats of a circus-rider. He jumps on the horse, and is carried round and round. He stands on one leg, holding out the other with his hand, vaults over a riding-whip, stands on his head, turns somersets, jumps over garters and through hoops covered with paper, all in regular sequence as the music changes. In taking his leaps he sometimes misses the horse in his descent, and then he runs rapidly after him, scrambles on the side palisades, and climbs to his place, keeping, all the time, the most perfect gravity of demeanour, instead of the grinning, self-satisfied smiles of his human compeers. Here, there has been a mixture of petting and flogging. At any failure, we noticed that poor Jacko looked frightened, and received a sly cut of the whip; after a successful feat, he had a little sweetmeat from the pocket of the master of the ring.

About forty-five years ago, a learned dog was exhibited in Piccadilly—Munito, a clever French poodle, very handsome, with a fine silky white woolly coat, half-shaved. He performed many curious feats, answering questions, telling the hour of the day, the day of the week or date of the month, and picking out any cards called for from a pack spread on the ground. At the corner of the room was a screen, behind which the dog and his master disappeared between each feat for a short time. We watched him narrowly; but it was not until after our second visit that the mystery was solved. There were packs of ordinary cards, and other cards with figures, and others with single letters. One of the spectators was requested to name a card—say the queen of clubs—the pack was spread on the floor in a circle, faces upward. Munito went round the circle, came to the queen of clubs, pounced upon it, and brought it in his mouth to his master. The same process was repeated with the cards with figures, when

he brought the exact numbers which answered the questions put as to dates, or days, or hours; in the same way with the letter cards, when he picked out the necessary letters to spell any short word called for, always making a full circle of the whole of the cards for each letter or for each number, and never taking up two letters or two numbers consecutively, though they might chance to lie close together. This fact we made out at the first visit, but nothing more. On the second occasion we watched more narrowly, and with that object took a side seat, so that we had a partial view behind the screen. We then noticed that between each feat the master gave the dog some small bits of some sort of food, and that there was a faint smell of aniseed from that corner of the room. We noticed that the dog, as he passed round the circle of cards, with his nose down and his eyes directed to the ground, never pounced on the right card as his eyes covered it, but turned back and picked it out. It was clear that he chose it by the smell, and not by that of sight. We recalled that, each time before the dog began his circuit, the master arranged and settled the cards, and we then found that he pressed the fleshy part of his thumb on the particular card the dog was to draw, which thumb he previously put into his waistcoat-pocket for an instant; and as he passed close to us, his waistcoat had an aniseed scent. After the performance, we remained until the room was clear, and then spoke to the master. He did not deny the discovery of his principle.

This clue enabled us some few years afterwards to explain the trick with cards, performed by a Java sparrow, exhibited along with other performing birds. The general feats were common enough, and were obviously the result of mere training: such as firing a small cannon, lying as if struck dead, drawing a little carriage—the bird putting its own head through the collar attached to the shafts, and another bird acting as coachman, &c.; but the card trick might have been taken to denote reason on the bird's part. A dirty pack of cards was handed to one of the company, who selected a card, and gave it back to the exhibitor, who shuffled the pack after replacing the card; he then put the pack upright in a kind of card-case, which so held them as to leave about half an inch above the brim. The Java sparrow hopped on the card pack, and presently began to peck at one of the cards, and finally drew out the identical one that had been drawn. The explanation became easy on examining the cards. At one end, each card had a thin layer of sweet-wafer paste; the selected card was taken by the exhibitor and placed in the pack; all the rest of the cards had the paste end downward, while this card alone was placed back in the pack with the opposite end upward. And the bird naturally pecked at that end.

Many people have seen an exhibition of a learned pig, whose performances were very similar to those of the learned dog: such as

picking out cards, letters, figures, and numbers, answering questions, and apparently showing mental powers, which were merely the results of the animal faculties of smell and taste.

No doubt there is a degree of reasoning power in many animals; the anecdotes of dogs, elephants, horses, and monkeys, have long proved this; but the replying to questions, and the spelling of words, would imply something far beyond what instinct or training could effect, unless ingeniously brought about as above described.

The pony who is shown in a circus, answering questions by so many pawings of the leg or so many shakes of the head, merely obeys the recognised and consecutive signals of his master.

A PARENTHESIS OR TWO.

"LOVE me, love my dog." A wise adage, I dare say. I don't at all mind their loving me, but I have the strongest objection to their loving my dog—when, as in this instance, my dog is represented by my wife. I am an old bachelor just returned from my honeymoon, and I should be intensely happy under such circumstances, were it not that the men who, until now, have contented themselves with loving me (and it is bare justice to them to mention that they never made their affection for me unpleasantly conspicuous), have now taken to loving my wife. I can never go out without the conviction that, on my return, I shall probably find that Tom, Dick, or Harry, of my bachelor days, has just dropped in to see his old friend, and that, finding me from home (T., D., and H. cannot be taught to remember my club nights), the obliging visitor has remained to enjoy a gossip with my pretty wife.

And the worst of it is, she *likes* it! She laughs and pouts, and declares she is never sure of having a minute to herself; but she doesn't care to have a minute to herself, or she could have it, and would have it. Is "Not at home" so hard to say? (She has already caused it to be said to some of my relations; I know that.)

But she *is* such a little humbug (I suppose all women are to a certain extent). I believe coquetry to be innate with her. In her infancy she had her baby lovers, one of whom she would always contrive to render so sulkily miserable for an afternoon, that the unfortunate little aspirant for her favours would be put in the corner for "Temper" by his nurse, while the fair cause of the fault and punishment would play with the brother of the wretched victim before his eyes, lavishing on his rival her sweetest smiles, and behaving altogether with the grace of an angel. And as she grew up, my stars, how she grew in grace, grew in beauty, and grew in coquetry! At fifteen she was the most finished little flirt, the most heartless little humbug, I ever saw. (Is heartless too strong an expression? No. I verily believe she had no such thing as a heart during our courtship. She could have had none, or she could never have

witnessed my sufferings with such consummate indifference. It was not so much that I suffered because I could never find out whether she really loved me or not, as that I suffered because I could never feel sure that she did not love half a dozen others as well. Hateful and heartless! Then why did I marry her? I don't know. Don't ask *me*.)

But she has the prettiest and most loving ways that ever beguiled man into matrimony; she has the sweetest smile, the most enchanting laugh, the most caressing voice that ever drove man to distraction. (But these charms should be reserved exclusively for me, and they are not.) Her face (I love it) is as bright and sunny when raised towards Jack as when raised towards me. And yet Jack didn't marry her. (I suspect Jack regrets that he didn't; or why does he drop in so very often now?)

I put it to any one. Can it be a pleasant thing for me, when I come home tired and—well, suppose I say cross—to find my wife sitting back in a low chair warming her feet by the fire (she has uncommonly pretty feet), with her hair done up with cherry-coloured ribbons (she knows she looks best in cherry-coloured ribbons, for Jack is always telling her so), her lips parted and her blue eyes eager with suspense, looking full up at Jack as he reads to her? True, when I come in she beams at me, and makes room for my chair by her side, and the book is allowed to close, and the conversation (I always think conversation with three so stupid!) becomes general, till Jack finds out (what I am convinced he would never have discovered if I hadn't come in) that it is getting late, and takes his departure. The instant he is gone, up springs my wife, wheels my easy-chair round to the fire, warms my slippers, scorching her pretty face sadly the while, rings for tea (I dare say she and Jack have had tea), and then, drawing a stool close to my side, clasps her hands before her, in the old winning attitude that first took my heart by storm years and years ago, when my darling was but a child (a child, and what is she now?), and says, "And now, dear, that that stupid bore is gone, tell me what you have been doing all day." (Now what, I ask, is any one to say to such a charming little humbug?)

I had meant to talk very gravely to her about her conduct towards my so-called friends (particularly Jack), and I had even concocted a sentence beginning with, "You must really think seriously, my dear—" but it is of no use, when things come to this pass. I can't look at her and scold her (and she takes very good care I shan't scold her without looking at her), so the subject drops, as all subjects do drop when she is by, and I luxuriate in my easy-chair and warm slippers, and, gazing on my pretty wife as she flits about the room like a household fairy as she is, feel that I am blest among men. (But this state of things is not calculated to last. The next evening finds Jack in his old place, his abominable face more undeniably good-looking than ever.)

He is fresh, open, and good-tempered is Jack (why in the name of fate shouldn't he be good-tempered when talking to my wife?), and his honest eyes (these fellows always have honest eyes) express unqualified admiration of my wife. Mine! Let me say it again, it does me good; my wife, Jack; a dozen times over, mine.) While she on her part has to-night discarded the cherry-coloured ribbons, and has come out all over blue ribbons (I wish Jack wouldn't alter his taste in ribbons so often, it makes our bills high), and is altogether most bewitching.

What am I to do? I can't prevent her looking lovely (and I wouldn't if I could). I can't stop the supplies. I can't snip away those distracting ribbons. Sooner than resort to such measures, let all the Jacks ever heard or thought of, drink my wines, read my papers (I wish Jack *would* read the papers a little more when he comes here; he knows nothing of politics), or sing themselves hoarse to my wife's sweet accompaniment! (Still, if I *could* think of any half measure that would prevent Jack from giving us more than, say, five evenings a week of his valuable time, I should feel it a relief.)

I have an idea! (I dare say my wife does not think me capable of it, but I have). Jack likes pretty women (I have a tolerably good proof of this every day of my life); suppose I introduce him to one. I know one who is, *strictly speaking* (though I have never found any one who thought so), far more beautiful than my wife. I will take Jack there, this very night, and see if she can act as a corrective to the blue and red ribbons. I mention it to Jack. He doesn't see it, of course (I never expected he would); but he consents to go with me, and he goes. She *doesn't* act as a corrective to the blue and red ribbons (of course she doesn't; he's much too far gone for that). Jack says she's not "*his style*" (*his style* is probably at the moment flirting furiously with Dick of my bachelor days), and the evening is a failure.

We both come away in a bad humour (not an uncommon occurrence in my case, by-the-by), and bear with us invitations to an approaching ball; to which, of course, she will wish to go. She does wish to go; she says it will be "delightful." When the night arrives, she appears in complete ball-room attire, like a—"Vision of light," Jack very kindly remarks).

Talk of her beauty (though it's really worth talking of) in her every-day ordinary dress (if any dress ever looked ordinary on her), what is it then to what it is now! Well! She looks very lovely in her feathery whiteness, and I am very proud of her, and should be quite willing to go to this or any other ball, and see her enjoy herself as much as she could, poor child! (were it not that, down-stairs, waiting for us, is—Jack).

Jack! In the most dandified "get up," with the most irreproachable tie, and in his hand the most exquisite bouquet of white camellias. (They are not for me, but perhaps the next best thing to a present for oneself should be a present for one's wife.) I say nothing (chiefly

because I have nothing to say), and we set off. My wife says, "*Should* I mind going outside, because her dress *does* take up so much room?" I don't mind, and I go outside.

They (Jack and my wife) are dancing their seventh round dance. I feel that to-night either Jack or I will go mad (and that it won't be Jack). I make a last effort. I tell my wife that I feel unwell, and hint that I should like to return home. She is goodness itself. She is so sorry! The heat of crowded ball-rooms is the worst thing possible for a headache. I must go home at once; I need not feel the least uneasy about her. Jack will see her home. (Will he? Not if I know it.) I sit on. There they go again, gallop the eighth. (I wish people would take to dancing alone—hornpipes, for instance—I could then be content to sit and look on for any length of time. How young she looks, how unutterably fair, with her blue eyes shining, and her soft hair pushed from her flushed cheek!)

The evening comes to an end at last, and I take my little wife home (and listen to her innocent laughter and girlish glee, with a thankful heart, for my darling is as open and as pure as the day). Still I must take some measures (for Jack's sake).

Poor Jack! I think about it all the rest of the night, and I hit upon a little plan to show Jack that my little wife's pretty ways and caressing manners are natural to her, and inseparable from her, and are bestowed on others as freely as on him.

I coax Dick (that is, I mention it to Dick, who jumps at the idea) to come and spend an evening with us. He arrives about ten minutes before Jack's usual hour for appearing, and I put him and my wife down at the piano (which means that I do nothing of the kind, but that they establish themselves at that instrument, and I don't interfere). Jack arrives. Jack evinces astonishment, bewilderment, discomfiture. Sitting back on the music-stool, accompanying without book, for her blue eyes are raised above the level of the music-desk, is my wife, while over her leans Dick, singing with the greatest expression the burden of Balfe's popular song: "Then you'll remember me." Jack is sulkiness itself all night, and provokingly proof against all my little wife's attempts to flatter him into a more social state of mind. He takes his leave early, and confides to me at parting that he thinks he shall go abroad; "for after all, old fellow," he says, "there is nothing to be done in England." I agree with him, and hint that I would like to know in what part of the world he thinks there *is* anything to be done, when he replies, still sulkily busy with his great-coat, "It's all one; I don't suppose there's anything to be done anywhere." I retort, "Well, good-bye, old chum, if you really mean it. I suppose when you come back you'll be bringing your wife with you—some foreign beauty, to startle the natives." Jack catches hold of my arm, and in the tone of one who delivers a new idea, says, "But

what is beauty?" (rather good that, from Jack), "and besides—all women are humbugs."

So Jack goes off (and I cannot but feel heartily glad at Jack's departure). Absence will be very good for Jack, I know. Whereas, for me!—How happy I am as I resume the thread of my honeymoon, and feel that there is none now but I myself to admire (I conveniently ignore Dick) the sweet face of my pretty wife!

HAVANA CIGARS.

A PUBLIC writer, I apprehend, has a clear right to express contempt for his own productions. Few will believe him, it is true; for the reason that in humanity—for humanity's everlasting good—there is a deep-rooted conviction that no creature, not being a monster, can absolutely hate his own offspring. As for contempt, we know very well that it is only Hatred in a white necktie: Hatred that goes out to dinner in good society, and voids venom over cut glass and company claret. But we are capable of doing many things, which, through fear of ridicule, or shame, or punishment, we refrain from doing; and, being anonymous and consequently reckless, I claim my right to hold in utter scorn and disdain a paper I lately wrote in this esteemed journal, and which purported to describe the Cigarito Factory of La Honvadez, at Havana.* Understand, that it is the matter, and not the manner, of the paper in question which I so completely condemn. If the critics say anything about my style, or my semicolons, I will show fight. 'Tis the theme I despise. Cigaritos! Pah! I puff the papelito away. The trivial topic; the twopenny text! Removed by an intellectual universe from Isaac Newton—although that sage, too, was a great smoker, and, in a fit of mental abstraction, once made use of a lady's little finger as a pipe-stopper—I yet feel that I have been lingering on the shore, picking up pretty little shells and molluscs, while the great Ocean of tobacco-smoke lay, all undiscovered, before me. I must really trouble that cranky invalid Muse of mine to "oblige the company" once more, and to Awake, Arise, or be for ever Fallen in that sound sleep into which she subsided, with one of La Honvadez cigaritos between her taper thumb and finger, at the conclusion of my first paper of tobacco.

She wakes. She is all alive. I have got my Muse fast at Florian's, on St. Mark's Place, Venice, and on a sumptuous summer night. The great full moon hangs over our heads, imminent, like the sign of the World Turned Upside Down. I have regaled my Muse with iced coffee and macaroons. She has even partaken of a bicchierino of maraschino. A "bicchierino"—isn't it a dainty name for a dram? Then, rubbing my hands in uncharitable glee, to think that yonder white-jerked Tedisco officers have nothing choicer to smoke than three-halfpenny

"Virginias"—the actual Virginia of their birth being, probably, the Terra di Lavoco, or the Island of Sardinia—I produce from that private case, which has hitherto eluded the lynx eyes of the German Zollverein, the Spanish Duana, and the Italian Dogana, a real cigar—a Regalia Britannica, "Plor fina, Maduro: Havana, 1864." My Muse lights up at once, and pours forth memory in clouds. You need not be in the least shocked at the idea of this young lady from Parnassus, otherwise a most decorous person, graduate of the Hyde Park College, and who has been nursery-governess in a nobleman's family, indulging in a cigar as big as a B.B. pencil, at ten o'clock at night, in front of a public coffee-house. Between ourselves be it mentioned, there are many ladies in Venice who are, to the full, as inveterate smokers as the ladies of Seville. My Muse, perhaps, is the only high-born dame who puffs in the open Piazza; but then, she is invisible to the vulgar, and an Immortal. You shall scarcely, however, take an evening airing in your gondola without observing numerous fair and graceful forms at their open windows, or in their balconies, enjoying, not the pretty puerility of the papelito, but the downright and athletic exertion of the full-grown cigar. About sundown, on most evenings, our barcolori row us from the Ponte di Fusori to the Giardini Pubblici. We strike the Grand Canal a little below the garden of the Palazzo Reale. At the left-hand corner of the canal from which we emerge there is a pretty little mansion, Venetian Gothic in style, and, for Venice, in excellent repair. It is precisely the little mansion which, if its bodily eradication, shipment to Liverpool, and removal to London, on the American system of rollers, was judged impossible, I should like to cause Mr. Barry, R.A., to build for me in Curzon-street, Mayfair; and then, with the title-deeds of the freehold in my strong-box, and the bins of my bijou house well ballasted with curious hocks and peculiar clarets, I would lead a chirping life, entertaining my friends, drinking even mine enemy's health, and wishing him better luck the next time he went out stabbing. At a charming ogival window of this tiny palazetto there is sure to be, about this sunset hour, a plump, jovial-looking little lady—very like the portraits of the Countess Guiccioli—and who is pulling at a cigar at least half an inch longer and stouter than my Regalia Britannica. I think the plump little lady smokes ambasciadore—a kind of cigar which you hesitate about smoking habitually unless your income exceeds fifteen thousand a year. In about an hour after sunset we glide back from the Giardini towards the Rialto, and there, at the same ogival window, we are sure to find the same plump little lady pulling away as vigorously as ever at her weed. It is not, I am afraid, the same cigar. Even in an ambasciadore there is not more than forty-five minutes' steady and continuous smoking. It has grown dark by this time, and through the open casement I can see a delicious little salone with a frescoed ceiling, containing that "copiosa quan-

* See page 272 of the last volume.

titata di amoutti" which Cardinal Mauria, of Savoy, was so anxious that Albania, the painter, should supply him with. I see a chandelier, glittering with crystal pendants and wax-lights—the good old candles of *yellow* wax, not the meagre, bleached, half-hearted gentilities the chandlers sell us too often now-a-days. I see walls with silken draperies, and choice pictures, and rare Venice mirrors, with frames like a whole horticultural show sculpt in gold. The furniture of the salone is of precisely the pattern I should wish Messrs. Jackson and Graham to send into Curzon-street, sparing no expense, and asking no questions about settlement. I hope that the eyes which have thus dived into the penetralia of a Venetian dwelling-house are not impertinent. Where is the use of having pretty things, if you don't allow the world outside to admire them? and are not all the really nice people who possess pretty things always ready to exhibit their treasures? Finally, at the window of this enchanting chamber, amidst flowers in boxes and flowers in vases, and with a sprightly little Maltese dog snoozing in her sleeve, is the prettiest picture of all—the plump little lady, blowing her placid cloud:

Se non son piu Sovrana,
Io son Veneziana,

she seems to be warbling between her whiffs, in that endearing dialect of the Adriatic which is as soft as *crème à la vanille*, and a great deal healthier.

I salute you, noble lady of Venice! Did I dare to launch into familiarity—did I presume to indulge in slang, I might say what I think—that you are a BRICK. In any case, I prefer you to Medora in her bower, to Mariana in the South, and to the Lady of Shalott. I would bow to you, lady mine, were not bowing under the coved roof of a gondola almost as difficult a feat as bowing in bed. More than once the little lady has waved a smoke-spiral amiceably towards me. There is a certain freemasonry among smokers. I am thinking that to-morrow evening I shall wave my handkerchief to her, when I am violently pulled back on to the cushions of the gondola, and the *barcaroli* are instructed in a passionate voice to row faster homewards. There is no harm, surely, in wishing to wave one's handkerchief to such a remarkably plump and jovial-looking lady.

Yes, red-sashed boatman, take me home; and then, when I have filled my inkhorn and nibbed my pen, take me, if you please, back to Havana. Never mind the heat. We shall be hotter before we are through this day's work. Never mind the dust. The sea-breeze will blow some time after gun-fire, and if you can exist unsmothered until then, you will be refreshed. Let us hail the first volante, whose dark and merry-faced postilion invites us to enter, and drive to the cigar manufactory, world famous, and unequalled in the world, perhaps, of "*La Hija de Cabaña y Carvajal*." For shortness, it is called "*Cabaña's*."

There is no longer a palpable Cabaña in the

flesh. Firms remain, but names pass away. Is there a Child? Is there a Fortnum, or, haply, a Mason? Is there a Chevet, or a Widow Cliquot? Did you ever see Swan and Edgar walking together? There has not been a Cramer for twenty years; and what contemporary man ever knew Booodle? The actual representative of the great Cuban house of Cabaña is the Señor Anselmo del Valle. I had had the advantage of a special introduction to this gentleman at his retail establishment ere I visited his factory. The monarch of Nicotine sat enthroned among odoriferous cedar boxes and cigars yet more fragrant, serene and sweet-smelling, like an old Turk merchant in the Bezesteen among his shawls, and chibouks, and spices, and rose-attar. A lissom, dusky, oily-looking man, if I remember aright, with a lustrous, bush-like moustache, and who, reclining in a low chair, and in a full suit of white linen, gently perspiring. The chief monarch of the great mosque of Araby the blest, this Señor Anselmo del Valle. What a haleyn existence? A mattress of lotus-hair—a continuous and diaphanous drapery of grateful incense hanging round. Nothing to do all day long save lol in a rocking-chair, and take gold ounces in exchange for boxes of superfine Cabañas. For the cigar business is essentially a ready-money one. So many cigars as you make you can sell, and so many cigars as you sell do you get paid for, in Havana, on the nail. I have often thought that to be a brewer of pale ale at Burton-on-Trent must be the acme of human felicity. You have only to go on brewing barrels of beer, and an ever-thirsty public will go on buying and paying. Dr. Johnson had an inkling of this, when, taking stock, as executor under Thrale's will, of the great brewhouse which was afterwards to become Barelays and Perkins's, he told Topham Beancleek that he had at last discovered the "source of boundless prosperity and inexhaustible riches." When I went to Havana, however, I was fain to place the vat in the second rank. The superlative degree I reserve for the cigar trade. "Boundless prosperity and inexhaustible riches" are, in the case of a Cabaña or an Anselmo del Valle, associated with something even more productive of happiness. The cigar merchant can pass, at least, eighteen hours out of the twenty-four in the delicious occupation of smoking his own cigars. Now the Burton brewer, however fond he may be of the famous decoction of hops, malt, and the water of the Mendip Hills, fermented on the placid banks of Trent, can scarcely go on drinking his own pale ale all day long. Nature wouldn't stand it. The brain and stomach would alike revolt from this perpetual state of beer. As a rule, traders are averse from consuming their own wares. Some sagacity warns off: others satiety sickens. Your provincial innkeeper does not share with a very good grace, and with a chance guest, the bottle of blue ink, logwood, and spirits of turpentine which he sells as claret, and charges ten and sixpence for. The grocer's apprentice soon grows tired of filching figs and munching

raisins—ah! how nice they were when, as children, we were allowed to stone the plums for the Christmas pudding, and stole more than we stoned!—on the sly. The pastrycook's girl runs to the counter, indulges in a revel of patties and jam tarts; but in a fortnight she becomes palled, and a wilderness of sweets rarely invites her to browse. It is different with the merchant who sells good cigars. He knows when he is well off, and makes the most of his opportunity. "Comte et comne" is his motto, as it was that of the Regent Orleans. Heart-complaint, paralysis, liver-complaint, dyspepsia, cerebral disease in its thousand-and-one forms, may menace those who smoke too much; but the merchant knows when he has a good article on hand, and continues to smoke the choicest weeds in his stock. A cigar merchant who did not smoke seems to me quite as much of a monster as that French bibliomaniac of the eighteenth century, whom La Bruyère knew, who had a library of eighty thousand volumes, splendidly bound, and who confessed that he never read a book. "I think," says La Bruyère, in his mention of this person, "that he only amassed volumes because he liked the smell of new leather. But why, then, didn't he turn tanner instead of bookworm?"

I have a distinct impression that after Señor Anselmo del Valle had squeezed my hand—he squeezed everybody's hand—on my being presented to him, he left in my palm a Cabaña regalia. They give away cigars in Cuba as they give away pinches of snuff elsewhere. I went into the back warehouse to choose a case of punsados for ordinary smoking, and the warehouseman gave me a handful just to try what their flavour might be like. These are among the "obsequies." When I got home to the Globo that evening, I found even a more splendid "obsequy" from the Cabaña factory, in the shape of a beautiful crystal casket framed in gilt bronze, inscribed with my name—"Caballero Inglis!" being added as a dignity—and containing one hundred of the superlative cigars known as excepcionales. These are said to be worth in England half-a-crown apiece, and are, indeed, only manufactured in order to be dispensed to crowned heads or presented as "obsequies" to tourists. I am ashamed to say that—sentiments of gratitude apart—I would grudge sixpence for the best excepcional that ever was made. Their mere facture is beyond compare. They are perfect convoluted bâtons of tobacco-leaf, mathematically symmetrical, showing not a join, a vein, or a pimple—with the broad end as round and smooth as that of a Cumberland pencil; with the narrow end as sharply blunt—a paradox, but a truth for all that—as the agate braur used for embossing diapers in illumination. I think that were you to throw an excepcional into the midst of Westminster Hall, it would not break, nor lie, but the rather rebound, elastic, and come back to you at last, intact, but bent, boomerang fashion. Its defect is that it is a world too light—that is to say, too mild in flavour—and

that, like all mild cigars, it is hot in the mouth. To the thorough smoker there is no more feverish tobacco than the lightest Latakia, and no cooler than the strongest Cavendish. Mild tobacco-smoking leads to drinking: witness the Turk, with his continually replenished coffee-cup, and the German, who washes down the chopped-up haystacks which he crams into his pipkin of a pipe with innumerable mugs of beer. Not always innumerable. They count them sometimes. The Prussian guardsmen who were regaled the other day at Berlin were allowed to one bottle of wine and ten scidels of beer apiece. Ten scidels—ten mortal pints and a half of swipes in one October evening! It must ooze through their pores, and make them clammy.

From the hospitable retail establishment of the señor to his factory, or rather that of the Hija de Cabañas y Carvajal, is a drive of about twenty minutes. The Fabrica is a grandiose building of white stone, and of the architectural style which may be described as West Indian Doric: that is to say, with plenty of porticos, and columns, and vestibules, erected much more for the purpose of producing coolness than pictorial effect. There are at least a thousand operatives employed here; but the mere number of hands is no test of the importance of a cigar manufactory. At the huge Reale Fabrica de Tabacos, in Seville, over four thousand men and women, nearly half of them gipsies, find employment. The Regio, at Algiers, gives daily work to over fifteen hundred hands. The cigar factories of Bordeaux, Barcelona, Ancona, and Venice, are on a corresponding scale of magnitude; but please to bear in mind that the staple of the things made in the usines I have named is mere muck, rubbish, refuse; whereas the Hija de Cabañas y Carvajal turns out only choice and fragrant rolls of superfine tobacco.

If anything could improve on the dreamy balminess which falls on the contemplative mind in these vast halls, all devoted to the treatment and preparation of tobacco, it would be the fact that the ceiling of every room is of cedar. 'Tis in the groves of Mount Lebanon, or, if you choose to be more prosaic, in an atmosphere of lead-pencils, that your weeds are made. I confess that ere I had been half an hour in the Cabañas factory I became immersed in a kind of happy fog or state of coma, such as ordinarily incited Messrs. Coleridge and De Quincey—in the good old days when it was thought no harm to crack a decanter full of laudanum before dinner—to literary composition. This must serve as my excuse for the very vague manner in which I am enabled to describe the process of making cigars. I know that I saw great bales and bundles of tobacco, just brought in from the plantations, being weighed in one long hall by negro women. The stuff was piled into monstrous scales, like those used in their dealings with the Indians who had furs to sell by the crafty traders in old Manhattan, who laid down the axiom that a Dutchman's foot weighed

ten pounds, and popped their foot into the seal accordingly. I know that I subsequently saw tobacco in all stages of being cleaned, and picked, and sorted, the finer leaves being reserved for the coverings or sheaths of the cigars, the less choice being used to form what magazine editors call "padding," and the Cubans themselves, when speaking of cigars, "las tripas"—a term not quite translatable to genteel ears, but which I may render, in a guarded manner, as "insides." If you offer a Spaniard a cigar—not with a view that he should smoke, but that he should criticise it—he will, after expressing the preliminary wish that you may live a thousand years, produce a sharp penknife and slice the weed through diagonally. Then, with a strong magnifying-glass, he will scrutinise "las tripas," and tell you, as confidently as any Loudon or Linnaeus could, the precise order of vegetation to which the cigar belongs—whether it is of the superfine "vuelta de abajo," the Clos Vougeot of nicotia, or of some inferior growth, either from the island of Cuba itself, or from Hayti, or Porto Rico, or Virginia, or Maryland, or the Carolinas, or, haply, from the south and east of Europe; for vast quantities of Hungarian, Austrian, Sardinian, and Bessarabian tobacco do find their way to Cuba, and come back to us in the guise of prime Havanas—that is certain. A minute investigation of "las tripas" may also lead to the painful disclosure that the cigar is not composed of tobacco at all. The periodical reports of her Majesty's commissioners of inland revenue point out, pretty plainly, what vile stuff is sometimes foisted on the public as genuine tobacco.

You run no risk, of course, of having a sophisticated cigar from the factory of the Hija de Cabañas y Carvajal. Their wares are of different qualities—just as claret is, and the quality perhaps takes as wide a range as Bordeaux between Medoc and Château Lafitte. But a Cabaña cigar—bought at Cabaña's, bien entendu, or at any reputable dealer's in London (no foreign cigar merchant I ever met with could be trusted even so far as I could see him)—is sure to be made of genuine tobacco. You are quite safe: also, with a cigar from the Partagas factory—and there are many amateurs who prefer Partagas to Cabañas; with an Alvarez; with a Cavargas; with a Lopez; with a Cealdos (of the Guipuzcoana manufactory), and especially with a Figaro. Some persons imagine the name of "Figaro" to be that of a brand, or form of cigar, such as a "Henry Clay" or a "Londres;" but it is really that of a factory. I may mention our "Lion" and "Romford" breweries by way of analogy. I need not say that there are scores more respectable traders in Havana who make good and unadulterated cigars; but the names I have set down are those best known, and most popular with smokers.

On the broadest principle of classification, the cigars which are really brought from the Island of Cuba to Europe may be divided into three great groups. First, genuine Havana, of various

degrees of fineness, but, from stem to stern, sleath and "tripas" made of tobacco grown, cured, and rolled in the Island of Cuba. Second, cigars composed inside of United States, or of European tobacco, imported into the island, but with an outside wrapper of Havana leaf. Third and last, cigars brought ready made into Havana, from Europe, mostly from Bremen and Switzerland, passed through some export house unfair enough to be an accomplice in such dealings, and re-exported to Europe. You rarely meet with these doubly sham cigars in England; but they form the staple of the article retailed at extravagant prices to travellers at continental hotels. They smoke so abominably that the consumer usually jumps at the conclusion that they are simply "duffers," with forged brands and labels on the boxes; but, if he imparts this assumption to the waiter, that functionary may in his turn often assume an air of injured innocence and virtuous indignation. He can tell the complainant the name of the wholesale dealer from whom he has purchased the cigars: nay, he is often enabled to point out on the box the actual government stamp, and the amount of duty paid on the contents as foreign cigars. I have gone down with a waiter to a custom-house and seen him clear from the ship and pay duty upon the cigars he has sold me, and yet have found them afterwards to be the merest rubbish. It is unjust to make Cuba responsible for the prevalence of such trash. The rubbishing cigars have been to Havana, but were not made there. What is it the Bulbul, in the Persian poem, remarks relative to the rose? I think he observes that he is not that flower, but that he has lived near her. So Bremen, who has paid a flying visit to Havana, may be regarded as a kind of rascally Bulbul.

This species of fraud is too clumsy and too slow for the great English people. We, who are so very hard on the Americans for their "smartness," habitually resort in trade to perhaps the most ingenious swindles, the most impudent deceptions, and the meanest and most detestable "dodges," of any nation in the world. We adulterate everything. We forge everything. We would adulterate the mother earth which is thrown on our coffins when we are buried, if that fraud would pay. There is not a petty tobaccoist's shop in a London back street without a stock of cigar boxes, whose brands, whose printed labels—down to the bluntness of the Spanish type and the poverty of the Spanish wood-engravings—are cool and literal forgeries of the Spanish originals. These brands and labels are forged quite as neatly as bank-notes are forged; but this is a "trick of trade" which has not yet become felony. I have seen with my own eyes, in a great English town, and in a cigar factory employing three hundred men, hands ready for heating and stamping—a kind of chamber of horrors—where there were no less than ninety different brands purporting to be those of leading houses in Havana, and all of which were false. The excuse of the people who re-

sort to these wretched artifices is, that they vend the wares thus spuriouly branded and labelled as "British," and not as "foreign" cigars. What's in a name? they ask; and so they call a cabbage a Cabaña, just for the fun of the thing. But would it be fair, I may ask, to stamp the little figure of the "porro," or dog, which is the trade-mark of the real Toledo blade, on the haft of a carving-knife made at Liège, or to brand "Moët et Chandon" on the cork of a bottle of cider? There are, doubtless, numbers of highly trustworthy cigar manufacturers in England, who make their cigars of the very best foreign tobacco that can be imported; but I must refer again to the reports of the commissioners of inland revenue for some very ugly revelations made from time to time as to fines inflicted on manufacturers who adulterate their tobacco, and, in any case, the practice of marking the boxes which contain home-made cigars, even if they be of good tobacco, with the names and brands of celebrated Havana houses, is unfair, untradesmanlike, and immoral. I dare say, however, that I am but fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus in alluding to such matters, and that I shall get but scratches for my pains. Only to unwary people who happen to be young and wealthy I will say this: whenever you have anything to do with cigars, or with sherry, or with pictures, or with horses, look out. Some advisers would include women and diamonds in their caveat; but I halt at horses. They may have a flaw in them, but a woman is a woman, and a diamond a diamond, and you can tell paste at once.

A visit to Cabaña's manufactory, although it failed in enabling me to describe with terseness, combined with accuracy, the process of cigar-making, had at least one beneficial result in disabusing my mind of a variety of absurd stories which I, and I dare say a good many of those who read this paper, had heard regarding the process as pursued in the island of Cuba. To believe these legends, cigar-making is one of the nastiest, nay, the most revolting of handicrafts, and the manner in which the tobacco is rolled and shaped by imperfectly clad young ladies of the African race, and in a state of servitude, is, to say the least, shocking. There may be small manufacturers at Havana who own but two or three slaves, or employ but two or three work-women, and they may do their work in a brutish and uncleanly manner; but so far as my own experience at the Hija de Cabañas y Carvajal's renders me a trustworthy witness, I may vouch for the scrupulous cleanliness and delicacy with which every single stage in the process of cigar-making is conducted. I have seen barley-sugar made, and I have seen bread made, and I certainly consider the manufacture of cigars to be a nicer transaction than either bread or sweet-stuff making.

Nothing can be more orderly, more symmetrical, than the appearance of the cutting and shaping room. The operators sit to their work, and make the cigars with their fingers, but do not roll them into shape by attrition on their

sartorius muscles, as is popularly supposed. Every operator has his counter or desk, his sharp cutting tools, and his pot of gum for fastening the tips, with his stock of assorted tobacco-leaf in baskets by his side. It is a competitive vocation. The best workmen are best off. Payment is by results. Many of the hands employed are negro slaves, or were so when I was in Havana three years ago; but the finer cigars, the prime Cabañas, the Napoleones, the Espaniales and Regalias are made exclusively by white Creole Spaniards, who are paid according to the number they can turn out a day, and many of whom realise very handsome wages.

Good cigars are very dear in Havana. You may get a weed for a penny or three-halfpence, or sometimes, by industriously rooting among the small manufacturers, you may pick up cigars very cheap indeed, which, if you throw them into a drawer, and allow them to season for six months, may turn out tolerable; but an approved and warranted cigar from a first-rate house will always fetch its price, and, our heavy import duties notwithstanding, is not much cheaper in Havana than it is in England. I have appended in a foot-note (for fear of boring you)* the price-list of Cabaña cigars for the year 1864. Since then the tariff has, I dare say, risen. I may add that it is generally understood in the cigar trade that the very finest and choicest qualities of Havana cigars go to England simply because the largest prices can be commanded there; yet I believe I am rather under than above the mark in stating that there are not thirty cigar dealers in London from whom fine and choice Havanas can be procured. It has been computed—although I have no official authority for the statement—

* Napoleones di lujo, 300 dolls.; Escepcionales, 255 dolls.; Embajadores, flor fina, 120 dolls.; Regalias, flor fina, 130 dolls.; Imperiales, 130 dolls.; Esparteros, 100 dolls.; Regalias Chicas, 80 dolls.; Conchas, 80 dolls.; Cilisedrados, 75 dolls.; Aromaticos, 75 dolls.; Comme-il-fauts, 70 dolls.; Cazadores, 65 dolls.; Pigmeos, 45 dolls.; Media Regalias, 60 dolls.; Londres flor fina, 55 dolls.; Do. de calidad, 45 dolls.; Briosa o Pun-sados, 55 dolls.; Panalclos o Caballeros, 50 dolls.; Trabucos, 55 dolls.; Principes, 50 dolls.; Cabana kings (one of the sweetest varieties of cigar extant), 35 dolls.; Medianos, 50 dolls.—all per thousand and in gold currency. Among miscellaneous cigars, the price of which per thousand may be computed at about five-and-twenty per cent under Cabanas, I find in my note-book, as to sizes, Trabucillos and Bajonetas, and as to brands and makes, "El Principe de Galles," "Lincoln," "H. Upmann," "Los dos Hermanos" (the two brothers), "Salvadores," "La Vida," "José Rodriguez," "Flor Cubanitas las delicias," "Consuelos" (out of compliment to Madame George Sand, I presume, El aquila Parisiana (Bismarck's particular, it is to be imagined), Juan de Chinchureta, Fleur de Marie, Flor de Mauricio (an odd combination of souvenirs of the Mysteries of Paris and the Trovatore), Flores Tropicas, Eo soy un angel (I am an angel, which is modest), La Fragrancia, La Dignidad, La Aprobacion, and La Flor de Eustaquio Barroz. After pears, tulips, and race-horses, the nomenclature of cigars is certainly the most copious in nature.

that of the cigars manufactured by the Hija de Cabañas y Carvajal at least forty per cent go to England, thirty per cent to the United States—California taking the largest quantity—ten per cent to Brazil, five to Russia, five to France, five to Spain, two to Germany, two to Australia, leaving one per cent for Italy and other fractional consumers of real cigars; and yet the Italians are the most inveterate smokers in Europe. They prefer, however, their own home-made Cavours, which are a halfpenny apiece and slowly poisonous, to the more wholesome but more expensive Cabaña.

I forgot to state that, before I left the Cabaña premises, I smoked and enjoyed very much a full-flavoured regalia, for whose structure I had myself selected the leaves, and which I saw rolled, shaped, gummed, and pointed, with my own eyes. It was like being at Joe's, in Finch-lane.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

TWO ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

I. PEG NICHOLSON'S.

On the second of August, 1786, the year in which Burke commenced his specific charges against Warren Hastings, a levee was to be held at St. James's. Blue ribbons and diamond stars, satin trains and ostrich plumes, were arriving every moment, either by Pall Mall or St. James's-street. Sedan-chairs and carriages were crowding every avenue to the palace. The old brick gateway gleamed with reflexions of scarlet uniforms and waving feathers. New and old titles, merited and unmerited rank, were there; great generals, brave admirals, proud ladies, great statesmen, all waiting for the honest and well-intentioned but exceedingly narrow-minded and obstinate king, who was every moment expected by a cluster of equerries, chamberlains, and gold and silver sticks, at the garden entrance of St. James's.

A cloud of dust, a flash of swords, a roll of wheels. The king. As the yeomen flung open the door, and the king alighted from his post-chariot, a little neatly dressed ruddy woman pressed forward to present a paper (a petition). As the king received it with kindly condescension, the woman drew forth an ivory-handled, half-worn-out dessert-knife, and struck at the king's breast: the thin point bending on his waistcoat. The poor crazed woman was making a second stab, when a yeoman caught her arm, and, at the same instant, one of the royal footmen wrenched the feeble weapon from her powerless hand. The king, calm and unruffled ("preserving his temper and fortitude," as the court papers expressed it, in their own gorgeous way), exclaimed:

"I am not hurt; take care of the poor woman; do not harm her."

The attempt at assassination was rather an impotent one. A little crazed old woman, armed with a limp worn-out dessert-knife, could hardly

play the part of Brutus. Still the attempt was sufficient excuse for courtiers' flattery and for twopenny congratulatory odes and fulsome addresses running over with mouthy loyalty that meant nothing. It procured the questionable honour of knighthood for one or two provincial mayors, it elicited a *Te Deum* speech from Mr. Pitt, and it gave the London editors the cue for a cut at the somewhat disappointed Jacobites, who hurried to the old brick gateway to congratulate King George, and returned to pull down their blinds and slyly drink "the white rose over the water."

The stolidly brave king took the whole affair in a royal sort of way; and ermine, blue ribbon, diamond star, and all, held the levee with bland cheerfulness. Noblemen and ambassadors, the managers of the royal theatres, members of parliament, and court officials, in and out of dress, crowded round the throne to earn the smiles and receive the gracious assurances on which courtiers subsist. His august majesty, on opening Peg Nicholson's petition (the people always afterwards called her "Peg," in a half affectionate way), found that it was headed in the usual manner:

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty," but the rest was an insane *carte blanche*.

Mr. Pitt, Lord Carmarthen, Lord Sydney, the Earl of Salisbury, the Master of the Rolls, and the Attorney-General, were instantly convened in the council-chamber, and the old woman was brought before them. Flies to the sugar-cask, lawyers to a Chancery suit—what a stir about a poor mad old servant, who had better have been coached off at once to Bedlam, testified to by competent doctors who had settled what sanity was, and what it wasn't, and there an end!

Margaret Nicholson proved to be the daughter of a man at Stockton-upon-Tees. She had lived with credit in many respectable families, including that of Lord Coventry, on whose daughters she had waited. About six years before, she had been servant to a Miss Price, of Argyle-buildings, whose service she quitted on pretence of having been left a fortune. This was, probably, the commencement of her insanity. She then turned sempstress and mantua-maker, and also worked for Mr. Watson, a hatter, in New Bond-street, whom she frequently pressed to present petitions on her behalf to the king, asserting that she had a large claim upon the government. It was on this point that she was insane. She had latterly lodged for three years with Mr. Fisk, a stationer, at the corner of Wigmore-street, Marylebone. Her fellow-lodgers had observed that she was odd, and that she muttered to herself over her work.

Peg did not seem in the least embarrassed before all the great people. Her answers were like the answers of other monomaniacs: sometimes sensible, sometimes incoherent. She said she would answer no one but a judge about her rights, for "they were a mystery" (which was true enough). Being asked where she had lived since she left her last place? she answered fran-

tically, "she had been all abroad since that matter of the crown broke out." She went on rambling, that the crown was hers—she wanted nothing but her right—she had great property—if she had not her right, England would be drowned in blood for a thousand generations. It was found that ten days before, she had presented a petition, which was discovered to be full of ravings about "tyrants, usurpers, and pretenders to the throne." It was proposed to commit her for a few days to Tottenham-fields Bridewell; but, as she was a state prisoner, (save the mark!) she was given over to the custody of a messenger, who took her to his house in Half-moon-street. At her lodgings were found three letters relating to her claims: one to Lord Mansfield, one to Lord Loughborough, one to General Branham. The scraps of writing all referred to "effects" and "classics;" terms she seemed to have ignorantly used in an algebraic way to mysteriously express "an unknown quantity." She owned that she meant to frighten the king with the knife, and so to obtain her right. The petition was blank, she said, because she had delivered many others before, and the king knew well enough what she wanted. She grew silent, and refused to answer any more questions. She answered many of the mad doctor's questions incoherently, and at last became quite convulsed, saying, "Tears would give her relief."

On August the 8th, Dr. Munro pronounced poor old Peg insane, and the Privy Council ordered her to be conveyed to Bedlam. Mr. Cook took her in a hackney-coach, his wife, a friend, and a nurse accompanying her, under pretence of taking the poor old creature on a party of pleasure. When they got under the wall of Bedlam, she observed she knew where they were taking her to. They all dined with her, and she remained collected till the king's name was mentioned; then she kept saying, "I expected him to visit me." After this she was taken to her cell, a chain put round her leg, and riveted to the floor. All this she bore with perfect unconcern. As Mr. Cook was going to leave, she asked for pen and ink and paper, to write some letters to send by him. The materials were given her, but she would not then write.

On the afternoon of the attempt, the king, after turning over some papers with indifference, returned to Windsor, graciously smiling, and, in order to allay the public anxiety, with fewer attendants than usual. In the mean time, the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires had executed a daring stroke of diplomacy, under the pretence of an uncontrollable sympathy. The Public Advertiser says: "The moment the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires heard the report of the villainous attempt, he went post to Windsor, and immediately introduced himself to the queen; not, as a man of common sagacity would have done, in order to assure her majesty that the king had received no injury from the knife of the assassin, but solely with an intention to engage her in conversation, and

thereby prevent her from hearing any report at all until the king's arrival. In this design he happily succeeded, and then took leave of their majesties, leaving the king to tell the story himself. The king shook him warmly by the hand, and assured him that he hardly knew a man in the world to whom he was so much obliged."

The untoward prince, then twenty-four, and at the worst of his pranks, was at this time in open rebellion against his father, after the manner of his royal grandfather. On hearing, however, of the attempt, he came post to Windsor, asked permission to pay his duty to the queen, and stayed with her two hours; but did not see the king, although his majesty was in an adjacent room. On leaving, he told his mother that he would dine at a certain inn, and remain till six o'clock. The king sending no message for him, the prince at that hour drove off.

The Earl of Salisbury ordered one hundred pounds to be given to the yeoman and fifty pounds to the footman who arrested Peg's hand; but it was rather ludicrous that the too zealous yeoman declared that Peg made a tremendous plunge at the king's body, while the king steadily declared the contrary. The Public Advertiser, irritated at all this fuss about nothing, ventured on the following audacious squib, August 17: "Hints for the Biography of Margaret Nicholson. The place of her birth—her father and mother—her uncles and aunts by the father's side—ditto by the mother's side—her grandfather and godmother—also, her grandfathers and godmothers—her brothers and sisters—whether any of her brothers were married—how many children had they—whether any of her sisters married, and to whom—what was the profession of her family—were they Roman Catholics, Protestants, Anabaptists, Arians, Arminians, Moravians, Muggletonians, Calvinists, Quakers, Presbyterians, or Unitarians, &c.? It is also highly necessary to know the political tenets of said family from the time of the Revolution to the present hour—whether she ever made a tour to Scotland, and with whom, as, in all probability, among the descendants of the Pretender in the Highlands she may have acquired her regicide principles. Nicholson is a Scotch name, and the Nicholsons were formerly called MacNicoll; now Mac-Nichol is a Highland name; ergo, it is very probable she may be a descendant of 'some king-killing Jacobite or other. Vide Anecdotes Johnsoni, passim. In the description of her person we expect the greatest accuracy. The exact number of inches above five feet, and the most correct and animated detail of the form of each feature. Her dress also minutely described, the shop where she purchased her last gown, and whether she ever wore a bustle previous to her public appearance the week before last. We consider the public as highly interested in all these things."

A contemporaneous paper gives the following scandal as the true version of the cause of

poor Peg's insanity. When in service with a lady of quality in Brudenell-street, she was disliked and ridiculed by the other servants for being quiet, prudish, reserved, and melancholy. One night, however, the valet was seen coming out of her bedroom. She and the valet were dismissed, but afterwards lived together at other places. The man eventually deserted Peg, married, and took an inn on the western road. After this, Peg pined, relinquished service, and abandoned herself to despondency and solitude.

The old woman's version of her own attempt by no means resembles the one we have given. With the cunning of insanity, irritable at confinement, and eager for escape, she declared she had not had the slightest wish to injure the king; on the contrary, "she had a great notion of him." When the king used to visit at Lord Coventry's he had frequently looked at her in a way that bespoke kindness and regard. Being out of service, she resolved to appeal to the king. Unfortunately, having a knife in her pocket as well as the petition, in her hurry and confusion, and fear of missing the moment, she pulled out the knife instead of the paper, and was instantly seized.

This poor old creature lived in Bedlam more than thirty-seven years, surviving the King himself, in spite of his long reign, and even surviving all the "Peg Nicholson's Knights," as the provincial tuft-hunters who obtained knighthood on the occasion were called by vulgar and contumelious people. Latterly she grew stone deaf, seldom spoke, took great quantities of snuff with intense satisfaction, and lived almost entirely on gingerbread. Tranquil, contented, neat, and industrious, she was allowed tea, as a great favour, and had the exclusive privilege of living, in her quiet and harmless way, apart from the criminal patients, in the ward used as a retreat for the aged and infirm.

II. JAMES HATFIELD'S.

On the 15th of May, 1800, there was a review of the first (Grenadiers) battalion of Guards in Hyde Park, before the King, Lord Chatham, Lord Chesterfield, and some distinguished officers. The sturdy, tight stockinged, spatter-dashed veterans of the American war were in the thick of their evolutions, when a gentleman named Ongley, who stood about twenty yards from his majesty, was unpleasantly startled by receiving (not at all according to the programme) a musket-ball through the upper part of his thigh. It was soon ascertained that this accident was occasioned by a soldier's having carelessly left a ball-cartridge in his cartouche-box, which had got mingled with the blanks.

The following evening, the king, queen, and princesses went to Drury Lane Theatre, then under the guidance of that great but wayward genius, Sheridan. The play was Cibber's *She Would and She Would Not*, followed by the farce of the *Humorist*. Drury Lane was great

then. Sheridan's version of Kotzebue's *Pizarro* had been a recent triumph, and had run thirty-one nights—a run then considered wonderful; nor had Morton's comedy of *Speed the Plough* been less successful. Just as the king entered the royal box, and was about four paces from the door, a soldierly-looking man in the middle of the pit, the second row from the orchestra, got up on his seat, and levelling a horse-pistol, discharged it at the royal box. The action was so quick and so unexpected, that no one could stop him; but a gentleman next him, Mr. Holroyd, of Scotland-yard, struck his arm so as to send the bullet up into the roof of the royal box.

There was a moment's suspense, of alarm, horror, and astonishment; then a cry from a hundred mouths of "Seize the man!" Mr. Major Wright, a solicitor of Wellesloe-square, who sat behind the fellow, was the first to lay hands on him; and he and the musicians dragged him over the orchestra spikes upon the stage, and in to the musicians' room.

In the mean time, the king had advanced with perfect composure to the front of the box, and there stood watching the man being hurried off. The queen about to enter, and inquiring what was the matter, he said with amiable mendacity:

"Only a squib, squib, squib. They have been firing squibs."

The queen, hearing the report, seeing the flash, and of course guessing the truth, came forward much agitated, and curtsying, asked the king whether they should stay?

"Yes," said the king; "we will not stir; we will stay the whole of the performance."

The princesses, informed of the event before they entered the box, burst into tears. Two of them fainted; but the Princess Elizabeth preserved her courage, and helped to restore her sisters. When the Earl of Salisbury tried fustily to draw the king from the theatre, his majesty said, angrily and obstinately, "Sir, you discompose me as well as yourself. I shall not stir one step." When the king was told that there was perhaps a conspiracy afloat, he replied nobly: "Existence was not worth having, if he could not enjoy his amusements in the midst of his people."

There was no great attention paid that night to the grandeur of Kemble, the generous acting of Bannister, the buxom joyousness of Mrs. Jordan, the testiness of King, or the arch humour of Miss Pope. The one feature of the evening was the tremendous burst of enthusiasm and hearty patriotism when *God Save the King* was sung with full power and intense fervour. The whole house joined.

Mr. Jeffereys, M.P. for Coventry, with true courtier-like tact, instantly on Hatfield's seizure, hurried off to Lord Melbourne's, where the Prince of Wales was that day dining, and informed him of the attempt on the life of his not overmuch beloved father. The prince instantly went to the theatre to attend the king.

Mr. Sheridan, who was dreadfully afraid that this attempt might make the king desert Drury Lane and take to the rival house, proceeded at once with Mr. Wigstead, a magistrate, to examine the prisoner, on whom no papers or firearms had been found. (The pistol was picked up under the seat in the pit where it had been dropped.) Mr. Tamplin, trumpeter in the band, pronounced the man a soldier, and, pulling open his coat, found that he had on an officer's waistcoat, with the button of the 15th Light Dragoons.

The old mad dragoon (for such he proved) was no conspirator. He had been badly wounded in a pell-mell fight among the French cavalry swords in Flanders, and he told his story with a simple honesty that was not without pathos. On being questioned by Mr. Sheridan, he said, "he had no objection to tell who he was. It was not over yet; there was a great deal more and worse to be done. His name was James Hatfield. He had served his time to a working silversmith, but had enlisted into the 15th Light Dragoons, and had fought for his king and country." At this moment the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York entered the room to be present at the examination. Hatfield immediately turned to the Duke, and said:

"I know your royal highness—God bless you. You are a good fellow. I have served with your highness" (pointing to a deep cut over his eye, and another long scar on his cheek), he said. "I got these, and more than these, in fighting by your side. At Linelles I was left three hours among the dead in a ditch, and was taken prisoner by the French. I had my arm broken by a shot, and eight sabre-wounds in my head; but I recovered, and here I am."

He then gave the following account of himself and of his conduct. He said, that having been discharged from the army on account of his wounds, he had returned to London, and now lived by working at his own trade for a Mr. Solomon Hougham. He made a good deal of money. Being weary of life, he last week bought a pair of pistols from Mr. Wakelin, a hairdresser and broker in St. John-street. He told him they were for his young master, who would give him a blunderbuss in exchange; he had borrowed a crown from his master that morning, with which he had bought some powder; he went backwards to the yard of an inn in Red Lion-street, and there he tried his pistols. He found one of them good for nothing, and left it behind him. In his own trade he used lead, so he cut two slugs, with which he loaded his pistol, and came to the theatre. He did not wish to kill the king, though he (Hatfield) was as good a shot as any in England. He fired over the royal box. He wished for death, but did not wish to fall by his own hands. He had hoped that, in the alarm, the spectators would have killed him. He hoped that his life was forfeited.

Sir William Addington, the magistrate, who

had been placed in the chair, still harping on conspiracy, asked Hatfield if he were a member of the Corresponding Society? He replied simply, No, but that he belonged to a club of Odd Fellows and a benefit society. Being asked if he had any accomplices, he solemnly declared that he had none, and with great energy took God to witness, placing his hand upon his heart. From this time he began to show manifest signs of mental derangement. When asked who his father was, he said he had been postilion to some duke, but could not say what duke. He talked in a mysterious way of dreams, and of a great commission he had received in his sleep; he knew he was to be a martyr, and was to be persecuted like his great master, Jesus Christ. He had been persecuted in France, but he had not yet been sufficiently tried. He knew what he was to endure, but he begged Sir William Addington to remember that Jesus Christ had his trial before he was crucified. It being proved that the least drink had deranged Hatfield ever since his wounds in the Netherlands, he was committed to Coldbath-fields prison: the Dukes of Clarence, and Cumberland, and Mr. Sheridan, conducting him there. He was then taken to the Duke of Portland's office, and again examined.

The royal dukes, the manager, and some officers, made strict search for the slugs that had been fired. One was found in the orchestra, it having ricocheted there after piercing the canopy of the royal box; the second was found in Lady Milner's box, where it had glanced from the cornice of the king's box, which, raised fifteen feet above the floor, was forty or fifty feet from where Hatfield had stood.

On the 26th of June, Hatfield was tried for high treason, in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Kenyon and the other judges. Mr. Abbott (afterwards Lord Chief Justice) opened the pleadings. Erskine conducted the defence, and clearly proved the prisoner's insanity. The evidence was interesting, in the proof it afforded of the instantaneous way in which a brave and daring soldier had been turned, by a blow or two on the skull, into a dangerous fanatic, believing himself a rightful claimant of the crown.

Hercules McGill said that he was in the battle near Lisle, in which Hatfield was wounded. Hatfield was on that occasion his right-hand man, and received two scars in attempting to rescue him. Hatfield fought with bravery, and always testified a great attachment for his sovereign. He was left for dead on the field of battle, and the witness did not see him again until the autumn of 1795, when he came to Croydon barracks, to the great surprise of the whole regiment. When the witness went to see him at the hospital, he seized a bayonet in a frantic manner, and made a lunge at him. He did not recognise witness, and was quite deranged.

One Lane, a soldier in the Coldstream Regiment of Guards, said that he was a prisoner in France in 1795, and that he was confined in an hospital in St. Cyr, three miles from Ver-

sailles. While he was there, the prisoner was brought to the same place. He was in a fit when he came, and remained speechless the whole of that day and the next night. When he awaked in the morning he looked wild and disturbed. He said that he had been asleep for a long time, but that at last he had awaked. Being asked what countryman he was, he said, "I came from London. I am King George." He was quite serious, and, having got a looking-glass before him, he put his hand up to his head, saying, "That he was feeling for his crown." He repeated that he was King George, and said that he lived as king in Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell.

The prisoner's brother said that Hatfield had been confined once or twice every year since his wounds in Flanders. He was affected by hot weather, the changing of the moon, and crowded rooms. When he was going off, he was always gloomy, sour, and disobliging; they then put him in confinement. From looking in his brother's face he could tell the time of the moon as well as if he looked at an almanack. They were just about to confine him, when the unfortunate event took place, and God Almighty grant they had! In how many of these cases there is the same tardy repentance.

Several other witnesses having been examined, Lord Kenyon here stopped the proceedings, considering Hatfield's insanity amply proved. A verdict of "Not guilty, on the plea of insanity," was returned, and the prisoner, now perfectly cool and collected, was driven back to Newgate in a hackney-coach.

Not long after Hatfield was in Bedlam, he killed another madman named Benjamin Train, by a blow which struck him over a form. He afterwards contrived to escape, but was recaptured at Dover and sent for a time to Newgate. He several times petitioned parliament for release, but lingered, soured in temper, and pining for liberty, through many years. He made straw baskets, which he sold to visitors, and he was dexterous and ingenious in their manufacture. Government allowed him sixpence a day for his military service. He died in Bedlam.

Bannister Truelock, the mad prophet, was treated with much consideration at Bedlam, where he had a room at the top of the house that commanded a fine view of Surrey. The walls were covered with his prophecies, and he kept a great number of canary-birds, which he bred for sale. He persisted to his death in the assertion that the Messiah was to be spiritually born from his mouth.

Peg Nicholson and James Hatfield were the only two persons who attempted the life of George the Third, numerous as were the plots that developed themselves during the oppressions of Sidmouth and Castlereagh. George the Fourth, his unworthy son, was once shot at as he drove to Westminster, and his coach was often pelted. An old crazed pensioner flung a stone at honest William the Fourth at Ascot; and then came a series of miserable imbeciles, who from time to time endeavoured to secure

board and lodging in a madhouse for life, by threatening the life of our gracious Queen, whom God preserve!

RUFUS HELSTONE.

TROUBLES, calamities, judgments of God—ay, sir, they seem terrible when they come one after another on a man's head; but, to my thinking, the most terrible thing of all that can happen to a bad man is that the Almighty should forget him, and let him alone. Sit down, sir, and let me tell you what happened in this very house, and round about it, when I was a lad, and what has happened since; all winding from one clue into one piece.

Right away from this spot to the abbey was forest then; the house had been the lodge, and is called so yet. When the plough goes over the land, you may trace to this day the black circles where the great oaks stood and were cut down, and their roots charred to rot. Up the steep broken ground at the back were twisted, knotted, bearded crab-trees. I cannot tell you how many generations may have said in spring that the rosy blossoms of them were lovely, nor how many may have set their autumn teeth on edge with the sour wild fruit—orchard it was once; perhaps the sweet veins of the apple-grafts had run dry, and the natural stocks had put forth savage life again in their neglect. I cannot tell. The rift that goes down to the Southampton Water is just what it was—morass at bottom, and up the sides clothed with hollies, firs, bracken, and all luxuriant greennesses.

As far back as my memory serves me, the Lodge Farm was tenanted by a family of the name of Helstone, and it is of my master, Rufus Helstone, that I am going to speak as a man God let alone. The Lodge has been gutted by fire since his time, but it was then kept in good repair, and looked outside much as it must have looked in old days, when ladies on a journey, whom the monks might not entertain in the abbey, rode up to its door and claimed a night's lodging and hospitality. There is enough of the ancient walls left to suggest what it was originally, but only just enough; and inside all the fine old stonework and woodwork are gone. But the shafts of the oriel window stood the fire, and that was re-glazed, and there it is—a grand window, sir, and most beautiful for seeing the moonlight on the water. It was and is the dormitory for the farm-servants.

I must ask you to go back with me to one night at the end of the last century, when there was everywhere upsetting, overturning, and war in the world, and we were fighting the French at sea. It was harvest-time, and the moon was nearly at full. The oriel window let in the light broad as day, but a more wakeful light. I can sleep in the sun, but the moon shining on my face is like a bad dream to me even now. I had my straw mattress in the darkest corner, but a very little stir would

rouse me on these clear nights. At the time I am speaking of, there were only two of the farm-servants housed at the Lodge besides myself, the shepherd and waggoner—young men, and I but a lad to do odd jobs about the place, and help everybody.

Yes, sir, I was a sailor since. I have been round the world, and have seen fifty years of adventures. But for an event to which I shall presently come, here I might have dug and delved all my life at the earth, never raising my eyes above it. I thank God that He has given me a wider view of His world.

Shaw, the shepherd, was a solitary sort of man. I hardly remember the sound of his voice. He always whistled to his dog, and liked the dumb beast's company better than any Christian's. Waggoner was a rough, good-natured fellow, not readier with kicks and curses than most of his kind. He hardly belongs to my tale. Moonlight or storm were all the same to him. He slept and snored to drown the roaring of the wind in the big chimney on the loudest night. But shepherd was a restless mortal. He knew the stars, and had a deal of queer out-of-the-way knowledge that was not good for him. Not a bird could cry but it was an omen, not a leaf could fall but it was a sign. He knew all the ways of the forest, and all the wild stories people told of what had been done in it since the days when the Norman kings who conquered England made hunting-grounds of their corn-fields and habitations south and north, and were tracked and taken by strange deaths, they or their sons, as they pursued the game over cold hearth-stones. When Shaw did talk, it was of such things as these; and he would always dwell on the dark end of his legends with a fierce enjoying pleasure. He could neither read nor write, but he had a wonderful memory and noticing power; and, if he had got the chance, I suppose he might have been made a scholar. But he did not get the chance.

A favourite notion of his was that somewhere in the abbey there was hidden treasure. What monastic ruin has not its tradition of rich coffined relics and secret hoards of gold? Ours has, of course. Shaw spent his Sunday afternoons there instead of in church, and it was a joke against him that he spent them questing for gold—a joke he sullenly resented as no joke, being convinced in his mind that a treasure there was, and that sooner or later he should find it. And the strangest thing of all is, sir, that he *did* find it. I *know* he found it, though I never handled it, nor even saw the glitter of the coin. He found it, and it was his destruction.

That night of which I have spoken was the time, and I was the witness. He had lain down in his place, and had fallen asleep while I was still waking. He tossed, he groaned, he sat up. I think I can see him now, his white face that never tanned, his black hair and eyes, in the ghostly brightness of the moonlit room. He scared me wider awake than ever; but presently he dropped into another uneasy sleep,

from which he started a second time. The same thing was repeated; but at the third time he got up and dressed himself with stealthy haste, saying over and over, with a low chuckling glee that sounded awful in the hush, "I see where it is! I see where it is! I see where it is!"

I lay very still, very still, holding my breath till he went out, when I put on my clothes and crept after him. He had left the door ajar, and I saw him just disappearing under the trees, with a pick over his shoulder. I said to myself that he would kill me if he discovered me following him. But I followed, slipping from tree to tree and from shadow to shadow. More than once I thought I saw another man besides himself; but when I looked earnestly to make the figure out, there was none. Shaw never glanced behind him—indeed, he was, no doubt, so possessed by his object that he did not think of pursuit and detection. He came to the abbey, and went straight to a certain spot in the ruins (which I will show you, sir, if you please), where the moonlight was very strong. Without delay he tore the long grass away at the foot of the wall (there is no ivy on that part), and slowly, with his pick, levered out a stone. Then he knelt down. I did not dare to go near enough to see what it was he took from behind it and clutched to his breast with a loud peal of laughter; but something he did take out, and take away, forgetting the pick that had dropped in the grass. Fast he set off towards the cliffs. Where could he be going, I wondered. He went down and down the rift, and, when he had got nearly to the bottom, he stopped all on a sudden. I supposed that he had just remembered the pick. He did not, however, return for it, but began to scrape away the dead leaves and soil with his hands under a clump of hollies, and there he concealed his treasure, carefully covering it up and drawing the boughs to the earth to hide that it had been disturbed. It was likely to be safe enough; few people went or came that way.

Then, sure that he would not remove it again that night, I crept, and crawled, and ran to get back to my bed, and had barely time to cast off my clothes and hide myself breathless in my gloomy corner when he returned. The rest of the night I slept, and I hope so did he, though he was up before me, and when I looked into the tool-shed there was the pick in its usual place, so that he must have fetched it from the ruins the very first thing.

All that morning there was about Shaw an air of suppressed exultation, which Helstone, when he saw him, remarked with a sneer. "You'll be finding that pot o' gold soon, Shaw," said he. "You have a look of good luck about you to-day."

"That's more than I can say for you, master," was shepherd's reply.

I had no chance of getting to the abbey, much as I wanted to view the place where Shaw had prised the stone out of the wall. I was clearing the flower-borders in the garden until dusk, and as I was putting by my tools

he came and took away the spade. What I began at once to anticipate happened that night. Shaw got up when the Lodge was all quiet, and stole out again, I following him as before. For ever so long he went up and down the orchard, seeking a good place to hide his treasure. Where three of the biggest crab-trees stand in a triangle, their roots writhed in and out of the earth, he dug a hole, neither wide nor deep; for I looked at it well while he was gone to the rift to bring his treasure. When he returned with it he sat down and nursed it, hugged it, wept over it, seemed hardly able to put it out of his sight. I got back safe, and about half an hour after he came back too.

Now I had shepherd's secret I did not like it; it became the terror of my life. He gave up his Sunday afternoon visits to the ruins, and sat either in the orchard itself or in the kitchen which looked up it. I had opportunities enough now of going to the ruins, but I never ventured. He had taken on to be suspicious. From being a silent man, he became a mute; but the stealthy watchfulness of his eyes was everywhere, especially on me. I hardly dared sleep of nights lest he should do me a mischief, and when they grew long with the coming on of winter, I began to cast about in my mind how I would run away from the farm and go to sea. But I kept my plan very close for fear Shaw should forestall me with his hand or his knife at my throat.

Running away was, however, none so easy; and at last I told Helstone, one morning when we were asfled together, that I wanted to leave the Lodge, and I told him why. I never knew till then that master was a bad man.

"Shsh!" hissed he, as he gathered my meaning, and glanced over his shoulder either way, as if the birds of the air might carry the matter to Shaw.

As I looked at him I wished heartily that I had kept my own counsel, for now I saw that I had two enemies to dread instead of one, and that Helstone was the more dangerous. For the rest of that day he never let me out of his sight. He was plotting what he would do. Early the next morning he sent Shaw off to Southampton with some sheep for the butcher, and me he ordered into the garden to work under the mistress's eye. He disappeared for a few hours, but about noon he came and told me to go down the rift and gather an armful of holly to deck the Lodge for Christmas, which was close at hand. This was, indeed, unless my memory fails me, Christmas-eve.

The finest hollies and the richest in red berries grow near the bottom, and I had cut a big bundle and poeketed my knife again, when I was suddenly pounced on by two kidnappers of the press-gang, which was always on the prowl in the great war time. "In the king's name," said they; but I knew it was Helstone's doing, though I held my tongue, except to tell them I'd as lief serve his majesty as my master. The men laughed, and one of them answered that there was then no love lost between us, for my master had given them a golden guinea apiece to rid him of me.

My adventures at sea have no place in this history, so I must ask you, sir, to skip over the the three years' cruise that made a sailor of me, and land with me on the *Hard* at Portsmouth. I had a shore-going leave of three weeks while the *War-Horse* took in her stores for another cruise, and as the weather was fine and hay-harvest in progress, I walked over to Southampton to look up old friends. The first I dropt on was waggoner coming into the town with a load of grass, and he told me a deal that was news. The master, he said, was flourishing like a green bay-tree. He had had added the *High Farm* to the *Lodge Farm*, and was growing mighty rich and prosperous, and bringing up his sons like young squires. I told him again how I had been caught and carried off by the press-gang (not mentioning *Helstone's* share in it, of course), and how I was glad of it since I had tasted salt water, and he said they had heard of it at the *Lodge*. Two queer things had happened on the same day; I had disappeared, and shepherd had run stark mad. By bit and bit, from one and another, I got the whole story, but I got it from *Helstone* himself chiefly. I was not afraid of the face of any man now, and I went openly to see my old master, and ask him how he did; taking heed, you may be sure, not to betray that I knew the good turn he had done me three years and a half before.

I thought he was a little uneasy at first sight of me, but that went off, and he began to inquire if I recollected a cock-and-bull story I had told him of a treasure that Shaw, the shepherd, had found in the ruins, and buried in the orchard. "Oh yes," I said, "I recollect it; and was there no treasure there?" "No," he replied, "nothing at all. Shepherd's pranks of hiding and seeking had ended in dangerous insanity; and though his ravings were all of gold, no gold had ever been discovered in any of his haunts." I believed only as much of this as I pleased; but I kept my countenance, and asked what had become of Shaw after. Master raised his voice, and staring me full in the eyes, as if he defied my thoughts, said he had died in the madhouse at Southampton. "The best thing God could send him, if he was mad, was death," I said.

"When I came home from my second cruise, which was not for nearly seven years, *Helstone* was still in his place, and richer, and higher, and mightier than ever. All things had gone well with him, and all men spoke well of him. I remember one woman in the village who had barely enough to keep body and soul together, pointing out to me how the Lord had blest him; how he had laid farm to farm, and house to house; how he had been forced to pull down his barns and build bigger, to store his fine harvests; but when I came to inquire if he was a merciful man and a charitable man to the poor, she said, "Oh no, there was not a harder man in the forest; but see how the Lord prospered him." I answered nothing, but I thought in my heart that the Lord was only letting him alone. It was easy for hard and greedy men to get rich in those bad times.

In my next cruise, which was only a short one, we had a fight with the French off the coast of Spain, and I got the wound that disabled me for service aboard ship. But I was not disabled altogether for a life of adventure; and when I was out of hospital, I made an engagement with a party of scientific gentlemen to go on an exploring expedition to Australia. Peace had been made, the old king was dead, and Bonaparte was dead and buried in his sea-island prison before I came back. Ay, sir, what a story that of Bonaparte's will be in the ages to come! Rufus Helstone was a Bonaparte in a small way—a strong man without scruples. When I was at Southampton again in the year 1824, he was still alive, a hale and hearty man, with an easy satisfied air; the world had gone so very well with him, that he may have come to think his prosperity the best proof of his deserts. Well, sir, well, we know whether that is so or not; man looks on the outward appearance, but God looks at the heart.

I was away in America for another six years, and when I came home again Helstone's place knew him no more. He had dropt and died one day, without a word, at his own gate, while he was driving a bargain with a cattle-dealer from Portsmouth. His sons buried him with much pomp and vanity; but no sooner had the grave closed over his head, than the luck that had followed him all his life turned against them. They were fine young men, good natured, better hearts than their father; fair scholars too, and gentlemen in their looks and ways. You could not say—nobody could say—where the troubles came from that came on them, but troubles dogged them like a fate, or a providence, as you choose to consider it.

The first thing was, the brothers quarrelled over the division of the property; they lived in the same parish, and they never spoke. The elder, John, who had the Lodge Farm, married a lady from London, and kept her a carriage. She was a handsome and lively madam, but her pride could not brook the shock it sustained when her first child was born deformed, and not deformed only, but, as it soon appeared, a half-wit. She never had another to live, and she fell into low melancholy ways. I suppose she had not much comfort of her life. Her husband was wasteful; he took to drinking, and his temper was soured with the constant vexations and failures he met in his business. If it was a bad year for the crops for other people, it was worst of all for him; every ear of corn he cut sprouted in the stack, or rotted on the ground. If there was disease amongst sheep, amongst cattle, it was of his flocks, his herds, that not a hoof escaped. Then came the firing of the Lodge, the farm-buildings, the stack-yard—no uncommon crime in those troublous times when reform in parliament did not bring immediate plenty into the cupboard of the half-starving labourers. It was the act of an incendiary, no doubt; but for ever so long, though rewards

were offered by the county and the government, the constables could get no inkling of who did it. John Helstone was ruined, and his wife died of the fright, and, during the misery of it, the brothers were made friends. James Helstone gave John and his poor lad a home, and they had lived together reconciled for nearly six months, when, on the information of John's former house-servant, James was charged with the arson. He was tried at the Winchester assizes, found guilty, and condemned to death. And he was hanged for it, sir; and they brought his body home in a cart from the jail, and buried it on the north side of the church, where unbaptized children are buried. The Lord had mercy on his soul, and he died a penitent man; but would you not say, sir, that the sins of the father were being visited on the children, when I tell you that the general belief, and my belief, is that James Helstone's life was falsely sworn away by the very man who committed the crime? He is walking the earth yet, and, to judge by his countenance, God is not leaving him alone. John Helstone lived a few years longer, a broken, miserable man, but, from what I have heard, he had peace at his death. As for the poor half-wit, his son, he is glad to do a hand's turn wherever he can to earn a mouthful of meat; but he can read Latin and Greek, sir, enough to give you the name of a book. He was sent to a good master to be made the best of, while his father could pay it.

These are facts, sir, that all the world of hereabouts knows; but over the facts I need not tell you that people have woven now a tissue of romantic stories. One is, that old Rufus Helstone sold himself to the devil to have good luck in this world, and that the devil supplied him with strange money to make him rich. Now, I see a vein of truth in this, sir. I have been shown several ancient coins in and round the parish, coins both gold and silver, that Helstone paid away for rent, and stock, and wages, and which folks have kept for curiosity. One of the finest is a rose noble of Henry the Eighth, which the parson has—he took it in tithe. Now this devil's money, you may be sure, sir, was the shepherd's treasure. That is my reading of the legend. What is yours, sir, if it is not the same?

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[Price 2d.

BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD,"
&c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VIII. THE SEVERING OF THE HAIR.

THE storm which had swept unheeded over the heads bent over the gaming-tables at the Kursaal that wild autumn night, was hardly wilder and fiercer than the tempest in Stewart Routh's soul, as he, making one of the number of the gamblers, played with a quite unaccustomed recklessness, and won with surprising sequence. This was earlier in the night, when the powers of the air were only marshalling their forces, and the elemental war had not extended beyond the skirmishing stage. Many times he looked impatiently round, even while the ball was rolling, as if expecting to see some one, who still did not appear; then he would turn again to the green board, again stake and win, and resume his watch. At length a touch on his elbow caused him to look round in a contrary direction, where he saw a man standing, who immediately handed him a note and went away. Then Routh smiled, read the words the note contained, smiled again, swept up the money which lay before him, and left the room. The battle had fairly begun as he stepped out from the shelter of the portico, and, buttoning his coat tightly across his chest, and pulling his hat down to his eyebrows, set himself, with bent head, against the storm. His way led him past his own lodgings, and as he took it on the opposite side of the street, he saw, indistinctly, Harriet's figure, as she sat close beside the window, her head against the panes. Something dreary and forsaken in the aspect of the window, with its flimsy curtains wide apart, the indistinct form close against the glass, no light within the room, made Routh shiver impatiently as he looked at it; and just then the light in the street flickered and swerved violently under the influence of a sudden blast, which drove a sharp cascade of rain rattling against the window.

"Moping there in the dark," said Routh, with an oath, "and making things a hundred times worse, with her cursed whining and temper."

The Schwarzhild mansion was near, and he was soon removed as far from all associations with discomfort and dreariness as brilliant light, a blazing fire of odorous wood burning in a room too large to be overheated by it, luxurious surroundings, and pleasant expectation could remove him from such discordant realities. Presently Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge made her appearance. The room was a long one, and she entered by a door which faced the chimney where he was standing. Much as he had admired her, irresistibly as her beauty had captivated him with its ordinary charm of recklessness and lustre, with its rare, far-between moments of softness and grace, he had never really understood until now how beautiful she was. For there was a mingling of both moods upon her as she came towards him, her amber silk dress, with the accustomed drapery of superb black lace falling round her, and sweeping the ground in folds such as surely no other mere gown, made by mundane milliner, had ever accomplished. Rich purple amethysts were on her neck and on her wrists, and gleamed on the comb which held the coils of her hair. Wax-lights in profusion shed their softened light upon her, upon the cream and rose tints of her brow and cheeks, upon the scarlet of her lips, upon the marvellous darkness of her eyes; and the capricious blaze from the burning logs shot quivering streaks of light among the folds of her dress, glancing over the jewels she wore, and playing redly on the hand which she held out, while yet some steps divided her from Routh, gazing at her in absorbed, almost amazed admiration.

"How tired and pale you look," she said, as he took the proffered hand, and she allowed him to hold it. The words were slowly spoken, in the tone of solicitude for him, which is one of the most potent weapons in a beautiful woman's armoury. "Sit there," she went on, drawing her hand gently from his hold and indicating a seat, while she settled herself into the recesses of a huge German sofa. "How could you imagine I would go to the Kursaal to-night? Just listen!" She held her hand up; a cloud of filmy lace fell back from the beautiful round white arm. Then she dropped the hand slowly, and waited for him to speak. He spoke with strange difficulty; the spell of the power of her beauty was upon him. This was not what he had intended. He had meant

to conquer, not to be conquered—to sway, not to be ruled.

"I thought," he said, in a low tone, "you would have come, because—I—I did not know you would allow me the happiness of coming here."

"Did you not? I think you don't understand me yet. I wished to see you, you know, and I did not wish to go out this evening. It is quite simple, is it not?"

"It is indeed, for such a woman as you."

She laughed. "Is not that rather an awkward speech—rather an equivocal compliment? How *posed* you look!" She laughed again. Ruth felt unspeakably embarrassed; he had a sense of being at a disadvantage, which was unpleasant. She saw it, and said:

"What a temper you have! You'd be rather hard to please, I fancy, if one were in any sense bound to try."

"Don't jest with me," said Ruth, suddenly and sternly, and he rolled his chair deliberately near her as he spoke. "You did not allow me, you did not invite me to come here to-night; you did not do this, which seems so 'simple' to you, because you are as much braver than every other woman, as you are more beautiful"—he looked into her dark eyes, and their lids did not droop—"only to jest with me, only to trifle with me, as you trifle with others. You are a wonderfully puzzling woman, I acknowledge; no woman ever so puzzled me before. Each time I see you, there is something different, something new in your manner, and each time it is as though I had to begin all over again; as if I had not told you that I love you, as if you had not listened and confessed that you know it. Why have you sent for me? You dismissed me yesterday with something which you tried to make look and sound like anger—ineffectually, for you were not angry. And I was prepared for the same line of tactics to-day. Well, you send for me. I am here. You come to me a thousand times more beautiful!"—he dropped his voice to a whisper, and she grew pale under the fixed fire of his eyes—"infinitely more beautiful than I have ever seen you; and in your eyes and in your smile there is what I have never seen in them; and yet you meet me with mere jesting words. Now, this you do not mean; what is it that you do mean?"

He rose, and leaned against the mantelpiece, looking down upon her bent head, with the light shining on the jewels in her hair. She did not speak.

"What is it that you do mean?" he repeated. She had laid one arm along the cushioned side of the sofa, the side near him. He clasped it, above the wrist, impressively, not caressingly, and at the touch, the words he had spoken to her before, "Would you not be afraid of a man who loved you with all the passion of his heart?" recurred to her, and she felt that so this man loved her, and that she was afraid of him.

"I dare say many others have loved you, and

told you so," he continued, "and I don't ask you how you received their professions. I know the world too well, and what it brings to men and women, for any such folly. That is of the past. The present is ours. I ask you why you have brought me here? A woman who represents such words as those I have spoken to you before now, does not give a man the chance of repeating them. You have not sent for me to tell me that you are insulted and outraged, to talk the cant of a hypocritical society to me. I should not love you, beautiful as you are, if you were such a fool." He saw that his audacity was not without its charm for her; her head was raised now, and her dark eyes, looking up, met his looking down, as she listened, with parted lips and deep-drawn breath.

"Be sure of this," he said, "no man has ever loved you as I love you, or been willing to stake so much upon your love." The sinister truth which lurked in these words lent the sinister expression to his face again for a moment which she had sometimes seen in it. "How much I stake upon it you will never know. So be it. I am ready, I am willing. You see I am giving you time. I am not hurrying you into rash speech. I dare say you were not at all prepared for this when you and I met, and you took the initiative in what you intended to be an ordinary watering-place flirtation—while you were waiting for Arthur Felton, perhaps?" he said, savagely, for, as he went on, the savage nature of the man was rising within him, and for all that his grasp was on her soft white arm, and his gaze was searching the depths of her dark eyes, he was speaking rather to himself than to her; rather to the unchained devil within, than to the beautiful fatality before him.

"It is possible you had some such notion," he said. "I don't ask you to acknowledge it, for if so, you have abandoned it." He stooped lower, his eyes looked closer into hers. She shrank back, and covered her face with her disengaged hand. "Yes," he went on, in a gentler tone, "I know you soon discovered that I am not made for make-believes; and now—now that you have sent for me, and I am here, what is it that you mean? You *cannot* make me the pastime of an hour; you *cannot* shake off the hold which such love as mine lays upon your life—would still lay upon it were you a feebler woman than you are. What then? Are you going to take the wine of life, or are you going to content yourself with the vapid draughts you have hitherto drunk? You must tell me, and tell me to-night, what it is you mean; for a crisis in my life has come, and I must know, without paltering or delay, how it is to be dealt with."

He lifted his hand from her arm, and, standing directly before her, bade her look up and speak to him. She did not move. Then he sat down on a velvet footstool before her sofa, and drew her hands away from before her face. There were signs of agitation on it, and he read

them, not quite correctly perhaps, but to his own satisfaction.

"Listen to me," he said, in the gentlest tones within the compass of his voice. "I have a right—have I not?—to ask you, to know what is your meaning towards me? What did you bring me here for? Remember the words I have spoken to you, not once only, or twice; remember the story I told you on the balcony yonder; remember the tone you have occasionally adopted in all your levity, and then do not attempt to deny my right to speak as I am speaking, and to demand your answer."

"You—you found me alone here—in my own house—and—"

"Absurd!" he cried. "You are talking nonsense, and you know it. Did you not intend me to understand that I should find you alone? Did your note, your summons (I tore it up, but you remember the words as well as I do), mean anything else? Do you not know this is all folly? There is no need to play with me. I am a sure prize, or victim, which you please; you know that well enough, and I must know which you *do* please, for this is, as I said before, a crisis for me. Which is it?" he said, and he held her hands more tightly, and looked at her with a pale face. "Which is it? Mere coquetry—a dangerous game with a man like me, I warn you—a game you won't find it possible to play; or—the deep, deep love of a lifetime—the devotion which will never swerve or falter—the passion which will blot out from your knowledge or your fears everything beyond itself."

Weak, imaginative, without principle, easily ruled by strength, though a despot to weakness, the woman he addressed listened to him like one in a dream. Not until afterwards did a sense of being tricked and trapped come to her. Had her demeanour towards Routh really implied all this? Had she yielded to the rapacity for admiration, to the thirst for conquest, which had always dominated in her nature, once too often, and far too completely? This was precisely what she had done, and she had fallen into the hands of a stronger being than herself. In a blind, vague, groping kind of way she felt this, and felt that she could not help or deliver herself, and felt it with something like fear, even while her imagination and her vanity were intoxicated by the mingling of defiance and pleading in his words, in his tones, and in his looks.

"You and I," he went on, "would say to others, would say to each other in some of our moods, or would have said when first we met, that no such thing as this all-sufficing love exists, but each of us knows well that it does, and may, and *shall* be ours! This is what I mean. Again I ask you, what is *your* meaning in all this?"

"I don't know," she replied, releasing her hands, and rising. He allowed her to pass him, and to walk to the fireplace. She stood there, her radiant figure glittering in the lustre of the fire and the wax-lights. She stood there, her head bent, her hands before her, the fingers in-

terlaced. After a minute, Routh followed her, and stood before her.

"Then you will not answer me—you will not tell me what your meaning was in sending for me to-night?" There was tenderness in his tone now, and the slight inflection of a sense of injury which rarely fails with a woman.

"Yes," she said, looking up full at him, "I will tell you. I wanted to let you know that I think of going away!"

"Going away!" cried Routh, in unbounded amazement—"going away! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," she replied, recovering herself, and resuming her usual tone and manner as soon as he released her from the spell of his earnestness and passion—"I am going away. I don't treat you quite so badly as you try to make out, you see, or I should not tell you about it, or consult you, or anything, but just go—go right away, you know, and make an end of it."

Routh's stern face flushed, and then darkened with a look which Harriet had learned to know, but which Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had never seen. She did not see it now, and continued:

"I sent for you to tell you this. I don't like the place; I'm tired of it. It's too small, and yet every one comes here, and I'm talked of. Ah, you sneer! Well, I know. I remember all I have said about that, but it is one thing to be talked of in London or Paris, and quite another to be the object of the daily curiosity and the malice—"

"You mean the envy, don't you?" said Routh.

"No I don't, I mean the malice; well, the envy, or the malice, or only the observation, if you like, of always the same people, whom I meet in always the same places. That is a part of my reason, but only a part. I don't like Mr. Felton, I don't like Mr. Dallas; less than any people in the world I choose to have them to spy and overlook me; and—and—I don't want to be here when that man comes."

Routh stood before her quite silent.

"You know—you remember," she said, with a smile, "Arthur Felton. By-the-by, you need not make faces about my wearing his photograph any more, for I've lost it—lost it before I got home yesterday. In fact, I fancy he is in some trouble—perhaps in some disgrace—and I have no fancy for being here when he arrives, to have him quarrelling with me if I avoid him, and his father regarding me with horror if I don't; so——" and here she knelt on the white rug and stretched out her hands to the fire, which shone reflected in her upraised eyes—"so I am going to——" She paused, tantalising him.

"To——?" he repeated after her, almost in a whisper.

"To London," she said; and laughed and looked at him, and rose. "Now sit down, and let us talk it over, and be reasonable."

Still quite silent, Routh obeyed her. His manner, his look was changed. He was thoughtful; but an air of relief had come upon him, as

if unexpected help had reached him from an unforeseen quarter.

There was no light in the window, as Routh passed it by, returning to his lodgings. But there was a lamp in the hall, at which he lighted a candle, and went into the sitting-room.

Harriet was still sitting by the window; she did not raise or turn her head, and Routh thought she was sleeping. He went up close to her, and then she languidly opened her eyes and rose.

"Have you fallen asleep here, in the dark, Harriet?" said Routh, "and without a fire! How imprudent and unnecessary."

"I am not cold," she said; but she shivered slightly as she spoke. Routh took up a shawl which lay upon a chair and wrapped it round her. She looked at him, quietly but sharply.

"Don't be afraid; I am all right to-night, Harry," he said. "I've won a lot of money at the tables, and I've been thinking over what we were saying this morning——" He paused a moment, and then went on with some constraint in his voice: "I think you are right so far, that the sooner we get away from this the better. I will consider the rest of the matter when we get to London."

Harriet looked at him still, closely and sharply, but she said nothing.

"You are too tired to talk about anything to-night, Harry, I see," said Routh, with good humour which did not sit on him very naturally, "so we will not talk. But would it be possible for you to be ready to start in the morning?"

"Yes," said Harriet, quietly, and without showing the least surprise by voice or countenance, "I will have everything ready."

Homburg von der Höhe was graced for only a few days longer by the beautiful American. Her pony-carriage and the grey ponies, the French groom, the luxurious wrappings, the splendid vision of satin, and lace, and jewels, all disappeared, and the Schwarzschild mansion was for a while desolate, until again occupied by the numerous progeny of a rich and rusty Queen's counsel.

It was understood that Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had returned to Paris. "Every season is the right season for Paris with those Americans," said a contemptuous Briton, who secretly held himself aggrieved by the abrupt departure of the handsome widow, who had never appeared more than conscious of his existence, certainly not interested in the fact; "it draws them like a loadstone."

"She has evidently heard nothing of Arthur," said Mr. Felton to his nephew, "or she would have sent us word." He spoke timidly, and looked at George with anxious eyes. George looked undisguisedly serious and troubled.

"I wish your letters had arrived, uncle," he replied. "I begin to fear we shall not see Arthur here; and—and to be sorry that so much time has been lost."

A week later, George Dallas wrote to Harriet Routh from Paris, as follows:

Hôtel du Louvre, Paris, October —

My dear Mrs. Routh. I am here with my uncle. My mother and Mr. Carruthers are travelling more slowly. We are all to meet in London. Meantime, a circumstance has occurred which may prove of great, and must be of some importance to Mr. Felton and to myself. I am compelled to ask your assistance, which I know you will give me with all your accustomed readiness and kindness.

Accompanied by my uncle, I went this morning to a jeweller's shop in the Rue de la Paix to order the bracelet you know of to be re-made for my mother. I had not previously undone the packet containing the gold band and the turquoises, which you sealed up and kept in your desk for me, since the day you gave it to me at Homburg. The things were wrapped up in letter-paper, you will remember. I opened the packet on the counter of the jeweller's shop, shook the turquoises into a box he handed me for the purpose, and was holding up the gold band for him to examine, when my uncle, who was looking at the paper I had laid down, suddenly called to me, and pointing to some writing on it—mere memoranda, apparently, of articles to be purchased (I enclose a correct copy)—exclaimed, "That is Arthur's writing!" I saw at once that it was his writing, and determined to apply to you in the first place for information on the matter. It is now clear that my cousin has passed under another name than his own, and that Routh and perhaps you have known him. There is a date, too, upon the paper—10th of April of this year. You took the paper out of the lower division of your desk. You may be able to tell us all that we have so long been anxious to know, at once. Pray answer this without delay. I think it best not to write to Routh, because my uncle and he are almost strangers, and also, dear Mrs. Routh, because it comes naturally to me to address myself to you. How strange that all this time you and Routh should have known Arthur, and I, living in intimacy with you both, should have been in a manner seeking him! You will, no doubt, be able to tell us everything without an hour's delay; but, in any case, we shall be in London in a week, and shall have Arthur's portrait to show you. I am sure this letter is very ill expressed, but I am still bewildered at the strangeness of the occurrence. Write at once. My room is No. 80.

Always yours affectionately,
GEORGE DALLAS.

P.S. The jeweller of the Rue de la Paix is a jewel among his tribe. He undertakes to replace the diamonds, and, as far as I can judge—to be sure, its only a little way—with stones just as fine as those I sold at A—— for a third less than the money his Hebrew Dutch confrère gave me. I had a mind to tell him the value of the original diamonds, but I didn't—the honestest

of jewellers is only human, and it might tempt him to raise the price and not the value. But I think he recognised a master-mind in my uncle.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

IN the spring of 1816, that trusty and thorough English sailor, Lord Exmouth, led his squadron to Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and released one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two Christian slaves, concluding a somewhat unsatisfactory and imperfect treaty with the bloodthirsty Dey, Omar Pasha, and returning to England, he disbanded his crews and dismantled his frigates. In the debates on this expedition Lord Cochrane, always too ardent, wilful, and impetuous, and soured into unceasing factious opposition to every one, intemperately derided the Barbary corsairs, declared that the Algerines had no cannon, and could not use them if they had, and rashly asserted that two sail of the line would have forced the Dey to accede to the instant abolition of slavery, or any other terms. The temper of the hero of Basque Roads led him wrong. Algiers was crowded with guns, garrisoned by intrepid and practised Arab artillerymen, and was bulwarked with batteries difficult to enfilade and of tremendous strength.

Our great war vessels had scarcely furlled their wings and gone to sleep, before the sea-robbers of the north of Africa broke out into fresh atrocities. The English visit had roused the old inextinguishable fanaticism. The Moors had been stripped of their slaves, and smarted at the loss, although they had been allowed to receive from Sicily and Sardinia compensation to the tune of four hundred thousand dollars. In 1806 the English government, always ignobly sending presents and degradingly exchanging courtesies with these cruel pirates, had contracted with the Dey for the occupation of the town and harbour of Bona as a tolerated depot for the Italian coral fishery, to be carried on under the protection of the British flag. On the 23rd of May, 1816, a great number of bright-sailed boats, from the Italian coast, lay off Bona. Their brown-faced, dark-haired, gesticulating Genoese, Maltese, Sardinian, and Neapolitan crews were chiefly on shore, preparing to celebrate the Feast of the Ascension by High Mass. The priest's robes were donned, the incense already fumed in the censers. All at once a gun was fired from the castle, a crowd of furious Turkish Janissaries rushed on the coral fishers and slew all they met; some cavalry, at the same moment, swept along the shore, sabring as they went. The boats were fired on by the forts, and sunk. Hardly one poor fisherman escaped. The British flag was torn down and trampled under foot, and our vice-consul's house pillaged and gutted. The Dey had, it was said, not ordered this massacre; it was only a paroxysm of bar-

barous fanaticism. But England at once spoke out: "It shall be punished." There was a roar of rage from John o'Groat's to the Land's End. The fleet was instantly ordered out. The telegraph's arms swung to and fro to collect seamen and officers. Up spread the canvas again; out once more blossomed the red pendants. The rigging spread quick as spiders' webs. No need of pressing for this righteous crusade—men came from the guard-ships, and sailors from every man-of-war. The great floating castles rode again upon the sea, and the helmsmen looked towards Africa.

On the 21st of July, 1816 (Sunday, an auspicious day with sailors), the fleets left Portsmouth; at Plymouth, Lord Exmouth added to his pack the Impregnable, a three-decker, the Minden, Superb, and Albion, seventy-fours. The fleet, now counting twenty-five sail, steered straight for Gibraltar before a light breeze.

The moment Plymouth was down below the horizon, Lord Exmouth gave orders that the seamen should be exercised at the guns, twice a day at the mere motions, and once a week with fire. On Friday, the 9th, the coasts of Spain and Morocco opened like outspread arms, and at gun-fire, as the cannon were rattling quick and sharp, our fleet came opposite a spot for ever sacred to men of our race—Trafalgar.

At Gibraltar, the old grey rock that lies like a couchant lion guarding the straits, the English were recruited by five Dutch frigates and a corvette, commanded by a thin amiable old officer, Admiral Van Cappellan: also by five of our own gunboats. Lord Exmouth was intent on business, and did not lose a moment. He had the decks swept of their cabins, leaving all clear for the guns fore and aft. The timbers of the cabins and all superfluous partitions were sent on shore, fresh cabins were stretched of canvas, and all baggage was sent down into the cockpits. The marines were also exercised in the boats, and a landing practised. On Monday, the 12th, the birthday of the Prince Regent, the Queen Charlotte hoisted her royal standard and broke forth with a rejoicing salute of twenty-one guns, and at the same time the other thirty-four vessels discharged their cannon. When this was over, the rock took up the chorus. From every cell in it came jets of fire and puffs of white sulphurous smoke, above, below, north, south—from the Spanish Gate to the Point Europa, the cannon roared and echoed. The rock glowed like an enormous pastille half ignited. It was two hours before all the batteries had done speaking.

On the 14th, a light sou'-wester rising, the fleet weighed and set sail from the bay. On the 15th, they were joined by the corvette Prometheus (Captain Dashwood), from Algiers. On board were the wife and daughter of the consul of Algiers, who had escaped disguised in midshipman's clothes. The consul had been seized and chained in his own house, and eighteen men (the boat's crew) of the Prometheus had been sent into the interior as

slaves. The Dey had derided the English expedition to a Danish merchant captain who had had an audience. ("As for their shells," he said, pointing to the ceiling, where fruit was hung for the winter, "I shall hang them up in my rooms like those melons.") The Dane replied, quietly, "You don't know the English shells. I was at Copenhagen when the English came there, and I know what their shells are."

A tedious and irritating foul wind continuing some days, Lord Exmouth employed the time in arranging a plan of attack, and settling every one's place round his own vessel—the Queen Charlotte—the bombs to keep out of gun-shot. The vice-admirals and captains attended a council of war on board the flag-ship. Experiments were also made to test the accuracy of a new mode of aiming cannon. An empty bottle was hung inside a frame four feet square, and fixed on a long rod to the end of the fore-yard. It was then fired at from the quarter-deck with an eighteen pounder; the object being to break the bottle without injuring the frame. This being repeatedly done, his lordship set up instead a round piece of wood about five inches in diameter. This round mark was frequently clipped, and often carried away. The town of Algiers was a larger bull's-eye; our sailors' hearts were now braced for the work.

On the 26th, Cape Cazzina came in sight, and early in the morning of the 27th the town of Algiers rose into the morning air, its terraces of white marble and stone rising step by step; below, the mosque domes, and the lance-like minarets, spreading in a huge triangle, the point upwards. Beyond the walls of the pirate city, on the hill-side, the green plains were feathered with palm-trees, bushed with olive-gardens and orange-groves, or spiked with aloe and wild cactus. Beyond, in the horizon, faint and blue as fading clouds, and capped with snow white as a morning vapour, towered the peaks of the Lesser Atlas.

Salamé, the interpreter to the fleet, a handsome young Egyptian, not remarkable for courage, instantly put on an European dress, and was sent on shore with a flag of truce and letter, containing Lord Exmouth's demands, namely:

The instant abolition of Christian slavery, and the surrender of all Christian slaves.

The restoration of the ransom-money for slaves that had been paid by the King of Sardinia and the King of the Two Sicilies.

A peace with the King of the Netherlands.

The liberation of the British consul, and the two boats' crews of the Prometheus.

Lord Exmouth's vexation at the adverse winds had been the greater because the Prometheus had informed him that the Dey was marching down ten thousand men from the interior, and throwing up fresh works on the mole and round both flanks of the town. The fleet being again becalmed, the admiral sent the Severn into the bay, the interpreter being pulled into shore in the Severn's boat. As Salamé went down the Queen Charlotte's side, the officers called to

him, jokingly: "Salamé, if you bring back word that the Dey accepts our demands without fighting, we shall kill you instead of him."

At nine o'clock A.M., Salamé, the first lieutenant, and six seamen (secretly provided with muskets, for fear of treachery), pulled towards the mole. The captain of the fort met them in a boat; but they would not let him approach near. He appeared troubled and confused, and took the letters which were handed him on a long stick, promising an answer from the Dey within two hours. The interpreter, by no means wishing to lose his head, refused to come inside the mole or to land, though the sun was fiery hot, and the glare from the water was almost unbearable.

The boat remained where she was for three hours and a half. She lay within pistol-shot of the walls, watched by thousands of fierce turbaned men; savage negroes, ruddy Kabyles, gaunt Arabs, insolent Moors, arrogant and sleepy Turks, who, crowding the walls and leaning against the embrasures and the sunburnt walls, taunted them, and handled their matchlocks and yataghans in a menacing way.

The seamen spent the time in reconnoitering the triangular city rising on the hill-side. The pirates' nest bristled with batteries. The forts on the north side joined the mole, where there was a semicircular battery with two tiers of forty-four guns. The lighthouse tower showed three tiers of forty-eight guns. The Eastern Battery displayed three tiers of sixty guns, flanked by two others, with two tiers of sixty guns. On the south head of the mole there stood two enormously long sixty-eight pounders. Near the mole were two small batteries, of twenty guns, and the Fish-Market Battery. Another line of batteries joined the large forts against which the Dutch were to be anchored. The upper part of the four miles of walls sheltering a population of one hundred thousand souls, was also well furnished with guns, and defended by two castles. Altogether the Dey possessed one thousand five hundred cannon.

In the mean time the city was on the boil; and in every market-place and fountain-court men were arming or soldiers mustering for the blow that was to be struck at the unbeliever's throat.

Thirty-six gunboats and frigates were being brought from inside the mole to that side of the city that was unprovided with batteries. They had their red silk battle-flags flying, and were drawn up in a hollow square.

A fine sea breeze just then springing up, the fleet advanced into the bay, and prepared its boats and flotilla for service; Lord Exmouth, seeing the interpreter's boat returning with the signal flying "That no answer had been received," hoisted his own signal to know if all the ships were ready? The answer was unanimous, and the fleet instantly bore off to their appointed stations: the Queen Charlotte in the van, according to preconcerted order. When the interpreter returned, more dead than alive, having expected every moment his boat to be scuttled by the batteries, he found Lord Ex-

mouth, whom he had left a mild elderly man, quite changed; he was now "all fightful, as a fierce lion which had been chained in a cage and then set at liberty." All he said was, "Never mind, we shall see now."

Then he turned to the officers, and said sternly, "Be ready!" The seamen were standing at each gun, with the matches or the strings of the locks in their hands, anxiously waiting for the word "Fire!" The dogs of war were straining at the slip; the volcano was ready to break forth.

The great sea-birds, with outstretched pinions, glided past the Moorish batteries, where the Algerines stood astonished at the English audacity and fearlessness. The Queen Charlotte gallantly let go her anchors at a quarter to three o'clock, within eighty yards of the Mole-Head Batteries, but finding there were only two feet of water under the keel, the cable was let go for twenty yards more. The sailors gave three cheers when Lord Exmouth took up his position, and in such a masterly style that no more than four or five guns from the mole could bear on their ship, though it was exposed to musketry and to all the other batteries. The other vessels moved also to their stations with admirable precision and coolness.

The great three-deckers being higher than the Moorish batteries, the Arabs and Turks leaped up on the parapets to see our fleet advance. Inside the mole there seemed great confusion. They had trusted to intimidation, and had not expected so rapid, close, and daring an attack. They had not even loaded their guns until almost all the fleet had passed the batteries. There was a profound silence, and Lord Exmouth began to expect a full compliance to all his demands was forthcoming, when, at a few minutes before three, a gun flashed and a spurt of fire came from the Eastern Battery at the Impregnable, which, with the Superb and Albion, were slow sailers, and lagged behind. The warning shot was to prevent them from coming in and joining the squadron. Lord Exmouth, the instant he saw the smoke of the gun, and before he heard the report, cried out with great alacrity,

"That will do. Fire, my fine fellows!"

Before the words were well spoken, a tremendous broadside was fired by the Queen Charlotte; it was followed by two other ships within six minutes. The other vessels gave tongue at the same moment. The Algerines afterwards said it was like "hell opening on them." Down into the dark narrow steep streets, in among the blind walls, in the pillared fountain-courts, at mosque doors, and in palace orange-gardens, the shells rolled and hissed, splitting and splintering, and scattering death as their jagged iron flew about in showers. That first bursting fire killed or wounded more than five hundred Moors. Before the discharge, crowds of soldiers were gathered in many conspicuous places; when the smoke passed, the survivors were seen crawling away under the walls like dogs, on their feet and hands. The smoke of the guns hid the sun and

darkened the sky. The batteries of Algiers—the Mole, the Fish-Market, and the Lighthouse, replied quickly and angrily.

Nothing could surpass the jovial daring of our sailors, or the hearty way in which they worked the heavy lower-deck guns. In some cases, when the wadding failed, the brave fellows cut off the breasts of their blue jackets and rammed them down the cannon. Even the seamen's wives on board the Severn helped their husbands, by passing shot and powder. No sailor showed fatigue, or manifested a doubt of the result. The longer the bombardment lasted, the more cheerful and hearty the men grew, keeping up the fire with increasing fury. Lord Exmouth several times wished to cease firing for a short time, in order to make observations, but it was with great difficulty he could make the seamen stop even for a moment. Every time an Algerine frigate broke into flame, or a battery "caved in," our men gave a tremendous cheer.

On the main and foretops of the Queen Charlotte, Salamá says there were two twelve-pounders, which "worked into" the Algerine batteries a deadly hailstorm of two hundred and eighty musket-balls at each discharge. These showers of lead swept off all the Arabs from the parapets, and from the Dey's upper rows of guns.

The Leander, to use a phrase of the Ring, "got it hot," being ripped, torn, and badly cut up by the twenty guns mounted on the fish-market gate, on whose arches and battlements the vessel's guns produced little effect. The Impregnable was also dreadfully punished by the Eastern Battery: losing seventy-three seamen, and having one hundred and thirty-seven torn, lacerated, and otherwise wounded.

Of this stage of the battle Lord Exmouth himself writes with more vigour and feeling than is usual in despatches. "Thus commenced," he says, "a fire as animated and well supported, I believe, as was ever witnessed, from a quarter before three until nine, without intermission, and which did not cease altogether until half-past eleven. Never did the British flag receive, on any occasion, more zealous and honourable support. To look further on the line than immediately round me was perfectly impossible, but, so well grounded was my confidence in the gallant officers I had the honour to command, that my mind was kept perfectly free to attend to other objects, and I knew them to be in their stations only by the destructive effect of their fire upon the walls and batteries to which they were opposed. I had about this time the satisfaction of seeing Vice-Admiral Van Cappellan's flag in the station I had assigned to him, and soon after, at intervals, the remainder of his frigates, keeping up a well-supported fire on the flanking batteries he had offered to cover us from, as it had not been in my power, from want of room, to bring him in the front of the wall. After sunset I received a message from Rear-Admiral Milne, conveying to me the severe loss the Impregnable was sustaining, having then one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, and requesting I would, if

possible, send him a frigate to divert some of the fire he was under. The *Glasgow*, near me, immediately weighed, but the wind had been driven away by the cannonade, and she was obliged to anchor again, having obtained rather a better position than before.

"There were awful moments during the conflict occasioned by firing the Algerine ships so near us, and I had long resisted the eager entreaties of several around me to make the attempt upon the outer frigate, distant about one hundred yards, which at length I gave in to, and Major Gossett, by my side, who had been eager to land his corps of marines, pressed me most anxiously for permission to accompany Lieutenant Richards in the ship's barge. The frigate was instantly boarded, and in ten minutes in a perfect blaze. A gallant young midshipman, in rocket boat number eight, although forbidden, was led by his ardent spirit to follow in support of the barge, in which he was desperately wounded, his brother-officer killed, and nine of his crew. The barge, by rowing more rapidly, had suffered less, and lost but two. The enemy's batteries around my division were about ten o'clock silenced, and in a state of perfect ruin and dilapidation, and the fire of the ships was reserved as much as possible to save powder, and in reply to a few guns now and then bearing upon us, although a fort on the upper angle of the city, on which our guns could not be brought to bear, continued to annoy the ships by shot and shell during the whole time.

"The flotilla of mortar, gun, and rocket-boats, under the direction of their respective artillery officers, shared to the full extent of their power in the honour of the day, and performed good service; it was by their fire all the ships in the port (with the exception of the outer frigate) were in flames, which extended rapidly over the whole arsenal, store-houses, and gunboats, exhibiting a spectacle of awful grandeur and interest.

"The sloops of war which had been appropriated to aid and assist the ships of the line, and prepare for their retreat, performed not only their duty well, but embraced every opportunity of firing through the intervals, and were constantly in motion. The shells from the bombs were admirably well thrown by the Royal Marine Artillery, and though directly across or over us, not an accident, that I know of, occurred to any ship. The whole was conducted in perfect silence, and such a thing as a cheer I never heard in any part of the line! and, that the guns were well worked and directed, will be seen for many years to come, and remembered by these barbarians for ever."

Salamé, the interpreter, gives one or two affecting episodes of the battle. Having recovered the little courage he had when he found that the cockpit was two feet below water-mark, he went there to lunch with the surgeon, the chaplain, and the purser; but found, to his dismay, that the carpenter had already had to stop several holes where Algerine shot

had passed between wind and water. Comforting himself, however, with Asiatic aphorisms on the uncertainty of life, Salamé passed the time in helping the wounded, after the surgeon had seen to them. Some were blind, others maimed; shattered legs and arms were every moment being amputated. Salamé, fainting as the first arm-bone was sawn through, was sent to the magazine to hand up powder-boxes.

Seeing, he says, Lieutenant Johnstone laughing as he was having a wound in his cheek dressed, he entreated the wounded lieutenant not to return to the deck. Johnstone would, however, go, and was brought back in two hours' time with his breast torn, and his left arm hanging by a thread. The brave fellow survived thirty-six days, and was buried with great honours in the sea, near Plymouth, eleven guns being fired, and the royal standard waved over his coffin.

The Impregnable, unable to find her proper place, owing to the smoke, got terribly mauled by the relentless Eastern Battery. She was hulled by no less than two hundred and sixty-three shots, twenty of which passed between wind and water. The explosion of a vessel with one hundred and forty-three barrels of gunpowder, under the walls of the battery, somewhat relieved her, and enabled her to eventually haul out with the fleet. She worked very hard, and did splendid damage to the pirates, discharging six thousand seven hundred and thirty round-shot. Admiral Milne gave orders to double-load every gun.

The Congreve rockets were of great service. The Algerines took them for signals, until they began to leap about and burst among the troops. When their iron bolts struck in the wooden houses, the fire soaked in like oil, and grew fiercer for the water poured upon it.

All through the seven hours' firing, the old sea-lion, Exmouth, though a stout man of sixty-five, and worn with service in every climate, ran about with a white handkerchief tied round his waist, a round hat on his head, and a telescope in his hand, shouting orders as active and eager as the youngest midshipman in the fleet. He received only two slight wounds, one in the cheek, and the other in the leg; but his coat was slit and torn by musket-balls, as if it had been slashed by a madman's scissors. Many of the Queen Charlotte's guns grew at last so hot that they could not be safely used; others recoiled until the wheels made deep troughs in the deck, and there stuck; others broke from their carriages. Mr. Stone, the gunner, an old man of seventy, who had been in thirty actions, said he never before used so much powder, the Queen Charlotte having expended thirty thousand four hundred and twenty-four pounds of powder, and four thousand four hundred and sixty-two rounds of big shot. Exmouth's ship was placed at such a fine angle, and with such consummate skill, that she only lost nine men—less than almost any other vessel in the squadron—though close to the gun-batteries on the mole, and near to

thousands of Moorish musketeers. Once only, as the despatch has shown, the admiral's vessel was in great danger, when a blazing Algerine frigate came drifting down on her. The Dutch admiral, seeing Lord Exmouth's danger, was anxious to send every ship's boat to his rescue, but the brave Cornishman would not hear of it, said he only wished his orders to be strictly followed, and instantly gave the signal for the fleet to retire out of danger before his own vessel was safe from the burning drift. Providence was gracious, for just as Lord Exmouth was regretfully giving orders to cut the Queen Charlotte's cable and veer round, a breeze sprang up and drove the burning ship towards the town.

The Dey, an ignorant and cruel tyrant, but a brave soldier, who before his elevation had been an Aga of Janissaries, was in the Lighthouse Battery during the engagement. His red, white, and yellow flag was hoisted there. When he gave audience to the English, the folds of his turban and dress were full of powder-dust, and his face and beard were still begrimed with smoke.

About eleven o'clock, the Algerine storehouses, arsenals, and fleet being all on fire, the burning frigates drifting in the bay, some ten thousand houses destroyed in the city, about six thousand Moors slain, and the lower batteries smashed and pounded into shapeless ruins, Lord Exmouth passed the signal to the fleet to move out of the line of fire, cut cables, and make sail. The usual favourable land breeze rose softly, all hands were soon busy at the warping and towing off. By the help of "the light air," the whole fleet soon came to anchor out of reach of shells. About two in the morning, after twelve hours' incessant labour, Lord Exmouth was still in high spirits, and said to Salamé, the interpreter: "Well, my fine fellow, Salamé, what think you now?"

At one o'clock, the old Dutch admiral came on board to offer him congratulations.

"I am quite happy to die, my lord," he said, "now we have got full satisfaction from these pirates."

The gallant position the Queen Charlotte took had protected and saved more than five hundred Dutchmen. Lord Exmouth, having in the morning ordered a supper to be ready for this hour, sat down with his officers, and drank to the health of every brave man in the fleet. The officers drank with enthusiasm their champion's health, and all went to their berths, and fell asleep.

In the British squadron there had been one hundred and sixty men and boys killed, six hundred and ninety-two wounded. On board of the Dutch, thirteen killed, and fifty-two wounded. The British had consumed two hundred and sixteen thousand six hundred and fifty-eight pounds of powder, forty-one thousand two hundred and eight rounds of shot, and nine hundred and sixty thirteen and twenty-six inch shells; the Dutch, forty six thousand one hundred and

nineteen pounds of powder, and ten thousand one hundred and forty-eight rounds of shot. To sum up, nearly one hundred and eighteen tons of powder had been burnt, and five hundred tons of shot hurled on the guilty city. Since Cromwell's time, so just and hard a blow had never been dealt at cruelty and oppression; from that day no Christian slave has ever entered Algiers.

The destruction in the mole of Algiers consisted of four large frigates, of forty-four guns; five large corvettes, of from twenty-four to thirty guns; thirty gun and mortar boats (all but seven); several merchant brigs and schooners; a great number of small vessels of various descriptions; all the pontoon lighters, &c.; storehouses and arsenal, with all the timber and various marine articles, destroyed in part; a great many gun-carriages, mortarbeds, casks and ships' stores of all descriptions.

The loss of the Algerian robbers will never be known correctly. It would have been much greater if, during the bombardment, the Dey had not opened the gates, and let the more peaceful citizens escape into the country. Hundreds had left, ten days before, on the news of the approach of the fleet. Many of the Arabs were killed at the gates while leaving. The wounded, being all laid in stables till the next day, perished in great numbers for want of surgeons. The Dey prohibited the usual howling Mohammedan funerals, as long as the English remained; but there were known to be three large houses piled with dead, and graves were digging every night for a week. All the Moors killed in the battle, which had happened during Ramadan, were buried in a special cemetery as martyrs to the faith (save the mark!).

The morning after the battle, the admiral sent Salamé and Lieutenant Burgess to the Dey, under a flag of truce, and bearing the following stern and uncompromising letter:

"Sir. For your atrocities at Bona on defenceless Christians, your unbecoming disregard to the demands I made yesterday in the name of the Prince Regent of England, the fleet under my command has given you a signal chastisement, by the total destruction of your navy, storehouses and arsenal, with half your batteries.

"As England does not war for the destruction of cities, I am unwilling to visit your personal cruelties upon the inoffensive inhabitants of the country, and I therefore offer you the same terms of peace which I conveyed to you yesterday in my sovereign's name. Without the acceptance of these terms, you can have no peace with England. If you receive this offer as you ought, you will fire three guns; and I shall consider your not giving the signal as a refusal, and shall renew my operations at my own convenience. I offer you the above terms, provided neither the British consul nor the officers and men so wickedly seized by you from the boats of a British ship of war have met with any

cruel treatment, or any of the Christian slaves in your power; and I repeat my demand that the consul and officers and men may be sent off to me, conformable to ancient treaties.—I am, &c.,

“EXMOUTH.

“To his Highness the Dey of Algiers.

“Queen Charlotte, Algiers Bay, Aug. 28, 1816.”

At the same time, the bombs were ordered into position to renew the bombardment, if necessary.

Salamé's boat was fired at several times by a fort to the south, but was not hit; at about eleven o'clock, Osmar Captain came to them from the city, and pleaded that the English firing had begun before the Dey could send his answer. He also said that the shots just fired were fired contrary to the Dey's orders, and called the English a litigious people.

On reaching the mole, the very site of the batteries was not distinguishable. The guns were, all but four or five, dismantled or buried in rubbish. The bay was full of smoking hulks, the water all round the mole black and strewn with dead bodies, drifting timber, and floating charcoal. On his way from the mole to the city, Salamé observed that the aqueduct was destroyed, and that the dark narrow streets were heaped with rubbish. On the consul's house alone, thirty shot had fallen; one of its small rooms had been traversed by nine cannon-balls. Nearly every house in the town had been struck, and many were razed to the ground. In the court-yard of the Dey's palace, two heaps of shots and carcasses had been collected.

At half-past one, three guns were fired from shore. They showed that the Dey was at last not unwilling to listen to terms. The story of the captain of the fort was that, when the soldiers saw the fleet inside the mole, and the three-deckers under the batteries, they began to mutiny, crying that the English were going to take the country without fighting, and almost forcing the Dey to fight.

“I predicted all this rigour,” said the captain of the port (an Albanian), sighing, and in a low voice, to the interpreter, “because I know the English nation never forgive the least points. I told them so; but what could I do among thousands!”

At three o'clock, Salamé, Captain Brisbane the released consul, and Mr. Gossett, went on shore to carry Lord Exmouth's demands to the Dey. They found that potentate, extremely rude and cross, in a narrow gallery on the third floor, looking out on the sea. He was sitting, contemplating his red slippers, on a high Turkish sofa with his bare legs crossed, and with a long cherry-stemmed pipe in his hand. He was coarse and common in his manner, and did not ask any one to sit down. He consented to return the three hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred dollars for Sicily and Sardinia at once. The slaves then in the town were to be sent on board next day, and the slaves from Oran, Bona, and Constantina, as soon as they

should arrive. They had been sent out of town during the battle for fear of their revolt.

The Dey asked, with subdued rage, if those slaves who owed money to the Jews in Algiers were let go, who was to pay their debts? The people would require the money from him. Captain Brisbane refused to enter into the question.

The Dey upon this looked at the captain of the port, and said with anger, “You see now how the business goes.” At first, like a stubborn child, he was unwilling to give the consul the three thousand dollars compensation. Impertinent and low people, unknown to him, he said, had robbed and insulted the consul without his orders. On stern pressure, however, the Dey yielded after some minutes of silence, and of playing with his beard as if at once astonished, agitated, and enraged. Salamé says naively, that as he extorted the full apology, the Dey “really showed his natural wickedness, looking at me with such angry eyes that, if it had been in his power, I am sure he would have cut me in pieces.”

At that juncture, the captain of the port, who had opposed all violence, came behind the Dey's sofa and whispered:

“My lord, it cannot be helped, you must submit. That yellow-haired man (the consul) must now triumph.”

The Dey sullenly repeated the apology in Arabic, and Mr. McDougall accepted it. It was then agreed that the Algerines were to announce the peace by firing twenty-one guns for England, and twenty-one for the Netherlands.

On the 30th, the boats and transports received on board one thousand and eighty-three liberated slaves (four hundred and seventy-one Neapolitans, two hundred and thirty-one Sicilians, one hundred and seventy-three Romans, six Tuscans, one hundred and sixty-one Spaniards, one Portuguese, seven Greeks, and twenty-eight Dutch), making a grand total, reckoning both expeditions, of three thousand and three helpless and suffering men restored to liberty by the great victory of our arms. These ragged and half-starved sailors, lean, haggard, and furrowed with the deep wounds of perpetual fetters, were nearly mad with joy, and leaped in crowds into the boats, unwilling to pause even to be counted. When they approached our ships they all took off their hats and caps and shouted as one man, “Viva the King of England, viva the Eternal Father, viva the Admiral of England who has liberated us from this second hell!” And then beating their breasts, they poured out execrations on the Algerines.

Some of these men had been thirty-five years in slavery. Their chains—which were never taken off—were one hundred pounds weight for strong men, sixty pounds for old men, and thirty pounds for lads. Their legs and waists were eaten into deep hard black furrows by their fetters. They had been employed, in gangs of ten, in quarrying stone from the mountains, in telling trees, dragging building materials, and in

moving guns. Their daily allowance of food had been ten ounces of black bean bread, one handful of peas, and a thimbleful of oil. On Fridays, the Turkish sabbath, they were compelled to fast. As soon as the transports came to anchor, the freed slaves crowded the shrouds and the yards, rejoicing in the old familiar element and their old avocation, and shouted and cheered our sailors enthusiastically.

The Moorish troops, in a ferment of fanatical rage, and eager for fresh massacres—as the common Turk always is—rushed to the mole when the English boats began to shove off with the slaves, and fired several times at our sailors; whereupon Lord Exmouth told the Dey, plainly, that he would bombard the town again if such intolerable conduct were repeated. There was then much diplomacy about a Neapolitan boy and a Spanish vice-consul and a merchant, who were, however, eventually released.

The three hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred dollars, and the eight thousand dollars for the consul, were paid punctually by the tyrant. The money was weighed and put in four hundred sacks, which were carried to the shore by Jews and Moors pressed from the streets. The shrewd interpreter, Salamé, afraid of being set upon by the Kabyle soldiers, refused to take charge of the money to the mole, and the Dey refused to admit four hundred infidel sailors into the palace. A great part of this treasure was green with rust; the Dey's treasury being a cistern in an old castle, where millions of stolen dollars and much gold coin obtained by piracy, had been hoarded from the time of Barbarossa.

Salamé calculated the Algerine loss at more than a million, reckoning the loss of the fleet and the slaves, the payment of troops, the ransom, and the reparation of one hundred thousand houses, besides the long lines of batteries.

The Moorish minister of marine was perhaps a greater sufferer than the Dey by this affair, for he was beheaded the morning after the battle, either for inciting the soldiers to revolt, or for not firing soon enough on the Queen Charlotte.

Lord Exmouth had obtained his peerage, and two thousand pounds a year, for his services with the fleet on the east coast of Spain. In early life this brave Cornishman had covered himself with glory by his capture of the Cleopatre—a crack French ship—with a crew of raw miners, and by saving the men of the Dutton. Always devoted and daring, he was the terror of the French cruisers. On his return from Algiers he was created a viscount, and on the death of Admiral Duckworth (the hero of the Dardanelles in 1817) he was appointed to the chief command in Plymouth. In 1826 he retired from active service. In 1832 he was made Vice-Admiral of England, and died in January, 1833.

One last word about that consummate scoundrel the Dey. When Aga of the Ja-

nissaries, he had roasted the children of the Bey of Oran, and had made their father, whom he afterwards scalped and flayed, eat portions of their flesh. He had succeeded to a wretch, who, getting into the habit of murdering his wives and salting them down in jars, was suffocated in his bath by a black slave. On ascending the throne, the Dey beheaded merchants, and plundered everybody, till that tremendous blow of Exmouth's fist hammered him into better conduct. Soon after our fleet left Algiers, the Janissaries pounced upon the Dey and flung him out of the window of the gallery—a proceeding much to be commended. The two following Deys lived only one year each. Turkey approved highly of their rapid disappearance, as each new Dey, as satrap of the Grand Vizier, pays her one hundred thousand pounds on his election.

An engraving, representing the interviews between the Dey, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Penrose, and Captain Brisbane, is curious, as illustrating some variations in costume. Captain Brisbane wears a frilled shirt, loose white trousers, straps and shoes, and the old rear-admiral is remarkable for knee-breeches and Hessian boots, while his white hair is combed back into a tight ribboned queue.

LOOKING DOWN THE ROAD.

In the early spring-time
My long watch began:
Through the daisied meadows
Merry children ran;
Happy lovers wandered
Through the forest deep,
Seeking mossy corners
Where the violets sleep.
I in one small chamber
Patiently abode—
At my garret window
Looking down the road.

Watching, watching, watching,
For what came not back!
Summer marked in flowers
All her sunny track,
Hid the dim blue distance
With her robe of green,
Bathed the nearer meadows
In a golden sheen.
Fall the fierce sure arrows
Glanced, and gleamed, and glowed
On my garret window
Looking down the road.

Watching, watching, watching,
Oh the pain of hope!
Autumn's shadows lengthened
On the breezy slope;
Groups of tired reapers
Led the loaded wains
From the golden meadows,
Through the dusky lanes;
Home-returning footsteps
O'er the pathway strode—
Not the one I looked for,
Coming down the road.

Winter stripped the branches
 Of the roadside tree;
 But the frosty hours
 Brought no change for me—
 Save that I could better,
 Through the branches brown,
 See the tired travellers
 Coming from the town.
 Pitiless December
 Rained, and hailed, and snowed,
 On my garret window
 Looking down the road.

At the last I saw it
 (Not the form I sought),
 Something brighter, purer,
 Blessed my sleeping thought.
 'Twas a white-robed angel,—
 At his steadfast eyes
 Paled the wild-fire brightness
 Of old memories.
 Nearer drew the vision,
 While with bated breath
 Some one seemed to whisper,
 The Deliverer, "Death."
 Then my dreaming spirit,
 Eased of half its load,
 Saw the white wings lessen
 Down the dusty road.

God has soothed my sorrow,
 He has purged my sin;
 Earthly hopes have perished—
 Heavenly rest I win.
 Dull and dead endurance
 Is no portion here;
 I am strong to labour,
 And my rest is near.
 Lifting my dull glances
 From the fields below,
 So the light of Heaven
 Settles on my brow.
 O my God, I thank thee,
 Who that angel showed,
 From my garret window
 Looking down the road.

SLEEPERS AWAKENED.

ABOUT ten months ago I came straight from Seville, in the south of Spain, through Madrid and Bayonne to Paris, and thence, without drawing rein—if such things as reins can be drawn in a railway train—to CALAIS, where I was to wait for a person with a letter from England. I had the gout at the time, and a raging toothache; it had rained all the way from Bordeaux, and I was excessively miserable. Perhaps, of all the many miseries of travelling (and I am beginning to think they far outnumber its felicities), there is none so acute as coming suddenly upon gloomy savage Winter, with the knowledge that you have just left summer behind you. Nothing could have been more exquisite than the weather I had been enjoying in Andalusia, down to a certain Monday in March last. I used to sleep with the windows open—which was very imprudent, they told me—and I never ate fewer than half a dozen oranges before breakfast—which was

more imprudent still, they said. I used to sit till midnight in a café of the Calle de los Sierpes, eating ices, and fancying myself at the Dominica in the Antilles, and I went to a gipsy fandango in a white waistcoat and pantaloons. But what are you to do in the clime of perpetual summer? Are you to shiver, and wear a Welsh wig and tallow your nose when the thermometer keeps rising till it promises to rival the Luxor obelisk in altitude? I left Seville absolutely sunburnt; and for the sun to burn my countenance is something like gilding refined gold. Imagine my feelings, then, when I found the Landes near Bordeaux rendered mistier than ever, by a drizzling sleet, and the wretched shepherds, looking more woebegone than ever, shivering on their stilts. (By-the-by, I want to know why the sheep in marshy districts should not likewise wear stilts? It would preserve them from the foot-rot, which painful malady, I am given to understand, decimates the flocks in wet weather. An objection to the use of artificial legs might be raised, on the score of sheep being animals which are sent out that they may pasture; and it might be difficult to cause the grass to rise, mechanically, to a level with the browsers' lips.) The discussion of an untenable hypothesis is no bad pastime when you are alone, and dull, and wretched, and the theory of sheep on stilts enabled me to withstand, till I reached Calais, a very strong temptation to fling myself from the carriage window. I forget what kind of weather they were having in Paris. In fact, I had ceased to know anything about Paris.

I reached Calais at about one o'clock in the afternoon, and at the end of the week. I found that between Monday in Seville and Saturday in the department of the Pas de Calais, there was the difference of a wide, wide world. It had ceased raining for a time; it had held up, apparently, for the kind purpose of giving the frost a chance; and no patent refrigerator could have done its work quicker than the process of congelation which had covered the streets of Calais, above the puddles and the mud, with a thin coating of ice. Everybody at Calais seemed to be shivering; and the man at the station who puts the foot-warmers into the carriages—they always remind me, either of leaden coffins, or of sausage-rolls with the sausages turned to hot water—the man who distributes those articles, and who pokes them against your ankles just as you are dropping off to sleep, and drags them out viciously as though they were wild animals crouching in a corner of the cage—this man was sitting on a pile of these leaden coffins (I hope the water had become tepid), and was blowing his fingers to keep himself warm. I had done my best to scald the coats of my stomach with coffee, at Amiens; but the chieory of which it was composed, though it smoked a great deal, would not scald. This may account for my also shivering, and so being in keeping with the people of Calais,

who shivered *con amore*. As the town itself is but a sickly kind of place, I thought it by no means unlikely that before the winter's day was over, the entire concern would shiver itself off its balance and into the port: which would be no great loss to the French empire, or to humanity in general, I take it. From these remarks, you will be enabled to form the opinion that I do not approve of Calais. I do not. It represents nothing to me but discontent, disappointment, and the dismal. As for the heroic burghers of Calais, who appeared before Edward the Third in their shirts and with ropes round their necks, and as for the kind-hearted English queen who pleaded for their lives, and had her prayer granted by her gruesome spouse, those inexorably matter-of-fact gentlemen; the French historians, have discovered that the whole story is a myth, of no more trustworthiness than the legends of John of Paris and Genevieve of Brabant. The burghers of Calais, according to those destroyers of the romantic, were traitorous shopkeepers in the pay of King Edward, and the shirts and halters were all a blind, and Eustache de St. Pierre cunningly "sold" Calais to the English, and made rather a good thing by the transaction. Whatever there may be mythical in its history, Calais itself, however, remains. It is not an agreeable place. I prefer Dunkirk. I would rather be at Boulogne. I would sooner, even, inhabit St. Omer, although there is nothing to be found in the last-named place but manufacturers of tobacco-pipes, and Legitimist families, who call M. de Chambord Henry the Fifth. Calais is gloomily suggestive of debt, duns, broken-down dandies, decayed billiard-markers, copper captains with vixenish wives and dowdy daughters, bad brandy, and bloody Queen Mary. At school we used to read that the ever-burning queen was wont to remark that when she died the word Calais would be found graven on her heart. It was a fit aspiration for the tar-barrel of a woman, and it is some consolation to know that the only human being who ever liked Calais, and regretted its loss, was the moody spouse of Philip of Spain.

The person who was to meet me, arrived, after a seasonably stormy passage, and went back again to Dover next day. And there was another letter to be brought to me; and the person, after travelling to London, had to return once more to Dover, and rejoin me at Calais. I don't think I ever spent a drearier time than I did from that Saturday to that Monday. I have been snowed up, frozen up, burnt out, and inundated. I have been besieged by the yellow fever and the cholera. I have been beleaguered by a hostile army in the society of some thousands of citizens, and bombarded. I have been in the defunct Queen's Bench; I have been laid up with a sprained ankle in a garret, short of coals, on a foggy day, and with a man playing "The Last Rose of Summer" on a cracked flute in the street below. I have had to undergo, at a scientific institution, and with a serious aunt, a lecture about Spiders. I have been to an oratorio. I have sat out the Gamester. I have read Robertson's

history of Charles the Fifth. But I had never "done" Calais before March last; and I humbly hope and pray that I may never be forced to "do" it again under similar circumstances.

I suppose I had passed through Calais at least thirty times. But the boat, the buffet, and the railway arrival, leave very little of Calais to be grumbled at by the traveller who takes the accelerated mail to Paris. How many thousands of tourists, pass through Cologne every year, without ever seeing the cathedral and the shrine of the three kings? Boulogne, it is true, has become intimately known to the travelling public; but then Boulogne is really a charming watering-place, and, for the sake of auld lang syne, 'has been so beautified and caressed by the present Emperor of the French, as to be almost unrecognisable by those who knew it in the old diligence days, when it was chiefly remarkable for dirt, dullness, and the presence of needy Britons. Those outlaws do not affect Boulogne much, now-a-days. The new Bankruptcy Act has all but abrogated out-lawry, and, again, Boulogne has grown to be so fashionable, and so easy of access, that Britons in debt run considerable risk of meeting their creditors in the Rue Napoléon or at the Etablissement. There may be sanguine spirits who regard Calais likewise as a "watering-place." There is certainly water enough in the port to drown yourself, and that is all.

I am glad to record that—with a tolerably accurate topographical memory—I do not recollect the name of a single street in Calais, and that I do not know whether the dismal gap where the town-hall is situated, is called the Grande Place, or the Place d'Armes, or the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. I think I saw a blackened statue, somewhere, in a niche, with its nose much blurred, and two fingers of the left hand gone; but I have not the slightest idea whether that effigy was erected to the memory of Eustache de St. Pierre, or the French Constable who took Calais from the English, or Beau Brummel, or the Commendatore in Don Giovanni.

Beau Brummel! Ha! there ought to be something in *that*. I have seen the farce of the Birthplace of Podgers, and know how much there is to venerate in associations hallowed by the memory of the illustrious dead. Here I was at Calais, with nothing to do but wait and groan—the groaning being mingled with an occasional screech, when the aching tooth grew jealous of the gouty toe—and what could I do better than think about Beau Brummel? How he lived the sad afternoon of his butterfly life. How he died:—no, it was at Caen that he faded away into extinction, an idiot in a public hospital. There was a high-shouldered long-legged old gentleman, in a wig and a short pea-green coat with a poodle collar, trotting before me as I hobbled painfully along, and whom I tried to liken to Brummel. He grew as shabby as that, I reflected. What would Alvanley, what would his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, have thought of that dashing

friend in that shabby cloak and those shabby pantaloons? I tried to get Captain Jesse's *Life of George Brummel, Esq.*, at the circulating library, but the book was in hand. I attempted to bespeak it, but the library-keeper told me that it was always in hand. "Ils ont la peine de lire ces *Mémoires de Monsieur Brummel*," the man said, speaking of his English customers. Do they study the life of the poor worn-out dandy as an example or as a warning, I wonder? I forgot to mention that the hotel to which I drove on my arrival was Dessein's. **DESSEIN'S HOTEL!** There are associations enough connected with that immortal inn and the illustrious Dead to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirers of Podgerism. I believe George the Fourth put up at Dessein's when he passed through Calais on his way to Hanover, and departed without seeing Brummel. To Dessein's, too, came Louis the Eighteenth when he first set foot in France after his twenty years' exile. They covered the place on the pier which had been covered by his foot—a broad foot it was, somewhat inclining to the elephantine—with a brazen plate, commemorating the happy day of the Bourbon's return. They almost deified the gross old fellow. They kicked his brother out of France fifteen years afterwards, and I suppose the brass plate—unless it be preserved in the museum of some Legitimist pipemaker at St. Omer—was long ago melted down by a marine store dealer.

But what are George the Superb and Louis the Desired among the associative Dead in comparison with the Reverend Mr. Yorick, and the Sentimental Journey, and LAURENCE STERNE? I was at Dessein's. And walking or even hobbling under the influence of gout being an amusement of which a very little went a long way, I sat on a three-legged stool under a covered gallery in Dessein's court-yard, and moralised for considerably more than three-quarters of an hour on Shandyism in general. There were but three guests staying at Monsieur Dessein's, and I had nearly the whole inn to myself. I peopled the desolate court-yard with Sentimental figures. There was the door of the remise; there was the "little French captain," who came "dancing up the street;" there was the Franciscan monk; his pale cheek yet crimsoned with the cruel rebuff he had suffered from the Sentimental Traveller. There, upon my life, was the very "*Désobligeante*" itself, and the Reverend Mr. Yorick, né Sterne, in propria persona, with his six shirts and his pair of black silk breeches in a cloak-bag, and the manuscript of the second volume of Shandy under his arm, flirting with the Flemish countess. It was delightful! I expected every moment to see *La Fleur* pass by, whistling, with his immortal curl papers, and the little *lingère* come tripping up with her handbox to know if the Monsieur Anglais wanted any embroidered bands and laced ruffles. I peeped into the porter's lodge to see whether there might not be haply in a cage a starling who could not get out. I looked out of the *porte cochère*, and ex-

pected to find the grisette trying on the sentimental gentleman's gloves; every moment I was prepared to see rumbling into the court-yard a heavy chaise de poste, with Mr. Walter Shandy, ex Turkey merchant, of Shandy Hall, and Captain Tobias Shandy, his brother, inside, and Corporal Trim, their faithful body-servant, in the dickey. For, the court-yard of Dessein's brought back to my mind, not unnaturally I hope, all the scenes and all the characters in that wonderful human comedy, of which you find Frenchmen and Italians and Spaniards discourse with as much delighted appreciation as any English lover of Sterne can do.

It was an awful disappointment. I underwent a terrible revulsion of feeling when I was informed shortly before dinner-time by the wondrous landlord of the very clean and comfortable hotel, and who is, I believe, a lineal descendant of the innkeeper immortalised in the *Journey*, that Dessein's, as it at present exists, is not by any means the Dessein of the Reverend Mr. Yorick. It is not even a new house built on the site of the old mansion. The old original Dessein's is in quite another part of the town, and is no longer an hotel, but has been turned into a Municipal Museum. I did not go to see the curiosities which the municipality of Calais are good enough to exhibit free of charge. I do not know what those curiosities are. *Eustache de St. Pierre's* hypocritical shirt and halter might be among them, but they were nothing to me. I was thoroughly disgusted and all but heart-broken.

After this I gave up Calais as a hopeless place, and the rain coming down again in so persistently leaden a manner that it might have been mistaken for a torrent of Goulard water, I withdrew to the solitude of the *salle à manger*, the principal decoration of which apartment consisted of a faded screen covered with horrifying caricatures, seemingly satirising the vices and follies of the world before the Flood. I have heard people profess to like old caricatures; but to me they are as melancholy as old love-letters. The vain and silly creatures laughed at, are all in their graves.

I have a very indistinct remembrance of how I got through the next day, Sunday. I know that it rained continually, and that the coals hissed in the grate as though they were damp, as they probably were. I can vaguely recall the apparition of a Fried Sole, alone in the dish, desolate, on a napkin like a winding-sheet, and of some anchovy sauce, which had gotten a crust like old port wine, and for many minutes declined to be either persuaded or forced from the cruet, but at last came out with a blob in a far larger quantity than was required, and looked like dissolved sealing-wax made into a compost with sprats. I know that I made several desperate attempts to read a copy of the Sentimental Journey, placed in the public-room by the obliging Monsieur Dessein for the convenience of travellers. It was a sumptuous edition, though slightly out of repair, in the French and English languages,

in big type, with a bigger margin, and embellished with old-fashioned line-engravings, which must have cost a deal of money. But I could not read it. The *Désobligeante*, the *grisette*, the Franciscan monk, and the little French captain, had no longer any charms for me. I preferred sitting in a huge arm-chair, gazing idiotically upon an English waiter, prematurely bald, and with a fringe of red whisker, who came from Tooting, so he told me, and didn't like Calais. The people had got no 'art, he said. Calais, and the weather, and the scarcity of travellers, had made him the wretchedest of mankind. I speculated every time he left the room on the chances of his having gone out to hang himself.

If this state of things had threatened to continue, say for two days longer, I must either have gone back to Spain, or offered myself to a recruiting officer as a substitute in the French army, or killed somebody, or myself. Mercifully, however, the boat which was to bring the person I expected was due on Sunday night. The night-mail usually arrives at about one a.m. How I counted the minutes from dinner-time to midnight; and how all the minutes seemed hours, the half-hours years, and the hours ages! I dallied with the fried sole at dinner, and I made an anatomical examination of the head of that fish. Did you ever dissect a fried sole's head? The study is a very curious one. I did my best to engage the melancholy waiter in conversation, but could get nothing out of him beyond a repetition of the statement that he was a native of Tooting, and that the people of Calais had no 'art. I made another dive into the *Sentimental Journey*, but it was a failure, and even the scene at the opera with the dwarf who threatens to cut the German's queue off, failed to make me laugh. I went out into the corridor, and read the framed and glazed advertisements on the walls, till I fell into a chaotic frame of mind, and became imbued with the persuasion that Bully's toilet-vinegar was made at the *Schweizerhof* Hotel, Lucerne, and that the steamers of the *Messageries Impériales* ran on Tuesdays and Thursdays from the carpet manufactory of M. Sallandrouge de Lamornaia to Mr. Medwin, boot-maker (by appointment) to the late Prince Consort.

I hobbled out to a café in the *Grande Rue*, if that be the name of a long narrow street full of thorough draughts, which runs from the gap where there is the statue, towards the suburb of St. Pierre-les-Calais. The steam of wet umbrellas, the odour of absinthe, and the clicking of dominoes, very soon drove me out again. I went back to Dessein's and took a carriage, and drove down to the port—it was now about eleven—to wait there till the steamer came in.

The night was a very stormy one, and the boat was not true to her time. As I sat selfishly smoking inside, the driver put his head in at the window and suggested that it was exceedingly cold, and that his horse was slightly inclined to inflammation of the chest.

Could I not alight somewhere and wait till the boat came in? I was nothing loth; but where was I to wait? All the little cabarets about the port were closed, and the Calais railway terminus is outside the town gates. The driver suggested that his mother's cousin was a waiter at the terminus buffet, enjoying the confidence of his chiefs, as most French employés do; and although that establishment was not open to the public before the steamer was in, I could doubtless obtain admission at a side-door and refresh myself with coffee until the "*paquebot Anglais*" was signalled as coming into harbour. I very gladly acceded to this arrangement, for even Monsieur Dessein's silk squabs were beginning to feel chilly, and, after some parley at the side-door, and the assurance on the part of my guide to the janitor within that I was a person of the highest consideration, a chain was loosened, sundry bars were undrawn, and I gained ingress to that well-remembered *salle à manger* of the Calais buffet where I had so often swallowed a hasty supper. The waiter enjoying the confidence of his chiefs had risen to let me in, from a flock bed, apparently supported on two pairs of colossal scissors outstretched. He had a white nightcap on, which, combined with his white necktie and other waiterial appurtenances, gave him an inconceivably droll and pantomimic appearance. He yawned as fearfully as M. L'Eveillé in the Barber of Seville, and, so soon as he had admitted me, went to bed again. To reach the buffet I had to cross a portion of the station. Everything was asleep. Everything seemed dead. The *paquebot Anglais* was not yet signalled, and until that warning was given she might not have been due—so far as the Calais station was concerned—until the Greek Kallends.

Railway coffee, I suppose, knows no rest, but is always simmering, like a witches' caldron. Another waiter, whom I found meriting the confidence of his chiefs by sleeping under the counter of the buffet, brought me a demie tasse, and I sat down by the great fire at the top of the room, and warmed myself. The gas was all turned down to the very lowest pitch at which it would burn—the pitch at which apothecaries keep it to serve as a taper, when they wish to seal their nice little packets of nasty things. The room was full of conflicting shadows, intersecting each other at all sorts of angles, until they danced off at last into corners and merged into one deep shade. The snowy tablecloths looked very ghostly in their long perspective. The red firelight winked lazily in the cut glass and cutlery and electro-plate. The air was laden with a soft and drowsy sound, as of a trombone played under a feather-bed, which I fancied proceeded from the entire railway staff of the Calais railway station, all meriting the confidence of their chiefs, and snoring in unison. A great Angora cat, majestic, grey, bewigged and tipped, and the very image of the late Lord Chief Justice Denman, was lying on the chair by the fireside opposite me. The creature

winked, and blinked, and purred, and nodded its grave head, until I, too, began to wink, and blink, and nod, and, I dare say, pur—and then I fell asleep.

I woke up with a start, dreaming I had heard a great crash of stringed instruments as in the Upas Tree scene of the *Africaine*. I woke up to find the Sleepers Awakened. The gas from a hundred burners was all ablaze. The glass shone like diamonds; the cutlery and electro-plate gleamed like suits of Milan steel; I was surrounded by mirrors in glowing gold frames; a dame du comtoir was smiling sweetly out of a grove of apples, pears, and brandy-bottles. Legions of active and wide-awake waiters were flying about with basins of bouillon, and cups of coffee, and cold fowls, and plates of galantine, and bottles of Bordeaux. The Sleepers had Awakened. The room was a wilderness of railway rugs, hand-bags, hat-boxes, waterproofs, reticules, valises, umbrellas, and travellers. Pale Frenchmen in monstrous wrappers, still shuddering from the stomachic influences of the British Channel; children yelling for something to eat; athletic Britons clamouring for something to drink; elderly Britons threatening to write to the *Times* because the soup was cold; ladies who had lost their luggage tickets; gentlemen who had found their change short; couriers, commissionaires, inspectors, footmen, and ladies' maids. It was a Babel, where only twenty minutes before had been the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. The paquebot *Anglais* was in. The majestic Angora so very like Lord Denman had prudently withdrawn herself. The noisy scene was no place for her.

I found the person of whom I was in quest, and early next morning bade a very affectionate adieu to Calais, and by the Friday following had crossed the Alps and reached Venice, there to find early spring, bright sun, blue sky, balmy breezes, and open-air cafés. It has often occurred to me since that it is by no means improbable that Calais may be a very nice town. One of the jolliest Englishmen I know lives there, and has reared a blooming family there. Perhaps I might have formed a different opinion of Calais had not my mind been jaundiced by having come to it eleven hundred miles out of summer into winter, with the gout and the toothache.

HAREEM LIFE AT CAIRO.

EUROPEANS seldom know anything of what really passes in hareems, as the Turks are exceedingly jealous of their domestic life being talked about. Many intrigues and scandals take place, and are known to the ladies in other hareems, but rarely transpire beyond their walls. The two following events took place not long ago at Cairo, and rather interfere with our ideas (chiefly taken from the *Arabian Nights*) of the poetry of Turkish life.

On the road to Old Cairo lives a Bey, whom

we will call Hassan, and whose wife had been a slave of the viceroy's. It is deemed a great honour to receive a cast-off slave-girl of the viceroy, or of one of the princes, as a wife, and the lady usually gives herself airs, and generally leads her poor husband a miserable life, by threatening to complain to the Effendina's mother, unless all her whims are gratified. Hassan Bey's wife at some fantasia heard the celebrated singer Suleiman, and was enchanted with his voice. She sought every occasion of seeing him, and one day he rode under her windows while she happened to be looking out from behind the *musharibiéh*. The lady from that day refused to eat, became melancholy and sullen, and at length one of her old slaves ventured to ask the cause of the Khanoum's sorrow. On being told it, the old woman reflected awhile, and then proposed to her mistress to marry Suleiman to one of the girls in the harem who had a fine voice, and was rather a favourite in consequence. The lady approved of the idea, and charged the old woman with the direction of the affair. Suleiman, thinking that out of so good a house as Hassan Bey's he would get valuable marriage-gifts with his wife, accepted the proposal. The marriage was celebrated with some pomp; and Zeeneb, the slave-girl, was envied by her less fortunate companions at having made so brilliant a marriage; for Suleiman earned large sums by singing at marriage-feasts and burials. The old woman now explained to Suleiman why her mistress had given him one of her favourite slaves, and that he must manage to come often to the harem on some pretext or other. For some time things went on smoothly, until Suleiman became fonder of his own wife than of the other lady, and neglected going to the harem as often as the latter wished, and also gave less *baksheesh* to the eunuchs and slaves. Hassan Bey, sitting in his *divan* one day, overheard his people talking of Suleiman, of *baksheesh*, and of his frequent visits, and summoned the chief eunuch, demanding what all this meant? The Aga hesitated, but threats soon loosened his tongue, and he denounced the old slave woman as chief authoress and abettor of the intrigue. Hassan Bey had her brought before him, and gave her the alternative of bringing Suleiman to the harem within an hour's time, or of losing her head. Thoroughly frightened, she went off to Suleiman's house, and implored him to come to her mistress, dying, as she said, from longing to see her heart's beloved one. Zeeneb had her suspicions aroused by the evident trepidation of the woman's manner, and besought her husband not to go. The old woman threatened to destroy his livelihood through her mistress's influence in the vice-regal harem, and Suleiman at last yielded, but promised Zeeneb that this should be his last visit to Hassan Bey's harem. Unfortunately for poor Suleiman, his words turned out true, for Hassan Bey cut him down as he entered the door. Zeeneb waited for her husband for some hours, and then sent her mother-in-law to inquire after him. Hassan

Bey himself received her, and, showing her the dead body of her son, bade her begone. She burst forth in a torrent of reproaches and bitter lamentations, which so enraged him that, drawing his sword, he killed her too. By his orders, the corpses were flung into the Nile, close by, after small black crosses, such as the Copts wear, had been hung round their necks to divert suspicion. Next morning the bodies were found, and were buried in the Coptic burial-ground by a priest, on the supposition of their being Christians. The disappearance of Suleiman caused some wonder, but it was soon forgotten, and it was no more talked of, until the viceroy's mother gave a fantasia at the marriage of some slave-girl in her harem, when Zeeneb was summoned with other gazialis, or singing-women. When it was her turn to sing, she rose, burst into tears, and, falling at the Valide Khanoum's feet, declared she could not sing, and implored justice. The princess stopped the fête, and inquired what she meant. Zeeneb then related that Suleiman, her husband, had had an intrigue with Hassan Bey's wife, had gone one day against his wish to her harem, and had never returned; that his mother had gone to make inquiry for him, and had never been seen since; and that she suspected foul play. The Valide Khanoum promised that justice should be done, and kept her word; for the viceroy summoned Hassan Bey before the council, interrogated him, and sentenced him to banishment at Fazoglou (the Egyptian Cayenne). Since then, nothing has been heard of Hassan Bey's wife. Whether she was killed by his orders or by Ismail Pasha's, or is still alive, imprisoned in some distant harem, is a mystery; but it is improbable that Hassan Bey would have dared to touch a woman who came out of the vice-regal harem.

The second tale is more tragic and touching. Osman Bey, so we will name him, had two daughters, Fatmé and Elmass, whose mother had died young; the Bey had not married again, and left the two girls very much to the care of their old nurse. A young Turk, living close by, had seen Fatmé as a child in the doorway with the eunuchs, and had observed her pretty face; he by chance caught a glimpse of her at the open musharibiéh, and demanded her in marriage of her father. Osman Bey answered that he was honoured by Shaheen Bey's proposal; but although there was nothing to object to in point of fortune, or so forth, yet he declined to give him his daughter, as he lived much with infidel dogs, and was therefore no true Mussulman. "Piqué au jeu," and deeply smitten with Fatmé's charms, Shaheen Bey contrived to bribe the old nurse, who introduced him into the harem dressed in woman's clothes. No Turk, it should be observed, can enter his own harem when a lady is there on a visit; and even should he have strong reason to suspect the visitor to be a man in disguise, he would never dare to touch the seeming lady. Woe betide him should he unveil a woman! and he can, of course, never be sure of his suspicions. Fatmé, of the mature age of fifteen, was much delighted

at the impression she had produced, and soon her love for Shaheen Bey became as strong as his passion for her; but Elmass grew jealous, and threatened to tell her father, quoting at the same time an old Turkish proverb: "Whoever does not beat his daughter will one day strike his knees in vain." Fatmé in great alarm took counsel with her old nurse, who suggested that Shaheen Bey should bring his younger brother to amuse Elmass, and that, being then equally culpable with her elder sister, she would say nothing. The two brothers paid frequent visits to the harem, and all went well for some time, until Shaheen Bey committed the extreme imprudence of going into the harem undisguised. Coming out, he met Osman Bey, who recognised him in spite of his efforts to cover his face; a tremendous struggle ensued, in the course of which the old father was thrown down; and Shaheen Bey got away. By dint of threats, Osman Bey made the eunuchs confess that they had long suspected the sex of the two visitors, and by a vigorous application of the whip he got the whole truth out of the nurse. In a towering passion he went directly to the viceroy's secretary, who, more civilised than the Turks usually are, tried to persuade the Bey to hush up the whole thing, and marry the two young couples. Osman Bey would listen to nothing, and insisted on the affair being laid before Ismail Pasha, who condemned the two brothers to be sent to Fazoglou. The youngest, luckily for himself, died soon after passing Thebes. The two girls and their nurse were sentenced to death. Horrified by so severe a decree, Osman Bey threw himself at the Effendina's feet, and after many prayers obtained a commutation of his daughters' sentence to imprisonment for life among the female galley-slaves.

To keep order in the numerous harems, it is necessary to strike terror into the hearts of the women who are shut up, without interest, education, or occupation. Doubtless many events quite as sad as the foregoing occur within the high walls of the harems, of which we Europeans have no idea.

TABERNACLE LODGE.

THERE are mysteries that may be guessed; mysteries that may be guessed *at*; and, finally, mysteries that will never be guessed at all. The interpretation of many a dark enigma that, in its time, moved the hearts of thousands with a curiosity almost painful, lies buried in the secret-keeping earth, the component elements indistinguishable dust. Nothing, perhaps, remains but the recollection of a sort of confused drama, played in snatches, out of earshot, by very-much-in-earnest actors, till the curtain ceased to rise, and there was only silence, and a taste of tears.

It was—unless we accept the one solution which will be offered at the end—a mystery of this last description that, nearly a century ago,

in the little hamlet of Holyton, between Gareosh and Thankerton, in Westmoreland, supplied food for conjecture not only to the dwellers in that sequestered neighbourhood, but the country at large.

Holyton, in the last century, was but an irregular clump of little detached dwellings, nestling in the bend of a valley, and holding itself coyly aloof from the rest of the world. The highway from Gareosh to Thankerton passed within a mile, and, as if suddenly remembering that there was such a place as Holyton, shot off a by-road—flinty and forbidding enough—in search of it.

Holyton's wants were few, and its one little shop went near—with the exception of meat—to supply all the essential needs of life. There were no poor in the village. At least one-half of the limited population were Quakers. Those who were not of that brotherhood were accustomed to walk four long miles to their place of worship at Thankerton; and this little Sunday procession—sole link between Holyton and the world—afforded to its contented people all the excitement they desired.

There was one exception to this habitual non-intercourse with the rest of mankind, comprising an excitement the quiet folks did *not* desire—and that was the periodical visits of Nin Small, a travelling tiuker, a man of savage aspect, of colossal size, of bellicose propensities, and of temper, when in his cups, which can only be compared to that of a bull, naturally irritable, exasperated by toothache. Mr. Small was reported to be of gipsy descent. He had, indeed, not attempted to conceal that his ancestors had been lords of Little Egypt, until expelled by the Saracens on account of their Christian faith, which, notwithstanding, they seemed somehow to have left behind them. Mr. Small's manifest short-comings in this particular, not to speak of his unstable temper, caused great uneasiness at Holyton; but the carnal aid he afforded—for he was a first-rate and most expeditious workman—was too valuable to be lost. Moreover, he was an embodied news-letter. Great was the mass of tidings, six months old, he had to relate; and no sooner was the burly ruffian, with his barrow, seen tramping up the little-frequented thoroughfare, than it was who should catch him first—tired, indeed, and thirsty, but fairly civil, and full of news and work. The joy, in fact, at his arrival, was only surpassed by that which hailed his departure!

Quaker houses are proverbially neat; but the last, and largest, cottage in the village, where resided a widow, Dorcas Hodgkin, and her little daughter, was both neat and pretty. Hodgkin had met with some reverse of fortune, followed quickly by his death, leaving his wife and child in circumstances that threatened to compel them to part with the home endeared to them by the recollection of many tranquil days. There seemed but one alternative, and that Dorcas did not like. But it did not matter, for the chance of finding a satisfactory lodger, at a place so secluded as Holyton, seemed beyond the pale of hope.

It happened that old Adam Purslet, who inhabited one of the smaller tenements, had crept out into his very diminutive garden, and, while pottering among his lettuces, became aware of a horse-tramp, and the astounding phenomenon of a stranger passing through the village, leading his horse by the bridle.

Casting impatient glances right and left, the stranger descried Adam, and, halting, leaned upon the paling.

"Ho, there, old Adam!"

"Thee knowest my name?" said the old man, in some surprise.

"I see your occupation, which was Adam's," replied the stranger, with a sneer. "Is there never a forge at hand? See how my good horse is lamed by your cursed roads."

"Execration will little mend them, friend, and may do theeself very grievous hurt," said Adam.

The stranger uttered a short hollow laugh.

Adam noticed that his face was very thin and pale, and his eye somewhat sunken. The features, however, were cast in a refined mould, and, but for their expression, which, when it was not one of profound melancholy, smacked of disdain, he might have been esteemed a sufficiently personable man, of about thirty. His hair fell in jetty ringlets over the collar and cape of his riding-coat, which, like the rest of his dress, was of fine material. His horse was a magnificent roadster—one of those for which, in days when this manly mode of travel was in vogue, no price was considered too high. Pistols in the holsters, and a small valise strapped to the back of the saddle, completed the ordinary equipment of a well-to-do traveller of the time.

"Good morrow to thee, John the less," said old Purslet to a Quaker youth, who passed and smiled to him.

"Are ye all 'ducks' in this neighbourhood?" inquired the stranger.

"If by 'ducks' thee meanest Friends, hadst thee not better *say* so," returned Adam Purslet, "seeing that the term hath not obtained among us?"

The traveller repeated his sepulchral laugh, and again inquired, with some impatience, whether a forge existed in the neighbourhood.

Adam replied that there was none nearer than Thankerton, at which the stranger croaked a laugh.

And John the less, who had lingered near, regretted that Nin Small was not just then at hand, as he that restored Dorcas Hodgkin's boiler to a condition rather better than new, could surely construct a horse's temporary shoe.

"When would this Tubal Cain return?" inquired the traveller.

"If thee hast studied thy Bible only to devise ill-fitting names, I have fear of thy condition, friend," said Adam.

"When, I ask you, will this fellow be back hither?" repeated the stranger, with a raised voice.

"We look for him very shortly," said the lesser John.

"To-day?"

"In four months," said John, cheerfully.

The traveller turned his sunken eyes upon them, for a moment, in silence. Then, as suddenly resolved, he said:

"Good. I'll wait for him."

"There has more patience than I should have believed of thee," remarked the plain-spoken Adam. "Wait four months to have thy poor beast shod, rather than put him to pain? I stand rebuked before thee."

"The place seems quiet as the grave," the stranger remarked, looking up and down the little street, in which no sign of life was visible. "I need repose and stillness. Is there any house of entertainment or lodging in this—what d'ye call it?—Holyton?"

Inn there was none. As for lodging—Adam hesitated, for he knew that Dorcas Hodgkin had conceived the idea of accepting an inmate, could such be found, in preference to abandoning her much-cherished home. Yet something seemed to whisper him that the strange, pale pilgrim, who wanted repose and stillness, would not prove an eligible tenant. Nevertheless, the conscientious Adam could not deny that the prettiest cottage in the place stood in need of a lodger; and, as the stranger, noticing his hesitation, pressed him on the subject, but a few minutes elapsed before Mrs. Hodgkin had to descend and give audience to an unexpected visitor.

No record of the dialogue was preserved, excepting that the stranger, on learning the proposed rent, produced a bundle of notes, and was with difficulty prevented from paying two years in advance. With regard to references, he had observed that, though he was not in the habit of carrying about his character in his pocket, he would obtain one, by an early post from the metropolis, of such a nature as to occasion the most poignant regret to the Friends among whom he hoped henceforth to sojourn, that he did not actually belong to their fraternity.

Gentle Dorcas Hodgkin thought little of the scarcely covert sneer, for, strange to say, the face and manner that had so unfavourably impressed neighbour Purslet, had, upon *her*, the precisely opposite effect. She saw, in her intending lodger, a man aged before his time by mental and bodily ills of no common kind. His soft voice and most melancholy smile conveyed, she thought, an appeal for that sympathy only the more precious to haughty natures, because it is not sought in words. Even his curious hollow laugh exacted pity, for it told of something about the chest and lungs which might require more than repose and solitude to set it right.

Thus it came to pass that the stranger, who announced that his name was Lopré, took up his abode at Tabernacle Lodge, and began, without delay, to reap opinions of the most auriferous nature from all sorts of men. His

merit, it must be admitted, was of a negative character. He bore himself like a man of breeding, and he did no harm. Some baggage, including sundry huge brown books secured with brazen clasps, arrived from southwards, and the bringer took back Monsieur Lopré's horse, to be sold, for what he would fetch, at a neighbouring fair.

Monsieur Lopré, who was French in nothing but his name, turned out, in fact, the pearl of lodgers. He gave so little trouble, that Dorcas felt almost dissatisfied. There was no channel of approach by which she and little Ruth—her mother's active and interested ally—could make known to the solitary man the sympathy they felt for his evidently failing health and broken spirits. He ate little, and drank less. A slice of brown bread and a cup of cream for breakfast, an omelette or a couple of rashers of farm-bacon for dinner, appeared to be the objects of his choice; but if, for these, a dish of tomittis or a stewed squirrel had been substituted, Dorcas felt, with a heavy heart, that her lodger would have accomplished his meal with unchanged indifference. His time seemed to be about equally divided between eager study of his mighty books and meditative wanderings—sometimes protracted far into the night—among the dense neglected woods that, beginning just without the village, clothed the adjacent slopes for miles around.

Some weeks had elapsed in this fashion, when Dorcas's interest in her singular guest was increased by hearing, as she fancied, sounds of deep distress issuing from his chamber. This occurred more and more frequently; and, though it was manifest to the listener that every effort was being made by the unhappy man to suppress these tokens of suffering, it was equally clear that his anguish, whatever its nature, could not be tamed to silence. At such times he would move about the room for an hour together, until, apparently exhausted, he would sink heavily upon the couch, when choking sobs and half-articulate ejaculation bore testimony to the tempest that continued to rage within.

On one of these occasions—it was about noon—Dorcas was passing his door, when an exclamation struck her ear, having so much the tone of actual corporal suffering, that, acting upon womanly impulse, she opened the door and went in.

Lopré was seated at the table, reading. He had one of his great books open before him, over which, as she entered, he spread his handkerchief, and he gazed at Dorcas with an air of indifferent question, so well and hastily assumed, that, but for his still quivering lip and the drops that stood upon his brow, she might have fancied her ears had been deceived. As it was, murmuring an apology, she withdrew.

Ruth could not scold her mother; but she did hazard the undutiful remark that, had she been in that mother's place, she would have ventured more.

Ruth was a very pretty little damsel of ten, beyond her years in intelligence, and the most

precise of little puritans. She dressed, and endeavoured to demean herself, exactly like her mother. She had the self-possession of middle age, and her remarks were often more in harmony with that period of life than with her own. She was, perhaps, the only creature in the village who had never experienced that mysterious feeling, not absolutely unmingled with fear, with which Monsieur Lopré, with his eccentric habits, haughty demeanour, and unspoken griefs, was beginning to be viewed. But the child's heart was sorry for the lonely man, and the wistful expression of her soft blue eyes, as she occasionally ministered to his wants, had attracted the notice of the recluse, and perhaps induced him to break his habitual silence, and exchange a word or two with his little attendant.

One morning they met upon the stairs:

"Here's a letter for thee, Augustus," said Ruth, and put it in his hand.

"You have learned my name, my little maid?"

"Augustus," is on thy letter," observed Ruth, in a tone of gentle reprehension. "If that be thy baptismal name, thou shouldst have told us sooner, Augustus. Thou needs not to hide what is fit and true."

"Are you not a marvellous little atom, to lecture an elder thus?" said Lopré, much amused.

"I have more to say to thee still," said Ruth, calmly.

"Say on, little grandmother. I hear," replied the lodger, opening his letter with an agitated hand.

"I do not like thy ways."

"What?" exclaimed Lopré, in a tone so fierce, that poor little Ruth turned pale, and began to lose heart. But she made an effort, and added:

"It is—for thy own sake, Augustus. Thou art not happy, and I fear thou art not in the way to be so. Thou hast not once attended thy steeple-house—and——"

"Steeple-house! Walk ten miles to hear some droning booby misquote other idiots' dreams?"

"I would not counsel thee to go for *such* a purpose," said Ruth, "but that thou mightest, peradventure, be stirred to prayer. Augustus, thou neglectest that exercise. Canst thou say thy catechism?"

"My catechism and thine are different, my pretty little saint," said Lopré, with a grin that made his cadaverous face more ghastly still. "But, see, you must scold me no more *to-day*. We are going to be busy, for once. Say to your mother that I look for a friend to dine with me. This letter warns me he will be here at six, evening. He is young, and rich, and self-indulgent, and will look for a delicate repast. Spare no cost. Here's money." He put a purse of guineas in her hand. "For the wine, I will take care of that."

"Doth the stranger rest here?" inquired Ruth.

"He—rests—yes—no—that is, he will de-

part late to-night," replied Lopré, with some confusion of manner.

But Ruth's hospitable thoughts were now in the ascendant, and, after another word or two of necessary directions from Lopré, she tripped away to her mother.

According to the accounts subsequently collected, it was near dusk when the expected guest cantered up the village street, and dismounting at Tabernacle Lodge, threw his rein to John the less, who, as the least employed member of the community, was often made of use when help was needed.

The age of the new comer seemed hardly to exceed eighteen. He was a very handsome youth, but pale and dissipated-looking, and a somewhat heavy eye and languid gait told too plainly of the inevitable tax that debauchery and excess had begun to levy upon a frame and constitution intended by nature for long and vigorous life.

The friends greeted each other with great cordiality, embracing, and—as was not unusual—kissing each other on the cheek, after which Lopré led his young guest to a chamber, and while the latter made some change in his toilet, busied himself in preparing the materials for what promised to be a convivial evening.

The resources of both Garcosh and Thankerton had been taxed for that supper, the like of which had never been heard of in Holyton; but the kindly Dorcas was glad to see her mournful tenant roused and cheered, and did her utmost to gratify the epicurean visitor.

It is to be inferred that she succeeded, for the mirth and merriment that began from the moment the stranger rejoined his host ceased not for hours to startle the quiet Friends of the immediate vicinity with unseemly shout and song. The younger reveller had a sweet and musical voice, and the lyrics he selected, though, being—perhaps fortunately—in the French tongue, their purport was to the listeners unintelligible, sounded pleasant to the ear; and, judging from the incessant croak of Lopré's laughter, afforded to that gentleman, at least, unmitigated satisfaction.

One thing, to the credit of the latter, was observable—that, whenever little Ruth was present, he exercised a certain control over his companion's wild and reckless talk; and once, when the young libertine, attracted by the little damsel's extreme beauty, began to address her with silly words, Lopré silenced him with a look no man could misunderstand.

When at length they came forth, which was not till long after moonrise, and the guest's horse, in the custody of the lesser John, was heard pawing at the gate, the youth showed fewer signs of the carouse than did the far more temperate entertainer. The latter looked flushed, was agitated, and had his arm round his friend's shoulder. Was it in affection, or to steady his own steps?

"Farewell, my Frank," he said, as his friend put foot in the stirrup.

The young man looked up to the star-sown

sky. The light Ruth was holding fell upon his uplifted face, and showed it curiously grave and pale.

"I meant to be guided by that very star," he said, "and it has gone out. How singular!"

"Most of her sisters will have followed suit before you get through the wood," said Lopré. "But you cannot miss the way. None have done so yet."

"What the devil do you mean by giving a fellow God-speed in such a tone as *that*? I—I tell you what, Augustus," he added, irresolutely, "I am loth to part with you so soon, and I——"

"You shall *not*, then," interrupted Lopré. "I'll walk beside, and put you in the way. My cloak and hat, Ruth."

She brought them, and, the stranger leading his horse, they walked away together.

"Thy friend hath forgotten his weapons of wrath, and I am glad of it, Augustus," said little Ruth, next morning, suddenly exhibiting a pair of pistols.

Lopré gave a quick start, and the colour rose to his brow, as he snatched them from her.

"I marvel not that he was ashamed of them in a house of peace, and so hid them beneath thy reading-chair," continued the little damsel, with some severity.

Lopré laughed, and the circumstance was forgotten.

Frank's visit seemed to work a remarkable change for the better in the tenant of Tabernacle Lodge. He gained colour and flesh. His appetite improved. He was cheerful—almost sociable. No accents of grief were heard, as before, issuing from his chamber. He delighted in Ruth, and held long bantering conversations with her—sometimes opposing her arguments and exhortations, sometimes exhibiting tokens of most suspiciously sudden conversion.

It was probably about three months after Frank's visit; that the appearance of Ninian Small—that desired yet dreaded tinker—roused Holyton from its accustomed torpor. Having been absent somewhat longer than usual, Nin had his hands full, and it was not till the close of the fourth day that he had leisure to commence the drunken orgie that, surely as day follows night, succeeded his intervals of labour.

It was customary with the quaker portion of the community, so soon as it was satisfactorily ascertained that Mr. Small was drunk, to withdraw into their respective tabernacles or dwellings, and make the entrances thereto as secure as possible. But, at present, Nin was in a stage so little advanced as to be harmless company, and more than one Friend lingered round the spot where Mr. Small, seated upon an inverted bucket—which he preferred to any description of chair hitherto in use—amused a knot of villagers with news from London.

He had got through his political budget, and come to subjects of a miscellaneous character, in which what may be termed court and criminal gossip bore a considerable share, and mightily interested the listening circle. It must be con-

fessed that Mr. Small kept his imagination under no very stern control; and when he found, from the open mouths and eyes about him, that he had got hold of a good thing, usually went in for what would, in this age, be called "sensational."

"Ses the king—God bless'n" (hats, except those of the Friends, removed), "ses he, 'I'll niver stand it, Charlotte, d'ye mind me? I won't. He's my godson, is George Frank-Bein' a suvverin and a godfather, my parlyment shall offer a 'ansum reward. Twenty Pounds.'"

"Come, that worn't extravagant, for a lord," growled a bystander. "But he never come back?"

"Never more heerd on," said Ninian. "He had spent all his fortune. But his jewels, his nags, his picters, his——. Well, whatever else my lord took his pleasures in, they was left, as if he meant to come back next day. Five pounds was added to the reward (purwidin' he was found murdered); and—here's the bill—no 'tain't—I spiled it wi' a sausage—but it was giv' out that, 'Whereas the Lord George Francis Olliphant had disappeared, aged eighteen, and nobody know'd what the devil had become of him, but thought that a cruel, barbarous, and detestable murther had been committed on his carcase—this here reward, exetterer. GEORGE REX.'"

The recital of this important and authentic document justified a pause and a draught, the former short, the latter long, after which Mr. Small resumed:

"He had been heerd by his vally to say he were invited to visit an old friend, which's name he didn't mention, and which lived nowhere about. Consequently, it was thought to be one Captain Gullayne, a very nice gentleman indeed, but unlucky at play, and had took, it was thought, to the road. The captain, bein' advertised in the Flyin' Postman, tellin' him a aunt had died at an advanced age, and left him a legacy, declined to answer—and was accordingly described. Fifty guineas reward. He was a pale, thin,—a—pale—a th——"

The speaker's voice faltered, and became inarticulate. His massive jaw dropped, and his great eyes seemed glued to some object without the circle. It was the face of Lopré, stern and white as the moonlight, exactly fronting him.

"Go on, my worthy friend," he said, quietly. "The description. You have it in your pouch."

"'Tis lost—be cursed to it," said the tinker, sullenly. But he ceased to fumble in his pocket, and suddenly changed his subject and his manner together. Swallowing another hasty draught, he rose, and, with a powerful kick, sent the bucket spinning among the shins of his audience.

"There's enough of stories!" he bellowed; "more ale, there. Hilloo for a rouse!"

And Mr. Small, throwing his gigantic person into an attitude that might be accepted either as an invitation to drink or fight, gave notice by this gesture that the moment had arrived

when the lovers of peace and order might gracefully retire.

Two or three Friends could be seen slipping away, like rabbits to their burrows, and even the "Tip us a stave, Jehoshaphat!" addressed to one of them, as he trundled off, failed to arrest that gentleman's flight. Lopré had passed on his way, and there remained only two or three rough fellows who were accustomed, so long as their means permitted, to share the potations of the convivial Small.

Ninian continued to drink and roar, but evinced a less social disposition than usual, and finally staggered away, forbidding his friends to follow. But, first, leaning—or, rather, falling—against the shoulder of the nearest, he managed to blurt out the question:

"Where do 'e live?"

"Who live?" inquired his friend.

"Pale face—gellyman——" explained Mr. Small.

The other informed him, adding, however, that the party in question was, probably, at this moment, in accordance with his well-known habit, rambling in the woods.

Mr. Small thrust his friend from him, playfully indeed, but so forcibly, that the latter reeled some paces and fell, being asked, at the same time, what the something he meant by leaning upon *him*, Small? This done, Ninian tacked away in the direction of the woods. As he went, his muddled brain wrestled with a little sum.

"Fifty guineas—and t-twenty pounds is—s-sev-enty pou—nef" mind th'od shill—and spounmore—make hundren—I must have it all—*all*—— Stay, where's 'Scripsion"? But he had blundered into the wood-path, and could no longer see at all.

Lopré had *not* taken his accustomed way. He had gone slowly home. At the gate he found Dorcas, with a pale and anxious expression on her usually composed features, watching and listening. The poor woman did not attempt to conceal her uneasiness. Little Ruth, who was in the habit of going twice a week to a farm-house, nearly a mile distant, across an angle of the wood, Ruth, who should have returned two hours since, had not made her appearance.

While she was yet speaking, the disturbance made by the brawling tinker reached their ears; and a neighbour, who passed, told Dorcas that the ruffian had reeled away, mad with drink, towards the woods.

The mother turned whiter yet—and made a faint step in the direction indicated.

"He is a savage creature, in these seasons of drink," she said; "he might not even respect my innocent. I'll——"

Lopré touched her arm.

"Have no fear. I will seek her," he said, and strode away.

"Thee wilt be careful of theeself, too," cried Dorcas, after him. "Strive not, if thou canst help it, lest he prove stronger than thou."

Lopré turned his face in acknowledgment of

this discreet counsel; but his short hollow laugh was the only reply.

Ruth, fearless little messenger, had been delayed far beyond her usual time, but, nevertheless, refused all escort, and was already half through the darker portion of her way, when she became conscious of the approach of the drunken giant, who, swaying about his mighty arms, and roaring fragments of a ribald song, appeared to be seeking an outlet from the wood. Suddenly, as if abandoning the effort, he flung himself down at the side of the path.

Ruth hoped he would go to sleep.

"Then," she thought, "I can slip by."

After a pause of some minutes, the attempt was made. But, unhappily, Mr. Small was not only awake, but active. If Ruth had walked coolly past, it is possible he might not have molested her; but the manifest purpose of escape acted as an incentive. He made a swoop at the little slitting figure, and clutched her dress. Ruth shrieked, for she had an intense dislike and dread of the man.

"Stop your something screeching, you something'd little something!" growled Small, tossing her from one arm to the other, as though she were a doll. "Kiss me, or I'll drown ye in the ditch! What, scratch me, will ye?" belowered the infuriated ruffian; "then, here goes——"

He lifted her high in the air, with what fell purpose who can say? for at that instant the child uttered another cry.

"Ah! Augustus! Dost thou see?"

A hand of steel was twisted in his neckerchief. Another hand caught Ruth as she fell, for the arms and knees of the drunken man relaxed, and, after a second's struggle, his ponderous frame remained an inert mass in his assailant's grasp.

Poor Ruth was smoothing her ruffled plumes:

"I thank thee. The Lord bless thee, Augustus! But oh, Augustus, he is choking! Loose thy hand. Thou must not not slay the violent uncouth man."

"Quick, then, child—bring water. There's some in the ditch behind us," cried Lopré, impatiently.

But the merciless gripe did not relax—no, not while Lopré's other hand searched the wretch's pocket, and drew out the printed "Description"—until Ruth, with her handkerchief saturated like a sponge with water, ran back to his side. Together they untied his neckcloth, threw open the rugged chest, and sprinkled water on the face and head; but *one* of them knew full well that ocean itself, and a college of doctors to boot, could not restore one gasp to Ninian Small.

"It is drink, not I, that did this—the sottish hound!" said Lopré, as he rose from his knees and, with little ceremony, pushed the body from the road. "Home, now, my little maid. We must report at once what has happened."

He took the child's hand and led her, tottering and horror-stricken, home to the village.

Great, as may be supposed, was the disturbance created by this untoward event, and the proceedings of the district coroner in reference to it. Opinions were divided as to the actual cause of death, but not as to the innocence of Lopré of any homicidal intention (who was there to say how long and how fiercely the death-gripe continued?). Violent passion—sudden effusion of blood upon the already stupified brain—accidental injury—the clubbed wits of a sapient twelve, and an admirable conclusion—“Homicide by misadventure.”

If Dorcas Hodgkin had followed the bent of her secret inclination, she would have requested her pearl of a lodger, absolved though he was, to seek another home. However blameless in intention—and something whispered *that* was not too certain—he had slain a man, and Tabernacle Lodge was not precisely the city of refuge she could have desired. Often did she resolve to speak, and as often did the careworn melancholy face appeal to the good woman’s sympathies and transform her suggestion that he should change his abiding-place into the expression of a hope that he was comfortable where he was. Ah! that she had acted upon the first wholesome thought!

There was another reason for permitting him to remain. Since the tragical affair in the wood, Ruth’s interest in their lodger had increased tenfold. Not for an instant did the little maiden doubt that, under Providence, she owed her life to his timely interposition; and how could she repay him better than by redoubling her care for his soul? She took him firmly in hand, and, if patient listening and indulgent acquiescence be tokens of conversion, Ruth had every reason to be content with her disciple. The latter, on his part, seemed to grow ever more and more attached to his little friend, and could not bear that she should be many hours together out of his sight. He was fond, but never familiar, treating her very much as a well-grown child might treat a governess, young in years, but honourable by virtue of her office. They occasionally strolled through the woods together, and, at the period at which we now arrive—that is to say, about eight months subsequent to the death of the tinker, Small—this had grown to be almost a daily custom.

Lopré’s health had declined somewhat rapidly of late. What was worse, the tokens of some gnawing affliction, bodily or mental, or both, had returned, and the sobs and half-stifled ejaculations of the sufferer often broke upon the midnight silence of Tabernacle Lodge. The only seasons of relief appeared to be those in which the two singularly assorted friends lost themselves in the mazes of the wood, and the culminating peace was when, seated under some old tree, Ruth’s sweet voice would dwell upon that eternal rest to which her innocent heart panted to direct her hearer’s.

A terrible incident suddenly occurred. Little Ruth, who had gone out, at noon, on one

of her farm-house journeys, was brought home, in the arms of two labouring men, frightfully injured, unconscious, and plainly dying. The men had found her lying, as if asleep, within a few yards of the very spot at which Ninian Small had met his violent end. The child lay in an easy attitude of rest, her dress composed, not a hair disordered, no soil, no scratch, no sign of violent usage; but closer examination revealed the evidence of a heavy blow on the back of the skull, and a deep puncture in the chest, which seemed to have bled internally.

The mother’s shriek, as she realised the fatal truth, rang through the house. As it died away, the ghastly face of Lopré peered forth from his chamber-door, as in inquiry. Dorcas saw him, and her frenzy took a different turn.

“Begone, man of evil!—man of blood!” cried the bewildered woman, in her anguish. “It is thou—surely thou—that bring’st this trouble on us. Look, look! Mine innocent!”

Lopré made a step forward.

“I—I? What does she mean? What has happened? Who is—is dead?”

“Nobody said she was *dead* but you,” said one of the men, with gruff pity. “But she was hard struck—and such a little one!”

They told him what had happened.

Lopré’s face could not look more corpse-like; but his quivering lips betrayed his emotion, and could scarcely enunciate the words:

“Has she spoken?”

Being answered in the negative, he staggered back into his room, and closed the door.

A silence, almost of the grave, reigned in that sorrowful house during several hours. Then a voice, almost awful in the hush, and the abrupt breaking of it, said, at Lopré’s door:

“*She has spoken.*”

“And—*then?*” gasped a choking voice within.

“*She calls for thee.*”

Like one walking in a frightful dream, Lopré came forth and followed Dorcas into Ruth’s little chamber. The dying child lay with her face towards the door, and the large heavy eyes grew brighter as he entered. The little hand made a feeble gesture, in obedience to which, and a whisper to her mother, the latter requested the doctor and others who were present to retire, herself accompanying them beyond the door.

What precisely passed was never ascertained, and our narrative can only be framed in harmony with the singular surmise hereafter to be mentioned.

“I rejoice that thou art come. Kneel beside me, Augustus, for none but God must hear us now,” said Ruth. “I have been wondering why thou didst raise thy hand against so weak a thing as I; one who loved thee heartily, Augustus, and ever strove to minister to thy welfare, both of body and soul. Was I not even entreating thee to meekness and to charity, when thou didst rise and use me thus?”

Lopré only gazed at her, and groaned.

“There is mercy in thee,” the child continued,

"else thy wrathful weapons had not failed. Thou hast not pierced my heart, Augustus; *but thou hast broken it.* I shall not die of thy wounds, but of thee—of sorrow and fear of thy eternal woe, unless thou seest how thou art captive to the power of darkness, urging thee to deeds of cruelty against thy better will. I was suffered to be thy help, thy good, thy staff and stay, and thou hast cast me suddenly, broken, from thy hand. Think of me the more, Augustus, when I am gone. Go burn thy lawless, wicked books, the traps of Satan to ensnare thy soul—burn them, I say; thy dying teacher bids thee. Add not rebellion to witchcraft, the sister-sin, now that thou art shown the truth; but turn thee quick to the Atoner, that I may meet thee *there.*"

The heavy eyes rolled upwards, then closed, and a lovely smile settled on the gentle face, which had not passed away, when, some hours later, all that pertained to earth, of little Ruth, was dressed for its early grave.

That very strong suspicions should attach to Lopré was only to be expected. Although no one had seen him return home, it was known that they had gone out together, and had been seen walking apart, but conversing with that quiet tenderness that had, of late, invariably marked their intercourse. One of the men who had brought the child home was, for some unexplained reason, so impressed with Lopré's guilt, that he had, on his own responsibility, hurried away to the nearest magistrate and demanded his arrest. This, however, occupied some time; and it was very midnight, or rather early morning, when those charged with the warrant reached Tabernacle Lodge.

During this period Lopré had remained secluded in his chamber, and was often heard moving busily about, as if preparing for departure. The door was therefore watched; but he made no attempt to escape, and, on the arrival of the constables, it was thought advisable to defer his capture till dawn, especially as the blinds permitted an occasional glimpse of their intended prisoner, and a strong light in the room confirmed the suspicion that he was merely destroying papers.

With the first streak of day, the watchers—not without caution—approached his door. Before they could summon him, Lopré stood before them, holding forth his hands as though to receive the handcuffs. Disordered, haggard, yet with eyes ablaze with insane fire, his spectral aspect almost daunted the stout thief-catchers. But the war was all within. He was quiet—totally dumb—and exhibited no outward sign of emotion, but *once*, when, on the way to the gate, he was suddenly asked if certain dark-red stains on his sleeve were the blood of the murdered child.

In this mute, half-conscious condition the un-

happy man remained for a week, growing weaker and weaker, until all idea of subjecting him to an examination was necessarily abandoned. On the ninth morning of his imprisonment, the watchers in his cell made this report:

About midnight, Lopré, who, though always preserving silence, had been unusually restless, tossing on his truckle-bed, and breathing hard, sank into a torpor. This had lasted about half an hour, when a sudden sound and movement startled the custodian then on duty. The prisoner had risen to a sitting posture, his eyes staring wild, his hand grasping the air. He was trying to speak, and he did get out some words, but they were "nothing, no meaning, as I could see," said the watcher. Pressed on this point, he explained that the words, "so's he could remember," was only this:

"My little saint! . . . My saint!"

That, having uttered these meaningless words, he dropped suddenly back, and seemed to sleep. At daybreak, observing that he remained still in the same position, very quiet, they went to examine their prisoner, and found he had expired.

Two incidents succeeded Lopré's death—the arrival of a London constable, who identified the body as that of the once-renowned gamester and debauchee, Captain Gullayne; and, secondly, the discovery of the remains of Lord George Francis Olliphant, which, with skull fractured, and a ball through the breast, had been buried in the wood.

And wherefore these apparently motiveless crimes? Shall we refer them, without comment, to the great assize, where secrets cannot live? Or can we accept the idea suggested by a writer of the day, and founded upon some scorched pages of one of the volumes Lopré, or Gullayne, had sought to destroy, namely, that the study of certain treatises, now happily obsolete, concerning occult philosophy and the "black art," acting upon a brain half-maddened by every species of excess, had beguiled the unhappy student into the belief that he had embraced the service of the powers of evil, and must blindly work their will?

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BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD,"
&c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IX. MOVING ON.

UNCONSCIOUS of the inquietude of her brother and of her son, happy in a reunion which she had never ventured to hope for, still sufficiently weakened by her illness to be preserved from any mental investigation of "how things had come about," acquiescent and tranquil, Mrs. Carruthers was rapidly getting well. The indelible alteration which her beauty had sustained—for it was beauty still—the beauty of a decade later than when George had seen his mother through the ball-room window at Poynings—had touched her morally as well as physically; and a great calm had come upon her with the silver streaks in her rich dark hair, and the fading of the colour in her cheek.

The relation between George's mother and her husband had undergone an entire change. Mr. Carruthers had been excessively alarmed when he first realised the nature of his wife's illness. He had never come in contact with anything of the kind, and novelty of any description had a tendency to alarm and disconcert Mr. Carruthers of Poynings. But he was not in the least likely to leave any manifest duty undone, and he had devoted himself, with all the intelligence he possessed (which was not much), and all the heart (which was a great deal more than he, or anybody else, suspected), to the care, attention, and "humouring" which the patient required. From the first, Mrs. Carruthers had been able to recognise this without trying to account for it, and she unconsciously adopted the best possible method of dealing with a disposition like that of her husband. She evinced the most absolute dependence on him, an almost freful eagerness for his presence, an entire forgetfulness of the former supposed immutable law which had decreed that the convenience and the pleasure of Mr. Carruthers of Poynings were to take precedence, as a matter of course, of all other sublunary things. Indeed, it was merely in a technical sense that, as regarded the little world of Poynings, these had been considered sublunary. Its population concerned themselves infinitely less with the "principalities and powers" than with the accuracy of the

temperature of Mr. Carruthers's shaving-water, and the punctuality with which Mr. Carruthers's breakfast, lunch, and dinner were served. It had never occurred to his loving and dutiful wife that any alteration in this principle of life at Poynings could possibly be effected, and thus the more superficial faults of the character of a genuinely worthy man had been strengthened by the irresponsibility of his position until they bade fair to overpower its genuine worth. But all this has changed now, changed in a fashion against which there was no appeal. Mr. Carruthers was no longer the first. His hours, his habits, his occupations, had to give way to the exigencies of a misfortune which struck him on the most sensitive point, and which invested him with a responsibility not to be trifled with or shared. It was characteristic of him that he became excessively proud of his care of his wife. The pomposity and importance with which he had been wont to "transact his public business" was now transferred to his superintendence of his patient; and the surveillance and fussiness which had made life rather a burdensome possession to the household and retainers of Poynings impressed themselves upon the physicians and attendants promoted to the honour of serving Mrs. Carruthers. As they were, in the nature of things, only temporary inflictions, and were, besides, accompanied by remarkably liberal remuneration, the sufferers supported them uncomplainingly.

It was also characteristic of Mr. Carruthers that, having made up his mind to receive George Dallas well, he had received him very well, and speedily became convinced that the young man's reformation was genuine, and would be lasting. Also, he had not the least suspicion how largely he was influenced in this direction by Mark Felton's estimate of the young man—an estimate not due to ignorance either, for George had hidden nothing in his past career from his uncle, except his acquaintance with Clare Carruthers, and the strange coincidence which connected him with the mysterious murder of the 17th of April. Mr. Carruthers, like all men who are both weak and obstinate, was largely influenced by the opinions of others, provided they were not forced upon him or too plainly suggested to him, but that he was currently supposed to partake or even to originate them. He had not said much to his wife about her son; he had not referred to the past at all.

It was in his honourable, if narrow, nature to tell her frankly that he had recognised his error, that he knew now that all his generosity, all the other gifts he had given her, had not availed, and could not have availed, while George's society had been denied; but the consigne was, "Mrs. Carruthers must not be agitated," and the great rule of Mr. Carruthers's life at present was, that the consigne was not to be violated. Hence, nothing had been said upon the subject, and after the subsidence of her first agitation, Mrs. Carruthers had appeared to take George's presence very quietly, as she took all other things.

The alteration which had taken place in his wife had tended to allay that unacknowledged ill which had troubled Mr. Carruthers' peace, and exacerbated his temper. The old feeling of jealousy died completely out. The pale, delicate, fragile woman, whose mind held by the past now with so very faint a grasp, whose peaceful thoughts were of the present, whose quiet hopes were of the future, had nothing in common with the beautiful young girl whom another than he had wooed and won. As she was now, as alone she wished to be, he was first and chief in her life, and there was not a little exaction or temporary fretfulness, a single little symptom of illness and dependence, which had not in it infinitely more reassuring evidence for Mr. Carruthers than all the observance of his wishes, and submission to his domestic laws, which had formerly made it plainer to Mr. Carruthers of Poynings that his wife feared than that she loved him.

And, if it be accounted strange and bordering on the ludicrous that, at Mr. Carruthers's respectable age, he should still have been subject to the feelings tauntingly mentioned as the "vagaries" of love, it must be remembered that George's mother was the only woman he had ever cared for, and that he had only of late achieved the loftier ideals of love. It was of recent date that he learned to hold his wife more dear and precious than Mr. Carruthers of Poynings.

He was not in the least jealous of George. He liked him. He was clever, Mr. Carruthers knew; and he rather disapproved of clever people in the abstract. He had heard, and had no reason to doubt—certainly none afforded by his step-son's previous career—that literary people were a bad lot. He supposed, innocent Mr. Carruthers, that, to be literary, people must be clever. The inference was indisputable. But George did not bore him with his cleverness. He never talked about *The Piccadilly* or *The Mercury*, reserving his confidences on these points for his mother and his uncle. The family party paired off a good deal. Mr. Carruthers and his wife, Mark Felton and his nephew. And then Mr. Carruthers had an opportunity of becoming convinced that the doubts he had allowed to trouble him had all been groundless, and to learn by experience that, happy in her son's society, truly grateful to him for the kindness with which he watched George, she was happier still in his company.

To a person of quicker perception than Mr. Carruthers, the fact that the invalid never spoke of her faithful old servant would have had much significance. It would have implied that she had more entirely lost her memory than other features and circumstances of her condition indicated, or that she had regained sufficient mental firmness and self-control to avoid anything leading directly or indirectly to the origin and source of a state of mental weakness of which she was distressingly conscious. But Mr. Carruthers lacked quickness and experience, and he did not notice this. He had pondered, in his stately way, over Dr. Merle's words, and he had become convinced that he must have been right. There had been a "shock." But of what nature? How, when, had it occurred? Clearly, these questions could not now, probably could not ever be, referred to Mrs. Carruthers. Who could tell him? Clare? Had anything occurred while he had been absent during the days immediately preceding his wife's illness? He set himself now, seriously, to the task of recalling the circumstances of his return.

He had been met by Clare, who told him Mrs. Carruthers was not quite well. He had gone with her to his wife's room. She was lying in her bed. He remembered that she looked pale and ill. She was in her dressing-gown, but otherwise dressed. Then, she had not been so ill that morning as to have been unable to leave her bed. If anything had occurred, it must have taken place after she had risen as usual. Besides, she had not been seriously ill until a day or two later—stay, until how many days? It was on the morning after Mr. Dalrymple's visit that he had been summoned to his wife's room; he and Clare were at breakfast together. Yes, to be sure, he remembered it all distinctly. Was the "shock" to be referred to that morning, then? Had it only come in aid of previously threatening indisposition? These points Mr. Carruthers could not solve. He would question Clare on his return, and find out what she knew, or if she knew anything. In the mean time, he would not mention the matter at all, not even to his wife's brother or her son. Mr. Carruthers of Poynings had the "defects of his qualities," and the qualities of his defects, so that his pride, leading to arrogance in one direction, involved much delicacy in another, and this sorrow, this fear, this source of his wife's suffering, whatever it might be, was a sacred thing for him, so far as its concealment from all hitherto unacquainted with it was concerned. Clare might help him to find it out, and then, if the evil was one within his power to remedy, it should be remedied; but, in the mean time, it should not be made the subject of discussion or speculation. Her brother could not possibly throw any light on the cause of his wife's trouble; he was on the other side of the Atlantic when the blow, let it have come from whatever unknown quarter, had struck her. Her son! Where had he been? And asking himself this question, Mr. Carruthers began to feel rather uncomfortably hot about the ears, and

went creaking up the stairs to his wife's sitting-room, in order to divert his thoughts as soon as possible. He saw things by a clearer light now, and the recollection of his former conduct to George troubled him.

He found his step-son and Mark Felton in Mrs. Carruthers's room. The day was chilly and gloomy, and eminently suggestive of the advantages possessed by an English country mansion over the most commodious and expensive of foreign lodging-houses. George had just placed a shawl round his mother's shoulders, and was improving the fastenings of the windows, which were in their normal condition in foreign parts.

"Mark has been talking about Poynings," said Mrs. Carruthers, turning to her husband with a smile, "and says he never saw a place he admired more, though he had only a passing glimpse of it."

Mr. Carruthers was pleased, though of course it was only natural that Mr. Felton should never have seen any place more to be admired by persons of well-regulated taste than Poynings.

"Of course," he said, with modest admission, "if you come to talk about the Dukeries, and that kind of thing, there's nothing to be said for Poynings. But *it is* a nice place, and I am very fond of it, and so is Laura."

He was rather alarmed, when he had said this, to observe his wife's eyes full of tears. Tears indicated recollection, and of a painful kind, he thought, being but little acquainted with the intricate symptoms of feminine human nature, which recollection must be avoided, or turned aside, in a pleasurable direction.

Now George's cleverness was a direction of the required kind, and Mr. Carruthers proceeded to remark that George must make drawings for his mother of all the favourite points of view at Poynings.

"There's the terrace, George," he said, "and the 'Tangle,' where your mother loves to spend the summer afternoons, and there's the beech-wood, from the hill behind the garden, and the long avenue. There are several spots you will like, George, and—and," said Mr. Carruthers, magnanimously, and blushing all over his not much withered face, like a woman, "I'm only sorry you are to make acquaintance with them so late in the day."

He put out his hand, with true British awkwardness, as he spoke, and the young man took it respectfully, and with an atoning pang of shame and self-reproach. But for his mother's presence, and the imperative necessity of self-restraint imposed by the consideration of her health and the danger of agitation to her, George would have inevitably have told his step-father the truth. He felt all the accumulated meanness of an implied falsehood most deeply and bitterly, and might have been capable of forgetting even his mother, but for a timely warning conveyed to him by the compressed lips and frowning brows of his uncle. As for his mother, neither he nor Mr. Felton could

judge of the effect produced upon her by the words of her husband. She had turned away her head as he began to speak.

"I was just going to tell Laura what I thought of doing, if you and she approve," Mr. Felton hastened to say. "You see, I am getting more and more anxious about Arthur, and I don't think he will turn up here. I thought if George and I were to go on to Paris and make some inquiries there—I know pretty well where he went to there, and what he did. We need not make more than a few days' delay, and then go on to London, and join you and Laura there. What do you say?"

"I think it would do nicely," said Mr. Carruthers. "You and George would hardly like our rate of travelling under any circumstances." It would have afforded any individual endowed with good humour and a sense of the ludicrous great amusement to observe the pleasure and importance with which Mr. Carruthers implied the seriousness of his charge, and the immense signification of a journey undertaken by Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings. "We shall stay some time in town," he continued, "for additional medical advice; and then, I hope, we shall all go down to Poynings together."

"I have secured rooms for George and myself in Piccadilly," said Mark Felton, in a skilfully off-hand manner. "It would never do for two jolly young bachelors like him and me to invade Sir Thomas Boldesto's house. Even"—and here Mr. Felton's countenance clouded over, and he continued, absently—"even if Arthur did not join us; but I hope he will—I hope he will."

Mr. Carruthers was singularly unfortunate in any attempt to combine politeness with insincerity. He had a distinct conviction that his wife's nephew was a "good-for-nothing," of a different and more despicable order of good-for-nothingness to that which he had imputed to his step-son in his worst days; and though he would have been unfeignedly pleased had Mr. Felton's iniquitude been set at rest by the receipt of a letter from his son, he was candidly of opinion that the longer that young gentleman abstained from joining the family party, the more peaceful and happy that family party would continue to be.

However, he endeavoured to rise to the occasion, and said he hoped "Mr. Arthur" would accompany his father to Poynings, with not so very bad a grace considering.

The diversion had enabled George to recover himself, and he now drew a chair over beside his mother's, and began to discuss the times and distances of their respective journeys, and other cognate topics of conversation. Mr. Carruthers liked everything in the planning and settling line, and it was quite a spectacle to behold him over the incomprehensible pages of Bradshaw, emphasising his helplessness with his gold spectacles.

"I suppose ten days will see us all in London," he said to Mr. Felton, "if you leave this with George to-morrow, and we leave on Monday.

I have written to my niece. Sir Thomas and Lady Boldero never come to town at this season, so I have asked Clare to come up and see that the house is all comfortable for Laura. Clare can stay at her cousin's till we arrive."

"Her cousin's?" asked Mark Felton; and George blessed him for the question, for he did not know who was meant, and had never yet brought himself to make an inquiry in which Clare Carruthers was concerned, even by implication.

"Mrs. Stanhope, Sir Thomas's daughter," said Mr. Carruthers; "she was married just after we left Poynings."

"The young lady of whom Captain Marsh made such appropriate mention," thought George.

"I have no town-house," continued Mr. Carruthers, with more of the old pompous manner than Mr. Felton had yet remarked in him. "Laura prefers Poynings, so do I; and as my niece came down only this spring, and has been detained in the country by several causes, we have not thought it necessary to have one."

"I should think you would find a town-house a decided nuisance," said Mr. Felton, frankly; "and if Miss Carruthers has Sir Thomas Boldero's and Mrs. Stanhope's to go to, I don't see that she wants anything more."

"You forget," said Mr. Carruthers, in a quiet tone, which, nevertheless, conveyed to Mr. Felton's quick apprehension that he had made a grave mistake, and implied to perfection the loftiness of rebuke—"you forget that Miss Carruthers is the heiress of Poynings!"

"Ah, to be sure, so I do," said Mark Felton, heartily, "and I beg her pardon and yours; but at least I shall never forget that she is the most charming girl I ever saw in my life." And then, as if a secret inspiration led him to put the question which George longed to hear and dared not ask, he said:

"When is Miss Carruthers to arrive in London?"

"Only three or four days before we shall get there, I fancy. My love," turning abruptly to Mrs. Carruthers, as a happy idea struck him, by which her additional comfort might be secured, "what would you think of my desiring Clare to bring Brookes up with her? Should you like to have her with you when you are in town?"

Mrs. Carruthers turned a face full of distress upon her husband in reply to his kind question. It was deeply flushed for a moment, then it grew deadly pale; her eyes rolled towards George with an expression of doubt, of searching, of misty anguish, which filled him with alarm, and she put out her hands with a gesture of avoidance.

"Oh no, no," she said, "I cannot see her yet—I am not able—I don't know—there's something, there's something."

It might have struck Mr. Carruthers and Mark Felton too, had they not been too much alarmed to think of anything but Mrs. Carru-

thers's emotion, that when they both approached her eagerly, George did not attempt to do so. He rose, indeed, but it was to push back his chair and get out of their way. Mr. Carruthers asked her tenderly what was the matter, but she replied only by laying her head upon his breast in a passion of tears.

In the evening, when Dr. Merle had seen Mrs. Carruthers, had said a great deal about absolute quiet, but had not interdicted the purposed return to England, when it had been decided that there was to be no leave-taking between her and her brother and son, who were to commence their journey on the morrow, Mr. Carruthers, sitting by his wife's bed, where she then lay quietly asleep, arrived at the conclusion that the old nurse was connected with the "shock." The idea gave him acute pain. It must have been, then, something which had some reference to his wife's past life, something in which he and the present had no share. Very old, and worn, and troubled Mr. Carruthers looked as the darkness came on and filled the room, and once more the night wind arose, and whistled and shrieked over Taunus. He began to wish ardently, earnestly, to get home. It was very strange to look at his wife, always before his eyes, and know she had a terrible secret grief, which had thus powerfully affected her, and not to dare to question her about it. This fresh confirmation of the fact, this new manifestation of her sufferings, after so peaceful an interval, had in it something awful to the mind of Mr. Carruthers.

The brother and the son, in their different ways, were equally disturbed by the occurrence—Mark Felton in his ignorance and conjecture, George in the painful fullness of his knowledge and his self-reproach.

And as Mark Felton's look had alone arrested George's impulsive desire to reveal his knowledge of Poynings to Mr. Carruthers, so the remembrance of all Routh and Harriet had said to him of the difficulty, the embarrassment, the probable danger of an acknowledgment, alone arrested his desire to inform his uncle of the dreadful error which had caused his mother's illness.

Mark Felton and George Dallas left Hamburg for Paris on the following day. They had separated for the night earlier than usual, and George had employed himself for some hours in writing a long and confidential letter to his friend Cunningham. It was addressed to that gentleman at The Mercury office, and it contained full details of every particular which he had been able to learn connected with his missing cousin. The purpose of the letter was an urgent request that Cunningham would at once communicate with the police on this matter, and it concluded with these words:

"I cannot conquer my apprehensions, and I will not yet communicate them to my uncle. But, mark this, I am convinced we shall learn nothing good at Paris; and we have done very wrong in not putting the police to work long ago. Don't laugh at me, and call me a novelist

in action. I never felt so sure of anything I had not seen as I am of Arthur Felton's having come to serious grief."

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE O. P. RIOTS.

THEATRICAL riots have not been unfrequent in English theatres.

There was a great riot at the Portugal-street Theatre in 1721, in Rich's time, when Quin and his brother-actors flashed out their swords and drove out the wild young rakes who had threatened to pink the manager. There was a great scuffle before this at the same house when, wishing to insult the brazen Duchess of Portsmouth, some tipsy gentlemen drew their blades in the pit, and flung blazing flambeaux among the actors on the stage.

There was the Footman's Riot in 1737, and the prodigious mutiny, too, in Garrick's Drury Lane, in 1754, about those foreign dancers. The pit thrashed the boxes, jumped on the harpsichord, broke up benches, slashed the scenery, and pelted poor Davy's windows in Southampton-street. And that terrible evening, also, at the Haymarket, when thousands of enraged tailors threatened to surge into the theatre to prevent old Downton playing "The Tailors, or a Tragedy for Warm Weather." One of them was actually bold enough, without even the help of his eight partners, to fling a pair of heavy shears at the great comedian. But as the minnow is to the whale, so were all these popular effervescences compared with those tremendous yet ludicrous disturbances in 1809, which, for no less than sixty-one nights, under the name of the O. P. Riots, agitated London, divided society, and convulsed Covent Garden.

The old Covent Garden Theatre had been burnt down September 20, 1808, it was supposed by the wadding of the musket of one of the Spanish soldiers in Pizarro. Twenty persons perished in trying to save the building. Handel's organ, the wines of the Beef-Steak Club, Munden's wardrobe, and Miss Bolton's jewels, were all consumed. The new building cost fifty thousand pounds, besides the forty-four thousand five hundred pounds insurance. The Duke of Northumberland generously lent Kemble ten thousand pounds, and sent him the receipt to burn on the day the first stone was laid by the Prince of Wales and the Freemasons, of whom the "ne'er-do-weel" was grand master. Mr. Robert Smirke, jun., built the new theatre to resemble the great Doric temple of Minerva on the Acropolis. The roof was one hundred feet long and one hundred and thirty feet wide. The pit had its old twenty benches. The chief obnoxious novelty was that the third tier of boxes, letting for twelve thousand pounds a year, had small ante-rooms opening into a saloon reserved at three hundred pounds a year each for annual renters only. This especially exasperated the democratic town. A person seated in the back row

of the two-shilling gallery was eighty-six feet from the stage door; in the upper gallery the spectator was one hundred and four feet distant. The house was lit by glass chandeliers in front of each circle, two hundred and seventy wax-candles a night being consumed, while the stage and scenery had their three hundred patent lamps. The prevailing colour of the house was white; the ornaments gold on a light pink ground. So far so good, but no further.

The season of 1808 had been a specially interesting one. Miss Pope, "the chambermaid" par excellence for fifty years, had retired. In the same month, Madame Storaçe, the unapproachable buffa of English opera and musical farce, had also taken her leave; and soon after, Mrs. Mattocks, for nearly sixty years the gayest of stage widows, and the most inimitable of M'Tabs, had made her final curtsy. In the mean time, the management had not been idle. They had got Liston, that fine *farceur*, as a comic dancer, and Young for nervous tragedy; Incedon for noble sea songs; Munden for extravagant drollery; and Fawcett for harsh comic force. The other house, burnt down in 1808, had no one but Mrs. Jordan on whom to rely. Mrs. Dickens was also a favourite with the Covent Garden public for good sound acting; and, above all, not to mention the grace and majesty of Mrs. Siddons, there was that cheval de bataille, that beautiful Roman lady, Madame Catalani, with a voice that could follow a flute through all its ripplings, and a violin through all its windings.

John Philip Kemble, the son of a Staffordshire manager, was born in 1757, and had made his first appearance on the London boards as Hamlet, in 1783. He had been the sovereign idol of the public, and hitherto had reigned supreme in their favour. Age had not yet made him hard, dry, cold, nor pedantic, as that fine critic, Hazlitt, afterwards thought him. Kean's thunder-storm of passionate genius had not yet shaken old Drury to its centre.

The town was menacingly silent. The young men in the public offices (great theatre-goers) alone openly denounced the new prices, the boxes being raised from six shillings to seven shillings, the pit from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings, the galleries alone being left at their former rates of two shillings and one shilling. The extension of aristocratic and exclusive privileges, the new ante-rooms where the Phrynes, Chloës, and Aspasias of the day would flaunt their newly acquired finery, especially irritated the virtuous town. The Tory papers advocated the new prices, the Whig papers, without exception, the old. Advertisements, letters, and paragraphs, urging combination and resistance, had appeared long before the fatal day of opening. London was ripe for a theatrical mutiny.

Mr. Kemble, proud as Coriolanus, and conscious of the enormous outlay of the proprietors that had compelled the temporary high prices, was defiant and confident. On the morning of the

opening, he was seen walking like a Cæsar down Bow-street, on his way to the newspaper offices with paragraphs and letters to influence and direct the public mind in the way it should go, and to assure theatre-goers that it was not by any means the engagement of Madame Catalani that had induced the obnoxious alteration.

It was Monday, the 18th of September, 1809. The new theatre, which had been built in nine months, opened with *Macbeth*—not one of Kemble's finest performances—and the musical farce of the *Quaker*. The house was crowded, and a great and suspiciously expectant crowd collected also round the street doors. The people in the pit shook down into their places, but were wrangling, argumentative, jostling, and restless. The pretty but rather high-coloured faces in the obnoxious upper tiers looked down anxious and alarmed; and among the rustling silks and glossy satins there were rough angry-looking men, determinately buttoned-up in great uncouth box-coats. Still, quite unconscious of their doom, the little victims played. The apparitions behind the curtain took their pot of beer cheerfully with the army in *Macduff*. Every one in the pit seemed to carry bludgeons, and the turbulent democracy in the galleries complained bitterly that the "rake" of their seats was so steep that of the actors at the back of the stage they could see only the legs. Meanwhile, the court physician and the two murderers sat at the banquet-table discussing a refreshing quart of half-and-half. Liston joked; Munden twisted his mouth in extravagant drollery; and "black Jack," as the greatest Roman of them all was irreverently called in the green-room, remained imperturbable, statueque, and imperial.

The bell rang—"Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell." The musicians advanced to the attack in their unmoved mechanical way, and the music began. The flute warbled, the drum vibrated, the trombone was projected into space, the violins cut capers, the horns blared. The audience rose and took off their hats, as the whole vocal power of the house appeared and sang "God save the King." All went well. Kemble was right—there was nothing in it after all.

The music ceased, and Mr. Kemble, with his fine heroic face, strode forward in that strange *Macbeth* attire of his to speak the poetical address for the re-opening. Then broke forth the storm—chaos had come again, chaos and old night. It was like Prospero's island, when Ariel's pack came hurrying to chase, in their wild hunt, Trinculo, Caliban, and Stephano. It was like the House of Commons when it wants to divide, and will not be bored any more. The men in the drab coats turned their broad backs to the stage, or jammed on their hats and leaped upon seats. They barked like dogs at the full of the moon; they groaned, they shouted, they screeched through excruciating cat-calls; they roared, "Off, off—old prices." They yelled execrations: they foamed like the people of Ephesus when the worship of Diana, that brought them all their

money, was denounced by St. Paul. They showed in fact, violently and loudly, what absence from the theatre would better have shown, their dislike to the new prices and the new constitution of the house. There is no gratitude in the populace. The public has many pockets, but no heart.

Those strong black brows of Kemble's compressed, those dark luminous eyes clouded; but the proud actor, valuing the "sweet voices" no more than the "reek of the fen," went on reciting, in his thoughtful deliberate way, a prosaic address that claimed the credit of illustrating Shakespeare better than of old, by finer scenery:

Thus Shakespeare's fire burns brighter than of yore,
And may the stage that boasts him burn no more!

The dull and lifeless verses ended by allusions to the solidity and expense of the new theatre; expressing a hope that the attempt to raise national taste would be repaid by national liberality.

The play went on in dumb show; the witches' thunder was drowned by John Bull's. But whether *Macbeth* planned Banquo's murder, presided at the banquet, listened to the knocking at the south entry, put harness on his back, slashed desperately at the pertinacious *Macduff*, or fell dead on his face, no one listened, no one cared. When Mrs. Siddons exulted cruelly in the proposed murder of the royal guest, or glided on in her ghastly sleep-walk, the malcontents hooted and clamoured louder than before; nothing could pacify them.

In vain, too, Munden distorted his irresistible face in the afterpiece; the cat-calls grew shriller, the yells for old prices still fiercer. When the dark curtain fell, two magistrates from Bow-street came forward to the footlights as if they had been engaged for a lecture, and tried to catch the ear of the house. One of them drew out a paper supposed to be the Riot Act; but retired before the threatening hisses of the enraged hydra. Once or twice the police made raids into the upper gallery, and took up outrageous democrats, who were held to bail for appearance at the next sessions. Hours after the curtain fell, the rioters continued in the house, calling in vain on the obdurate manager to return to old prices. In vain fifty soldiers, on duty at the doors or in the lobby, stormed violently into the upper gallery to capture the humbler and more demonstrative rioters; but the "gods" foiled Mars by clambering down into the lower gallery, where they were cordially received by friends mad as hulls at the sight of the scarlet cloth.

The Times, the next morning, was patriotic and indignant. "It was a noble sight," it said, "to see so much just indignation in the public mind," and it derided the idea that prices were to be raised to swell the vanity of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, who must, forsooth, swagger and strut on the boards "with clothes on their backs worth five hundred pounds." The club critics, the men about town, the idle quidnuncs of all ranks, followed suit. Cruel Cata-

logues of the great actor's faults were banded from mouth to mouth, and one or two really clever men barbed the arrows that were shot at the proud and inflexible manager. Any fool can shoot the arrow, but it takes clever malice to shape the arrow-head and to poison the barb. Kemble was no genius, the ingrates shouted over their wine and grog; he was artificial, formal, slow, self-conscious, self-approving. He was always throwing himself into Roman statues. There was no spontaneity, ardour, or generous impulse. His Sir Giles Overreach was tame and insipid, his King John studied, his Hamlet severe and inflexible, his Macbeth iron-bound, his Richard the Third deliberate, his Brutus dry. Faithless herd, they chose to forget the grand dignity of his Cato, the dark rancour of his Pierre, the intense despair of his Stranger, the dignified melancholy of his Penruddock, the heroic fervour of his Rolla, the inspired energy of his Coriolanus—in a word, his energetic and elaborate art, his unrivalled concentration and intensity. Actors are often vain. Kemble was proud as Coriolanus. Surely no proud man was ever so cruelly tortured by butterfly wits and mosquito critics. For once industrious, these satirists, with the malice of Red Indians, collected into one bantering dialogue all John Philip's oddities and obstinacies of pronunciation. The terrible list included the following eccentricities, acquired from superficial studies in old books, cognate languages, and etymology.

First and foremost, *aitches* for aches, *marchant* for merchant, *innocint* for innocent, *conscience* for conscience, *varchue* for virtue, *furse* for fierce, *bird* for beard, *the* for thy, *ojus* for odious, *hijus* for hideous, *perijus* for peridious, *maircy* for mercy, *airth* for earth, *quellity* for quality, *sentimint* for sentiment, *etainnally* for eternally.

The conspiracy grew so fast that Kemble's friends began to believe that Sheridan and the rival house (three hundred thousand pounds and more in debt) were at the bottom of it. The fanatics had been accused of burning down the theatre. The Jacobins were now supposed to be urging forward the attack on aristocratic rights and proprietors' privileges. "A plague on both your houses," thought the quiet playgoers, who only wanted to be allowed to tranquilly enjoy Fawcett's chatter, Liston's wonderful unctuous face, Munden's inimitable grimaces, and Downton's full-blown irritability. Hot and fast as the lava on Pompeii fell showers of epigrams, such as the following:

KEMBLE, LEAVE THE PIT ALONE.

Air—"Polly put the Kettle on."

Johnny, leave the pit alone,
Let 'em crack their wit alone,
Can't you let 'em sit alone,

Let 'em sing O. P.?

Why, with lawyers fagging 'em,
Up to Bow-street dragging 'em,
Brandon* aims at gagging 'em,
More the blockhead he!

* The box-keeper.

Johnny, leave the pit alone,
Let 'em crack their wit alone,
Can't you let 'em sit alone,
Let 'em sing O. P.?

O. P. AND M. T.

Submit, stubborn Kemble, submit, do, I pray,
Thy int'rest alone sure might tempt thee;
For know, if for ever O. P.'s done away,
Thy playhouse will always be M. T.

Some of the wittiest and readiest men of the day wasted their time in fabricating these stinging crackers. Busy in ridicule of poor Kemble's habitual cough and small voice, the town even forgot for a time the gallant retreat from Corunna, and the miserable and disastrous Walcheren expedition.

The third night the riot grew more systematic; the rioters had now organised themselves. The moment the curtain rose on the witches and the foul night, the hissing, whistling, and cat-calling broke out in a perfect hurricane. People in the boxes screamed in trumpets and roared through bugles. The performers took it calmly, feeling the storm must rage itself out. "They did not," says a contemporary newspaper, "seem to feel in the slightest degree disconcerted or offended, but rather, indeed, relieved, as there was no necessity for speaking. Occasionally different persons, among the audience addressed them, with the assurance that there was no intention to offer them any offence; and this we were happy to hear, particularly with respect to the ladies, some of whom, upon their entrance, exhibited signs of timidity. So little did the performers feel it necessary to attend to dialogue or ordinary forms, that the whole of the performance, both play and farce, had terminated by half-after nine o'clock. Throughout the night every box on the first and second tier presented placards of

"'Old prices.' 'Opposition—persevere and you must succeed.' 'John Bull against John Kemble.' 'No foreigners to tax us; we have taxes enough already,'" &c. &c.

Soon after the farce concluded, Mr. Kemble, in consequence of reiterated calls for the manager, made his appearance upon the stage, and, after some uproar, obtained a hearing. He said that he came forward to assure the audience of the anxious solicitude of the proprietors to accommodate themselves to their wishes, which declaration was received with applause; but when he added the following sentence, "Ladies and gentlemen, I wait here to know what you want," the hissing was universal, mixed with cries of "What ridiculous and insulting affectation." The house, indeed, became stormily indignant, and Mr. Kemble felt it convenient to retire. The audience was then addressed by two gentlemen—a Mr. Leigh and a Mr. Smyth, a barrister—then Mr. Kemble again appeared, and attempted to justify the new prices. He retired amidst hissing and some slight applause. The latter, however, soon subsided, and after about an hour spent in venting their discontent,

the audience gradually dispersed. The managers of Covent Garden Theatre asserted that the average profits for the last ten years had not exceeded six per cent on the whole capital employed. It would be candid in them to state the whole truth. Did they separate the actual expenses from the annuities and other payments for incumbences laid at different times on the establishment?

All was in vain. Nothing moved the man whom friends called "firm," and enemies "obstinate." Caius Marcius all over, he remained "whole as the marble, founded as the rock." Better to die, better to starve, than beg Hob with the cat-call, and Dick with the horrible watchman's rattle, for their "sweet voices." "The night is long that never finds the day," he said to himself, and thought,

I am half through.

The one part suffer'd, the other I will do,

quite forgetting, on the other hand, that

Things had begun make themselves strong by ill.

(Are there not aphorisms in Shakespeare for every moment of life and for all possible conditions of events?) The Coriolanus of Drury Lane was not entirely on the defensive; he sent orders to all his partisans and friends, and they bled freely at the nose for him; he hired tough-armed fighting watermen to repress the pit; he made the stage machinery rumble to frighten the bugle-players, and, as a fine theatrical coup d'état, he opened all the trap-doors on the stage suddenly when the pittites seemed prepared to storm it and tear the scenery into shreds.

On the fourth night, a gentleman, after the close of the farce, observed, from one of the boxes, "That this was the fourth night on which the most obstinate perseverance was made in these most obnoxious charges; yet neither the staves of constables, the arms of fighting watermen, the riot act, the presence of magistrates, the menacing noise of engines, nor the odious exposure of secret trap-doors, could intimidate the audience to comply with the manager's unjustifiable demand. One proprietor, who was also an actor, had passed by the voice of the audience with more insult and more contumacy than was ever shown by a minister to the voice of the people. With all his boast of the liberality of the managers, and the necessity of the increase of prices, he had refused to an old English club, who drank port wine and ate beefsteaks, a room which they had always enjoyed, in order to make a dressing-room for a foreign singer. Respectable men were dragged to Bow-street for manifesting what Lord Mansfield had stated was their inalienable right."

This gentleman, who addressed his O. P. constituents from the boxes, referred to a decision of the great Lord Mansfield, May 11, 1775, "The King versus Leigh," in which that celebrated judge laid it down that any visitor to the playhouse has an unalterable right to express his instantaneous approbation or disapprobation of the piece or the actors. The rioters boasted

loudly that that night they were not insulted by constables, riot acts, or threats of the Bastille, and that they had obtained an apology at the bottom of the bills the night before. This announcement was succeeded by the usual concord of sweet sounds proceeding from shrill penny whistles, squeaking trumpets, raving watchmen's rattles, &c., interrupted by frequent calls for "Managers! managers!" and "Kemble! Kemble! come forth."

Several placards were, as usual, suspended from the boxes and held up in the pit. One of them had inscribed on it, in large characters:

"Old prices, without any further insult or evasion." "No Catalani. Native talents," &c.

Another was inscribed:

Kemble here, John Bull advises,
To raise your fame and sink your prices.

After a considerable interval Mr. Kemble came forward. A great tumult then took place. The placards were more conspicuously waved and shaken, and some time elapsed before silence could be obtained. Mr. Kemble was still stiff-necked, and his speech was drowned in fresh surges of noise. He had hoped previous explanations would have satisfied the public.

In the Morning Chronicle (September 22nd, 1809) appeared the following squib:

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the house that Jack built.

These are the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

These are the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

This is the *cat* engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

This is John Bull with a *bugle-horn*, that hissed the *cat* engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

This is the thief-taker, all shaven and shorn, that took up John Bull with his bugle-horn, who hissed the *cat* engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

This is the manager, full of scorn, who raised the price to the people forlorn, and directed the thief-taker, shaven and shorn, to take up John Bull with his bugle-horn, who hissed the *cat* engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

On the 22nd, the audience were more numerous and, if possible, more clamorous than on any preceding night. In addition to the usual placards, were the following:

"Let the first causers of disturbance be sent to Bow-street. Those are the managers."

"Let the managers play to empty benches, and they will come to their senses."

"Support King George, but resist King John! The former gives us through his minister some statement of the causes which render in-

creased taxation necessary, and the objects to which its production is to be applied; the latter deals only in the loose and general plea of necessity, and scorns to enter into explanations."

"Don't contaminate the British stage with Italian duplicity or French trickery."

Several other appropriate and pungent placards were exhibited, which, joined with the martial tempestuous music of trumpets and bugle-horns, and the frequently repeated challenge of the great belligerent power, rendered it at last necessary, on the part of their opponents, to make an overture of negotiation.

Mr. Kemble appeared upon the stage: there was instant silence. He proposed that the affairs of the theatre should be submitted to a committee of gentlemen; and this proposition, which appeared to the audience to have the complexion of a trick, was very ill received by them.

A leading feature of the proceedings on this evening was a very generous and chivalrous speech made to the audience by a Mr. O'Reilly, who, after severely censuring the manager, said, in common justice to Catalani, "Some artful people avail themselves of your honest indignation against the manager to promote their interests, to gratify their prejudices, by exciting you to abuse an unoffending individual. How can you be so imposed upon? How can you be so inconsistent? How can you be so unmanly as to abuse a woman? What has Catalani done to offend you? (Applause and hisses.) I see the placards of 'No Catalani!' with disgust, but I see those of 'Dickens and no Catalani!' with disgust and astonishment. For what a contrast!—let me appeal to your common sense. This Catalani, whom I never saw or heard but on the stage, is capable of affording the most exquisite pleasure to all who have any taste for vocal power. She stands confessedly unrivalled. Then, if you desire the pleasure of hearing her, is it not more for the interest of you, the people, to have her here, where you can hear her for one or two shillings, than to have her at the Opera House, where you cannot enter without paying five shillings or half a guinea, which many cannot afford. Will you, to gratify others' prejudices, deny yourselves pleasure? I have heard it whispered that a great many insidious manoeuvres are going forward against this woman, and therefore I am interested for her. I have even been told that it is not improbable the managers would have no objection to an apology for rescinding their agreement with her. It may be calculated that as Madame Catalani has been detached from the Opera House, that there is now no danger of her being able to procure an engagement elsewhere which can produce any of that counter-attraction to this theatre, to guard against which was probably a main cause of her original engagement here. This calculation I state as merely possible—but will you second it? Will you promote the unworthy speculations of selfishness?"

This speech was received with general applause.

On the 23rd, Mr. Kemble came forward and stated that a committee of gentlemen was appointed to inspect the accounts, and to decide if the old or the new prices were the most fit and reasonable, and that, till that report was sent in, the theatre would be closed. The whole audience rose at this triumph, and shouted and hurraed for Mr. Kemble. He announced that Madame Catalani had relinquished her engagement, and retired amid counter-storms of applause and disapprobation.

The new sensational placard that night was one with a coffin and cross-bones on it, and the words, "Here lies the body of *New Prices*, who died 23rd September, 1809, aged 6 days."

The following epigram appeared a few days after:

John Bull has gained one point, that's flat;
For Kemble has *whipt* out the CAT,—
Shut up his house and gone to bed,
With *fewer* *ATTENES* in his head.

The enraged and stubborn English public had no mercy for its dogged opponents. They forgot that Lord Mansfield's right of expressing dislike to piece and actor did not also include the privilege of stopping the whole performance, of ruining the proprietors, scaring away quiet people, and destroying the property of the house. They would not listen to the fact that while the property of Covent Garden Theatre was divided into twelve shares, Mr. Harris had seven; Messrs. Martindale and White, who married the daughter of Mr. Powell, the celebrated actor, and who became a purchaser at the same time with Mr. Harris, three; and Kemble only two.

The committee consisted of the following gentlemen:—Alderman Sir Charles Price, Bart., M.P.; Sir Thomas Plumer, Kt., the solicitor-general; John Sylvester, Esq., the recorder of the city of London; John Whitmore, Esq., governor of the Bank of England; and John Julius Angerstein, Esq. The report of this committee was: "That the rate of profit actually received upon an average of the last six years, commencing in 1803 (the period of the then co-partnership in the theatre), upon the capital embarked therein, amounted to six three-eighths per annum, charging the concern with only the sum actually paid for insurance upon such part of the capital as was insured; that if the whole capital had been insured the profit would have been reduced to little more than five per cent, though for want of this full insurance the proprietors, being in part their own insurers, sustained a loss by the late fire, for which no compensation has been made, to the amount of their whole profits for the above period of six years." The report further stated that the committee was fully satisfied that the future profits of the new theatre at the proposed advance in the prices of admission would amount to no more than three and a half per cent per annum upon the capital expended upon

the theatre, if the same were insured; and that upon the supposition of insurance, at the former prices of admission, the proprietors would, in the judgment of the committee, annually sustain a loss of three-quarters per cent per annum on their capital. Upon this report being made public, the question arose whether the common interest of five per cent was or was not included in the estimate of profits, which called forth the further declaration, that, after deducting the legal interest of five per cent on the capital, no more than one three-eighths per cent remained to the proprietors for their whole profits.

The receipts of six years had amounted to three hundred and sixty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-three pounds; the highest, the Master Betty year (1804), being seventy thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The average was three hundred pounds a night; there being two hundred acting nights in the year. The expenses in six years had been three hundred and seven thousand nine hundred and twelve pounds.

Notwithstanding, however, the commissioners were men of business, used to accounts, and hence not likely to be deceived themselves, and of a respectability which seemed to preclude the presumption of their deceiving others, their report was very far from proving satisfactory to the public. On re-opening the theatre on the 10th of October, therefore, the same discordant and hideous noises were resumed, with cries of "Old prices." "Items." "Imposition." "You don't hoax us." "No garbled extracts to humbug John Bull." Placards were exhibited inscribed with:

Mr. Kemble, lower your prices; for no evasion
Will suit John Bull on this occasion.

John Kemble, let your monopoly cease,
And then raise your prices as high as you please.

No private boxes for intriguing.

A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether for old prices.

John Bull, be very bold and resolute! Never depart from your resolution, but firmly keep your noisy station.

For the first two or three nights after the re-opening, these disturbances began at the commencement of the play; but afterwards the rioters, becoming tired of paying the full price, and more wary, did not begin till the half price. Each night of the riot appears to have had its own distinguishing incident. On one occasion a gentleman attracted much notice by appearing in a great coat and a nightcap. On another, a *gemman* in a box, having entered into an altercation with a gentleman in the pit, expressed a wish to speak. Silence having been restored, he began by alluding to what had fallen "from that there gentleman in that there hat." The "wild waters" were still in a roar. The rioters now began to clang dustmen's bells, blow coach-

men's horns, hiss, and clack watchmen's rattles. The mob had grown stark staring mad upon the O. P. question. All the herds of Circe were let loose, and the mob ran riot in their partisanship with the Whigs and the Reformers. The O. P. rioters laughed, sang, groaned, and wore the letters O. P. in their hats and on their waistcoats. They formed rings and got up mock fights in the pit, which terminated in roars and shouts of laughter. The special moment of the evening was when a simultaneous rush was made from the back of the pit down upon the orchestra. Pigeons were let loose from the boxes to show that John Bull was not to be "pigeoned." "Artillery whistles" screeched in the air. The placards and banners (a hint from pantomimes) broke out again a hundred strong, and turned the boxes into booths. The inscriptions now were:

Mountain and Dickons,
No cat, no kittens.

"Britons who have humbled a prince, will not be conquered by a manager."

The O. P. dance, the rioters' favourite nightly diversion, was a performance as noisy and almost as demoniacal as the Carmagnole of the French revolutionists. It consisted of an alternate stamping of the feet, accompanied with the cry of "O. P." in regular and monotonous cadence. It began calmly, and increased in violence and rapidity till it ended in frenzied leaping, maddened confusion, and Bedlam broke loose.

The races up and down the pit benches were also very popular, while ruffians with false noses, or dressed as women, grimaced about the house or insulted the ladies in the obnoxious private boxes. Kemble and the managers at last lost their temper at all this, and took a false step. They got the Bow-street magistrates to lend them old Townsend and a band of runners armed with bludgeons. Mendoza, the prize-fighter, gave orders to all who would help him against the O. P. party, and beat them into submission. Another pugilist led also into the arena a threatening regiment of gallows' birds, broken-nosed, bull-necked, and scarred rowdies, with low bumpy foreheads and pig-like eyes; fellows with arms like Hercules and backs like Atlas. Lord Yarmouth, conspicuous by his flaming red whiskers, and Berkeley Craven proved their Norman descent by fighting side by side with these greasy, large-nosed, black-haired bruisers.

The pit bore this and the constables' staves pretty well till half-price time the second night, when, with an Indian yell of rage, a hundred fists were at once clenched, and the rioters fell dauntlessly upon the hired legions, felling them and drubbing them on every side. Eyes grew black, mouths puffed, and noses bled.

Another flaunting banner informed the house that the salaries of the Kembles and Madame Catalani amounted for the season to twenty-five thousand five hundred and seventy-five pounds. The speakers called Kemble a "fellow" and a

"vagrant," and swore they would be sung to by native nightingales, and not by foreign screech-owls. Peas were thrown on the stage to endanger the dancers. Ladies wearing O. P. medals were cheered. Men dressed as sailors and middies delivered ribald speeches. Everybody exulted when Charles Kemble fell by accident in the very height of a mortal combat with George Frederick Cooke as Richard Crookback. A gentleman in the boxes played "Colleen" on the flute all through the first piece; bitten apples were thrown at Mrs. Charles Kemble when she was playing Lucy, in the Beggar's Opera. Mr. O'Reilly denounced the sort of ladies who frequented the privileged boxes. In vain Townsend and his myrmidons dashed into the pit and galleries, tore off the placards and banners, or arrested the ringleaders of the evening, while the indefatigable Brandon had men taken up for continually coughing or even crying "Silence" in an aggravating way.

The Times grew more angry, and denounced Mrs. Siddons for receiving a salary of fifty pounds a night. Why, the lord chief justice sat every day in Westminster Hall from nine to four for half that sum. Hard-lined, high-coloured, gross caricatures represented Sarah, John, and Charles Kemble as sturdy, impudent beggars, with John Philip in front exclaiming, "Pity our ach-es, and our want-es." The O. P. dance grew so popular, that even princes of the blood came to see it. One night a lady who was seen lending a pin to fasten an O. P. placard in front of the boxes received an ovation from the whole house.

Kemble was a man of temper, nerve, and firmness. The prize-fighters were not his hiring; but he sometimes bemused himself (in a grave way) with old port. Cooke, who had received lectures from his manager, exulted in these occasional aberrations, and, repeating Black Jack's own galling words to himself, used to say:

"Kemble, you were very drunk last night. If I were you, I should avoid it when going on the stage. You should time it—you should time it as I do."

Kemble's speeches were, however, often reasonable, and full of common sense. He proved to the rioters that even in Queen Anne's time, a hundred years before, when food was cheaper, the price to the pit had been three shillings. He told them the proprietors for ten years past had not received six per cent on their fluctuating and precarious investment. He assured them that actors did benefit by the receipts, and that their salaries were three times as large as their predecessors'. He ended by a generous outburst that ought to have touched the English heart:

"This," he added, "I declare to you upon my honour—I, who would not tell a lie for all that this theatre is worth!"

The tumult and riots still went on. The O. P. rioter had now reduced things to a system. In his enormous seven-caped great-coat he had nightly to squeeze himself through the iron hatch under the jealous scrutiny of Brandon and the money and cheque takers, his dozen feet of placards

wound round his body, a rattle, a dustman's bell, a post-horn, drum, or a trombone, and his white nightcap and short bludgeon pent in his pocket. He had to "roar himself as hoarse as a night coachman in winter," to stamp the fierce O. P. dance, to join in real and sham combats, and to risk his limbs in the rushes down to the orchestra. To reward such arduous service, four hundred and forty-five pounds were collected.

The chief rioters usually left the theatre in procession, howling at the offices of the opposition newspapers, or shouting Horace Smith's song of "Heigh ho, says Kemble," under the very windows of the unbending manager. Mr. Kemble's house was 89, Great Russell-street, north side—a house pulled down when the eastern wing of the British Museum was erected. On one occasion, when the mob had threatened a visit to the manager's house, the magistrates ambushed soldiers close at hand, and gave orders what to do in case the doors were forced or set on fire.

At last a lull came. The jubilee procession in honour of George the Third, in which the cars of the allegorical four quarters of the world were drawn by scene-shifters in their plain clothes, drew nobody.

Cooke, in the epilogue to the Grecian Daughter, alluding to the disaffection as past, lit up the flames again, and the house shook with applause when Charles Kemble died as Dionysius. A fresh cause of offence also occurred. One of those warm, fussy persons, who always appear at such times of public excitement, coming one night into the theatre in full Whig uniform (blue coat and buff waistcoat, and with the dangerous letters O. P. in his hat), was saluted with the familiar and commendatory address of "Here comes the honest counsellor!" and way was made for him to the centre of the pit. Thus encouraged, and it was thought authorised, the people again gave free scope to their clamour, and "Old prices" and "Clifford for ever!" became the rallying words of the night. Brandon, the box-keeper, got this Mr. Clifford apprehended outside the theatre as a rioter, and carried before a magistrate at Bow-street, by whom, however, he was immediately discharged. Mr. Clifford then indicted Brandon for an assault and false imprisonment, in which indictment Brandon was cast for five pounds. When the jury came in with their verdict for the plaintiff, a burst of applause and uproar broke forth in such a manner as to entirely destroy the decorum of a court of justice. Cries of "Huzza!" by hundreds at once were communicated like electricity to the multitude in the open hall, and echoed on the instant in Palace-yard.

In consequence of the issue of this trial, a dinner of about three hundred people took place on the 14th of December, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Mr. Clifford in the chair, and a committee was formed to defend the persons then under prosecution for the like conduct. These symptoms of a regularly organised opposition, added

to the late decision of the jury, showed the proprietors the necessity of an immediate compromise. Mr. Kemble requested admission to the meeting, and striding in, like Coriolanus into the house of Aufidius, the following resolutions were amicably agreed upon: "That the boxes should continue at seven shillings; that the pit should be lowered to the old price, three shillings and sixpence; that the tier of private boxes, in the front of the house, should be thrown open and restored to the public at the end of the season; and that all prosecutions on both sides should be stopped."

The night of the Strand dinner they performed at Covent Garden the Provoked Husband and Tom Thumb. At half-price, as usual, the O. P.s poured in, with bugles, bells, and rattans, and began their charivari as usual, till Mr. Kemble appeared in his walking-dress, half-boots, great-coat, round hat, and cane, just as he had come from the tavern. After half an hour's endeavours to obtain silence, he acquainted the house with the treaty he had just signed. He retired amid incessant cries of "Dismiss Brandon!" "No private boxes."

In vain Mr. Munden, as the King, bowed and scraped, made the most conciliatory grimaces, and talked confidentially to the nearest rows of the pit. The rioters called out, "It is from your master we want an answer." At last some one flung a paper on the stage, Munden took it up, read it, bowed, and retired. He returned, leading in the abashed, humbled, and penitent Brandon, who tried to read an apology; but the storm grew to a whirlwind, and oranges and sticks were thrown at the overzealous box-keeper till he withdrew, disconsolate enough. It was in vain that Mr. Harris came forward, scratching his crop uneasily, and pleaded for his faithful servant. The howl still was, "He must be dismissed. It's a sine qua non."

On the following night, Kemble, as Peuraddock, surrendered, and poor Brandon retired from office. He also apologised for the introduction of the fighting men. He was sorry for what had passed. It would be his first pride to prevent anything of the kind occurring again. Then broke forth a thunder-burst of cheers, and the O. P.s in the pit hoisted their final placard three times. It was inscribed:

"We are satisfied."

The Rev. Mr. Geneste, an authority on these matters, thought the new prices were unbearable. He says: "It must be allowed that seven shillings is a very high price for an evening's amusement. In the time of Charles the Second the boxes were four shillings, and the pit two shillings and sixpence. This had probably been the price from the Restoration. On particular occasions, the boxes were raised to five shillings, and the pit to three shillings. It does not appear that any other advance took place for about seventy years. At last the raised prices gradually became the regular prices. Thus the matter rested for about fifty or sixty years. In 1791-1792, when the Drury

Lane company removed to the Opera House, the boxes were raised to six shillings, and the pit to three shillings and sixpence."

Looking calmly back, there can be no doubt that Kemble, although stiff-necked, arrogant, and imprudent in his way of treating the rioters, was in the main right. If the public objected to the new prices, they had their remedy in their own hands; they could have stopped away. According to the opinion laid down by Lord Mansfield, the riot was a distinct conspiracy, and should have been punished as such.

Can we doubt that Kemble went home from the reconciliation dinner still, in his inner soul, inflexible as Coriolanus, and muttering in his grand academic manner, and in his asthmatic voice, those bitter words of Caius Marcius:

It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility;
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY AT COLOGNE.

In the year 1794, when the French revolutionary army advanced to the Rhine, the valuable library attached to the Cologne Cathedral was conveyed for safety to Darmstadt. Amongst its treasures are one hundred and ninety volumes, chiefly in manuscript. A careful catalogue of them was made so far back as 1752, by Harzheim, a learned Jesuit, under the title of "An Historical and Critical Catalogue of the Manuscripts of the Library of the Metropolitan Church of Cologne."

This valuable collection dates as far back as Charlemagne. It was commenced by Hildebold, Archbishop of Cologne, and Archchancellor of that monarch, in the year 783. It was considerably increased by gifts from Pope Leo the Third to the Emperor Charles, in 804.

The Archbishops Heribertus, Evergerus, Hanno, and their successors, continued the collection by the purchase of rare manuscripts and copies of ancient parchments. In the year 1568, Hittorp, in the preface of his work "On Divine Offices," dedicated to Archbishop Salentin, alludes more than once to this rare collection. We might quote many other authorities to authenticate the manuscripts. Jacob Pamelius, in a work published at Cologne in 1571, entitled "The Liturgy of the Latin Church" (who is quoted by Harzheim in his book, "The old Codexes of Cologne"), distinctly gives their date and origin.

The collection consists of eight parts, viz.: 1. Bibles; 2. The Fathers; 3. Ecclesiastical Law; 4. Writers on Sacrifices, Sacraments, Offices of the Church, and Liturgies; 5. Histories; 6. Ascetics; 7. Scholastics; 8. Philosophical, Rhetorical, and Grammatical writers.

Some of these manuscripts are richly illuminated, and some set with precious stones. The first codex dates from the ninth century, if not

earlier, which is indicated by the capital letters, which are in gold. The seventh codex contains the Gallic, Roman, Hebrew, and Greek Psalmody, as edited by St. Jeronimus—"a most rare and valuable codex."

The twelfth codex, in elegant foglio, adorned with many illuminations and annotations of the eighth century, comprises the four Gospels.

Codex one hundred and forty-three deserves particular mention. As frontispiece, there is a portrait of Archbishop Evergerus in his episcopal robes. It is richly illuminated, and set with jewels.

The above quotations, which we have translated from the Latin, in which language the catalogue is written, will suffice to give such of our readers as are bibliophiles some idea of a treasure which will shortly be restored to the shelves of the library attached to the Cologne Cathedral.

We may mention another restoration which is on the eve of accomplishment. The celebrated collection of pictures, known as the Düsseldorf collection, will shortly be returned to Prussia, negotiations having already commenced for that purpose. The collection, which comprises some of the finest specimens of the German and Dutch schools, is at present at Munich.

MY SONGS.

TRANSLATED FROM PETÜFI.

I'm lost in thought, I cannot understand
What's passing round me. On swift wings I fly,
Perplexed and restless, o'er the fatherland,
Through the wide world and the o'erhanging sky,
And then strange dreary dreams inspire my lays,
Like lunar rays!

But why should vain chimeras fill my mind?
A brighter future I'll anticipate;
Why to hope's promises should I be blind?
God rules above us, and our God is great;
And then my songs up to Heaven's portals rise
Gay butterflies!

And when a lovely maid I chance to meet,
O how I revel in her smiles of grace!
O how I look into those eyes so sweet,
As looks a star upon the lake's calm face!
And then my song with rapturous fragrance glows
Like a wild rose!

And am I loved? I feel a joy divine—
I dwell enraptured on a thought like this;
Come! fill my glass with rosy sparkling wine,
And celebrate with me the mighty bliss!
Then are my songs inspired by hope and love,
Rainbows above!

But while I hold the glass I look around,
And see the manacles my country wears,
Then, not the clinking glasses' music-sound,
But the harsh clang of fetters shocks my ears.
What is the song which then I sing aloud?
A misty cloud!

Will not the people, in a burst sublime,
Break through these chains? Can no release be
wrought
Till they are rusted by corroding time?
Forbid it, Heaven! I cannot bear the thought;
Then do my songs burst forth in shame and ire,
Like lightning's fire!

ON THE WALLABY.

I FOUND myself one morning on a certain diggings in New South Wales, with five pounds in my pocket, and no horse. My mind was soon made up, loafing not being in my creed. I bought a pair of blankets, a blue serge shirt, moleskin trousers, and a billycock hat, and thus arrayed in the unaccustomed but orthodox costume, I bade a long farewell to sweldom, and started on the Wallaby in search of any kind of employment, which, as Mr. Micawber has it, might turn up.

Birds of a feather, &c. On my first night out, I fell in with an unfortunate individual who, like myself, had "seen better days," and we *chummed*. Very useful poor Sam proved to me, for he had had a previous experience of "travelling."

As long as my remaining few shillings lasted, we did not ask a squatter for food; but after walking about five hundred miles my stock came to an end, and afterwards we were obliged to eadge like the rest.

For thirteen weeks I prowled about the country, asking at every station for employment, and during that time I was offered but *one* job, and that was to make bricks. This, in consequence of a practical knowledge of the art of brickmaking not having been considered necessary as a part of my education, I was most reluctantly forced to decline. And until eventually, after walking over fourteen hundred miles, I got a job "rolling fleeces," I had to continue my vagrant existence. "Misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows," and truly this proverb is fully exemplified "on the Wallaby." I have met men from almost every quarter of the globe, and almost every grade in society supplies its representative—literally from the peer to the peasant. A noble viscount, whom I have met "bullock-driving," was, upon his coming to the title, discovered, after some difficulty, but-keeping for two shepherds, at a sheep station on the Burrowa River, New South Wales. He is now, I believe, living on his estate in the old country. Lawyers and "old lags," doctors and "Pentonvilles," B.A.s and agricultural labourers, counter-jumpers, mechanics, and indeed "all sorts of men," are to be seen "on the Wallaby." Worn-out old men, who are only fit for the Benevolent Asylum, and "cranky men" form by no means a small quota of the whole. There is an incredible number of the latter constantly going the rounds; pitied and fed by the settlers, and unmercifully chaffed by their "fellow-travellers." I have met these unfortunates in the depth of winter, wet and miserable, with scarcely a rag

to cover them, and sometimes carrying the most incongruous materials to represent a "swag." One I saw, not long since, with a piece of old woolpack, in which he had rolled some empty bottles, and this comprised the whole of his bedding.

I am not aware that the sad state of these men has attracted the attention of the authorities sufficiently for inquiry to be made as to the cause of their mental aberration, but this I do know, that they are supposed to have been "hoccussed" at bush public-houses where they have spent their money, and the landlords of which have resorted to this means of saving their grog, and getting possession of the cheque. Whether the landlords really commit this crime or not I cannot say; at any rate, they have the credit of it, and I can vouch for the fact that I have lately seen men with a "loose shingle," who, a few months since, were in perfect possession of their senses. It is a well-known fact, about which there is no sort of secrecy, that a bushman will go to one of these houses, and handing his cheque over the bar, request to be told when it is finished. For a cheque of three or four pounds he may get two days' drinking, and for anything under thirty pounds about a week, and so on. I have heard of instances in which men with two or three years' earnings of upwards of one hundred pounds have been brought in debt after three days.

These men are generally safe from "hoccussing," and it is those who change their cheques and keep the money in their pockets, paying as they go, who are generally supposed to be the victims. However shocking these facts may appear, they are nevertheless far from being overdrawn.

It is this sad practice of "knocking down" their money which causes the vagrancy—a cure for which the squatters seek in vain.

Men who have no real liking for drink will, after they have been for months at work in the bush, go down towards town, and as a rule the first "public" pulls them up. They take two or three nobblers, and it is all up with them. They become, in fact, after a lengthened residence in the interior, "dipso-maniacs," and it is much to be feared that the disease is more likely to increase than the reverse.

To continue, however, my picture of the Wallaby tract, it is the custom of a traveller to make a homestead every evening at sundown, and, if possible, never to pass one during the day. To effect this, if the stations are near together, he "coils" in the bush, out of sight of the road, until it is time to go up, when the following short colloquy takes place between him and the squatter, or his overseer: "Do you want any 'ands, sir?" "No!" "Can I stop to-night, sir?" "Yes." And this formula is repeated nightly until he is fortunate enough to receive an affirmative answer to his first question.

The travellers usually get their meals in the hut occupied by the working hands on the station, though some few squatters serve out

rations, and let them cook it themselves as they best can. The sleeping apartment is in almost every case the shearing-shed, which is generally a large rambling structure of slabs, through which the wind can blow in all directions.

When they have supped, the "specimens" retire to their dormitory, where they scramble for any old sheepskins they may be fortunate enough to find, which they use as "hippers" to ward off the hardness of the boards from their bones. The blankets are thrown over one or two of these, and the bed is made. Like the amateur casual, I cannot give you anything approaching to a description of the orgies usually held in these séances. Eyes polite would be scathed were I to write a tithe of the blasphemy and oaths which as a rule garnish the conversation. The characters of the squatters and their private and domestic concerns, the capabilities of various shearers, the chances for or against getting a job, and the best *feeding track*, are the never-failing subjects of discussion. Sometimes an old "*l'other sider*" will tell the assembled crowd how he got lagged, the language used being of course more forcible than classic. Or another will favour the company with a song, freely interspersed with the flowery rhetoric usually adopted by the Tasmanian bard. Let the following serve as a sample of a chorus:

For they chained us *toe* the plough, my boys,

Hand they tied us 'and to 'and,

Oh! they yoked us up like 'or-'orses

To plough Van Diemen's Land.

The advisability of burning the fences of obnoxious squatters is another favourite theme, and this is a punishment which, according to their own boasts, they would mete out to all settlers who would not feed them; for they conceive they have a perfect right to their night's accommodation, and bitterly blame the squatters as the cause of their misfortunes, through their encouragement of immigration. Some of these worthies make a profession of the "Wallaby," and, except at very rare intervals, never take employment when offered. Such as these make a practice of "slinging the probe," which means stealing bread and meat for the next day's dinner, and which they secrete in handy pockets while they are at supper. There are also a great many men who come out of the larger towns during the dull season to sponge upon the sheep-farmers, and it is not to be wondered at that the squatters should grudge these loafers the rations which they consume.

I believe that all settlers are willing to grant hospitality to the *bonâ fide* station-hands, and they can tell at a glance the real from the counterfeit. The old lag, too, is picked out at once by a practised eye; the "model," or Pentonville, is easily distinguished from him again; and the free immigrant, or square-head, is equally well spotted.

Few squatters are called upon to feed less than ten or a dozen of these gentry, on an average, every night, the numbers sometimes swelling to twenty or thirty. The Messrs. Wil-

son Brothers, whose stations are situated on the Wimmera River, are the gentlemen most liberally patronised, and, incredible as it may seem, the average number of travellers accommodated at each homestead every night during the off season is *nearer sixty than fifty*, and as many as *ninety-two* have been counted on a single night at Longernong, the station of Mr. John Wilson.

There is no doubt that in many cases these recipients of charity could, with common care, always be in a position to purchase food while out of employment. A good bushman can earn at piece-work from two pounds to three pounds per week, clear of rations; and although the work is not continuous, he can save enough for his purpose. Some do so and marry, purchase a few acres of ground, and start as "cockatoos," or carriers. Farming on a small scale, however, does not appear to be very profitable, for many of the farmers are to be seen "on the Wallaby," looking for shearing at the proper time of year. The station hands, men who are employed by the week to do what is called "knock-about work," usually receive fifteen shillings a week and their board. Out of this a man can save but very little, buying as he does his clothes, tobacco, &c., from the hawkers who traverse the country, and who charge somewhere about cent per cent on town prices. The goods which they usually carry are so inferior that the unfortunate labourer in reality pays two hundred per cent, as they so constantly require renewing.

From whatever cause, however, the impecunious state of the traveller may arise, whether from improvidence or from misfortune, the facts remain the same. There is a large number of men constantly "on the Wallaby," and food and shelter they must have; whether the squatter is morally obliged to supply the want is a question which I will not enter into. He does it; but, I am bound to admit, he does it under protest. Meetings have been held, at which the subject has been freely discussed; and proposals have been made to discontinue the practice altogether, or to charge so much for the night's accommodation.

Few squatters are willing to adopt the former course, and the latter would, in most cases, be unable to enforce their demands, for not one in ten could produce the money. Some few settlers expect the "callers" to chop a certain quantity of wood, others to cut chaff; but these are expedients adopted more for the purpose of seeing the men, in order to guard against their coming too often, than for anything else.

A few of these extra hands are at times absorbed in government contracts, but the number makes no sensible diminution in the infliction.

Now, there is not a doubt that there are many loafers among these travelling bands who will not work; but there are also many deserving men who are willing and anxious to work, and the squatters do not object to provide food and shelter for the latter class. To draw a line

between the two, however, would be, it is evident, next to impossible; so that, in order that the industrious may not suffer, all must be fed.

The arrangements at the bush public-houses may be pointed to as the leading cause of the labouring classes being so improvident. In almost every case, the taproom is the only apartment set aside for their accommodation. No comfort of any description is provided for them; their meals, of the coarsest, are generally served to them in the kitchen; and any hole is supposed to be good enough for them to sleep in, the room set apart for a dormitory being supplied with a few stretchers and blankets, and going by the name of "the lushington's crib," or "the dead-house."

Every inducement is held out to them to drink; none whatever to keep sober and respectable. Few resist the temptation; and when once they reach the proper stage of intoxication, as long as the money lasts they are kept drunk.

So much is this habit of "knocking down" the hard-earned cheque the rule and not the exception, that I once heard a wealthy squatter, himself a justice of the peace, say that it was a pity there was no public-house in the neighbourhood, and that one must be started as soon as possible to keep the labour in the district.

This was in a newly occupied part of the interior, where men were scarce and wages high, the nearest inn being about three hundred miles distant.

To sum the matter up, there are hundreds of men "on the Wallaby" during several months of the year for whom there is no employment, and they are wholly dependent upon the "grazier" for food and shelter.

The practice is as unpleasant to the "traveller" as it is unprofitable for the "squatter." Can any one suggest a remedy?

ROMANCE OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

CHAPTER I.

THE story of the Diamond Necklace, or the "Affaire du Collier," as it is termed in the jurisprudence of the time, has been told scores of times by historians, biographers, memoir-writers, novelists, dramatists, and essayists, in almost every European language. We propose to bring forward some new passages in this singular history, and to interweave them with the facts already known.

About a century ago, the Marchioness de Boulaivilliers, a beauty of the court of Louis the Fifteenth, and who married the grandson of Simon Bernard, the famous Hebrew banker, was driving one afternoon over to Passy, when a ragged little girl, with a younger girl strapped like a bundle of rags to her back, and with a ragged little urchin trotting by her side, ran after the carriage, and appealed for charity in this strange language:

"Kind lady, pray take pity on three poor

orphans descended from Henry the Second of Valois, King of France."

The marchioness stopped the carriage, questioned the child, made inquiries, and finding that the children were really of royal descent—through an illegitimate channel—caused them to be presented to the king, who conferred on them three trifling pensions of thirty-two pounds, and gave the boy a commission in the navy. Jeanne, the eldest, and her sister, with the approval of the marchioness, entered a convent near Paris. Convents in those days were merely boarding-schools, with little restraint upon the boarders. Nevertheless, this restraint was too much for the Mademoiselles de St. Remi, who absconded one fine morning with some thirty francs in pocket, and took their passage on board one of the river barges to Bar-sur-Aube, a small town about one hundred and forty miles from Paris, near the village where they were born, and where their ancestors once possessed considerable estates.

The family of St. Remi had gradually fallen off from its position as an offshoot of the blood royal, until it had finally sunk to the level of the peasant class. Jeanne de St. Remi, the heroine of this story, entertained high notions of her lofty descent, and determined to recover the family estates. Her father, Jacques de St. Remi, had married the daughter of his concierge, and had gradually fallen into poverty.

The two girls, on reaching Bar-sur-Aube, took up their abode at La Tête Rouge, the smallest inn in the place, their scanty funds being nearly exhausted. They gave out that they were of royal blood, and the rightful owners of several important estates in the neighbourhood, which they had come to reclaim. Curiosity was excited. A benevolent old lady took them to her house to stay with her. Jeanne, though not strikingly handsome, was far from plain. She had a complexion of dazzling whiteness, beautiful blue eyes full of expression, fine teeth, and was soon flirting with all the young fellows in the neighbourhood. Two suitors stood out in advance of the rest—one, the nephew of the lady with whom the Mademoiselles de St. Remi de Valois were staying, a tall and somewhat ungainly gendarme; the other, the son of a landed proprietor, named Beugnot. The father of the latter, not liking the prospect of having Jeanne de St. Remi for a daughter-in-law, packed his son off to Paris to study law, politics, and human nature: which he did to such good purpose as to become, in after years, Minister of Police and Postmaster-General under Louis the Eighteenth, by whom he was created count.

It is from the interesting memoirs which he left behind him in MS. that many of the new passages in the Necklace romance are derived.

De la Motte—the tall young gendarme—carries off the prize. To provide herself with a suitable trousseau, Jeanne de St. Remi pledges her pension for the next two years, whilst young De la Motte sells his horse and cabriolet to defray the wedding expenses. After the marriage, they assume the title of count and countess. Without resources, they get into

debt, and remove into Lunéville, where De la Motte's regiment is quartered. The countess has numbers of admirers, including the Marquis d'Autichamp, commandant of the corps. Hearing that the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers is at Strasburg, she sets off in search for her, and at last meets with her at Saverne, at the palace of Prince Cardinal de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, to whom she is introduced by the marchioness as a deserving object for his eminence's and the nation's bounty.

Difficulties increase. They return to Bar-sur-Aube. The countess persuades the elder Beugnot to lend her one thousand francs, that she may try her fortune in Paris to endeavour to procure the restitution of the St. Remi domains. She divides the one thousand francs with her husband, who goes over to Foulette, the ancestral seat of the St. Remis, proclaims his alliance with a daughter of the house, has a *Te Deum* chanted in the church, scatters his five-franc pieces about as long as they last to the gaping crowd, and is hailed as their lord and lord of Foulette. When his five hundred francs are exhausted, he seeks an asylum in the house of his married sister.

The countess is not idle in Paris; she memorialises ministers and petitions the king to restore her the estates of her ancestors, and to grant her some immediate pecuniary relief for her pressing necessities. About this time the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers falls seriously ill, and Madame de la Motte tends her until she dies, when the old marquis makes overtures to her, which she rejects with disdain. We next find her with her husband in a miserable apartment on the fifth floor of a dingy *hôtel meuble* in the back-slums of Paris. A squabble about payment leads to their ejection, and they secure an apartment in the Rue Neuve St. Gilles, which they succeed in getting furnished on the security of a Jew. To save themselves from starvation, the countess sells her own and her brother's pension outright to a money-lender named Grenier for the sum of nine thousand francs. She sends a memorial to Cardinal de Rohan, the grand almoner, who consents to accord her an audience, and she finds out her old flame, young Beugnot, now a rising advocate, keeping his carriage and livery servant. She asks him to escort her to the Palace of the Cardinal. "I want of you three things," says she; "your carriage, your servant to follow me, and, lastly, yourself to accompany me; all of which are indispensable, since there are only two good ways of asking alms—at the church door, and in a carriage." Beugnot granted her two first requests, but resolutely refused the third; and, unattended save by a servant in livery, to the Palace of the Cardinal she went, decked out in her finest feathers, redolent with perfumes, and intent upon making an impression. She succeeded, and became a regular recipient of De Rohan's bounty.

She wheedles his secrets out of him, and learns that his life is rendered miserable by a burning yet hopeless passion for the queen. Here is a

trump card to play. After a sufficient interval, and after duly preparing her dupe for the intelligence, she tells him that the queen has deigned to peruse one of her memorials, has bestowed her bounty upon her, has promised to interest herself to procure the restitution of the St. Remi estates, has received her privately at Versailles and Little Trianon, and, having heard from herself of the cardinal's goodness towards her, has spoken to her respecting him, though in terms of suppressed indignation. Through the countess's pretended mediation, the cardinal's complete forgiveness is procured, and he is entrapped into a supposed correspondence with his sovereign. A lazy ne'er-do-well companion of the count, and, like him, late of the gendarmerie, who is hanging about Versailles to see what Providence in its goodness will be pleased to send him—a somewhat skilful fellow with his pen—is employed by Madame de la Motte to write "billets-doux" to the cardinal in the queen's name. His "cabinet du travail" was the countess's bedchamber, and he worked by a little table at the bedside, on which was a writing-desk with a stock of note-paper, bordered with blue vignettes such as Marie Antoinette was known to be in the habit of using. Retaux de Villette—for that was our ex-gendarme's name—after a time, resided regularly under the De la Motte roof; for Jeanne de St. Remi, Countess de la Motte de Valois, having now considerable traffic in forgery, found it necessary to keep a forger on the premises, much as other people find it necessary to keep a secretary or a clerk.

All the while the countess and Villette are concocting letters that inflame and cool the passion of the grand almoner by turns, an idea is germinating in this woman's brain which she is only waiting an opportunity to convert into an accomplished fact. The crown jewellers have a gorgeous Diamond Necklace ordered by Louis the Fifteenth for the notorious Countess Dubarry, but which the unexpected death of the "well-beloved" has left on their hands. Marie Antoinette will not accept it, though it has been twice offered to her by the king; and, though it has been exhibited at every court in Europe, and has become an object of envy among queens and women, a purchaser for it cannot be found. Madame de la Motte has heard all about it, has seen it flash forth its myriad rainbow-coloured rays in the atelier of the crown jewellers at the sign of the Grand Balcon in the Rue Vendôme, has heard its value estimated at one million eight hundred thousand francs, and has set her mind on becoming possessor of it.

Daring and rapid as the countess was through life, she bides her time, sends out fresh begging letters and petitions to every one she fancies she can move by her appeals, in the hope of replenishing her empty exchequer. She meets with a certain amount of success. In an autograph letter of hers now before us, and which has never been made public, we find her "having the honour of

assuring Monsieur the Baron de Breteuil, minister of the king's household, that she had yesterday only a single franc left, and may consequently well hope to improve her fortune. It is not my intention," she continues, "to offer a menace to any one in declaring that I shall end by throwing myself at the feet of the king, and acquainting him with all my misfortunes. . . . God has not yet determined my fate; and if Providence does not show pity on me, people will have to reproach themselves at seeing me come to a most miserable end. I am not ashamed to tell you, sir, that I am going out into the world to beg. . . . People may do as they please with me; nevertheless, I say it is frightful to abandon a relation of a king, whom he has himself recognised, and who is in a most lamentable position. . . . I am no longer surprised that so many people are driven into crime; and I can say, moreover, that it is religion alone which keeps me from doing wrong." The best commentary on the foregoing, is the fact that at the time it was written the Countess de la Motte kept a pair-horse carriage.

While these begging letters are being penned, "billets-doux," each more impassioned than the last, are passing between the cardinal and a phantom queen. At length the grand almoner pleads hard for an interview, at which, prostrated at his sovereign's feet, he may pour out his gratitude and love; eventually this is promised him; but it must be a secret interview, at midnight, in the bosky recesses of the gardens of Versailles. Count de la Motte picks up a Palais Royal courtesan bearing a striking resemblance to Marie Antoinette, and, with his deliberate way of doing things, occupies a whole fortnight in bringing about the introduction of this woman to his wife. Far different is it with the countess; she arranges everything at a single interview, then carefully instructs her protégée in the part she is to play, tricks her out in an appropriate disguise, conducts her to the place of rendezvous, and retires a few paces off to watch the scene. The cardinal approaches, kneels at the feet of the counterfeit queen, excuses his past faults, promises future amendment, and gives passionate expression to his present gratitude and his undying love. He receives from the object of his adoration a few words of encouragement and the present of a rose; when Madame de la Motte, fearful, if the conversation be prolonged, that the trick will be discovered, rushes forward and announces that the queen's sisters-in-law, the Countesses of Provence and Artois, are approaching, and so brings the interview to a sudden close.

For the next few days the cardinal is in the seventh heaven. Madame de la Motte perceives it, and determines to profit by it, and forthwith causes a letter to be written to him in the queen's name, asking for a temporary loan of fifty thousand francs for charitable purposes. The fifty thousand francs are instantly sent to Madame de la Motte, and with these she and her husband pro-

ceed to make a grand display in the Rue Neuve St. Gilles. The "lady," who played the part of queen in the travestie got up for the Prince de Rohan's benefit, had been promised fifteen thousand francs (six hundred pounds)—handsome enough terms for one night's performance in a single scene, had they been adhered to. She received, however, no more than four thousand francs.

The evening following that on which the cardinal was so cleverly duped, young Beugnot, who was strolling idly about the "quartier" of the Marais, near to where Madame de la Motte resided, looked in at the Rue Neuve St. Gilles, on the chance of finding her at home. He was told that all the family were out, with the exception of Mademoiselle Colson, a lively spinster, and madame's "dame de compagnie": a woman wanting neither in wit nor malice, and who proceeded to inform Beugnot that "their royal highnesses the count and countess were just then occupied with some grand project. 'They pass their time,' said she, 'in secret councils, to which the first secretary, Villette, is alone admitted. His reverence the second secretary (a certain Father Loth, who was madame's spiritual confessor and man-of-all-work) is consequently reduced to listening at the door. He makes three journeys a day to the Palais Cardinal without guessing a single word of the treacherous messages they confide to him. The monk is inconsolable at this, since he is as curious as an old devotee.' Two hours were thus passed," says Beugnot, "in thus slandering our neighbours, and in making guesses and prophesying, until at last we heard the sound of a carriage entering the court, and saw descend from it M. and Madame de la Motte, Villette, and a woman of about twenty-five years of age: a blonde, very pretty, and a remarkably fine figure. The two women were dressed with elegance, but with simplicity; the men wore dress-coats, and had the air of having just returned from some country party. They talked plenty of nonsense together, laughed, hummed, and seemed as if they could not keep their legs still. The 'unknown' shared the common mirth, but restrained herself within due bounds, and displayed a certain timidity. They took their seats at table, the merriment continued, it increased, and finally became noisy. Mademoiselle Colson and I wore dull and astonished looks, such as one is forced to put on in the presence of very gay people when one is ignorant of what they are laughing at. Meanwhile, the party indulging in this excess of hilarity seemed inconvenienced by our presence, as it prevented them from speaking openly of the subject of their mirth. M. de la Motte consulted Villette as to whether there would be any risk in speaking? Villette replied that he 'did not admit the truth of the adage that one is betrayed only by one's own people—in fact,' said he, 'anybody and everybody were ready to betray you, and discretion—' Here Madame de la Motte, by whose side the first secretary was sitting, suddenly put her hand on his mouth, and said, in an impera-

tive tone, 'Hold your tongue! M. Beugnot is too upright a man for your confidence.' I give her words without changing a syllable. The compliment would have been a flattering one if the countess had not been ordinarily in the habit of using the words 'upright man' and 'fool' as though they were synonymous.

"When the supper had come to an end, I asked Madame de la Motte to lend me her horses to take me home. She raised only a slight difficulty; it was necessary that she should send home the 'unknown,' and eventually decided that the one living the furthest off should put down the other on the way. I objected to this arrangement, and asked permission of the lady to conduct her to whatever quarter she lived in; expressing my regret that, however distant this might be, it would still be too near. This woman's countenance had, at the first glance, caused me that kind of uneasiness which one feels when one is conscious of having seen a person before, but cannot recollect when or where. I addressed several questions to her on our way, but was unable to draw anything out of her; either Madame de la Motte, who had spoken to her in private before she left, had recommended her to be discreet with me; or, what seemed more probable, she had naturally more inclination for holding her tongue than for talking. I set down my silent companion in the Rue de Cléry. The uneasiness I felt in her presence was, I afterwards called to mind, due to her striking resemblance to the queen. The lady proved to be no other than Mademoiselle d'Oliva, and the mirth of my companions was occasioned by the complete success of the knavish trick they had played off, only the night before, in the park of Versailles upon the Cardinal de Rohan."

CHAPTER II.

THE sudden possession of a large sum of money produced in Madame de la Motte a strong desire to display herself at Bar-sur-Aube. A couple of years before, the De la Mottes had left the place with borrowed money; now they returned in their own carriage, with steward, couriers, and saddle-horses, and actually required a waggon to convey their wardrobe. The count and countess spent several weeks at Bar-sur-Aube, gave grand dinner and supper parties, and discharged all their debts—with the cardinal's money. M. de la Tour, who had married De la Motte's sister, at once saw that there was something wrong, and the countess quailed beneath his cutting sarcasms.

"I chanced to be alone," says Beugnot, "with M. de la Tour on the day of Madame de la Motte's arrival. 'Am I not right a thousand times,' said he to me, 'when I assert that Paris contains some of the very worst people in the world? In what other place, I ask you, would this little vixen and her big lanky husband have been able to obtain by swindling, the things which they are now displaying before our astonished eyes? Your good father excepted'—Beugnot's father, it will be remembered, had lent the De la Mottes a thousand francs a few

years previously—"whom would they have found in this place willing to lend them a crown? And yet in half an hour they have unpacked more silver plate than is to be found in the whole town besides, not even excepting the chalices and ornaments of the altar." . . . "Do you not know," remarked I, "that Madame de la Motte is protected by the queen?" "I'll say nothing as to the queen's protection," replied La Tour; "but, between you and me, the wife of our lord the king is not the most prudent person in the world; still she is not such a fool as to have anything to do with people of their stamp, I warrant."

The countess and her husband, the steward and the four tall footmen, the led horses and the travelling-van, and the outriders and the elegant berline, returned to Paris at the close of the autumn of 1784, when the De la Mottes proceeded—after all their desperate struggles towards this end—to enter at last into the coveted gaieties of the rank and fashion of the most brilliant capital in Europe. Suddenly grown rich in the queen's name, after having established a very general belief in her pretended intimacy with royalty, the countess's extravagance became consequently one of the chief elements in her system of deceit.

Meanwhile, fresh funds have to be procured to keep up her now expensive establishment, for by this time every sou of the cardinal's fifty thousand francs was spent. She therefore causes another letter to be written to the cardinal in the queen's name, asking for a further loan for charitable purposes—this time of the amount of one hundred thousand francs. The infatuated old man again sends the sum asked for, to the countess, who, now that her mind is at rest as to pecuniary matters, prepares to put her design with reference to the famous Diamond Necklace in execution.

It is winter. The Cardinal de Rohan is moping in his grand palace at Saverne. He has named a walk in the episcopal pleasure-grounds, which used to be called "The Road of Happiness," "The Promenade de la Rose," in honour of the gracious gift of counterfeit royalty at the midnight meeting in the Gardens of Versailles, and up and down this walk he daily paces, dreaming wild dreams of love and ambition, and nervously awaiting the arrival of a courier from Paris to summon him to another interview with his sovereign. At length the wished-for messenger arrives, the bearer of a billet-doux, bordered with blue vignettes, which informs the cardinal that "the wished-for moment has not yet arrived, but I desire to hasten your return on account of a secret negotiation which interests me personally, and which I am unwilling to confide to any one but yourself. The Countess de la Motte will explain the meaning of this enigma." After reading this note the cardinal longed for wings, but was obliged to put up with ordinary post-horses, and, wrapped up in furs, for it was a hard frost, was soon rolling over the hundred and fifty miles of road, slippery as glass, that intervened between Saverne and the capital. The solution of the

enigma was not exactly what he had hoped for: still, his vanity was gratified when he learned that the queen had a secret desire to possess the world-renowned Diamond Necklace, and had selected him to arrange with the crown jewellers the terms of purchase. To the Grand Balcon he hies, and opens negotiations with Bohmer and Basseigne, which end in the Necklace being purchased in the queen's name for the sum of one million six hundred thousand francs, payable in four instalments of equal amount at intervals of six months' date. A written contract is drawn up by the cardinal and sent to Madame de la Motte for her to obtain the queen's signature to it. After some little delay, it is returned approuvé, and signed "Marie Antoinette of France." Singularly enough, the charlatan, Count Cagliostro, who possessed enormous influence over the cardinal, having cheated him into the belief that he could not only make gold, but diamonds too, and who was regarded by the cardinal as some demigod, arrived in Paris just at the moment the final arrangements were being made with the crown jewellers. Whether or not he was summoned thither by the cardinal himself, is unknown, but the vicar-general of the latter says that he was consulted prior to the negotiations being concluded. "This Python," observes he, "mounted his tripod. The Egyptian invocations were made at night in the saloon of the Palais Cardinal, which was illuminated for the occasion by an immense number of wax-candles. The oracle, under the inspiration of its familiar demon, pronounced the negotiation to be worthy of the prince, that it would be crowned with success, that it would raise the goodness of the queen to its height, and bring to light that happy day which would unfold the rare talents of the cardinal (who was ambitious of the post of prime minister) for the benefit of France and of the human race."

The Necklace is delivered by the jewellers early on the morning of the 1st of February, 1785. On the same day the cardinal receives a letter commanding him to bring the jewel to Versailles that very evening, and to wait at Madame de la Motte's lodgings there, until the queen signifies that she is prepared to receive him. Thither the cardinal goes, disguised in a long great-coat and slouched hat, bearer of the casket containing the matchless gem. The countess is on the watch for him, and hardly has he entered her apartment when there comes a knock at the door, and the cardinal has barely time to conceal himself in an alcove, when a messenger, in the queen's livery, enters, and hands a note to Madame de la Motte. The countess signals the man to retire, then reads the note, and hands it to the cardinal. This note commands the cardinal to deliver the casket to the bearer, and to wait where he is, as the queen does not despair of seeing him, later in the evening.

Credulous Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan does as he is bid, delivers up the Necklace, and waits—waits, but to no purpose. The countess comforts him as best she can: "the king is

doubtless with her majesty, who has a difficulty in getting rid of him." Rid of him, it seems, she cannot get. The cardinal, with his high-soaring hopes dashed to the ground, has to return to his hotel at Versailles, there to meditate on the fickleness of fortune.

Success is achieved at last. The great fraud is consummated. The crown jewellers, delighted at having got rid of this matchless article, which had been a source of anxiety to them for years, give a grand dinner to the countess, and offer her a handsome commission on the sale. She politely declines it. What does she want with a commission? She has got the Necklace itself.

CHAPTER III.

THE Countess de la Motte had succeeded in obtaining the Necklace, but how was she to turn it into cash? Every workman in France knew this famed piece of bijouterie. The only plan was to remove the diamonds from their settings and to dispose of them piecemeal.

In this she partly succeeds. Having already spent the whole of the hundred thousand francs received from the cardinal a few months previously, she contrives, by means of some of her Bar-sur-Aube connexions, to sell a few of the diamonds to a Paris jeweller, and with the proceeds packs her husband off to England to dispose of the remainder.

Arrived in London, the count calls upon two of the best-known jewellers of the period—Jeffreys, of Piccadilly, and Gray, of New Bond-street. Gray buys one hundred and eighty-three of the five hundred and forty-one stones of which the Necklace was composed, or about one-third of the entire number. For these the count receives in cash and value, ten thousand three hundred and seventy-one pounds six shillings. Six thousand and ninety pounds of this sum is paid in cash, and the remainder in articles of jewellery and sundry knick-knacks, including upwards of two thousand pounds' worth of pearls, with which to embroider a coverlid for the countess's bed; a pair of diamond earrings, valued at six hundred pounds; a diamond star, valued at four hundred pounds; a medallion set with diamonds, two hundred and thirty pounds; a pearl necklace, two hundred pounds; besides a diamond snuff-box, several diamond rings, and a diamond aigrette with which to loop up the count's three-cornered hat; a handsome steel sword, one hundred pounds; and numerous other articles of jewellery. He directs Gray to mount him sixty-one additional stones: some, as drop earrings, and others as a necklace, for the countess. While all this bargaining is going on, the count finds time to run down to Newmarket, where he backs certain horses, and wins a thousand pounds. On his return to London he enters into the most expensive pleasures of the British capital, keeps fashionable company, rides in the Park with his groom behind him, gives expensive dinners at several of the best hotels, and plays deeply at the West-end hells.

At last he is back in Paris, has cashed his letter of credit on a French banker, Perregaux

(the same who engaged Jacques Laffitte, from seeing him pick up and carefully preserve a common pin), and is engaged in disposing of a further quantity of diamonds to a goldsmith and jeweller named Regnier, of whom the countess had been in the habit of purchasing both jewellery and plate; so that altogether the count and countess receive in money and value something like fourteen thousand pounds for three hundred out of the five hundred and forty-one stones of which the Necklace was composed. There is joy for a time in the Rue Neuve St. Gilles, where grand dinner-parties are given, at which people of some condition are present, such as the Marquis de Saisseval, very wealthy, and pushing his way at court; the Count d'Estaing, one of the heroes of the American war, and who, in subsequent years, commanded the National Guards of Versailles when the château was stormed by the mob; the Baron Lillero, an officer of the King's body-guard; the Abbé de Cabres, a councillor in the Paris parliament; the receiver-general, Dorey; and Rouelle d'Orfeuil, intendant of Champagne. Besides her grand dinner-parties, the countess gives once or twice a week little suppers to her more intimate friends, such as Beugnot, Cagliostro, and others. It was at one of these that Beugnot and Cagliostro were first introduced to each other, after the former had been warned by the countess that she would be obliged to disarm the iniquity of Cagliostro, who invariably refused to sit down to table if he thought any one had been specially invited to meet him. She begged Beugnot to ask him no questions, not to interrupt him when he was speaking, and to answer with readiness any inquiries he might address to him. "I subscribed," remarks Beugnot, "to these conditions, and would have accepted even harder ones to gratify my curiosity.

"At half past ten o'clock the folding-doors were thrown open, and the Count de Cagliostro was announced. Madame de la Motte precipitately quitted her arm-chair, rushed up to him, and drew him into a corner of the salon, where, I presume, she begged of him to pardon my presence. Cagliostro advanced towards me, and bowed without appearing at all embarrassed at perceiving a stranger. He was of medium height, rather stout, had a very short neck, and a round face ornamented with two large eyes sunken in his head, and a broad turn-up nose. His complexion was of an olive tinge; his coiffure was new in France, his hair being divided into several little tresses, which, united at the back of the head, were tied up in the form known as the club. He wore a French coat of iron grey embroidered with gold lace, and carried his sword stuck in the skirts, a scarlet vest trimmed with point d'Espagne, red breeches, and a hat edged with a white feather. This last article of dress was still necessary to mountebanks, dentists, and other medical artists, who made speeches and sold their drugs out of doors. Cagliostro's costume was relieved by lace ruffles, several costly rings and shoe-buckles of an old pattern,

but brilliant enough to pass for very pure diamonds."

For some reason unknown to us, at the end of the month of June the countess causes a letter to be written to the cardinal in the queen's name, complaining of the excessive price of the Necklace, and requiring a reduction of two hundred thousand francs to be made in the purchase-money, in which case seven hundred thousand francs, instead of four hundred thousand, would be paid on the 1st of August; "otherwise," the letter went on to say, "the article will be returned!" The crown jewellers murmur at this unexpected demand, but rather than be again burdened with the Necklace, they submit to it. This move on the countess's part, which seems without object, can only have been made to disarm any suspicion which she may have fancied had entered into the minds of either the cardinal or the crown jewellers with regard to the queen's share in the transaction. The house the countess bought the previous autumn at Bar-sur-Aube has been by this time half rebuilt and gorgeously decorated by Parisian artists, and the De la Mottes now proceed to furnish it with befitting magnificence. While they are thus engaged, the first instalment for the Necklace is on the eve of falling due. The countess, to gain time, carries thirty thousand francs to the Cardinal de Rohan, as if from the queen, and tells him that her majesty requires an extension of time, which she is certain there will not be any difficulty in obtaining, for the payment of the instalment, and has forwarded the sum in question that he may hand it over to the jewellers as interest on the retarded payment. Thirty thousand francs as interest on seven hundred thousand francs, or at the rate of nearly twenty-five per cent, and the client a queen! The cardinal, who has never obtained his promised second interview with counterfeit royalty, but has been put off, month after month, with various frivolous excuses, and has had fewer billets-doux than usual, is in dudgeon at the new proposal. He knows well enough that the jewellers, who are hard pressed by their creditors, want the money, and indeed are relying upon receiving it on the precise day. He dreads facing them. Still, needs must when such a charioteer as the countess drives. Accordingly, he goes to the Grand Balcon, and the jewellers, after a good deal of grumbling, give a reluctant consent, but set off the amount handed to them, not as interest, but as part of the principal sum overdue.

Strange to say, at this time both the cardinal and the jewellers conceived a suspicion, unknown to each other, that the queen had never received the necklace at all. She had never been seen to wear it in public on those grand occasions when such an object might be fittingly worn. The jewellers went so far as to write to the queen, but received no reply. The stupid cardinal hinted his suspicions to the countess, who, with her ready tongue and active brain, soon set his mind at rest.

The countess now launched into the greatest extravagance. We quote M. Beugnot's de-

scription of her house. The hangings of her bedroom were of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold lace and fringe, and embroidered with gold and spangles; while the counterpane was worked all over with pearls, brought, it will be remembered, by the count from England. As a consummation of impudence, the De la Mottes exhibited a casket containing more than two hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds. In their stables were twelve splendid horses, and in their coach-house half a dozen handsome carriages, all made in England. Everything was on a similar scale of magnificence.

"We used to think," remarks Beugnot, "that the Cardinal de Rohan paid for all this brilliant extravagance, and we admired the good use his eminence made of the funds of the Great Almonry."

CHAPTER IV.

THAT gorgeous apartment in the Palace of Versailles which goes by the name of the *Œil de Bœuf*, from its two bull's-eye windows level with the ceiling, never witnessed a more striking scene than was there enacted at noon on the 15th of August, 1785, when a crowd of courtiers, including all the great officers of the state, numerous high church dignitaries, and many gallant soldiers known to fame, were waiting for the doors leading to the royal apartment to be thrown open, and for the king and queen to issue forth, when suddenly the tall "Suisse" shouted out a summons for the Cardinal de Rohan to attend the king in his private cabinet. Every one stared with amazement. It is true that the cardinal was there, clad in his gorgeous pontifical vestments, waiting to perform high mass before their majesties in the chapel royal, for it was the festival of the Assumption; still there was not a courtier in the crowd who did not know that the cardinal was in disgrace, and for years had never been admitted to the royal presence.

Every one stared with increased amazement when, a quarter of an hour later, the cardinal came forth a prisoner, escorted on either side by soldiers of the king's body-guard, who, keeping the crowd from pressing upon him, escorted him on foot to his hotel at Versailles, whence he was speedily whisked off to Paris and lodged in the Bastille.

The mine had exploded. The crown jewellers had memorialised the queen with regard to the Necklace, and she had indignantly denied all knowledge of it. She lost not a moment in calling to her counsels the Baron de Breteuil, minister of the king's household, and the cardinal's bitterest enemy. The result was the summoning of the grand almoner into the king's presence, and the order for his arrest. Before the cardinal reached his hotel at Versailles he stooped down under pretence of fastening his shoe-buckle or his garter, and hastily scrawled a few lines with a pencil on a scrap of paper which he concealed in his square red cap. This paper he contrived to hand unobserved to a confidential "heydud," who in-

stantly posted off to Paris, and arrived at the Palais Cardinal early in the afternoon. His horse fell dead in the stable, and he himself swooned in the apartment of the cardinal's vicar-general, after exclaiming wildly, "All is lost! The prince is arrested!" The slip of paper, which fell from his hand, was caught up and eagerly read by the Abbé Georgel. In accordance with the instructions contained in it, the small scarlet portfolio which held all the cardinal's secret correspondence, and notably the letters bordered with blue vignettes penned by the counterfeit queen, and by which the Prince de Rohan set such store, was forthwith committed to the flames.

Two days after the cardinal's arrest, Madame de la Motte is on a visit at the Abbey of Clairvaux, a few miles distant from Bar-sur-Aube, where a large company are assembled at supper to meet the celebrated Abbé Maury. He meets the inquiry as to whether there is anything stirring in Paris, with:

"What do you mean? Any news! Why, where do you all come from? There is a piece of news which none can understand, which has astonished and bewildered all Paris. The Cardinal de Rohan, grand almoner of France, was arrested last Tuesday—the festival of the Assumption. . . . They talk of a Diamond Necklace which he was to have bought for the queen, but which he did not buy at all. Is it not inconceivable that for such a bauble as this a grand almoner of France should have been arrested in his pontifical vestments—do you understand, in his pontifical vestments—and on leaving the king's cabinet?"

"As soon as this intelligence reached my ear," observes Beugnot, whose account we are quoting, "I glanced at Madame de la Motte, whose napkin had fallen from her hand, and whose pale and rigid face seemed as it were immovably fixed above her plate. After the first shock was over, she made an effort and rushed out of the room, followed by one of the principal attendants. In the course of a few minutes I left the table and joined her. The horses were already put to her carriage, so we at once set forth."

Beugnot urged her to fly to England, but she denied all complicity with the cardinal's folly. He begged her to destroy all letters and papers in her possession, but she insisted on at least a cursory examination being made of them. "It was whilst casting fugitive glances upon some of the hundreds of letters from the Cardinal de Rohan that I saw with pity the ravages which the delirium of love, aided by that of ambition, had wrought in the mind of this unhappy man. It is fortunate for the cardinal's memory that these letters were destroyed, but it is a loss for the history of human passions. What must have been the state of society when a prince of the church did not hesitate to write, to sign, and to address to a woman letters which in our days a man who respects himself the least in the world might commence reading, but would certainly never finish?"

"Some of the letters were from the crown jewellers with reference to the payments for the

Necklace. I asked Madame de la Motte what I should do with them. Finding her hesitate, I took the shortest course, and threw them all into the fire. The affair occupied a considerable time. When it was over, I took my leave of Madame de la Motte, urging her to depart more strongly than ever. She only answered me by promising to go to bed immediately. I then quitted her apartments, the atmosphere of which was poisoned by the odour arising from burning papers and wax, impregnated with twenty different perfumes. It was three o'clock in the morning; at four o'clock she was arrested, and at half-past four was on her way to the Bastille."

The count was but little affected at the arrest of his wife; he called on Beugnot at six o'clock in the evening, and told him of it in a quiet confidential sort of way; said she would only be away three or four days at the utmost; that she was going to give the minister some explanations which he required of her, and that he reckoned she would return on Wednesday or Thursday, when "we will go and meet her," said he, "and bring her home in triumph." Beugnot told him not to deceive himself with vain illusions, but to start at once for England, as he had last night advised the countess to do. The count shrugged his shoulders and left Beugnot, humming a tune; nevertheless, he thought it prudent to make for the coast as fast as post-horses could carry him, the same day, and cross over to England.

A week after the arrest of the cardinal, Cagliostro and his wife were sent to join him and the Countess de la Motte in the Bastille. At this time no suspicion attached to the forger Vilette or the counterfeit queen, D'Oliva, both of whom, however, turned their backs upon Paris the moment they heard of the countess's arrest. Even when suspected, Vilette evaded all search after him for a time; but not so D'Oliva, who was speedily tracked to Brussels, and was arrested at dead of night by the sub-lieutenant of police, three civic officers, a greffier and half a dozen of the town guard—rather a formidable force with which to capture an unprotected female of four-and-twenty. She was forthwith taken to Paris, and also lodged in the Bastille. Vilette, who had loitered unnecessarily on the road to Italy, was by-and-by run down at Geneva—trepanned, says one account, in a low tavern while overcome by drink, into enlisting in some phantom regiment—and was enticed from off the "sacred republican soil" and carried to Paris.

The countess, who in early life was glad to feed upon broken victuals passed through a trap-hole in the miserable hovel that sheltered the St. Remi family at Foullette, appears not to have entirely approved of the cuisine of the Bastille; but what particularly annoyed her was, that she, who had been latterly accustomed to gold and silver plate, should now be expected to take her meals off vulgar pewter. According to her own account, she preferred enduring the pangs of hunger to submitting to this indignity, and sent the dishes away un-

touched. The turnkey, surprised at this proceeding, said to her rudely:

"So, then, you don't choose to eat, don't you?"

"No," replied the countess, "I don't choose to eat; and I desire to know if you serve the Cardinal de Rohan off pewter? Inform the governor that the Valois are quite as nice as, and entitled to equal respect with, the Rohans."

The turnkey was astounded, looked at the countess respectfully, she tells us, and mildly answered that he was ignorant who she was; then, begging her pardon, he departed, and shortly afterwards returned with a better dinner, served in beautiful dishes with silver covers.

All the culprits being now secured, with the exception of Count de la Motte, who is beyond the grip of the French police, the examinations and confrontations of the accused take place. The cardinal tells pretty much the truth; so does D'Oliva. Cagliostro maintains his ignorance of the entire affair. Villette at first denies everything that affects himself, and then admits everything, except having played the part of queen's messenger on the night of the 1st of February, and fetched away the casket containing the Necklace from the countess's lodgings. Although there is no moral doubt he was the man who did this, he could never be brought to admit it. As for Madame de la Motte, she first denied everything, and then admitted certain things when the weight of evidence against her seemed overpowering; still she contradicted the witnesses on almost every point, and herself continually. She shrieked out denials, stormed at the witnesses, abused the judges, laughed, wept and went into convulsions, by turns. She proclaimed in open court the shameful nature of the relations subsisting between herself and the Cardinal de Rohan, and said it was through his generosity, and occasional large gifts bestowed upon her in high quarters, that she was enabled to make that display in the Rue Neuve St. Gilles and at Bar-sur-Aube which had excited so much astonishment. She maintained that her husband had sold the diamonds for the grand almoner, and had handed over to him every halfpenny of the proceeds. She refrained from making the slightest allusion to her pretended intimacy with Marie Antoinette, and gave an evasive answer to every question put to her on that subject. When the girl D'Oliva was questioned respecting some letters which the countess had shown her, saying that they had come to her from the queen, Madame de la Motte winked as a caution to her to preserve silence on this point. Finding that no notice was taken of her signal, she continued repeating it, and when charged with what she had done, she exclaimed, in a furious tone of voice, "I make signs to you? Yes; I make you a sign that you are a monster for having said such a thing." She then charged D'Oliva with having behaved immodestly when on a visit to her, and with having usurped a title to which she had no claim. This was the countess's act. She had dubbed the courtesan a baroness. D'Oliva was afraid to answer her;

but the counsel, speaking in his client's name, thus subsequently apostrophised her: "Proud and vile woman, who caressed me when I could serve you, who disdained me when I exposed you, who hate me when I confound you, descend, descend, from the supreme height of your genealogical tree, from whence you brave the law, impose upon its administrators, and insult by turns your unfortunate co-accused!"

As for Cagliostro, on whom and on whose wife the countess tried her utmost to shift a portion of her own guilt, she sincerely designated him as "This oracle who bewitched the cardinal's understanding;" called him "a false prophet, a profaner of the true religion, a low alchemist, a mountebank, and a vagabond." To which Cagliostro pertinently replied: "Not always a false prophet, for had the Prince de Rohan taken my advice he would long since have seen through your artifices, and neither of us have been where we are. To your numerous calumnies I will content myself with making a laconic reply—the same that was made by Pascal under parallel circumstances—a reply which politeness forbids me to make in the vulgar tongue, but which your counsel can translate for you, 'Mentiris impudentissime!'" The countess, not knowing the meaning of the phrase, imagined correctly enough that it was something exceedingly offensive, and to quote her own language, "put an end to the scene by throwing a candlestick at the quack's head."

The preliminary investigation being at an end, the Court of Parliament—Grand Chamber and "Tournelle"—proceed in solemn sitting to judge the case. No stone was left unturned by the friends and connexions and high alliances of the Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan to procure his acquittal; and numerous counsellors in the parliament spoke vehemently in his favour, and not without effect. After a long debate this was the judgment given. The cardinal and Cagliostro were acquitted; D'Oliva was pronounced "hors de cour" (out of court), and thinking this to be a prohibition against her going to Versailles any more, promised that she would faithfully submit. Villette was banished from the kingdom for life. Count de la Motte was sentenced to be scourged and branded with a hot iron on the right shoulder with the letters G. A. L., and to serve the king as a galley-slave for the remainder of his days. The countess was sentenced to have a halter slung round her neck, and then to be flogged and beaten naked with rods, and branded with a hot iron on both shoulders with the letter V. (voleuse)—it was jocosely remarked at the time, that the V. stood for Valois as well. This done, she was to be confined in the prison of the Salpêtrière for the rest of her life.

Cagliostro asserted that Villette was banished in the ignominious sense of the term—that is, that he was led out of prison with a rope round his neck by the public executioner, who, on their arrival at the city gate, gave him first of all a loaf, and then a kick behind, and strictly enjoined him never to return to France again.

In those days, criminals were kept in igno-

rance of the sentences passed upon them (save and except the sentence of death) until the same were on the eve of being put into execution. Consequently, Madame de la Motte did not know the nature of the sentence pronounced against her until early one morning some three weeks afterwards, when she was prevailed upon by a ruse to leave her cell, and, being conducted to the registry of the Palais de Justice, was there forced to kneel while her sentence was read over, she struggling and screaming with all her might. "Overpowered by superior strength, my resistance," she records, "became more feeble, and I was dragged to the place where the sacrifice was to be completed. Weary and faint, exhausted by my cries and the ineffectual struggles I had already made, entreating those around me to avenge the innocent, and the blood of their good King Henry the Second, I at length lost all sense of reason; I could see nothing, could feel nothing, which could serve to show me what they intended to do." "Madame de la Motte," writes at this time the Hon. Wm. Eden to Mr. Pitt, "was called up at five, and informed that the court wished to see her. She went in an undress, without stays, which proved convenient. Upon the registrar reading the sentence, her surprise, rage, and shrieks, were beyond description. The executioner and his assistants instantly seized her and carried her into an outer court, where she was fastened to a cart with a halter round her neck. The executioner talked to her like a tooth-drawer, and assured her most politely that it would soon be over. The whipping was slight and pro forma, but the branding was done with some severity."

Louis Blanc, in his History of the French Revolution, quoting from contemporary memoir-writers, the Baron de Besenval and the Abbé Georgel, says: "Tied with cords and dragged into the court of the Palais de Justice, she commenced to utter cries, not of terror but of fury. Addressing herself to the people, she exclaimed, 'If they treat thus the blood of the Valois, which is reserved for the blood of the Bourbons!' And in the midst of the groans which indignation drew from the crowd, these characteristic words were heard: 'It is my own fault that I suffer this ignominy; I had only to say one word and I should have been hung.' (She not only said this word, but launched forth a succession of impure and calumnious charges against the queen, couched, too, in the foulest language.) They then placed a gag in her mouth, and as she was struggling in the hands of the executioner, the red-hot iron which ought to have marked her on the shoulder glanced off and scored her on the breast." Villette, in that almost unknown work of his to which we have already alluded, asserts that people were posted in the court of the palace to make a great noise, so that none of the public who chanced to be present might hear what Madame de la Motte said. The sentence

executed, she was thrown half dead into a fiacre, and driven at full gallop to the Salpêtrière, the prison where abandoned women were confined, and where at this day visitors to the female paupers now housed there have Madame de la Motte's apartments pointed out to them. One of the doors of the vehicle having flown open on the road, the officers in charge of the countess were only just in time to save her from springing out and throwing herself under the wheels. When she arrived at the Salpêtrière, she made a further attempt to destroy herself by forcing the coverlid of her miserable truckle-bed into her mouth.

After undergoing upwards of a year's confinement in the Salpêtrière, the countess succeeded—it is believed with the connivance of the authorities—in effecting her escape, and made her way in different disguises through France to Luxembourg, taking Bar-sur-Aube by the way. She did not, however, dare to enter the town, but lay concealed at night in the stone quarries in the neighbourhood, where one or two of her old friends came to visit her, and gave her money to assist her on her way. Eventually she proceeded to Ostend and crossed to England, where she rejoined her husband, and where the pair lived for several years on the proceeds of certain lying memoirs, confessedly written by the countess to extort money from the French court. She succeeded in her object, sold the manuscript for large sums, and then published the memoirs from duplicates she had retained. She was always in debt and difficulties, eventually had her furniture swept away by an execution, and while her husband was abroad—trying to extort more money from the French government—was arrested on a *capias*, and, in seeking to escape from the bailiffs, dropped out of a two-pair stairs window and severely maimed herself. But her captors refused to surrender up her bleeding, mangled, and almost lifeless, body until they had security for the debt. The wretched woman lingered for a few weeks, tended by strangers, her husband characteristically preferring the excitement and gaieties of the French capital to a dying wife's bedside, until death came to her relief, and she plotted, lied, and was treacherous, no more.

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BOOK III.

CHAPTER X. PAUL WARD.

THE autumn tints were rich and beautiful upon the Kent woods, and nowhere more rich or more beautiful than in Sir Thomas Boldero's domain. The soft grass beneath the noble beeches was strewn with the russet leaves a little earlier than usual that year, and somewhat more plentifully, for the storm had shaken them down, and had even rent away a branch here and there from some of the less sturdy trees. And then the forester made his inspection, and the fallen branches were removed, and duly cut and housed for winter firewood, and it chanced that the hitherto forgotten log on which George Dallas had sat one spring morning was carried away with them.

Clare Carruthers missed it from its accustomed place as she rode down the glade which she still loved, though it had a painful association for her now. Every day her eyes had rested on the rugged log, and every day she had turned them away with a sigh. To-day it was there no longer, and its absence was a relief. She reined Sir Lancelot up for a moment, and looked at the vacant space. The earth lay bare and brown where the log had been; there was no grass there.

"It won't be hidden until the spring," she thought, impatiently. "I wish—I wish I could forget the place in which I saw him first! I wish I could forget that I ever had seen him!"

Then she turned her head away with an effort and a sigh, and rode on.

Clare was going over from the Sycamores to Poynings. She had occasion to see the house-keeper, started early, and, as usual, unattended, save by Caesar, who bounded along now by the side of Sir Lancelot, anon a considerable way in advance, doing the distance twice over, after the fashion of dogs, and evidently compassionating the leisurely pace to which his equine friend and comrade was condemned.

The months which had elapsed since her inauspicious meeting among the beeches with Paul Ward had had much inquietude and

mysterious trouble in them for the girl whose graces they had but ripened and perfected, on whose fair face they had impressed a premature but very beautiful thoughtfulness. To one so young, so innocent, so carefully shielded from evil, living in so pure and calm an atmosphere of home, and yet around whom the inevitable solitude of orphanhood dwelt, the presence of a secret cause of sorrow, doubt, perplexity, was in itself a burden grievous to be borne. Clare could not help dwelling perpetually on the only mystery which had ever come into her tranquil conventional life, and the more she shrank from the contemplation, the more it pressed itself upon her. Sometimes, for days and weeks together, the remembrance of it would be vague and formless, then it would take shape again and substance, and thrill her with fresh horror, distract her with new perplexity. Sometimes she would address herself with all the force of her intelligence to this mysterious remembrance, she would arrange the circumstances in order and question them, and then she would turn away from the investigation cold and trembling, with all the terrible conviction of the first moment of revelation forcibly restored.

The dreadful truth haunted her. When Sir Thomas Boldero asked her ladyship if there was any news in the Times each morning (for the Sycamores was governed by other laws than those which ruled Poynings, and Lady Boldero, who was interested in politics after her preserves and her linen-presses, always read the papers first), Clare had listened with horrid sickening fear for many and many a day. But suspense of this sort cannot last in its first vitality, and it had lessened, but it was not wholly dead even yet. One subject of speculation frequently occupied her. Had he seen the warning she had ventured to send him? No, she would sometimes say to herself, decisively, no, he had not seen it. His safety must have been otherwise secured; if he had seen it, he would know that the terrible truth was known to her, and he would never have dared to recal himself to her memory. For he did so recal himself, and this was the most terrible part of it all for Clare. On the first day of each month she received the current number of *The Piccadilly*, and there was always written on the fly-leaf, "From Paul Ward." No, her attempt had failed; such madness, such audacity, could

not otherwise be accounted for. For some time Clare had not looked at the books which reached her with this terribly significant imprint. She had not destroyed them, but she had put them away out of her sight. One day, after her cousin's marriage, and when her thoughts—forcibly distracted for some time by the preparations, the hospitalities, and the rejoicings attendant on that event—had flown back to the subject which had such tormenting attraction for her, a sudden impulse of utter incredulity seized her. Nothing was changed in the facts, nothing in the circumstances; but Clare laid aside reason under the suddenly exerted power of feeling, and refused to believe that Paul Ward had murdered the unknown man in whose company he had been, and who undoubtedly had been murdered.

"I won't believe it! I don't believe it!"

These words have often been uttered by the human will, when tortured by the terrible impotence of human despair, as unreasonably, as obstinately, as Clare Carruthers spoke them, and with infinitely more suffering implied in the inevitable reaction. But they can seldom have brought greater relief. A generous, reckless impulse of youth, partly against the terrible knowledge of evil, partly against her own suffering, which wearied and oppressed her spirit, distant, vague, even chimerical, as she told herself it was, animated her resolution. She rose, and stretched her arms out, and shook her golden head, as though she discarded a baleful vision by a strong act of her will.

"I shall never see him again," she thought. "I shall never know his fate, unless, indeed, he becomes famous, and the voice of his renown reaches me. I shall never know the truth of this dreadful story; but, strong as the evidence is, I never will believe it more. Never! never!"

Clare Carruthers was too young, too little accustomed to the sad science of self-examination, too candidly persuadable by the natural abhorrence of youth for grief, to ask herself how much of this resolution came from the gradual influence of time—how much from the longing she felt to escape from the constant pressure of the first misery she had ever known. The impulse, the resolution, had come to her, with her first waking thoughts, one glorious morning in the early autumn—the morning which saw George Dallas and his uncle arrive at Homburg, and witnessed Mr. Carruthers's reception of his step-son. This resolution she never abandoned. That day she had taken the books out of their hiding-place, and had set herself to read the serial story which she knew was written by him. Something of his mind, something of his disposition, would thus reveal itself to her. It was strange that he remembered to send her the books so punctually, but that might mean nothing; they might be sent by the publisher, by his order. He might have forgotten her existence by this time. Clare Carruthers was sensible, and not vain, and she saw nothing

more than a simple politeness in the circumstance. So she read the serial novel, and thought over it; but it revealed nothing to her. There was one description, indeed, which reminded her, vaguely, of Mrs. Carruthers, as she had been before her illness, as Clare remembered her, when she had first seen her, years ago. Clare liked the story. She was not enthusiastically delighted with it. A change which her newly formed resolution to believe him innocent, to chase from her all that had tormented her, could never undo, had passed upon Clare, since her girlish imagination had been ready to exalt Paul Ward, "the author," Paul Ward, "the artist," as she had called him, with all the reverence her innocent heart accorded to such designations, into a hero; she had less impulse in her now, she had suffered, in her silent unsuspected way, and suffering is a sovereign remedy for all enthusiasm, except that of religion. But she discerned in the story something which made her reason second her resolution. And from that day Clare grieved no more. She waited, she did not know for what; she hoped, she did not know why; she was pensive, but not unhappy. She was very young, very innocent, very trustful; and the story of the murder was six months old. So was that of the meeting, and that of the myrtle-sprig; and all three were growing vague.

The young girl's thoughts were very busy as she rode from the Sycamores to Poynings, but not exclusively with Paul Ward.

Her life presented itself in a more serious aspect to her than that it had ever before worn. All things seemed changed. Her uncle's letters to her had undergone a strange alteration. He wrote now to her as to one whom he trusted, to whom he looked for aid, on whom he purposed to impose a responsible duty. The pompousness of Mr. Carruthers's nature was absolutely inseparable from his style of writing as from his manner of speech, but the matter of his letters atoned for their faults of manner. He wrote with such anxious affection of his wife, he wrote with such kindly interest of Mr. Dallas, the hitherto proscribed step-son, whose name Clare had never heard pronounced by his lips or in his presence. Above all, he seemed to expect very much from Clare. Evidently her life was not to be empty of interest for the future, if responsibility could fill it; for Clare was to be entrusted with all the necessary arrangements for Mrs. Carruthers's comfort, and Mrs. Carruthers was very anxious to get back to England, to Poynings, and to Clare! The girl learned this with inexpressible gladness, but some surprise. She was wholly unaware of the feelings with which Mrs. Carruthers had regarded her, and the intentions of maternal care and tenderness which she had formed—feelings she had hidden, intentions she had abandoned from motives of prudence founded on her thorough comprehension of the besetting weakness of her husband's character.

Clare had not the word of the enigma, and it

puzzled her. But it delighted her also. Instinctively she felt there was something of Mark Felton's doing in this. He had impressed her as favourably as she had impressed him. She had recognised his possession of the two great qualities, feeling and intelligence, and her own kindred endowments had answered to them at once.

Was she going to be happy and useful? Was she going to be something more than the rich Miss Carruthers, the heiress of Poynings, who had every luxury life could supply except that of feeling herself of active individual importance to any living creature? Was Poynings going to be as pleasant as the Sycamores, and for a more worthy reason? Clare felt in her honest young heart that the superiority of the Sycamores consisted principally in the fact that the uncle who inhabited that abode was never in her way, whereas the uncle who ruled at Poynings was generally otherwise, and unpleasant. It was very ungrateful of her to feel this; but she did feel it. Was all this going to be altered? Was she going to have the sort of feeling that might have been hers if she had not been the heiress of Poynings, but the real, own daughter of a kind lady who needed and would accept all her girlish love and eager, if unskilful, care? It must be so, Clare thought, now Mrs. Carruthers had her son with her, and she no longer felt that there was injustice done to her, for which Clare was made the reason or the pretext, she would allow her to be all she had always desired to be. How much uselessness, unreality, weariness, fell away from Clare Carruthers as she rode on, the beautiful healthful colour rising higher in her cheeks as the glad thoughts, the vague, sweet, unselfish hopes of the future, expanded in her young heart. She would tell Mrs. Carruthers some day when she was quite well, when there should be no longer any danger of doing her harm by the revelation, about the mystery which had caused her so much suffering, and then, when there should be perfect confidence between them, she would tell her how she had discovered that she, too, was acquainted with Paul Ward.

Clare had never speculated seriously upon the cause of Mrs. Carruthers's illness. Her first convictions were, that it had originated in some trouble about her son. The old housekeeper's manner, the removal of the portrait, had sufficed for Clare. This was a sacred sorrow, sacred from Clare's curiosity, even in her thoughts. And now it was at an end, probably thanks to Mark Felton; but, at all events, it was quite over. In the time to come, that future which Clare's fancy was painting so brightly, as her horse carried her swiftly over the familiar road, Mrs. Carruthers might even love her well enough to tell her the story of the past, and what that terrible grief had been.

"I am to take Thomas up to town with me, Mrs. Brookes, and I only wish you were coming too," said Clare to the housekeeper at Poynings, as a concluding item of the budget of

news she had to tell. Clare was in high spirits by this time. Mrs. Brookes was much more friendly than usual to the young lady, whom she, too, had always regarded with jealousy, and almost dislike, as the enemy of George.

"I am better here, Miss Carruthers," said Mrs. Brookes. "I dare say there won't be much delay in London—for Mrs. Carruthers and master, I mean. You'll stay awhile with Mrs. Stanhope, belike?"

"Oh dear no—I certainly shall not," replied Clare, with the prettiest air of importance. "I shall come down with my uncle and aunt. My uncle says we are to come as soon as the doctors will let us go."

"And Mr. Felton, also, you say, Miss Carruthers?"

"Yes, and Mr. Dallas. How delighted I am, Mrs. Brookes—how delighted you must be." The girl's face flushed deeply. She was all glowing with the generous ardour of her feelings. She had taken off her hat, and was standing before the open window in the morning-room, her habit gathered up in one hand, her slight figure trembling, her beautiful face radiant.

"I am sure it has been almost as hard for you as for his mother. I could not say anything about it before, Nurse Ellen"—it was the first time Clare had ever called the old woman by this name—"because—because I knew nothing—no one ever told me anything, and I must have seemed to blame my uncle. But, indeed, it pained me very much, and now—now I am so happy!"

Bright swift tears sparkled in her golden-brown eyes. She dashed them away, and, taking the old woman's hands in hers, she said, with girlish archness,

"You must not hate me any more, Nurse Ellen, for 'Master George' and I are going to be very good friends."

"Hate you, my dear young lady!" said Mrs. Brookes, who was too old to blush externally, but who certainly felt like blushing. "How can you have such fancies? Who could hate you?"

"You—you dear, faithful old thing! But it's all right now; and, Nurse Ellen," she said, seriously, "I am sure we owe all this happy change to Mr. Felton. The moment I saw that man, I felt he had come to do good. By-the-by, my uncle tells me there is no news of Mr. Felton's son yet. I suppose you never saw him, nurse?"

"La, bless you, no, my dear. I never saw his father till the day he came here. Mr. Arthur was born in America."

"Did he ever come to England before? Did Mrs. Carruthers ever see him?"

"Never. He told his father he would see his aunt the first thing he did, and he never came anigh the place. I doubt he's a black sheep, Miss Carruthers."

"I hope not, for his father's sake, nurse."

And then Clare proceeded to make various arrangements with Mrs. Brookes, thinking the

while: "Arthur Felton never was here. Mrs. Carruthers never saw him. For a moment I fancied he might have been Paul Ward."

"I wonder what I shall think of George Dallas?" thought Clare, as she rode away from Poynings in the afternoon, having given Thomas the necessary orders. "I wonder what he will think of me? I dare say he does not like the idea of me much. Perhaps I should not like the idea of him, if he were in my place and I in his; but, as it is, I decidedly do."

Attended by her maid and Thomas, Miss Carruthers went to London on the following day. Mrs. Stanhope met her at the railway station, and took her home with her. The footman was despatched to Sir Thomas Boldero's house in Chesham-place. In the course of the evening he went to Mrs. Stanhope's house, and asked to see Clare. His errand was to inform her that Mr. Felton and Mr. Dallas had arrived in London, and were particularly desirous of seeing Miss Carruthers. He (Thomas) had Mr. Felton's orders to ascertain from Miss Carruthers whether she would see them, on the following day, at Chesham-place, and if so, at what hour. He was to take her answer to Mr. Felton's lodgings in Piccadilly.

"When did the gentlemen arrive?" Miss Carruthers asked.

Thomas could not say exactly, but he thought they had only just reached London. They had overcoats on, and looked "travellers-like."

Clare sent word to Mr. Felton that she would be at Chesham-place at noon on the next day, and would be very happy to see him. She did not mention Mr. Dallas, but it was by no means necessary she should do so.

Punctually at twelve on the following day, Mrs. Stanhope's brougham deposited Clare Carruthers at Sir Thomas Boldero's house. It was in process of preparation for the expected guests; but had not quite thrown off the drowsy unoccupied look of a house whose owners are absent. Its appearance bore the same relation to the state it would assume by-and-by as that of an individual who has just persuaded himself to rise, and is yawning and shivering in the process, bears to that of the same individual in his tubed, dressed, shaved, breakfasted, newspaper-read, hatted, gloved, and ready-for-the-day condition.

Clare got out of the carriage, gave the coachman some directions, stood at the door until he had driven off, and made a remark or two (ever reminiscent of Poynings punctiliousness) relative to the area-railings and door-steps to Thomas before she entered the house. He listened gravely, promised to attend to these matters, and then said:

"Mr. Dallas has been here some time, ma'am."

"Indeed!" said Clare, pausing just inside the hall door. "Is Mr. Felton not here?"

"He will be here directly, ma'am. He came with Mr. Dallas, but went away again. I showed Mr. Dallas into the study, ma'am."

Clare felt rather embarrassed. She wished Mrs. Stanhope had been with her—she wished Mr. Felton had remained until she came, or had taken his nephew with him. It was so awkward to have to introduce herself to George Dallas, a stranger, and yet not exactly a stranger. She hesitated; her colour rose. What should she do? What was not the easiest or pleasantest thing to do—for that would be to go to the drawing-room and remain there until Mr. Felton should come, leaving Mr. Dallas to a similar vigil in the study—but the kindest. Clearly, to give Mrs. Carruthers's son the friendliest greeting in her power, to show him, in her little way, how pleased she was at the family reunion, how much she desired to be numbered among his friends.

The study windows faced the street; he had probably seen the carriage, and heard her voice. He might be even now hurt by her tarrying.

Clare delayed no longer. She crossed the hall, opened the door of Sir Thomas Boldero's study, saw a man's figure close to one of the windows, shut the door, took two or three steps, and said, in the sweet, gentle tone which was one of her peculiar charms:

"Mr. Dallas, I am so much pleased."

Then the figure turned away from the window, and Clare found herself in the presence of Paul Ward.

UNDERGROUND TO RICHMOND.

THIS term of "Underground Route" may appear to signify some tubular arrangement for tunnelling beneath the waters of the Potomac, but does no more than typify the secret way in which Southern sympathisers were conveyed, during the recent civil war in The States, from the shores of Maryland to the Virginia banks of the Potomac.

As no representative of the British press could reach and accompany the Southern army, the accounts of its proceedings which reached Europe were untrustworthy filtrations through the columns of the New York press. Therefore my Baltimore friends took an eager interest in the success of my expedition, which was undertaken in connexion with newspaper correspondence.

The whole thing was planned after this fashion: A gentleman, well known to both North and South, and unsuspected by the former, was leaving Baltimore by the West River steamer. My appearance had been accurately described to him, and his photograph had been sent to me. I was told that a carriage would be waiting at my door at five o'clock in the morning, to convey me to the wharf where I should find a vessel blowing off her steam and ready to cast off for her journey. On this steamer my unknown associate would be awaiting me, but I was especially warned not to address him—merely to follow his movements. A sign was given to me by which we could make positive of each other's identity.

On arriving at the packet wharf, I found it in a state of turmoil and confusion. Passengers were holding up their passports for the inspection of the provost-marshal's guard, who stood with fixed bayonets to examine them, and none were allowed on board until their authority to travel had been exhibited. Observing this, and being furnished with no pass, I was somewhat dubious as to the course it would be prudent for me to adopt, but, being an old campaigner, I rapidly reviewed the chances in my favour. Accordingly, no sooner did I perceive that the gang-board had been withdrawn, and the guard was stepping on shore, than I quickly alighted, rushed to the pier, and, bursting through the soldiers as one who was too late, made a jump on to the deck as lightly as fourteen-stone weight would allow. With the first turn of the paddles I seized from my pocket the paper that came handiest to my touch, and waved it to those on shore, as if it were my permit. We were off, and thus I vanquished my first trial.

Now came my second difficulty. How was I to select from among the crowd on board the gentleman who had consented to be my pioneer in this the first stage of my "underground journey" to the South? Moving with affected carelessness about the decks and through the cabins of the steamer, I casually glanced from one person to another, and it was not long before I observed some one who was employed in a search similar to my own. The description I had received of my mysterious guide and protector tallied exactly with the appearance of him I saw. Our eyes met, but as I did not like to take too full a look at him, I assumed an indifference and passed on. Presently we retraced our steps, and then I gave the sign which had been entrusted to me. It was answered. Without a word or further look, I took up my position near to him, and, unfolding a newspaper, pretended to become absorbed in its contents.

As I had been up all the previous night making my final arrangements for leaving Baltimore, my eyes soon wearied of the print, and I fell into that semi-slumber which is equivalent to a feverish condition of wakefulness; and, although unconscious of time or the distance we travelled, no movement of my custodian escaped my torpid glance. With the hot sun upon me, I can only assimilate my state to that of a dog dozing on a hearth-rug before the fire, and who, although apparently unconscious, yet, at the movement of a foot, cocks his eye, and warily makes his observations.

At length the dull jerk of the vessel against the landing jarred me into activity, and glancing at my friend, I found him actively engaged in collecting his effects. My little travelling-bag, containing a simple change of under flannels and clean collars, was soon snatched up, and a rapid look of intelligence between us told me we had reached the first stage of our voyage, and we landed.

Guardedly following my pioneer at a distance of some yards, he led me into a by-road, at least a quarter of a mile from the river. In

this secluded spot we found drawn up under the shade of a broad overhanging oak a double buggy with a span of fine horses, and the negro driver, tired of waiting, dozing on the front seat, with his legs carelessly hanging over the splash-board. The tones of his master's voice—the first I had heard—soon roused him, and rapidly moving forward, I simultaneously mounted with the owner and took my place by his side. One crack of the whip and we were gone, and now for the first time we grasped each other's hand, and exchanged the most cordial of greetings.

A rapid drive of an hour and a half through golden corn-fields and tobacco plantations, brought us to the piazza of a charming residence nestled within the bosom of a deep and shady foliage. Leaping from the buggy, my future host, with hat in hand, bade me welcome to his homestead, and, in another moment, I was addressing my courtesies to the mistress of the house, who greeted me in the most kindly manner. With her own fair hands the lady compounded for me that most marvellous of Southern drinks, "a mint julep." Plunging then amidst the blushing strawberries that bobbed around, I drank deeply, myself and host pledging each other heartily.

I afterwards found out that all the details connected with my flight had been arranged before hand, my stations for rest and refreshment selected, and my guides appointed. Like to an infant who has to be consigned by the guard of one train to the tender offices of the guard of the next, I was to be delivered over by one kind friend to another, until I should reach the place of my destination on the banks of the Potomac.

It could not have been later than six before I was again on the road, with mine host for my coachman, and seated behind a pair of fast trotters, so that we were not long in getting over the twelve miles which separated me from my appointed resting-place for the night. Giving me the reins, my companion alighted, and taking the planter, my new host, aside, spoke earnestly to him for a few minutes in low tones. Presently, with a warm grasp of the hand and a "God bless you," I bade farewell to the generous friend who, in assisting me thus far, had risked certainly imprisonment, and possibly confiscation of his estate, and the last I saw of him was as he turned the corner of the road, waving his adieus.

I soon discovered, when ensconced in the deep embrasure of a vine-clad window, and chatting with my new host and his family, that an air of mystery surrounded me and my mission south. I was invariably addressed in the most deferential manner, and every remark that fell from my lips was eagerly and silently listened to. At first I felt there was a "starchiness" in my reception which made me imagine I might not be welcome; but on second thoughts it occurred to me that my introducer had waggishly represented me to be an emissary of the British Government, instead of a humble newspaper correspondent. I did not think it pru-

dent to undeceive them; but, on the contrary, assumed a highly diplomatic mien, and answered all questions with the greatest caution, in the most approved fashion, when replies seemed difficult.

After a very early breakfast next morning, I found myself spinning along a good Maryland turnpike road, still maintaining my unsought-for dignity in a highly impressive demeanour which my country might have been proud of. It was a bright Sunday morning with hardly a breath of air to disturb the quiet that hushed both field and forest. Scarcely a sound was heard but the quick stepping of the horse and the clatter of the wheels. Yet that indescribable life which sings its hymn of tranquil joy around every wild flower, came tuning in between the pauses of our conversation. Now and then, as hill rose or dale opened, we could hear the chiming bells of the district church proclaiming the Sabbath, and as we approached nearer the simple edifice, standing alone in a leafy grove, we came upon those who, undistracted by the clamour of war, were on their way to hear the words of peace. Planters, their wives and daughters, mounted on well-kept steeds, sped their way through every bridle-path, while here and there rode the lesser farmers, who, retaining the customs of their British ancestors, rode their sturdy nags with the good wife seated on pillions behind them.

After travelling at high speed for some eighteen miles, we arrived at a cross-road, where stood an attempt at a village, consisting of a blacksmith's forge and a solitary store, a kind of "all-sorts" shop, and some half-dozen tumble-down shanties, beneath whose shady eaves lounged, in every position of Southern listlessness, the white bucks of the locality, chewing sleepily their "swabs" of nicotine. A few words exchanged between my companion and the more energetic of this indolent assembly, sufficed to attract all eyes towards me, and I was soon invited to alight and requested to name my liquor.

After allowing a certain time for rest and digestion, we were once more leaving the ground behind us at the rate of twelve miles an hour. By sundown we reached the secret rendezvous where I was once more to exchange guides. Had I possessed the lamp of Aladdin, no doors could have opened more readily to receive me than did the portals of these Southern mansions. The adventure was one of sufficient hazard to deter nervously prudent men from assisting me in my enterprise, and no small exertion and personal inconvenience were the penalties of their friendly labours. Yet everywhere the warmest welcome awaited me. I had only to ask, and slaves were commanded to obey me. Wine and food were produced in profusion. Every want that I could imagine, every desire that I could conceive, was immediately gratified.

At the luxurious mansion where I now passed the night I spent a charming and unrestricted evening, amidst a family circle that had

hitherto been strangers to me, but whose cordiality at once placed me on the footing of an old friend.

At sunrise my host tapped at my chamber door, bringing with him, like a true Southerner, a cool tankard, containing an "eye-opener," compounded of brandy, bitters, sugar, ice, and lemon, diluted with champagne. Under its influence I struggled into my clothes, and after a hearty breakfast of buckwheat cakes, butter-cakes, soft bread, corn dodgers, rump-steaks, spare-rib, and ham and eggs, with supplement of preserved peaches, cranberry jam, pickled tomatoes, and ripe persimmon, I placed myself behind the fast trotter destined to carry me to my next station.

Almost to my regret, no adventure had hitherto befallen me to season the monotony of the road. In two hours we reached the banks of the Patuxent, a broad river rolling its silver stream silently onwards in the glaring heat of the day. Pulling up the buggy in a thick copse, which served not only as a screen against the sun but also from observation, my guide commenced carefully to examine the banks in our neighbourhood. Extreme caution was necessary, for we had been warned that a troop of Federal cavalry had been scouting within a mile or two of the very spot where we stood.

A few minutes brought us to the foot of a withered pine tree, rising skywards like the mast of a ship. It stood close to the water-side, and from its summit hung a halyard. My friend drew from his pocket his white handkerchief, and quickly hoisted a signal to the "mast-head." After leaving it for a few minutes fluttering in the breeze, he thrice "dipped" it, and then once more hoisting it, we eagerly awaited a response from the opposite shore.

For hours we lay in anxious expectation, fearing that those whose office it was to answer our signal and provide the means of ferrying us to the opposite bank had either not noticed our appeal, or that some danger threatened our movements. Indeed, for miles on either side of the Patuxent, scouting parties of the Federals had seized upon and destroyed not only all boats, but even any arrangement of planks which in an emergency might prove serviceable in transferring Southern sympathisers from one shore to another. The few boats that had been secreted from the stringent search of the destroyers were kept hidden in rushy creeks, or buried in the thick growth of cane-brakes, and it was only on the most important occasions, and when the venture was comparatively free from detection, that these precarious craft were launched upon the stream.

It was not until sunset that, amid the deep shadows cast on the waters by the trees overhanging the long watched shore, we, peering into the thickening mists, beheld some object gliding towards us. As it emerged from the gloom into the redder water, a chant came rippling upon the wavelets that lapped the rich earth at our feet. Our patience was at length

rewarded, and soon we, buggy and all, were safely placed on board a broad flat-bottomed boat, manned by six likely negroes, who, standing up and rowing with a forward movement, recommenced to the motion of their oars their chant. I could only catch thus much of it:

O! I don't like dar lowland gal,
Tell yer dar reason why;
(All push together.)
She comb her har wid der herren-bone,
An' her mobements am so shy.
(All push together.)
O! yes I like dar mounten gal,
Tell yer dar reason why?
(All push together.)
She comb her har wid de torter-shell
An' her mobements am so spry.
(All push together.)
Zing-a-boom, a-boom-boom nigger work,
Zing-a-boom, a boom-boom bar,
Zing-a-boom, a-boom-boom nigger work,
Zing-a-boom, a-boom-boom bar.
(Da capo until they are hoarse.)

Twenty minutes saw us safely across the river, and with a liberal fee to the "boss nigger" we once more mounted our buggy, and dashed off without caring to listen to the grateful speech of the loquacious darkey.

Another day's rapid travelling brought me to the banks of the Potomac, the real boundary of the Southern and Federal States. Once across, my difficulties would be nearly vanquished. Leonard's Town was the point selected as the best place for embarkation, and there the river could not have been less than nine or ten miles in width, with an additional inlet of some seven miles to navigate before reaching the river itself.

On my arrival at Leonard's Town, early in the morning, a council of secession magnates, advised by my secret committee of management, met in consultation, and it was determined that so soon as the evening had closed in, I should make my first attempt to cross. The day was passed in a continual reception of visitors, many of them being anxious, knowing my destination, to entrust me with messages to husbands, brothers, sons, or lovers, who were either struggling in the Valley of Virginia, or scouting in the forests of the south-west. These messages showed the depth and intensity of the strife, and the domestic and personal sacrifices that were made to maintain it.

There were some twenty of them, and they proved to me that the heroism of the women of the South had not been exaggerated; for though all were couched in terms of endearment and womanly affection, yet, so far from disheartening the soldiers to whom they were addressed, they were rather intended to nerve them to renewed efforts.

The excitement of my departure, and perils to come, procured for me the escort to Britain's Bay of at least a dozen ladies, whose interest in my future had determined them to indulge me with a God's speed and a waving of pocket-handkerchiefs, as I embarked from the shores of

Maryland for those of Virginia. To my shame be it said, I faltered at the last moment, causing the ladies to look blank and astonished, and impressing them with the belief that their messages had been entrusted to the most ignoble of bearers. I found the bark, that was destined to carry me and my limited fortunes over some sixteen miles of deep water, by far too much "a thing of life," for it was dancing like a cork on the gentle ripple of the bay, and at a glance I, in horror, perceived that it was nothing more than the hollowed trunk of a tree, graphically termed a "dug-out." To sit in such a boat is about as difficult as keeping one's equilibrium on a tight rope, without the advantage of a pole to balance with, making it a matter of such nicety that I determined, for the first time in my life, on parting my hair in the centre. Turning to the gentleman that had me in charge I expostulated with him, declaring it was nothing more than manslaughter to send me afloat in such a craft, especially as when I and the limited crew of one "buck" negro look our places the gunwale was immersed almost to the water's edge. "We have no other means of helping you," answered my friend. "The Federals, to keep back such as you, have destroyed every boat on the coast, and we should not even have this if it had not been hidden in the swamps. Besides, there is no positive danger, for if she capsizes she is so light she will right again almost immediately, and a good ducking or two will be rather agreeable than otherwise this sultry evening."

Cringing to my place amidships, and too greatly preoccupied by the difficulties of my position to return with anything like grace the kerchief-waved farewells, for no sooner did I lift my right hand than we had a list to starboard, and then, trying if it were safer to raise my left, had a tremendous lurch to port. So, clutching the sides tightly, I nodded my ghastly thanks; and, at the same time, old Jeb, plunging his paddle into the water, and working it swiftly on alternate sides, we shot like an arrow through the rushes, and were soon out of hearing of the chorus of "Good-byes."

When I became more accustomed to my position, and dared to move a little in my seat, I found time to look around me. We were speeding along between marshy banks, with here and there a solitary knoll on which some fisherman's hut was perched, the stove-in boats blistering on the mud-banks, and the nets hanging from the palings rotting in the sun. It was Jeb's purpose to reach the mouth of the bay at dusk, so that we might cross the Potomac under cover of the night, and as the sun was sinking behind the forest-covered hills of Virginia, nothing more now than a purple outline, dimly shadowed in the rising mists of evening, we emerged on the broad bosom of the river. Everything seemed to favour us; heavy clouds were banking up, veiling the dull red hues of the western sky, and night, as is usual in that part of America, was setting in with rapidity. More and more indistinct be-

came surrounding objects, and at last the island mid-stream, on which a lighthouse was perched, simply warned us of its presence by the flashing of its beacon-fire. For an hour or more we lay ensconced amidst the bank weeds waiting for perfect darkness, and when at last Jeb and myself were almost invisible to each other, the careful negro pilot called out in a hoarse whisper, "Now, sar, now de time, let us streak it for old Virginny, dis niggar will neber tire."

Away then we started on our nine miles voyage, and might probably have made four, when from behind the island we were approaching came the thud, thud, of a paddle-wheel steamer; evidently a picket gun-boat moving right across our track. I said nothing, but waited for Jeb to speak his counsel. The poor wretch no sooner heard the ominous sound than he lost all control over himself and the boat. As I had never paddled my own or any other canoe, I was equally helpless. Visions of incarceration arose before me, but Jeb muttered that we should either be run down and allowed to drown, or that our slightest movement would bring a couple of rifle-shots in our direction; meanwhile the steamer was drawing near, her black hull dimly defined on the background of the night, whilst we were idly drifting with the tide. I whispered to the scared Jeb this alternative; that he might take his choice of sitting still and being shot by me, assisting my argument with the click of a pocket revolver, or else resume his paddle and make an effort to escape. More alarmed than ever, Jeb dashed his paddle into the water with a heavy splash. This attracted the attention of the watch on board the gun-boat. I could distinctly hear men running along her decks, and the sound of their voices, whilst lights flitted through her port-holes. This urged on Jeb to renewed efforts, and turning the head of the dug-out with rapid skill towards the shore we had left, we flew back to the Maryland bank. Our only chance of safety was the shelter of the enormous rushes, until our foe had tired of his search after us.

We had not turned too soon. A feeler, in the shape of a shot from a rifle, came astern of Jeb, close enough to spirt over him the spray, and to send him flying, paddle in hand, towards me. "Goramighty, boss," he jabbered, "dey'll gib us Hell now!" Thrusting him back, I told him that if he didn't paddle for his life, before they had time to take a second aim, he would certainly lose it; and, with a "Lor' hab mussy on dis niggar!" he frantically worked at the "merchine."

A second and a third shot were fired in different directions, as though they were feeling for us with their bullets, and seeing an enemy in the white crest of every ripple. To Jeb's satisfaction, and no less to my own, we heard the order given to go astern easy, and we both felt that now or never was our chance. Jeb's arms flew about like the sails of a windmill, and I could feel my hair blown back by the breeze that was raised by our speed.

When too late to be of any assistance, our

pursuers bethought them of their blue-lights, and one after another was ignited from stem to stern, sending searching rays around; but we were safely shrouded in the darkness outside their glare, and enjoying the illumination which so distinctly pointed out to us the position of the dreaded vessel. At last it was with intense delight that I felt the dug-out raise herself gently over some obstacle, and glide slimly into a sighing harbour of dank rushes that closed over our heads. To ascertain our whereabouts was out of the question, and we had to await the daylight to reconnoitre our position.

For two long wearisome nights, devoured by mosquitoes, and for one tedious day, roasted by the burning sun, we had to remain crouching in our malarious bed. When morning dawned we discovered that the tide had drifted us at least ten miles below the point from which we had started. We were on the outskirts of a huge swamp, with neither a sign of man nor habitation to be discovered. Groping my way to the verge of the rushes, and glancing riverwards, I saw looming from out the rising mists of morning the dark hull of the Federal gun-boat drifting with the stream, and at intervals lazily using her paddles to regain the position she had lost by the current, but ever hovering near like a Destiny.

With no supply of food, and no apparent means of obtaining any, our condition was desperate. The gun-boat might, for all we could tell, be ordered to remain on this station for a week to come, and having excited her suspicions on the previous night, she would be more likely not to desert the neighbourhood. Once or twice during the day her boats were rowed towards the inlet from which we had originally embarked, her officers evidently concluding that to be our point of refuge. Their withdrawal so far down stream as to be opposite to us, was a cunning device to draw the badger from his hole, by encouraging us to make a second attempt.

My hunger, and that of Jeb, at length reached a climax, and I had to threaten him that unless he could rouse his torpid brain and suggest some means of getting food, I should be obliged to eat him. Taking this in earnest, he collected his scattered ideas, and remembered that the oysters embedded in the river bank were remarkably fine; but, as they were only to be found in eight-foot water, and he could not swim, he had thought it prudent to conceal his knowledge of the resources of the country until put under pressure. I had soon provided a large rock of oysters cemented together towards the provisions of the day, a process which had the advantage of combining the luxury of a bath with a breakfast. My plunges had to be hastily performed whenever the vessel had turned a slight bend in the river, but I soon got tired of catering; for Jeb, whose huge mouth yawned like a churchyard filled with tombstones, and whose capacity to bury any quantity, seemed illimitable. Before our appetites were satisfied, I was the best washed man in America.

Our night had been sleepless from the tormenting myriads of insects, noisy and blood-thirsty. Even when exhausted into feverish slumber, we were immediately awakened by the hoarse croaking of the bull-frog. Only those who have passed a night in a southern swamp can realise the riot that fills the air.

Stretching ourselves, therefore, in the bottom of the dug-out, we reclaimed in the day part of the sleep that was due to us at night; our relieved appetites materially assisting our slumbers. It was late before we awoke, and our first thought was to make our escape, but in front of us still floated the vigilant jailer, so quiet in the blackness that, but for the stream of sparks from the chimney-stacks as he banked his fires, we should have been ignorant of his presence, and possibly have run into his very jaws.

Another night of contest with the insect world brought tardy daylight, and, peeping through our lattice of rushes, we at last enjoyed the satisfaction of beholding our nightmare pass away with the dawn, steaming full speed towards the mouth of the river many miles below. Both Jeb and I, filled with joy and little else, were soon clutching at the reeds, and hauling our dug-out backward into the stream, and there watching until the gun-boat was hulled down, we darted forward. In less than two hours I enjoyed the extreme satisfaction of leaping on to Virginia soil, and after an affectionate parting with Jeb, which cost me twenty-five dollars in silver, I started, under his directions, for a point seven miles from the shore, where I could, he affirmed, procure the means of transportation to aid me on the way.

The section through which my route lay towards the Rappahannock was subject to the continual raids of Federal troopers, who came down from the neighbourhood of Alexandria by Ocoquan, holding in check the inhabitants, whose loyalty to the North was doubtful, and causing them to maintain a neutral position. I could not consider myself to be in the midst of genuine Southerners until the Rappahannock should be crossed. It was not long before I found out, to my cost, that any assistance I might require would have to be paid for at war prices, and that the "sympathy" in the shape of a cart and a pair of mules, the first vehicle I hired, was charged at a rate which, after a very few miles of journey, would amount to the prime cost of the entire turn-out. While bargaining with the close-fisted proprietor, who never ceased to remind me that he possessed the only light cart, "with springs," capable of carrying me, I was fortunate enough to meet with two young Marylanders, who were on their way to join the Southern army as volunteers, and they, as loudly as myself, expressed their disgust in strong terms at the attempted extortion. This "riz" the trader's "dander," and he made a suggestive movement behind his back, which one of my companions immediately anticipated by producing his own revolver. On occasions of these little difficulties there is no foreseeing which direction the balls may take, and the

listening crowd prudently scattered. Of course, I and the remaining Marylander were forced to espouse our companion's cause, and our pistols had also to be displayed. This gave us a preponderance in weight. A truce was rapidly established and ratified in the whisky-shop. After the second "smile," the case was argued at the bar, and the terms reduced from a flagrant imposition to a simple case of impudent overcharge.

The travelling, despite the "springs," was anything but pleasant, for we had not proceeded many miles before we were warned of Federal cavalry scouting in the neighbourhood, and we were told that we were likely to meet them at any of the cross-roads on our way. Sure enough, when within five miles of the Rappahannock, we heard of them in our front, and nothing remained but to make for the woods, and lie hidden until we received satisfactory information of the coast being clear.

The negro driver at first volunteered to go on a scout; but, from the behaviour of his master, we did not feel inclined to place confidence in the honour of the servant, especially as the hire-money had been already paid. The errand was therefore entrusted to one of the Marylanders, who, leaving us crouching in a leafy ravine, started off at a double quick, which promised to shorten our anxiety. Alas! hour after hour passed without tidings of either our scout or the enemy. We began to have serious fears that he had been captured, and possibly had drawn the attention of the raiders to ourselves. At one moment we argued whether it would not be better to retrace our steps, but this was unanimously overruled, and in the end we agreed upon passing the night under the leaves, and awaiting our destiny on the morrow. At dawn, I was aroused by a rough shake of the shoulder, and prepared immediately to surrender at discretion to the United States soldiers, to have my arms bound behind my back, and to be trotted to Washington with the suggestive point of a sabre forcing me to keep up with the pace, when I was delighted to behold our lost sheep returned with the news that the scouts had gone on their way at dawn, leaving no trace of their presence but a few smouldering fires. Our trusty friend had remained in observation during the night, knowing from the manner of the bivouac, and the simply loosened girths of the saddles, that it was nothing more than a halt to rest, and he had waited until the order to boot and saddle was given, and had seen the men moving off westward.

Now the spring-cart had to rattle along at the smartest of paces to make up for lost time, and we soon reached the Rappahannock, which, without hindrance, we crossed in "a flat."

We were now in security. Long miles lay before us; but the mere fact of our being sympathisers journeying to the camp, made the hiring of carts easy, and reduced the price of travelling. For our food and lodging we depended upon the planters of the neighbourhood, who would accept of no remuneration. Still,

as the foraging parties of the enemy had very much impoverished our hosts, we forced some small coin on our entertainers, that those who could pay should help towards the support of those who could not.

At the Fredericksburg Junction, near the Pamunkey River, I enjoyed the sight of a passenger-train rushing into the station. This mode of travelling, after the fatigues of my rough cart journeys, seemed indescribably soothing. In the struggle to procure seats, I was separated from my brave Marylanders, without even the opportunity of wishing them good fortune and glory on their future battle-fields.

As the train dashed along through a country which had hitherto been as a sealed book to me, my anxiety to see as much as possible of everything kept my head constantly turning from one window to the other. My sole knowledge of the South and Southern soldiers had hitherto been gleaned from what I had seen whilst accompanying the Federal army on its expeditions, and from the dejected prisoners that had been sent to the rear. As we darted past plantation and forest, and wound our way through fields of Indian corn, shaking their tasselled heads in the breeze, every point of landscape and every figure excited my curiosity. The second advance of the Northerners upon Richmond had (1862) just been driven back after a week of slaughter. As we approached nearer and nearer to Richmond, we came upon the lines thrown up to protect the Confederate capital from an attack in that direction. Every bridge of timber-work, crossing swamp or stream, was guarded from raid and destruction by a picturesque soldiery. Some wore old felt hats with frayed brims, others kepis of once bright colours, and most of them were coatless and jacketless, their bronzed bosoms exposed to the summer sun through the open flannel shirt. As the train sped by, they ran from their bough-covered bivouacs, and congregated on the embankment.

Now the farms began to grow thicker, the clearings more open, and the land more highly cultivated, indicating that we were drawing near to the city. I craned my neck from the window not to miss the first sight of Richmond; and presently its spires gladdened my longing eyes. The train slackened speed, and as we curved round an embankment on the right, a large palisadoed camp on the verge of the line suddenly disclosed itself. There were the weather-stained tents sheltering real Confederates, some engaged in "toting" water, others cleaning their firelocks, a few repairing their clothes, and I observed others carrying from the commissary waggons huge quarters of recently slaughtered beef, borne between two men upon poles. Here and there, in anticipation of these supplies, were negroes building up the fires, or puffing at the reluctant blaze, or arranging the cooking apparatus. Above me, fluttering in the light air, was the flag of the South—a circle of stars on a blue union, the white field broken horizontally with two broad red bars. For the first time I was positively under Confederate colours, and I

could scarcely credit myself when I remembered that but a week since every step I had taken had been under the shadow of the stars and stripes.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE DUEL BETWEEN LORD BYRON AND
MR. CHAWORTH.

THE Star and Garter tavern, so famous in the days of Dr. Johnson for its good claret, stood on the site of the present Carlton Club. Degenerating in later days into the office of a light and heat company, and after that into a blacking manufactory, it was finally, like its neighbour, the Royal Hotel, swept away by the progress of improvement, and the present political palace erected in its stead. There were pleasant and sad memories about the place. Many a flask of good wine had been emptied there, many a pleasant hour whiled away, many a white cloud of powder, too, had there been beaten out of wigs by the thumps of flying decanters, many a five pounds' worth of hair (to quote a line from an old trial) torn out of fashionable perukes in tipsy scuffles, many a wild rake in that spot had been pinned against the oak wainscot by rash swords, and many a spendthrift's heart-blood spilt by angry thrusts over the upset faro-table. One of the saddest of these tavern tragedies took place at the Star and Garter on the 26th of January, 1765, five years after the accession of George the Third.

About three o'clock on the above-named day there was a great stir and bustle at the celebrated Pall Mall tavern, for the Nottinghamshire gentlemen, who met once a month, were to dine there at four o'clock. The club was to assemble in a second-floor back room, looking towards St. James's Park. The drawers (as waiters were still called, as they had been in Shakespeare's time) were spreading the snowy-white cloth and bringing up the silver and the glass. The celebrated claret was being drawn off in endless pints from the wood. The joints were shedding fat tears at the great kitchen fire; the puddings were bumping at the pot lids; the turnspits were plodding at their wheels; the scullions were getting red and choleric over the frothing pheasants and hares; the transparent jellies and net-worked tarts were receiving the last touch of art from the dexterous hands of the head cook. The landlord was in his bedroom fastening his best gold shoe-buckles for the occasion, the buxom landlady, at the parlour mirror, was smilingly adding to her tremendous top-knot the slightest suspicion of powder, while the bright-eyed barmaid was laughingly puffing out with trim fingers her brightest breast-knot. All was gay expectation and bustling excitement; for the county club of the gentlemen of Nottingham brought good customers to the house, and many of its members were men of title and fashion, Lord Byron to wit, the great rake who had attempted to carry off the beautiful actress, Miss Bellamy—the fifth Lord Byron, the

lord of Newstead and half Sherwood Forest, and master of the king's staghounds.

By-and-by, the guests came in from St. James's-street, and the Ring in Hyde Park, from the Mall, the Strand, and Spring-gardens—some hearty country gentlemen on horseback; others, cold and pinched from the cumbrous hackney-coaches of those days; two or three in elaborate dress in sedan-chairs, the lids of which were carefully lifted up by the Irish chairmen, to let out the powdered toupées and the gold-laced cocked-hats.

The later pictures of Hogarth (that great painter died in 1762) will tell us how these gentlemen from the banks of the Trent, the Soar, and the Idle, these lords of the light grasslands and rich loamy furrows round Nottingham, Newark, Retford, and Mansfield, were apparelled. Let us observe their collarless deep-cuffed coats, spotted with gold strawberries, and embroidered down the seams and outside pockets, or of light and gay colours, as pink and cinnamon, their deep-flapped tamboured and laced waistcoats, their frilled shirts and fine ruffles, their knee-breeches, their gold and diamond buckles. Remark their powdered wigs, their laced hats, and, above all, their swords—those dangerous arbitrators in after-dinner differences, when the claret goes down faster and faster.

The guests, laughing and chatting, are bowed in, and bowed up-stairs, and bowed into their club-room. Lord Byron, a passionate and rather vindictive man, is conspicuous among them in pleasant conversation with his neighbour and kinsman, Mr. William Chaworth, of Annesley Hall. The landlord announces dinner, and a long train of drawers appear with the dishes. At that pleasant signal the gentlemen hang up their cocked-hats on the wainscot pegs, while some unbuckle their swords and hang them up also. Mr. John Hewett, the chairman and toast-master of the evening, takes, of course, the head of the table, and presides at the chief joint. Near him, on the right hand, is Sir Thomas Willoughby, and, in the order we give them, Mr. Frederick Montague, Mr. John Sherwin, Mr. Francis Molyneux, and last, on that side of the table, Lord Byron. On the other side, Mr. William Chaworth, Mr. George Douston, Mr. Charles Mellish (junior), and Sir Robert Burdett: in all, including the chairman, ten guests.

The talk at dinner is country gentlemen's talk—the last assizes and the absurd behaviour of the foreman of the grand jury; the tremendous break away with the fox-hounds from the Pilgrim Oak at the gate of Newstead, all through Sherwood wastes, past Robin Hood's Stable, through the dells of the Lock, round to Kirkby Crags, by Robin Hood's Chair, far across the Nottinghamshire heaths, and woods, and valleys, till all but Byron, and Chaworth, and a few more had been tailed off. Then the conversation veers to politics, and the danger or otherwise of the new Stamp Act for the American colonies; the possibility of the Marquis of Rockingham ousting the Right

Honourable George Grenville, and the probable conduct of Mr. Pitt and Colonel Barry in such an emergency.

The fish chases out the soup, the meat the soup, the game the meat, and the cheese the game. The conversation becomes universal, the young drawers on the stairs hear with awe the din and cheerful jangle of the voices, catching, as the door opens, scraps of sporting talk, praises of Garrick, counter-praises of Barry, eulogies of Miss Bellamy, and counter-eulogies of charming Miss Pope. The grave and bland landlord, who, with the white damask napkin over his left wrist, has from the side-board hitherto directed the drawers, now the cloth is drawn, loops the bell-rope to the toast-master's chair, bows, adjusts the great japanned screen, backs himself out, and closes the door behind him. The Nottinghamshire gentlemen gather round their claret; one fat bon-vivant takes off his wig for greater comfort, hangs it on a hat-peg beside the swords, and now sits, with his glossy bald head, which, in the light of the great red logs that glow in the generous fireplace, glows like an enormous orange.

All is good-humoured gaiety and conviviality, a good humour not likely to be interrupted, for it is the rule of the club to break up at seven, when the reckoning and a final bottle are brought in; probably to give Lord Byron time to get down to the House of Lords, and other members time to join in the debate in the Commons, to go and see Garrick, or to visit Ranelagh. Very soon after seven the gentlemen will push back their chairs, put on their three-cornered hats and scarlet roquelaures, buckle on their swords, and wish each other good night. The squires tell their old sporting stories with great enjoyment—how they breasted a park paling, how they were nearly drowned fording the Trent after a thaw; how they tired three horses the day the hunt swept on into Yorkshire, and only Lord Byron, Mr. Chaworth, and themselves were at the finish.

About the time the drawer brings in the reckoning and the final bottle, Mr. Hewett, the chairman, starts a certain hobby of his, about the best means of preserving game in the present state of the game laws; which, as he afterwards naïvely said, "had very often produced agreeable conversation." The talk round the table, particularly at the Lord Byron and Chaworth end, has latterly been a little hot and wrangling, and Mr. Hewett prudently tries to change the subject.

This is an age, remember, in which gentlemen are apt to have differences. That dangerous and detestable habit of wearing swords in daily life leads too often to sudden and deadly arbitrations without waiting for jury or judge. Those swords, hanging in their gilt and silver sheaths from the wainscot pegs behind the chairs, are only too prompt servants in after-dinner disputes at taverns. There is a danger about this which is piquant to high-spirited men. Courage and cowardice are un-

masked at once in these disputes; no waiting for damages, no explaining away in newspaper correspondences. The sword settles all. The bully has to be repressed, the choleric man's honour vindicated. Men now "draw" for anything or nothing—to vindicate Miss Bellamy's virtue, to settle a dispute about the colour of an opera-dancer's eyes. If an important card be missed from the green table, "draw." If a man take the wall of you, "draw." If a rival beau jostle your sedan-chair with his, "draw." If a fellow hiss in the pit of a theatre when you applaud, "draw." If a gentleman with too much wine in his head reel against you in the piazzas, "draw." It is the coward and the philosopher who alone "with-draw," and get sneered at and despised accordingly; for public opinion is with the duellist, and every one is ready to fight.

To return to the table. Mr. Hewett proposes, sensibly enough, that the wisest way of preserving game would be to make it by law the property of the owner of the soil, so that the stealing of a pheasant would then rank with the stealing of a fowl, both alike having cost the landlord trouble and money in the rearing and guarding, and by no means to be ranked as mere wild, passing, fugitive creatures, free as moles, rats, and owls, for all to shoot and trap. Mr. Hewett's subject is unlucky, for the conversation soon wanders from theoretical reforms to actual facts, and to the question of severity or non-severity against poachers and other trespassers.

All had been jollity and good humour at the chairman's end of the table as yet; but now voices get louder, and more boisterous and self-asserting. The discussion is whether game increases more when neglected, or when preserved with severity. Lord Byron, who is capricious, self-willed, and violent in his opinions, is heterodox on these matters. He asserts, talking over and across his adversary's voice, that the true and only way to have abundant game is to take no care of it at all. Let partridges avoid nets if they can, and pheasants evade the sulphur-smoke of the Nottingham weaver; let hares choose their own forms, and seek their food where they find it best. He had tried it at Newstead, and it answered; for he had always more game than Mr. Chaworth or any of his neighbours. Mr. Chaworth insists that the only way to get plenty of game is to repress poachers and all unqualified persons.

"As a proof of this," he now says, "Sir Charles Sedley and myself have more game in five of our acres than Lord Byron has in all his manors."

Lord Byron reddens at this, and proposes an instant bet of one hundred guineas that the case is otherwise.

Mr. Chaworth, with an irritating laugh, calls for pen, ink, and paper, quick, to reduce the wager to writing, as he wishes to take it up. Mr. Sherwin laughs, and declares such a bet can never be decided. No bet is laid, and the conversation is resumed.

Mr. Chaworth presses the case in a way

galling to a man of Lord Byron's vain and passionate nature. He says:

"Were it not for my care and Sir Charles Sedley's being severe, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate."

Lord Byron, paler now, and with a cold dew on his upper lip, asks sneeringly:

"Sedley's manors?—Where are these manors of Sir Charles Sedley?"

Mr. Chaworth replies, "Bucknel, Nutthall, and Bulwell."

"Bulwell?"

Mr. Chaworth says that Sir Charles Sedley had a deputation for the lordship of Bulwell town.

Lord Byron replies, that deputations are liable to be recalled at any time, and says, angrily, "Bulwell Park is mine."

Mr. Chaworth rejoins hotly, "Sir Charles Sedley has a manor in Nutthall—and one of his ancestors bought it out of my family. If you want any further information about Sir Charles Sedley's manors, he lives at Mr. Cooper's, in Dean-street, and, I doubt not, will be able to give you satisfaction; and as to myself, your lordship knows where to find me—in Berkeley-row."

Mr. Hewett, who is rather deaf, did not hear the conversation until the bet roused him, and has now relapsed into conversation with his right-hand man. Mr. Sherwin wakes up at these sharp and threatening words. What wretch, what imp of mischief, has on a sudden blown the soft summer breeze into a winter hurricane? The club is now as silent as if the lightning of flashing swords had suddenly glanced across the lattice. Those rash and hasty words of Mr. Chaworth, provoked by the irritability and arrogance of Lord Byron about such a silly trifle, were little short of a challenge. Lord Byron glances sullenly behind him at his sword as it hangs from under his three-cornered hat, but no more is said on the dangerous subject.

Nothing comes of it. Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, it is true, do not talk together again; but they chat to the people near them, and all is again joviality and good humour. When Mr. Chaworth paid the club reckoning, as is his general practice, Mr. James Fynmore, the master of the tavern, observes him to be a little flurried; for, in writing, he made a small mistake. The book has lines ruled in cheques, and against each member present an O is placed; but if absent, five shillings is set down. He places five shillings against Lord Byron's name; but Mr. Fynmore observing to him that his lordship is present, he corrects his mistake. A few minutes after eight, Chaworth, having paid his own reckoning, went out, and is followed by Mr. Douston, who enters into discourse with him at the head of the stairs. Mr. Chaworth asks him particularly if he attended to the conversation between himself and Lord Byron, and if he thinks he (Chaworth) had been short in what he said on the subject? To which Mr. Douston answers: "No; you went rather too far upon so trifling an occasion; but I do not believe that Lord Byron or the company will think any more about it."

After a little ordinary discourse they parted ; Mr. Douston returned to the company, and Mr. Chaworth turned to go down-stairs. But just as Mr. Douston entered the door he met Lord Byron coming out, and they passed—as there was a large screen covering the door—without knowing each other. In the mean time, Lord Byron, moody, having probably watched Mr. Chaworth leave the room without his hat, found that gentleman on the landing. Mr. Chaworth, in a low thick voice, and with eyes that did not meet Byron's, said, meaningly :

"Has your lordship any commands for me?"

Lord Byron replied, considering this a second challenge: "I should be glad to speak a word with you in private."

Mr. Chaworth said: "The stairs are not a proper place; and, if you please, my lord, we will go into a room."

They descended to the first landing, and there both called several times for a waiter from below, to show them an empty room. The waiter came, and mechanically threw open the green-baize door of a back room on the right-hand side (No. 7), a dark cheerless room, with a few red coals smouldering in the fireplace. Placing on the table the rushlight he had in his own candlestick, he shut the outer door, and left the two gentlemen together, with the true sang froid of his profession. Lord Byron entered the dim room first, and, as they stood together by the low fire, asked Mr. Chaworth, with smothered rage:

"How am I to take those words you used above—as an intended affront from Sir Charles Sedley or yourself?"

Mr. Chaworth answered proudly: "Your lordship may take them as you please, either as an affront or not, and I imagine this room is as fit a place as any other to decide the affair in."

Then turning round, Mr. Chaworth stepped to the door, and slipped the brass bolt under the lock. Just at that moment, Lord Byron, moving out from the table to a small open part of the room, free of furniture, and about twelve feet long and six feet broad, cried, "Draw, draw!" and, looking round, Mr. Chaworth saw his lordship's sword already half drawn. Knowing the impetuous and passionate nature of the man, he whipped out his own sword, and, presenting the keen point (he was a stronger man and a more accomplished swordsman than his adversary), made the first thrust, which pierced Lord Byron's waistcoat and shirt, and glanced over his ribs, then he made a second quicker lunge which Lord Byron parried. Lord Byron now finding himself with his back to the table, and the light shifted to the right hand, Mr. Chaworth, feeling his sword impeded by his first thrust, believing he had mortally wounded Lord Byron, tried to close with him in order to disarm him; upon which Lord Byron shortened his arm, and ran him through, on the left side, in spite of all Mr. Chaworth's attempts to turn the point or parry it with his left hand. Mr. Chaworth saw the sword enter his body, and felt a pain deep through his back. He

then laid hold of the gripe of Lord Byron's sword, and, disarming his lordship, expressed his hope he was not dangerously wounded, at the same time pressing his left hand to his own side and drawing it back streaming with blood.

Lord Byron said, "I am afraid I have killed you."

Mr. Chaworth replied, "I am wounded," and unbolted the door, while Lord Byron, expressing his sorrow, rang the bell twice sharply, for assistance. As he supported Mr. Chaworth to an elbow-chair by the fire, Lord Byron said:

"You may thank yourself for what has happened, as you were the aggressor. I suppose you took me for a coward; but I hope now you will allow that I have behaved with as much courage as any man in the kingdom."

"Mr. Chaworth replied faintly: "My lord, all I have to say is, you have behaved like a gentleman."

In the interval, John Edwards, the waiter, who, while waiting at the bar for a bottle of claret for the Nottingham club, had been called by the two unhappy men to show them into an empty room, had brought up the wine, drawn the cork, and was decanting it. On hearing the bell, he ran down-stairs, found that the bell had been answered, and saw his master wringing his hands, and exclaiming: "Lord Byron has wounded Mr. Chaworth." He then ran up and alarmed the club, who instantly hurried down and found Mr. Chaworth with his legs on a chair, and leaning his head against Mr. Douston.

John Gothrop, the waiter who answered the bell, found, to his horror, Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth standing with their backs to the fire, Lord Byron's left arm round Mr. Chaworth's waist, and his sword in his right hand, the point turned to the ground, Mr. Chaworth with his right arm on Lord Byron's shoulder, and his sword raised in his left hand. Lord Byron called to him to take his sword, and call up his master.

When Fynmore came up, Mr. Chaworth said: "Here, James, take my sword; I have disarmed him." Fynmore then said to Lord Byron, taking hold of his sword, "Pray, my lord, give me your sword." Lord Byron surrendered it a little reluctantly; Fynmore took the two swords down-stairs, laid them upon a table, and sent at once for Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, a celebrated surgeon of the day. When he came, a little after eight o'clock, he found Mr. Chaworth sitting with his waistcoat partly unbuttoned, his shirt bloody, and his right hand pressing his wound. The sword had gone clean through the body, and out at the back. Mr. Chaworth said, "I believe I have received a mortal wound; for I feel a peculiar kind of faintness or sinking, and have a sensation of stretching and swelling in my belly that makes me think I bleed internally."

The company then left Mr. Chaworth with his own servant and Mr. Hawkins; and Lord Byron retired to a room down-stairs. Mr. Chaworth then thinking that he should not live five minutes, and wishing earnestly to see Mr.

Levinz, his uncle, Mr. Hewett took Mr. Wilmoughby on his coach to fetch Mr. Levinz from Kensington-gore, where his residence was; but Mr. Levinz was dining with the Duke of Leeds. Mr. Chaworth was at first unwilling to be moved until he had seen Mr. Levinz, thinking that the jolting would increase the internal bleeding, and accelerate his death. Subsequently, however, feeling stronger, he was removed to his own house in Berkeley-row, at about ten o'clock that night.

Before being removed he said he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would forgive him too; and he said earnestly, two or three times, that, pained and distressed as he then was, he would rather be in his present situation than live under the misfortune of having killed another person. He declared there had been nothing between him and Lord Byron that might not have been easily made up. He then asked, with generous anxiety, about the mortal wound which he believed he had inflicted on his adversary.

Mr. Robert Adair, a surgeon, and Dr. Adington, Mr. Chaworth's own physician, also attended the dying man, but failed to afford him any relief. When Mr. Levinz came into the bed-chamber, Mr. Chaworth pressed his hand and desired him to send for a lawyer as soon as possible, as he wanted to make a new will, and believed he should be dead before morning. Upon this, Mr. Levinz, almost broken-hearted, going out into the ante-room, told Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, Mr. Adair, Mr. Hewett, and Mr. Wilmoughby, that he was totally deprived of recollection, and could not remember any lawyer near. Mr. Hawkins mentioned Mr. Partington, a man of character, and he was sent for. While Mr. Partington was preparing the will in the ante-room, the other gentlemen having gone down-stairs, Mr. Levinz again went to the bedside to hear how the unfortunate affair had happened. After the will was executed and the friends had returned to the bedroom, Mr. Levinz, in great distress, said to the dying man:

"Dear Bill, for God's sake how was this? Was it fair?" Mr. Chaworth's head was at the moment turned from Mr. Levinz; but on that question he turned, said something indistinctly, and seemed to shrink his head in the pillow. He afterwards repeated the story, and exclaimed twice:

"Good God, that I could be such a fool as to fight in the dark!"

Meaning that he regretted having sacrificed his superiority as a swordsman. In a light and open room he would probably have disarmed his antagonist at once. He said he did not believe Lord Byron intended fighting when they entered the room together, till he thought he had him at an advantage. "He died as a man of honour; but he thought Lord Byron had done himself no good by it." Several times in the night, on being pressed to relate how the affair began above stairs, Mr. Chaworth always answered:

"It is a long story, and it is troublesome to

me to talk. They will tell you—Mr. Douston will tell you."

For about an hour after the will was signed and sealed, and the statement was taken down by Mr. Partington, Mr. Chaworth appeared amazingly composed; but about four he fell into "vast tortures." He was never again free from pain, but warm fomentations relieved him somewhat. After giving directions for his funeral, he died about nine in the morning.

On Mr. Cæsar Hawkins examining the body, he found that Lord Byron's sword had entered one inch to the left of the navel and passed obliquely, coming out six inches higher in the back. It had passed through the lower part of the diaphragm, and blood had lodged in the cavity of the left lung.

Some time after this unhappy affair—the coroner having found him guilty of murder—Lord Byron surrendered himself to be tried by his peers, and was sent to the Tower. On the 16th of April, about half an hour after nine in the morning, his lordship, escorted by portions of the Horse and Foot Guards, and attended by the lieutenant-governor, constable of the Tower, and another gentleman, was brought in a coach by the New-road, Southwark, to a court erected in Westminster Hall. The peers stood uncovered while the king's commission was read appointing the Earl of Northington the temporary lord high steward. The Garter and the gentleman usher of the black rod, with three reverences, presented the white staff to the Earl of Northington, who then took his seat, with bows to the throne, in an arm-chair placed on the uppermost step but one of the throne. The serjeant-at-arms then made the usual proclamation in old Norman French: "Oyez! oyez! oyez!"

William Lord Byron was brought to the bar by the deputy-governor of the Tower. The gentleman jailer carried the axe before him, and stood during the trial on the prisoner's left hand with the axe's edge turned from him. The prisoner made three reverences when he came to the bar, and knelt. On leave being given him to rise, he rose and bowed, first to the lord high steward, and then to the lords; these compliments were graciously returned.

When the clerk of the crown cried, "How say you, William Lord Byron, are you guilty of the felony and murder whereof you stand indicted, or not guilty?"

Lord Byron replied, "Not guilty, my lords."

The clerk said, "Cul-prit," which means, "Qu'il parait" (May it appear so).

The trial being resumed, the solicitor-general, in his speech, held that it was murder if after a quarrel the aggressor has had time to cool and deliberate, and acts from malice and premeditation. In that case, whatever motive actuated him, whether some secret grudge or an imaginary necessity of vindicating his honour, of satisfying the world of his courage, or any other latent cause, he is no object for the benignity of the law. After this, Lord Byron, who declined examining any witnesses on his own behalf, told their lordships that what he had to

offer in his own vindication, he had committed to writing, and now begged that it might be read by the clerk, as he found his own voice, considering his present situation, would not be heard. His speech was accordingly read by the clerk in a very audible and distinct manner, and contained an exact detail of all the particulars relating to the melancholy affair between him and Mr. Chaworth. He said he declined entering into the circumstances of Mr. Chaworth's behaviour, further than was necessary for his own defence; and expressed his deep and unfeigned sorrow at the event.

He added: "Our fighting could not be very regular, circumstanced as it was; but, notwithstanding some considerations, my own mind does not charge me with the least unfairness. In such a case, your lordships will no doubt have some consideration for human weakness and passion, always influenced and inflamed in some degree by the customs of the world. And though I am persuaded no compassion can obstruct your impartial justice, yet I trust that you will incline to mitigate the rigour of it and administer it according to law, in mercy. I am told, my lords, that it has been held by the greatest authorities in the land, that if contumelious words, and still more, I presume, if contemptuous words of challenge, have been given by one man to another, and, before they are cooled, either bids the other draw his sword, and death ensues after mutual passes, the fact of that case will not amount to murder." Begging their lordships to acquit him of all malice, and to consider him an unhappy, innocent, but unfortunate man, the prisoner concluded in these words:

"My lords, I will detain you no longer. I am in your lordships' judgment, and shall expect your sentence, whether for life or death, with all the submission that is due to the noblest and most equitable court of judicature in the world."

The prisoner being then removed, after an adjournment to the House, the peers one by one, beginning with Lord George Vernon, the youngest, gave their verdict to the lord high steward, who stood uncovered; the Dukes of Gloucester and York speaking last. One hundred and nineteen voted Lord Byron guilty of manslaughter, and four declared him not guilty generally; and as, by an old statute of Edward the Sixth, peers are, in all cases where clergy is allowed, to be dismissed without burning in the hand, loss of inheritance, or corruption of blood, his lordship was immediately dismissed on paying his fees.

The counsel for his lordship were the Hon. Mr. Charles Yorke and Alexander Wedderburn, Esq.; the attorney, Mr. Potts. Against his lordship, were the attorney-general, the solicitor-general, Mr. Sergeant Glyn, Mr. Stone, Mr. Cornwall; and as attorney, Mr. Joynes.

After this glorious but stultifying assertion of aristocratic privileges and the right of manslaughter, the lord high steward rose uncovered, and the gentleman usher of the black

rod, kneeling, presented him with the white staff of office, which he broke in two, and then dissolved the commission. Advancing to the wool-pack, he said: "Is it your lordships' pleasure to adjourn to the chamber of parliament?"

The lords replied, "Ay, ay;" and the House was then adjourned.

That same evening when Mr. Chaworth's lacerated and pierced body was lying on the plumed bed behind the grand damask curtains—far away out in the quiet moonlight, in the Newstead pastures and in the lonely Annesley meadows, the large-eyed hares were gambolling, unconscious of the mischief they had caused, and the partridges (birds that ought to be crimson-feathered, considering the brave men's blood they have so long been the means of shedding) were calling each other plaintively from the stubbles, careless of their lord's sorrows and their master's death.

But was Lord Byron really guilty in the matter of this duel? We think the fight was by no means a premeditated one. There had been some old differences between the two men, about private matters. At the club dinner, if Lord Byron's manner were taunting, Mr. Chaworth's was distinctly threatening. The final words of the latter amounted to a public challenge, for he considered Lord Byron had given him the lie about Sir Charles Sedley's manors. When he grew cold, Lord Byron grew hot. He evidently regretted what he had said; but, seeing Lord Byron follow him, he probably thought that he came to settle the difference. Lord Byron, seeing him waiting there, perhaps thought he was waiting for him, and he proposed retiring to an empty room. There, Lord Byron certainly drew his sword rather abruptly; but his sullen vindictiveness brooked no delay. It was never supposed that he planned an assassin's treacherous thrust. Mr. Chaworth lunged first, and thought he had killed his man; asking was he wounded? The question is, did Lord Byron unfairly take advantage of the moment's lull, during Mr. Chaworth's inquiry, to kill his adversary? The dying man did not accuse him of this, but rather of his having in the first place revengefully urged him (for a few hasty words) to the fatal duel. Mr. Chaworth's chief regret seems to have been in fighting by the light of a farthing candle, and thus sacrificing his skill in fencing.

Lord Byron, it is certain, left Westminster Hall with the brand of Cain upon his forehead. A mysterious and indelible stain was on his escutcheon. The "maccaroni" and the world of fashion somehow shunned him, a whisper of suspicion followed him wherever he went; a suspicion that could not be resolved into words of foul play and unfair advantage. The peers had acquitted him; the world regarded him as condemned, and tacitly treated him as a criminal. He retired into Nottinghamshire, and became a sullen, gloomy, morose man. His passions grew more inveterate; he changed into a half-crazed, revengeful, brooding misanthrope: a wicked Timon of Athens. No stories about

"the wicked lord" were thought too wild and monstrous. He always went armed, as if dreading secret enemies. On one occasion, he is said in a rage to have thrown his wife into the lake in front of the abbey, from which she was rescued by the gardener; who then thrashed her savage husband. Another time, he is said to have shot his coachman for disobeying orders, and to have thrown the bleeding body into the coach where Lady Byron was seated, and driven her home himself. Once when his neighbour, Admiral Sir Borlase Warren, one of his old naval friends, came to dine with him, pistols are said to have been placed on the table beside the knives and forks, as parts of the regular table furniture, and as likely to be needed. These stories are, of course, mere country people's exaggerations of petty acts of passion; but they show how much the proud, wicked lord was dreaded and hated by the villagers round the forest. This at least is certain—that the wayward unhappy man separated from his wife, drove away nearly all his servants, and created a mournful solitude around himself.

Enraged at the marriage of his son and heir, who died young, he let the abbey fall into ruin, cut down all the family oaks to pay his debts, and sold the valuable mineral property in Rochdale. He had been, in youth, a lieutenant under Admiral Bolehen. His only amusement, in age, consisted in sham-fights on the lake, between two "baby forts" he had built on the shore, and a little vessel he had brought on wheels from some port on the eastern coast. Heedless of what might happen after his death, and unable to cut off the entail, he never mentioned his grand-nephew but as "the little boy who lived at Aberdeen."

At war with the human race, the wicked lord, in "austere and savage seclusion," took refuge in the love of animals. He tamed an immense number of crickets, whom he allowed to crawl over him, and corrected when too familiar with a wisp of straw. When their patron and protector died, there is a tradition, according to Washington Irving, that they packed up, bag and baggage, and left the abbey together for "fresh fields and pastures new," flocking across the courts, corridors, and cloisters in all directions.

The Byrons came in with the Conqueror, and stood well all through English history. One ancestor at Horeston Castle, in Derbyshire, was hostage for the Cœur de Lion's ransom; another, fought by the side of Henry the Fifth in France; a third, rode at Bosworth against the fierce Crookback; a fourth, was made Knight of the Bath at the ill-fated marriage of Henry the Eighth's brother, Prince Arthur; a fifth, "Sir John Byron the little, with the great beard," whose ghost still haunts the corridors of Newstead, was rewarded with Newstead at the dissolution and tearing to pieces of the monasteries. Sir Nicholas Byron defended Chester, and fought passionately at Edgehill. At the battle of Newbury there were seven cavalier brother Byrons fighting against the Puritan flag. Another Lord Byron

was groom of the bedchamber to stupid Prince George of Denmark, and married three times—first, a daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater; second, a daughter of the Earl of Portland; third, a daughter of Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, from the last of whom the great poet was descended.

When the old lord died, in his miserable self-made solitude, in 1798, Newstead passed into the possession of the poet, then eleven years of age, living, with his mother, in humble lodgings in Aberdeen. His father was the profligate and abandoned son of that brave old sailor, the brother of the duellist—"Foul Weather Jack," whose voyages and adventures are well known. The bad son had been discarded by his father. He then seduced the Marchioness of Carmarthen, was divorced from her, and broke her heart. He afterwards married the poet's mother, Miss Gordon, whose fortune of twenty thousand pounds he squandered in two years, and then deserted her.

Tom Moore tells a simple but striking anecdote of the arrival of the short fat intemperate mother and the little lame boy, handsome and bright-eyed, at the Newstead toll-bar to take possession. Mrs. Byron, affecting ignorance, asked the toll-keeper's wife to whom the seat among the woods belonged. She was answered that the owner of it, Lord Byron, had been some months dead.

"And who is the next heir?" asked the proud and happy mother.

"They say," replied the old woman, "that he is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen."

"And this is the bairn, bless him!" exclaimed the nurse, no longer able to keep the secret, and covering with kisses the young lord who was seated on her lap.

One of Byron's favourite haunts was "The Devil's Wood"—a gloomy grove of larches, planted by the wicked lord before the duel, and ornamented with leaden statues of fauns (called devils by the country people), and dark green with mould. In his farewell visit to the grove, when he sold Newstead to Colonel Wildman, his old Harrow school chum, he came here with his sister, and carved their joint names on an elm.

It was while home at Newstead for the Harrow vacation that the boy poet, then only fifteen, fell in love with Mary Chaworth, a beautiful girl of seventeen. Their trysting-place was a gate that joined the Newstead grounds to those of Annesley Hall. Mary's mother encouraged his visits; for the feud had ceased, the fatal bloodshed had been forgotten, and the marriage would have joined two noble estates. Soon after Byron returned to school, the girl (at an imcompressible age) fell in love with Mr. Musters, a young stalwart fox-hunter, whom she first saw, from the roof of the hall, dashing through the park at the head of all the riders: when Byron returned home, she was engaged to him. They parted (it is told in that chef-d'œuvre of love-poems, *The Dream*) on a hill near Annesley, the last of a long promontory of upland that

advances into the valley of Newstead, and close to a ring of trees that was long a landmark to Nottinghamshire; then, taking a long last look at Annesley, Byron spurred his horse homeward like a madman. That ring of trees Jack Musters afterwards cut down in a jealous pet with his (as it was reported) ill-used wife.

Poor Mary Chaworth! her marriage was far from happy. Her rough hard-riding husband, the first gentleman huntsman of his day (famous for his tremendous fight with Ashteton Smith when at Eton), was (Irving says) harsh and neglectful. He seldom came to Annesley; disliking the poetical immortality that Byron had conferred on his wife, and lived at a house near Nottingham. This was set on fire during a Luddite riot; Mrs. Musters, a delicate woman, escaping into the shrubbery on that cold wet night, half naked. Her fragile constitution never recovered this shock, and her mind ultimately gave way.

The bitterness of that early disappointment Byron never forgot. Long after his unhappy marriage, he wrote:

"My M. A. C., alas! Why do I say *my*? Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least one heart, and two persons not ill matched in years; and—and—and—what has been the result!"

BALLAD OPERA AND HOME TRAGEDY.

APOLAGIES being due for the protraction of curiosity—such as naturally flowed in the tract of my photographic revilations—subsequently the Delusive Bonnets of Arcadia—the endurances beneath a pictorial prig who naled his colours to the mast of Piety's banner—and the cruel crumbling into air of the Stratfordian bubble. Gentle reader of the two sexes (the ladies first), recollect that crushed souls revives slowly, be healing's balm ever so prompt and surreptitious. In place of balsam, alas! bitters was alias my lot.* To precede to an ulterior chapter of my sad, lonely tale.

On the sitting of Hope's beams in Mr. Stratford's entertainment, which would have embarked me forth in communion with a choice spirit and elevated me in the sociable scale, Uncertainty presumed her sway. Whither next promote extortion? was the *note* and query. To be a model, even A. 1, would it longer suffice? (considering the ware and tare of poetry and passion expected by such as Mr. Bloxome, who looks to have truth, and purity, and antic Christian art divigated for them at a few shillings a hour—as if they should not be able to circumvent it out of their own heads). But a model, when the party comes to be B. 2, is what no one, as has had a past of glory (including favour among the tender sex) can supersede to. That there Dis-

obedient Prophet had given me a sickener, and others, younger, was arising from Ocean bright (as the sweet opera duett in which flamed the orb of day expresses the fact)—and I was satiated of stripping, and I was the piece of the Rose, as had lived by the Clay, and had been a near precocious prosperity—how, scattered to the four winds by the dilapidation of my agreeable friend and *quoniam* partner, Mr. Stratford, and the machinations of that Mings I have narated. Now *could* I, after them soaring confidences, retrospect to past spheres?

The titters of Mrs. Molesey, on my disappointment with Mr. Stratford, conspired to my decree: assented in, as they was, by my partner, whose fractious airs increased. Mrs. M. (that inefficient cook) entitled a dish, and a precious lot of cold potatoes was in it, "Timothy's entertainment;"—and when I retorted the Tubululated Bridge at her, her tempers they grew truly horrid. The two, to hear them, would never have partaken of a cake or a pain had I not crossed their path. "An idle, profligate coxcomb, willing to live on bonnets, or anything beside as might offer." Let me take my way, let them take theirs unmolested, was the finale of our domestic triads. I wished that it might be so; only molestation and Mrs. Molesey was synoptious, and having fixed her claws on my wife, let her alone again she never would till the downfal of Popacy. They was to retain the boy, who had been articulated, I am confident, to screech whenever he set eyes on me (babies being as equal to hints as adultious Christians), and I was to transmit them eighteen shillings a week to their separate home, a boarding-house at Maida-vale—which they was to open under resplendent auspices. I did ask, as we was sitting over dinner concerting, was these from the Tubulous Dividends from the Bridge, and was emitted in answer a spoonful of scalding hot rice-pudding splashed in my entire visage (the marks is on my nose still), and a catyact of language I will not impute to pages animated by elegance and order. "Mrs. M.," said I, "your name should be MINGS, not Molesey, if Molesey it be. Mrs. Wignett, though you have taken a sisterly rattlesnake to your bosom, if sister she be, whatever so be her private means and advances, I will act above-board and graceful about the money for the boy;—and I hopes never to break bread at the same table with either of you women again, save you can congeal your tempers as casual females should."

How little did I ween of the oraculous truth as was devolved in my adieu: with the two women laughing, and the baby screeching itself black in the face—I believe to this hour, prompted by a pin. How could I presume of the cavernous secrets as lurked in that boarding-house project? I should have known as such females would not let a male go, on fugacious reasons—*alibi* that they was a hiding and a huddling away what was more than meant the ear:—but my temper was exploded. "Tread on a simple worm," &c. &c., and my face was smarting under the missel launched against it, the marks of which

* See page 33 of vol. xiv., and page 138 of vol. xv.

attests on my face. So putting my hat on my head with a careless defying air, and assuming my portmanteau and hatbox, purveyed for the expedition with Mr. Stratford, I shut the street door on them Gorgons;—and breathing the bloomy air of eve, while waiting for the omnibus. "Timothy," said I, "this is Lord Byron anew constricted. You are free." The lodgings was up that very night, for Posterity forbid, dear sir, that I should have left those ill-conditioned beings in a pennyworth of debt. Weaker vessels, when under dejection, commit strange freaks. It was them, I hold good, as severed every natural tie; but indeed, sir, though I say it who should not say it, I could not moan the severance. And I *was* free; at the rate of eighteen shillings a week: and they was off, and easy to their own pursuits;—and I was eager for mine, to which I had been for some time rising approximations.

Opera has been from boyhood's guileless prime my halo. In the fond epoch of youth, I have basked in the pit of Italy, by favour of a ballad-master and cleaned gloves. If elegant wearables was availed of from a noble wardrobe, to appear in the due regimen of decoration, my Lord was not sensitive of it. But could I have tuned my voice to sing, would I have done such, among them foreigners? Sir, never. English sentiments has always been my criterion—so allured me to a tract of fascinating effort. And with a spelling dictionary and a riming dictionary, and a ear for ballads and organs, such as is rewarded to a pausity, I felt strong enough to launch a new bark, on waters which, mind, and poetry, and loveliness, and supernal music sweetly pervaded. Nor was I without a vehicle of connexion with the entrancing arena of my hopes.

Mr. Berrington, sir, is a writer of musical term whom I had casually witnessed while respectfully frequenting a Shades, where persons could meet partys of reciprocate enthusiasm for art. In these golden Stratford days ("Are you indeed for ever past?") I had partook with Mr. Berrington as a kindred spirit, and he had said to me, "Mr. Theodore, why should not you and me corroborate? You have Fancy's flow, I have Music's spell. Let us make an opera together, and them publishers shall buy it, played or not played." For Mr. Berrington he welded the pen of the Press or pressure besides eliciting music.

And so, during the boistering Era of later domestic days, I had devoted the midnight lamp over a pensive tale to draw loving tears from every deligher in ballads and the beauties of the stage;—and so, after having established myself in a lodging (what matter where the lowly roof), I breathed in a predicament of relief from them two women, and, I must add, from that boy who had never done sereaching since he commenced his vale of tears. I sought out Mr. Berrington, then residuary at Camden Town, and, "Sir," I said to him, "here is a domestical opera, if ever was such a ticket, and ballads to which them as gives out texts for Florrybell to set is but child's play." "Mr. Theodore," says Mr.

Berrington, fingering his piano on the keys, "I am beseeched with proposals from every point of the compass. Here" (and he pointed the other hand to a *role* as might have come cold from every one's dripping-pan, so greasy was it) "is a grand opera-book by Boley (you know Boley's burlesques) on a harrowing subject—'Jesny Campbell, or the Well of Cawnporc.' But the massacre ain't developed. I am obliged to send it back to him; and, besides, ballads is all the go now. Polly's Parrot, in spite of its Royalty" (what this was, gracious only knew), "has made its publishers one thousand pounds. I've a notion of a opera with a Bird in it ever since I see Mrs. Sims Reeves make such a good business over a wicker cage hung among the twining wouldbine."

"Mr. Berrington," says I (thrilling—for who would not have kindled as knew what Bird in the bush was mine?), "you enhance me beyond extraction! Sir, I am proud I can satisfy you. Ever since I see the Ashley piece with camels and that practical ostrich as flapped its wings on hiding its head in the sand to warn the two lovers prosecuted by the Nubian Tyrant, which had but a limited success—the idea of the domestic fowl of our native home has rose on the sphere of fancy. Cocorobin was the first theme as suggested, only he was worn thread-breast in Pantomimes, till every one's sick of them Babes in the Wood. As to swans, real water is their unfailing perquisite, which Opera cannot always control;—save at the Wells, which is low. There, sir, swans on the brink, even during when a thrilling the last lay, immortalised by verse, cuts but a melancholy awkward appearance. So," says I, protruding the manuscript of my soul, "my opera is called 'The White Fowl of the Village, or Bliss in the Cot.' The scene lays in Dorsetshire, but first *dram*. charicters which, so be, is these—" And I sate down prepared to elocute my book, the child of such hours of Care's hope.

"Stop, Mr. Theodore," says Mr. Berrington, "don't untie them strings. Things gets lost if they are not kept tight together; and to-night I am distracted, as I have no leisure to enjoy your delightful task—for delightful I ween it is. I was putting on my hat as you came in, to go and rehearse my new ballad, The Elderberry Blossom, with Miss Kewney. She is down for it at Sevenokes to-morrow, and at Basingstock the day after, and on Monday at Forfar, and a precious lot of places besides;—so I cannot concentrate, as would be my wish when you are the category. Leave the book with me; and call—let me see"—and Mr. Berrington tapped his forehead as if he was counting a sum—call, we'll say, this day fortnight."

"Sir," says I, "the integinum of our mutual meeting will be a protractious eternity till the dear moment comes to pass; but you know best." And I left the abode of music's spell less brightly than I had repaired to it.

Suspense, sir, is as wearing as stones beyond the axtion of water. I could neither fix nor settle them fourteen long days and sleepless

nights; and though I strove every means in my power to endue other little things as might be saleable (fired by the instance of Miss Kewney), all was vain. The river was seald; the pool would not deign flow;—but I remitted with punctualitude the money agreed on for the boy with them banes of my being;—and this, and my keep, was purchased with the momentous price of them lovely gold sleeve-buttons on which I had prided myself in gaudy careless days, now past and gone. And, sir, if I do not know every macadamised inch and ell of the Regent's Park, it is not the fault of my feet, winged by a hungry appetite and the allusions of sick Hope, as walked the lonely round till midnight's murky chime!

For goodness knows what panes had been mine, over them ballads in my opera, also the spoken dialects between the true lovers and their unfeigned parients,—one of whom nourished a dreary grim secret, and the other was plunged in difficulty's marass by disasters on the part of a haughty proud landlord of the nobility. I will divulge no further—nor anticipate by forecast what may yet one day see the light (the Orlando Rooms being momentaneously propitious), beyond simply prescribing the song which young Robert Limetree is allotted with, while sitting on a rock on Exile's shore, in act the third, just before providitious rescue brightens the sphere. The faded light of other days revives him to his native home:

How Fancy's pencil dear can draw
The lone familiar scene,
The cot of bliss in roof of straw,
The grass so dewy green.
My parent's coat adown the chair,
His hat adorns the peg,
And in the baskit nestles rare
My mother's new-laid egg.
I've romed where rovers fish for perls,
Athwart the burning brine,
And 'mong Sirenia's luring girls
Have quaughed the rosiate wine—
And some must weep, and some must change,
And hearts go cold—or beg;—
But Memory, she can ne'er estrange
My mother's new-laid egg.

Prudence—as you will own—precludes further specimens, the treatment with the Orlando Rooms being not rectified.

Well, sir, as I have said, that fortnight seemed to be a cycle; but trials will roll on their way at last;—and lo! I was at the appointed door, with say my heart how idle beating—so secure as I was of being on the threshing-stone of Fame. On asking was Mr. Berrington expecting me: imagine the torpedo of horror as overwhelmed expectation, on learning that he had quitted his recent address, and was at Ramsgate, Margate, or, perhaps, at Plymouth, in Dorsetshire—mine hostess knew not which. Inquiry disclosed that every stitch and scrap he possessed (others' brains included) had decamped with him, not leaving a rack behind!

Gentle reader, remote be it to harrow you with my feelings on the question. The state of

abjection in which abiss I fell, what can depict? How track out Mr. Berrington? Live I must, beside eighteen shillings for that boy weekly to them Harpers revelling in the spoil. Independency and want forbid I should resort to them females anew, in my crisis! My studs was the resource as suggested themselves, and I oaned two sets of which. So they evolved with a sigh—and precious little I got for them, real carbuncles considered. But storms pass, and Thought will insert her seat with them as strives. Mr. Berrington, I was sure, for his own sake, could not be the unprincipalled villian as seemed his *role*—nor abandon London's metropolis, since where else was music's field? Alas! how little I dreamed of the longitude of the intermedeary epoch, before he did reopen on the horizon!

Suffice it, without prolixiousness, I prepared to my proximate calling with a view of both ends meeting; and eschewing high art, and falling into the tone of abasement of turns, some little artless pictures well known to the populous mind, as "The Carthusian's Monk at the Altar," "The Outcast actuated by Remorse over the Gate," and "The Adieu in the Hour of War's Deadly Blast," with others, remain—lithographicitious bearing witness as I worked hard, but 'O, with a heavy heart! to keep aloft above the waters of necessity. Then I did, for a pittance, dispose of a lyrical song or two—(Don't them publishers beat lowly souls down to the dust!)—and my "Anne's Dispair" was took up by one of them amateurs who prefers to set upon what posey costs them nothing, or as bad; and it was sung by Madame Campbell Canterini in six distinct counties of England (so the Times inserted) during nine days of gloomy November. But what is the good of Fame, when its mead is doled forth so disproportionated, and Poetry only reaped ten shillings?

Week after week dragged its length, and relief after relief of times when I had no end of good clothes, and my little trinkets of taste about me, vanished in the wake of them first jewellery. I became careless-like, as if Hope's plannet never would shed its beams more for me. But sink as I pleased, them eighteen shillings for the boy never baffled me; and it was a treat that them female destroyers of domesticity never entered communication with me on paper and in personality. Months followed in their train, and new projects resumed to dawn. When arrived a day, the reversion of which brings back suffering sorrow so keen, as, till this poor heart shall omit to beat, will never find adequacy of expression to portray it.

Agony, however, was ushered in by a gleam of auspicious surprise. Fancy the rapturing thril of a message from Covent-garden's principal hotel, via medium of the publisher of "Anne's Dispair." Mr. Berrington, who had just come up to town, requested Mr. Theodore to call any hour of the evening on business as presto. Then my defunct dress suit and my trinkets came poignant back before me. But I titivated myself up in my best, and lightly

sought the opening proposed. Who knew? The bad step might be concluded, and boyant hours once more return.

Vicissitude quickens the eye. On being marshalled to Mr. Berrington's visial apartment, it became obvious as he was a new mortal. Proud and solemn, and grown fat, and a costly, expensive chain, with a ball like a magician's, only smaller, and other charms. Nor was the moral of the tale long in the dark. A showy, stout lady, more rubicandious than strict elegance admits, was haughtily reclining on the other side of the fire.

"Mrs. Berrington, my darling, this is Mr. Theodore. 'Bliss in the Cot,' you know, love."

The lady yawned, and said "O!" and that was the sum *bonum* of her notice.

"Sit down, Theodore," said Mr. Berrington. "You know Mrs. Berrington by reputation; Miss Kewney that was, till I prevailed on her to change her name."

"Sir," said I, "wedlock is not wonderful in the present state of parties, the Elderberry Flower considered. I beg to wish you both propitious happiness," and my heart began on the spot to beat like an anvil, for I discerned Mr. Berrington a-fingering a paper book, and I knew "Bliss in the Cot" again,—the child of hours of Care's sweet hope.

"I've gone through this book of yours, Theodore," said he; "and there's something to be got out of it."

"Sir," I interrupted, with my eyes in an absolute mist, "what you say imports life to me."

"Perverted you will correct the grammar and the autography, and set the rymes to rights, and change the plot of ground in the third act. And, by the way, Mrs. Berrington must have a part of a page, and a rondo with castynets to bring the curtain down. Have it ready by Easter, when Mrs. Berrington opens at the Limited Royal Commercial Academy of Music" (how he rolled this out!), "and we'll talk about it then."

If I said anything—if I said nothing—or what I did not say to a proposial so cold-bloodedly fatal in the extreme, I do not recollect to this existing day. I am fearful that the pangs of the needy which explodes consequential in bad language got the better of me; and I was tearing along the Strand like an insane wild beast of the wild forest, with my book crushed fast in my thrilling, disappointed hand, ere I knew as I was out of that wicked house; and that bloated, unfeeling oppressor of genius, with his partner yawning subsiquent to a meal in the corisponding chair. Malydiction would have rose to my lips. Only such is not eligible in thoroughfairs.

But worse it was to come behind. I reached the portal of Povirty's poor abode at last. I may have deviated round by Hoxton or Camberwell, for anything I can aver;—and my throat was as choked, and my lips was as burning like a furnace, as if I had been a party fresh from a sea-sight or a earthquake. A cab drove up to the house door simultaneous, and the cabman he descended and opened the door wide, and out he

drew a large basket. There was a shawl over it. Didn't I know by experiness its patron?

"Can you acquaint me, my good fellow," says he, as superior as if we was equals, "if Timothy Wignett has a room here?"

"Pull the second bell, and ask if so be you want to ask any inquiry," was my reply.

"Because," said the same party, sniggering, "I've brought him a present and a note."

"Hand it over," says I; "a present is welcome to all." I knew as how it was in request.

"When my fair's paid," says he; and down he flumped the basket on the door-step, as impudent as Lucifer.

I had only a hard three shillings about me towards the week's eighteen for the boy. He got all three, and drove off like a thunderbolt. I had eat nothing since morning, for high hopes had extinguished appetite, and I saved all as I could. So he drove off, and I was left on the steps with the basket and the note. I knew the handwriting as confidentially as I knew the shawl, erst Lady Maria's, now full of slits.

This was in its contents—the date was not Maida-vale:

"We are going abroad. My sister having unitad herself to one of the best of men, and about to embark with me in a prosperous undertaking. Never mind were. Baby being out of the question, I forward him to you per bearer. He is delicate, above all when he is in his tempers. "M. W."

I tottered. This last feather launched against one unable to cope with any fresh unpleasantry, broke me down as no expressions can convey. I got my female landlady to aid me up-stairs with the reluctant unwelcome burthen, though it was no weight to speak of.

"Why, what is this, Mr. Theodore?" said she, crying out sudden, as she unpinned the shawl, which had fastened the child in its place tighter as should have been so. "The baby's dead, and only just! Feel, it's hardly quite cold yet. Poor little thing!"

O sir, I would not wish the most presuming and imperuous of them as has pursued me with calculatung cruelties to feel what I felt as I touched the little curled-up hands (the arms was dismal lean), and the little purple lips, and the eyes as was half open, dim. Conscientious remorse gnawed like a file. I could not be in a due passion with that misterous sister-in-law of mine, as had wound my wife round her finger; for Mrs. Wignett, though weak, would never, by her own importunities, have contrived at the neglect of infancy equal to this. Guilty I felt myself, having too willing easy resigned an offspring of my bosom to them pair of pernicious females. If ever there was a moving spectacle to ring a repentant roving being, it was that poor, pale, unhealthy dead creature, as had never requested to enter this life of its own free will and concord. I flung myself on the ground with a desperate torrent of grievous sobs and grones, and wished as I was dead likewise to lay beside it. How long I prostrated there

Memory refuses to explicit from her tablet—till my landlady stooped and touched me.

"Don't give way, Mr. Theodore. We must have a doctor to see it, and then look after the laying out."

She spoke gruff, having a perpetuous relaxed throat; but she is not as hard a woman as she speaks, and my blessings watch over her for the way as how she helped me during the tempest of calamity as benumbed every universal power. Gentle reader, let us hide the veil over further saddening particulars.

PANTOMIMES.

THE name of RICH should be dear to all pantomime-goers; and the rows of little lips that line the front rows at Christmas should be taught who their benefactor was. There were pantomimes, indeed, before his day—so early as the year 1700; but it was Rich, both as player and writer, that made that sort of piece respectable. It was in 1717 that we find his name conspicuously associated with a *Féerie* called "Harlequin Executed!" He was a strange being, an eccentric manager; but, beyond question, the most original and vivacious of harlequins.

A harlequinade then consisted of two portions—one serious and the other comic, the serious portion being a story selected from, say, Ovid's Metamorphoses, and set off with all magnificence of scenery, rich dresses, pretty music, and grand dances. At intervals during the progress of the fable, Harlequin and his company came on, and with their diverting tricks and changes varied the story; they carried on a sort of underplot. The whole was more symmetrical than the modern rather disjointed plan of tacking the harlequinade to the opening *spectacle*.

Rich, from some affectation, would not appear under his own name, but was always set down in the bills as "Mr. Lun." He was a little eccentric, and had a dialect of his own, with an odd, blunt, "Abernethy" manner. When Miss Bellamy was congratulating herself on the success of her Juliet, he coolly took snuff, and told her she must set that all down to his procession, and that her acting had nothing to do with it. Rich had a provincial dialect, and twisted names into special shape for himself. Wilkinson asked him to give a part to Ned Shuter. In reply, the manager took snuff, and stroked his cat. "If I give it to *Muster Shuttleworth*, he will not let me teach him; but I will *larn* you, *Muster William-skin*—" Suddenly Younger, the prompter, entered hastily, and interrupted them. The manager turned on him in a rage. "Get away *Muster Youngmore*; I am teaching *Muster Whittington*." Then trying to get the actor to sign articles, he warned him against Barry, whom he called "*Muster Barkeymore*," and told him he had no chance from *Muster Griskin*, which was his name for Garrick.

The tone of these pieces about a century ago was purely rustic. The characters were far-

mers and village maidens; the scenes and changes were all taken from the country and farm-yard. There were louts and countrymen. Harlequin, in all sorts of disguises, "courting Columbine," was always pursued by the "village constables," whom he eluded with endless tricks and devices, so that the introduction of modern policemen is founded on strict tradition.

An odd feature about these old pantomimes was that they were not confined to Christmas. Harlequin Ranger, one of Garrick's great "hits," came out at Drury Lane early in the November of 1754. "Queen Mab," a *féerie* of the same pattern, was brought out in the same month. But on the "boxing night," the same year, appeared "The Genii," which, provoked by a rivalry then going on between the two great theatres, seems to have quite dazzled the critics; for the reporter of a journal bearing the odd name of "THE SCOURGE" must say that, "for propriety of *music*, beauty of scenery, elegance of dress, it exceeds all the boasted grandeur of Harlequin Sorcerer or of any I have seen, separate or collective. The last scene beggars all description. The most romantic Eastern account of sumptuous palaces are but faint to this display of beauty, this glow of light, this profusion of glittering gems."

A pantomime that was "running" against Drury Lane turned on these pranks of Harlequin. A great effect was a scene of a house being built—the scaffolding up, the bricklayers busy, the hodmen ascending ladders, when suddenly Harlequin appears among them, with a touch pulls scaffolding, bricklayers, all down, and is discovered to have escaped in the confusion. One of the prettiest of modern pantomime effects, that of a house being slowly built before our eyes, was not, therefore, wholly new. Another "trick," that "made the whole house ring with applause," was Harlequin's coming on disguised as an ostrich, pecking at every one, biting the servants slyly, "kissing Columbine," and then finally "morrising off" the stage. The changes and transformations, too, were all after the modern pattern; for at a touch of the wand palaces changed into huts. But more remarkable metamorphoses were the sudden change of men and women into "stools and wheelbarrows," of long colonnades into beds of tulips, and of shops into serpents. This might be worthy the notice of modern managers.

Ladies and gentlemen were allowed to crowd behind the scenes on benefit nights; but on pantomime nights this privilege was suspended, as might be seen from a notice at the bottom of the bill: "As any obstruction in the movements of the machinery will greatly prejudice the performance of the entertainment, it is hoped that no gentleman will take it amiss the being refused admittance behind the scenes. Ladies are requested to send their servants by three o'clock."

In 1747, the year of the opening of Drury Lane under Garrick, Rich revived his pantomime of the Merlin's Cave, or Harlequin Skeleton; for this, too, was very fashionable, reviving a defunct

pantomime. The following year he brought out **APOLLO AND DAPHNE**, with Mr. Philips as a sort of deputy harlequin when Lun could not play. In this piece there was an effect of the sun rising, which was a "superb and complicated piece of machinery," though how these effects were produced in the pre-gaseous days seems a mystery. Daphne was turned into a tree in presence of the audience, which was a good effect. The tossing of harlequin in a blanket was a comic incident, and delighted the galleries; but they did not see that he was supported in two long slips all the time, so that the tossing was only apparent.

During the season of 1748-49, **Perseus and Andromeda** was produced at Covent Garden, with a French M. La Maze as a petit maitre. Here there was one grand scene—a dome that rose slowly, and Perseus riding his fiery horse in the air, and attacking the dragon. This was done by fixing him to a revolving wheel, a device introduced at our great theatres only a year or two ago. One night the pulleys broke, the wheel gave way, and Perseus was launched down upon the stage, but without injury. The famous bottle-conjuror hoax had attracted attention last year, and it was forthwith imported into the comic part of the pantomime, Harlequin Scampedo actually going into what appeared a quart bottle. In the Emperor of the Moon was a "tapestry scene," in which human figures imitated the arrangement on Bayeux and other tapestries, a very elegant and French notion, but quite too refined for our modern galleries. Mrs. Woffington and Mrs. Bellamy condescended to play in this piece, though they refused to do so in a later one, **THE FAIR**, which was a representation of Bartholomew Fair, and written to introduce a "Turk on the wire," who was then the rage. When the Sorcerer was revived at Covent Garden in 1752-53, a fountain scene was added, the machinery of which was considered to have surpassed anything attempted before or since.

From that time to the present hour pantomimes have held their ground. But gas, it may truly be said, has been the father (and the electric light the mother) of gorgeous modern scenery; the coloured lights, crimson, golden, mauve, purple, are deepening every year in their intensity. How players keep their eyes in such a dazzling glare is a marvel.

A good theatrical night, and a night of enjoyment—either in tears or laughter, for we do enjoy both—is one of the mossy corners of memory. No entertainment approaches it. On the other hand, where there is desolation and failure, no fit of hypochondriacs is so depressing. Once, in a certain metropolis, the chief theatre was then decaying, and its manager, as a desperate final cast, had got up a splendid spectacle in the hope of repairing his ruined fortunes. It was a few nights after Christmas; but, by true theatrical ill-luck, a great maestro, remarkable for his showy style of conducting, who used to seem all white waistcoat, and who at the end of each piece would drop exhausted into a gor-

geous crimson and gold fauteuil placed beside him, was then in the zenith of his reputation, and every one was rushing and crowding to see him—an admirable genius, who understood his art thoroughly, though that art was not music. On one night the present writer, attended by a party, rushed and squeezed with the rest to hear, or rather see, but without success. Everything was full; everybody was being turned away. It was a disappointment, and there were young children dressed in all their finery, and children's finery is synonymous with amusement. To ask them to take it off and think of bed would be a cruel wrong. Some one suggests the pantomime, a proposal welcomed with a scream of delight. That night cannot be easily forgotten.

A large theatre, plenty of gas, plenty of room, and the "grand spectacular pantomime of Harlequin Boanerges" going on. New scenery, dresses, and decorations, double comic characters, dresses by So-and-so, masks by So-and-so, effects by another So-and-so; yet in spite of such attractions, here was the prospect. A great void pile of benches, all empty and desolate; one gentleman, a very Selkirk, alone; in a back row, afar off, a husband and his wife. This was the whole—pit all naked boards, as though the floor had been pulled up, and the joists exposed; a soldier, four or five shopmen and shopwomen; galleries much the same. It was the grave of a theatre, yet this was the least dismal part. That was the stage, where the humours of the pantomime, the large heads and masks, the procession, the comically angry King Roistery Boistery was raging and beating his courtiers with bladder flappers, and where the patient orchestra were playing *their* comic music. That merriment going on solemnly and in true business-like regularity was the hopelessly depressing spectacle everywhere witnessed. Even the children became affected by the prevailing gloom; they forbore to cackle and laugh, and looked back at their parents and guardians with a look almost of terror. There was no laughter. By-and-by the soldier went out, every one staring at him, and even King Roistery Boistery following him with looks of reproach. We were more chivalrous, and stood by them. Nothing was abridged. They were as loyal to us as we to them. The comic business, clown, harlequin, &c., set in. Their laughter was chilling; it sounded as in a hollow cavern. Everything droned on. It seemed as though the audience were on the stage, and we were playing to them. It induced sleep, calm and untroubled, which it was impossible to resist. At times there would come an instinctive rousing, with the usual start, and there was the deserted hall, and the indistinct figures—the stage, streets, police, crowds, and in the lonely pit the cast-away soldier, who had come back, perhaps, out of compassion; then the grateful slumber would come and seal eyelids once more. It took years and many crowded houses to get over the impression of that night.

Who that has elaborately and studiously pre-

pared for a night of exquisite humour and "fun" has not found the proposed feast break down under the very heavy load of pre-advertised festivity? Better almost dismiss the whole until the midnight bells usher in the Christmas morn itself, with a sort of surprise. We wake up. The holly, ivy, presents, and the rest, have then a strangely sweet influence. It is like hearing soft poetry read. And above all, as the Christmas-day itself wears calmly on to its close—and it does so—who has not noticed a tranquil melancholy mixed with the more pleasurable feelings, especially when the little festival is finished, and the friends have just gone, and we stand looking into the fire, thinking how far off another Christmas-day is!

It may be held that boxing-day has a jovial air of its own. It is the true holiday for buying and selling; for on the day before, the shops have been closed. We read mirth and enjoyment and a kind of pleasurable business in every one's face. There is a briskness in their progress. The flagways are crowded, there is good-humoured jostling, and it is pleasant to see the mechanic's wife and children walking with him in a line.

As the evening steals on, and the lamps are lighted early, the briskness increases. It seems true holiday. The crowds in the streets thicken apace. Then do the theatrical coming events cast their shadows before, for we know at that moment what delightful flutter and delicious confusion reign in every green-room in the kingdom. There is confusion among the fire-kings and fairies, and some swearing, perhaps. Yet that fuss and buzz is exquisite to think of. In an hour or so we shall have reached the dazzling latitudes where Harlequin Sultana reigns, and the slowly developing paradise of transformation-scenes. It is no harm for the wisest, the gravest, the busiest of us to cultivate and nurture a little feeling of this sort "for one night only," and on principle, as the writer hereof does, make a regular boys' holiday of boxing-day, winding up with the ever-welcome pantomime at night.

One Christmas, it came about that this pleasant private arrangement was quite frustrated by some of the rubs and grubs of life, which lie in wait for all, and which choose this happy season for their eruption. Everything was spoiled. Some friendly hospitality was offered. A sea's width and many miles of land between. A change was welcome. On the next morning, very much betimes—a boxing-day morning—I set off in the dark, rising by candle-light. There was the steamer, the sea not high, but short, stiff, and snappish under a piercing east wind. Only three or four passengers, gloomy people like myself. Every one else was at their country-houses fast asleep, to be roused gently, two hours hence, for a cheerful breakfast and a shooting-party at the fat covers. It was a chopping sea, nasty, sickening. We all sat apart, and did not care to commune with each other. For four hours we were cold and wretched. Then came the land and the railway. All along the stations and towns were

cheerful reminders. Doorways done with green, and the station-masters' windows framed in holly. Even the lamp-room full of merry company. The platforms were lined with cheerful rustics of the Jemmy-Jessamy kind. But the carriages, they were full indeed; nothing but gay young noblemen and gentlemen, very bustling and excited, and nothing but gun-cases. That day went on slowly, and grew dark when we came rolling into a great, great city, mercantile and manufacturing, and which may be called Ironston. It was great, massive quays and docks built by giants, great warehouses and manufactories, great paving, great horses, whose hoofs clinked solemnly on the paving-stones as they drew great wains along.

A great manufacturing town, new red-bricked, abundant in great gaudy showboards, crowded, is the most depressing of places to the common stranger; how much more should it be to the depressed stranger? But of this Christmas, Ironston had a festive air. There had been some heavy rain, and the newly lighted lamps were being reflected in a hundred little pools; every shop was open, and a fragrance of good things—as of oranges, mince-meat, of plum-pudding, not so long passed away—seemed to exhale. Every one was bustling by eagerly. Somehow, this air of business-like festivity first brought with it a kind of envy, then a wistful eagerness to share. What was this?

A hoarding that had run wild with posters luxuriantly in grand characters, red, blue, and yellow, variegated proclamations of all ages and dimensions, shouldering each other like people in a crowd. The great strong fellows coolly placing themselves in front of the small fry, pasting them out altogether, while they in their turn were impeded and overlaid by the small fry who swarmed like crustacea over the others. Here was a gorgeous bill of fare, bewildering in variety. It was the *menu* of the courses for this night, the new untasted dishes with the bloom and bouquet on. At that moment—it was gone six—there were wild scenes of bustle and confusion, pattering, flying to and fro "behind the scenes" at every theatre in Ironston. Who would not wish to assist at that cheerful inauguration? As I read, an old thrill and eagerness came stealing on. I would go; but to which? It was dazzling and embarrassing. Every one was "new," "grand," and "original." Every one had "new" dresses, scenery, and decorations. Every one had new music. Every one had the refulgent light and the "gorgeous transformation-scene." There was the THEATRE ROYAL deserving place of honour, which had less of flash and more of calm dignity and confidence in its own sterling merits. It had HARLEQUIN LITTLE SNOW-WREATH, or the PRINCESS BRIGHTEYES, "written expressly for this theatre." Little Snowwreath was in Patagonian letters. Straggling close beside, in contentious rivalry, came the PRINCESS HELENA'S ROYAL THEATRE, with a more bantering and jocose invitation, HARLEQUIN RIGDUMFUNDOS, with its humours, comic turns, but all in a lighter and more fooling tone.

No; I shall be conservative for this night, and rally round the older decencies. The puns and "break-downs" comport better with, say, Easter. A mechanic with a child held by each hand is studying the bills at the same time, with an air of delighted doubt, and I consult him. He inclines to "the Rile" also. I shall go to the Rile also. Here is a plan; here is something to live for, and there is dinner besides, at the "Angel" or "Grecian." Life has genial corners, after all.

The little care has dwindled away down, and might have been shut up like the genius in the empty claret-bottle. I do shut him with the cork, and leave him to be taken away by the waiter. Then post off to the Theatre Rile. It is in a square, and invites us all across it diagonally, by some lamps over the door blazing away cheerfully. There is a stream of people coming from all corners and converging to the lamps; for we are determined to have the worth of our money, and see the first piece. The scent at the door, the extra-abundant orange-peel laid on, and, perhaps, the extra gas is enough. It brings me back to a night, say, a hundred years ago. I like the scramble up-stairs and the cheerful faces of the box-keepers, for this is a cheerful night. And the inside of the house! Such a scene, gay, bright, and animated, with a vengeance, especially the pit, where the animation takes the shape of a mass of humanity emptied from above, seething, tumbling, frothing, and roaring in the most good-humoured confusion. They are swayed back and forward in great heavings and rushes. Hats fly into the air, people sit on other people's shoulders, people are by force of squeezing sent up out of the mass into the air. It is very amusing to the calm spectator in the boxes. The orchestra has been burst into, and has to be cleared by police for the musicians; but what is to be done with what has been cleared? Now the first piece—the *levée de rideau*—begins. The Little Treasure, by a strange exception, is listened to, and is heard very distinctly, owing, I am informed, to the popularity of the young lady who played the Little Treasure, Miss Kate Daly. There was also a popular lady in Little Snowwreath of great local estimation, Miss M'Gusty, an indefatigable of all work, who, I am sure, has a large family at home, and, perhaps, a lazy husband, whom she "keeps." Little Snowwreath was very pretty—I mean the piece; though that night is far back, I could tell the order of the scenes, ay, and "hum" some of the pretty music, specially a recurring strain which waited specially on the coming in of Little Snowwreath herself. She was captainess of a number of other little snowdrops, who fluttered about in long hair and green leafy garlands. They got into a palace once, and before a huge mirror, which was but the counterfeit presentment of a mirror, and other snowdrops stood behind, and pretended to be re-

flexions. Who does not like the Christmas ballet when the ganze dresses are new, and put on for the first time—danced by moonlight in a most bewitching "glade of the fairies" stretching away far back, with the light playing on the silver waters? I can sit on for long and see the slow, slow expanding, and growing, and openings of the transformation-scene, whether it be the grotto of the fairies or the home of the grasshoppers, the gorgeous lights, the rich suffusions, the glorified young girls disclosed, as leaves and petals open, and while beyond them, in further perspective, more petals open, and discover more glorified angels, when we can no longer contain ourselves, and satisfy ourselves with a burst of applause. In front our queen of the fairies and other characters are waiting, looking on delighted, like ourselves. There it stops at last; it is complete, and we, in a transport of furious delight and applause, must have out painter, manager, everybody.

There are real feasts, charming to the eye, ever welcome. No such genuine, natural, and unrestrained delight is ever seen so developed in an audience. There is always a little sadness when the plain prosy scene from each side—MR. BEEFIT'S SHOP, BUTCHER and POULTERER—closes in and shuts it out for ever. There are people who go away when the comic business begins. I do not envy *that* tone of mind. I delight in the clown, and his ways and pilferings, and have sympathy with him. On this night I saw him to the end. There were points and "tricks" which I could not follow, being clearly local; as, for instance, something that was changed into "Simpson's milk," and which was greeted, though apparently of no great humour, with such uproarious delight that I instinctively turned to a neighbour and asked an explanation. I was told it was an allusion to an Alderman Simpson, who had supplied rather inferior milk. I then laughed with the rest.

I came home after a very pleasant night, and went to bed in a very snug chamber at the Grecian, where there was a good fire, and went off to sleep quite happy, and dreamed of the Little Fairy Snowdrop.

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BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD,"
&c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XI. ANOTHER RECOGNITION.

THE same day which had witnessed the departure from Homburg of Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, and the commencement of the journey which had London for its destination, beheld that city in an unusually agreeable aspect in point of weather. The sun was warm and bright; the sadness and sweetness of autumn filled the air, and lent their poetical charm to the prosaic streets, and impressed themselves sensibly and unacknowledged upon the prosaic dwellers there. People who had no business or pleasure, or combination of both, to call them abroad, went out on that day, and rode or drove, or walked, because the rare beauty and charm of the day imperatively required such homage. Women and children were out in the Parks, and, but for the fallen leaves upon the ground, and the peculiar sigh which made itself heard now and again among the trees—a sound which the ear that has once learned to distinguish it never fails to catch when the summer is dead—the summer might be supposed to be still living.

The brightest thoroughfare in London, Piccadilly, was looking very bright that autumn day, with all the windows of the few houses which can lay claim to anything of the beauty of grandeur glittering in the sun, and an astounding display of carriages, considering the season, enlivening the broad sloping road. The Green Park was dotted over with groups of people, as in the summer-time, and along the broad path beyond the iron railings, solitary pedestrians walked or loitered, unmolested by weather, just as it suited their fancy. The few and far-between benches had their occupants, of whom some had books, some cigars, and some babies. Perambulators were not wanting, neither were irascible elderly gentlemen to swear at them. It was happily too hot for hoops.

This exceptional day was at its best and brightest when Harriet Routh came down the street in which she lived, crossed Piccadilly, and entered the Park. She was, as usual, very plainly dressed, and her manner had lost none of its ordinary quietude. Nevertheless, a close observer would have seen that she looked and

breathed like a person in need of free fresh air, of movement, of freedom; that though the scene, the place in which she found herself, was indifferent to her, perhaps wholly unobserved by her, the influence upon her physical condition was salutary. She did not cross the grass, but walked slowly, and with her eyes turned earthwards, along the broad path near the railings. Occasionally she looked up, and lifted her head, as if to inhale as much as possible of the fresh air, then fell into her former attitude again, and continued her walk. Her face bore an expression of intense thought—the look of one who had brought a subject out with her in her mind, which subject she was resolved to think out, to look at in every aspect, to bring to a final decision. She kept a straight, clear course in her walk, looking neither to the right nor to the left, pondering deeply, as might have been seen by the steady tension of her low white forehead and the firm set of her lips. At last she paused, when she had traversed the entire length of the walk several times, and looked about her for an unoccupied seat. She desisted one, with no nearer neighbour than the figure of a boy, not exactly ragged, but very shabby, extended on the grass beside it, resting on his elbows, with a fur cap pulled down over his eyes, leaving the greater portion of a tangled head exposed to view, and a penny illustrated journal, whose contents, judging by the intentness with which he was devouring them, must have been of a highly sensational character, stretched out on the ground before him. Harriet took no notice of the boy, nor did he perceive her, when she seated herself on the bench by which he lay. She sat down noiselessly, folded her hands, and let her head fall forward, looking out with the distant absorbed gaze which had become habitual to her. She sat very still, and never for a moment did the purpose in her face relax. She was thinking, she was not dreaming.

After a while, she looked at her watch, and rose. At the first step which she made on the grass, and towards the railings, her silk dress rustled over the outspread paper from which the boy was reading. She looked down, apologetically; the boy looked up angrily, and then Mr. James Swain jumped up, and made the movement which in his code of manners passed for a bow to Harriet.

"Ah, is it you, Jim?" she said. "Are you not busy to-day?"

"No, mum, I ain't," said Jim. "Mr. Routh hadn't no messages this mornin', and I ain't been lucky since."

"It's a nice day for you to have a little time to yourself," said Harriet. "I hope you got all the commissions I left for you."

"I did, mum, and thank'ee," said Jim. Harriet had remembered the street-boy when she was leaving home; and had charged her servants to employ him. She had not the slightest suspicion of the extensive use which Routh was in the habit of making of his services.

"The windows is to be cleaned," said Jim, suggestively. "There warn't time, mum; you come home so unexpected."

"Very well," said Harriet. "I suppose you can clean them, can't you?"

"Mr. Harris said as I might try," returned Jim. Mr. Harris was the irreproachable manservant attached to Routh's modest establishment in Mayfair.

Harriet moved on, and Jim Swain stood still, looking after her. She was a puzzle to him, and an object of constant interest. By little and little Jim had come to know a good deal about Stuart Routh and his daily life, and he had abandoned the first theory which had presented itself to his mind, and which had owed its inspiration to the illustrated penny literature which formed his intellectual food. He no longer believed Harriet a persecuted victim of her husband's groundless jealousy. For reasons of his own, equally strong and secret, Mr. James Swain had taken a lively interest in George Dallas, had experienced certain emotions on seeing him, and had taken very kindly to the business of espionage in which Routh had engaged his services, without affording him any indication of its purpose. At first the boy had conceived an idea that Dallas was the object of Harriet's supposed preference and Routh's supposed jealousy, but he abandoned that notion very speedily, and since then he had not succeeded in forming any new theory to his satisfaction. From the conversation of the servants, Jim had learned that Mr. Dallas and Mr. Felton, with whose personal appearance the boy was equally familiar, had gone to the same place in foreign parts as that to which Mr. and Mrs. Routh had gone, a little later, and knowing this, Jim thought more and more frequently over certain circumstances which he had kept to himself with extraordinary discretion—discretion, indeed, which nothing but the strongest possible sense of self-interest, as inseparable from its observance, could have enabled him to preserve.

"He don't like him," Jim would say to himself, with frequent repetition, "he don't like him, can't abear him; I knows that precious well. And he can't be afraid of him, as I can see, for he certainly warn't neither in nor near *that* business, and I'm blest if he knows anythin' about it. Wotever can he want to know all about him for, and keep a-follerin' him about? It ain't for no good as *he* follers anybody, I'll take my davy." And Mr. James Swain's daily reflections invariably terminated with that

formula, which was indeed a simple and accurate statement of the boy's belief. His abandonment of his theories concerning Harriet had worked no change in his mind towards Routh. His familiarity with Routh's servants, his being in a manner free of the house—free, but under the due amount of inspection and suspicion justified by his low estate—enlightened him as to Harriet's domestic position, and made him wonder exceedingly, in his half-simple, half-knowing way, how "the like of her could be spoony on sich a cove as him," which was Mr. James Swain's fashion of expressing his sense of the moral disparity between the husband and wife.

This was the second time that Jim had seen Mrs. Routh since her return from the trip which he had been told was specially undertaken for the benefit of her health. The first time was on the day of her arrival, when Jim had fortunately been "handy," and had helped with the luggage. He had made his observations then upon Harriet's appearance with all his native impudence; for though the element of suspicion, which lent his interest in Harriet something tragic, had died out of it, that interest continued lively, but he had admitted that it was pardonable that she should look "precious blue and funky" after a journey.

But looking at her more attentively on this second occasion, and when there was no journey in the case, Jim arrived at the conclusion that whatever had "ailed" Mrs. Routh before she left home ailed her still.

"Uncommon ill she do look, to be sure," he said to himself, as he crumpled up the exciting fiction which he had been reading, and which "left off" at a peculiarly thrilling crisis, and wedged the illustrated journal into his cap; "uncommon ill. Wot's the good of all them baths and things, if she's to come back lookin' like this—a deal worse, I call it, and much miserabler in her mind? Wotever ails her?"

At this point in his cogitations Jim began to move on, slowly indeed, and keeping his eye on Harriet, who had reached one of the gates of the Park opening into Piccadilly, had passed through it, and was just about to cross to the opposite side. She stood for a moment irresolute, then turned, came through the gate again, and rapidly approached Jim, beckoning him towards her as she came.

She stood still as the boy ran up to her, and pointed to one of the smaller but much decorated houses on the opposite side of the way.

"Jim," she said, "you see that house, where the wide windows are, all one pane, and the bright balconies there, the house with the wide door, and the heavy carved railings?"

"Yes, mum, I see," said Jim.

"Go to that house, and ask if anything has been heard from Mr. Felton. Ask when he is expected—he has taken lodgings there—whether any other gentleman is expected to come with him—and, Jim, be sure to ask in particular whether any letters have been received for Mr. Felton, and sent on to him."

Jim Swain looked at Harriet. There was something strange as well as intelligent in the look, but she saw only the intelligence. It harmonised with the thought in her own mind, and she replied to it:

"You think, perhaps, they may not like to tell you," she said. "Perhaps they may not. But you may tell whoever answers you that Mr. Felton's sister wishes to know——" Jim still looked at her, and Harriet felt that he did so, but this time she did not catch his eye. "Be quick," she said, "and bring me the answer yonder." She pointed to the bench on which she had been sitting, and which was beyond the reach of observation from the house she had indicated, and walked away towards it as she ceased speaking. "It cannot be helped," she said. "The risk is a trifling one at worst, and must be run. I could not put Harris in communication with any one on a false pretext, and I can trust this boy so far not to say he has asked this question for me. I cannot bear it any longer. I must know how much time there is before me. I *must* have so much certainty; if not, I shall go mad."

She had reached the bench now, and sat down in the former attitude.

"Once before I asked myself," she muttered, "if I was going mad. I did not feel more like it then than now—not so like it, indeed. I knew what he was doing then, I had found him out. But I don't know now—I don't know now. I am in the dark, and the tide is rising."

Jim came back from his errand. He had been civilly answered by a woman-servant. Mr. Felton was expected in a few days; the exact day was not yet named. No letters had been received for him. He had sent no orders relative to the forwarding of any. Having delivered his message so far, Jim Swain hesitated. Harriet understood the reticence, and spared a momentary thought for passing wonderment at this little touch of delicacy in so unpromising a subject for the exhibition of the finer emotions.

"Did the person who answered you ask you any question?" she said.

"No, mum," said Jim, relieved. Harriet said no more; she knew he had not made the false statement which had proved to be needless, and something assured her that there was no necessity that she should caution Jim to say nothing concerning this commission. Now she went away in reality—went home. She ascended the stairs to her room, and looked at her face in a glass as she took her bonnet off, and thought, "I wonder if people can see in my face that I am turning into a coward, and am going mad? I could not knock at that door and ask that simple, natural question for myself—I *could not*; and a little while ago, *since—ay, long since*—I could have done anything. But not now—not now. When the time comes, when the waiting is over, when the suspense is ended, then I may be strong again, if indeed I am not quite mad by then; but now—now I cannot do anything—I cannot even *wait*."

The fixed look had left her face, and was succeeded by a painful wildness, and an expression almost like that of some present physical terror. She pressed her hands upon her temples and rocked herself to and fro, but there was no wild abandonment of grief in the gesture. Presently she began to moan, but all unconsciously; for catching the sound after a little, she checked it angrily. Then she took up some needlework, but it dropped from her hands after a few minutes. She started up, and said, quite aloud, "It's no use—it's no use; I *must* have rest!" Then she unlocked her dressing-case, took out a bottle of laudanum, poured some of the contents into a glass of water, drank the mixture, and lay down upon her bed. She was soon in a deep sleep, which seemed peaceful and full of rest. It was undisturbed. A servant came into the room, but did not arouse her, and it was understood in the house that "master" would probably not return to dinner.

Mr. James Swain turned his steps in the direction of the delectable region in which his home was situated. He was in so far more fortunate than many of his class that he had a home, though a wretched one. It consisted of a dingy little room at the back of the third story in a rickety house in Stretton-ground, and was shared with a decrepid female, the elder sister of the boy's dead mother, who earned a frightfully insufficient subsistence by shoe-binding. More precarious than ever was this fragile means of living now, for her sight was failing, as her strength had failed. But things had been looking up with Jim of late, odd jobs had been plenty, his services had reached in certain quarters the status of recognised facts, and the street-boy was kind to his old relative. They were queer people, but not altogether uninteresting, and, strange to say, by no means unhappy. Old Sally had never been taught anything herself but shoe-binding, or she would have imparted instruction to Jim. Now Jim had learned to read in his mother's lifetime, and before his father had "come to grief" and been no more heard of, and it was consequently he who imparted instruction to his aunt. She was as fond of penny romances as the boy himself, and was wonderfully quick at discovering the impenetrable mysteries and unwinding the labyrinthine webs of those amazing productions. So Jim, cheered by the prospect of a lucrative job for the morrow, purchased a fresh and intensely horrible pennyworth by the way, and devoted himself for the evening to the delectation of old Sally, who liked her murders, as she liked her tea and her snuff, strongly flavoured.

The pennyworth lasted a good while, for Jim read slowly and elaborately, and conversational digressions occurred frequently. The heroine of the story, a proud and peerless peeress, was peculiarly fascinating to the reader and the listener.

"Lor, Jim," said old Sally, when the last line had been spelled over, and Jim was reluctantly obliged to confess that that was "all on it"—"lor, Jim, to think of that sweet pretty creature, Rorer, 'the angelic victim of the story

was known to mortals as Aurora," "knowing as how her ladyship 'ad been and done it all, and dyin' all alone in the moonshine, along o' think-in' on her mother's villany."

Ordinarily, where Jim Swain lay down on his flock bed in the corner, he went to sleep with enviable rapidity; but the old woman's words had touched some chord of association or wonder in his clumsily arranged but not unintelligent mind; so that long after old Sally, in her corner of her little room, was sound asleep, Jim sat up hastily, ran his hands through his tangled hair, and said, aloud:

"Good Lord! that's it! *She's sure* she knows it, she knows he did it, and she hidin' on it, and kiverin' of it up, and it's killing her."

The stipulated hour in the morning beheld Jim Swain engaged in the task of window-cleaning, not very unpleasant in such weather. He pursued his occupation with unusual seriousness; the impression of the previous night remained upon him.

The back parlour, called, of course, the "study" in Jim's house, deserved the name as much or as little as such rooms ordinarily merit it. The master of the house, at least, used the room habitually, reading there a little, and writing a great deal. He had been sitting before a bureau, which occupied a space to the right of the only window in the apartment, for some time, when Harriet came to ask him if the boy, who was cleaning the windows, might go on with that one.

"Certainly," said Routh, absently; "he won't disturb me."

It would have required something of more importance than the presence of a boy on the other side of the window to disturb Routh. He was arranging papers with the utmost intentness. The drawers of the bureau were open on either side, the turned-down desk was covered with papers, some tied up in packets, others open; a large sheet, on which lines of figures were traced, lay on the blotting-pad. The dark expression most familiar to it was upon Stuart Routh's face that morning, and the tightly compressed lips never unclosed for a moment as he pursued his task. Jim Swain, on the outside of the window, which was defended by a narrow balcony and railing, could see him distinctly, and looked at him with much eagerness while he polished the panes. It was a fixed belief with Jim that Routh was always "up to" something, and the boy was apt to discover confirmation in the simplest actions of his patron. Had another observer of Routh's demeanour been present, he might, probably, have shared Jim's impression; for the man's manner was intensely preoccupied. He read and wrote, sorted papers, tied them up, and put them away, with unremitting industry.

Presently he stretched his hand up to a small drawer in the upper compartment of the bureau; but, instead of taking a paper or a packet from it, he took down the drawer itself, placed it on the desk before him, and began to turn over its contents with a still more darkly frowning face. Jim, at the corner of the window furthest from

him, watched him so closely that he suspended the process of polishing; but Routh did not notice the cessation. Presently he came upon the papers which he had looked for, and was putting them into the breast-pocket of his coat, when he struck the drawer with his elbow, and knocked it off the desk. It fell on the floor, and its contents were scattered over the carpet. Among them was an object which rolled away into the window, and immediately caught the attention of Jim Swain. The boy looked at it, through the glass, with eyes in which amazement and fear contended. Routh picked up the contents of the drawer, all but this one object, and looked impatiently about in search of it. Then Jim, desperately anxious to see this thing nearer, took a resolution. He tapped at the window, and signed to Routh to open it and let him in. Routh, surprised, did so.

"Here it is, sir," said Jim, not entering the room, but sprawling over the window-sill, and groping with his long hands along the border of a rug which sheltered the object of Routh's search from his observation—"here it is, sir. I see it when it fell, and I knowed you couldn't see it from where you was."

The boy looked greedily at the object in his hand, and rolled it about once or twice before he handed it to Routh, who took it from him with a careless "Thank you." His preoccupied manner was still upon him. Then Jim shut down the window again from the outside, and resumed his polishing. Routh replaced the drawer. Jim tried very hard to see where he placed the object he had held for a moment in his hand, but he could not succeed. Then Routh locked the bureau, and, opening a door of communication with the dining-room, Jim caught a momentary sight of Harriet sitting at the table, and went to his breakfast.

The seriousness of the previous night had grown and deepened over the boy. Abandoning the pursuit of odd jobs precisely at the hour of the day when he usually found them most plentiful, Jim took his way homewards with headlong speed. Arrived within sight of the wretched houses, he paused. He did not wish any one to see what he was going to do. Fortune favoured him. As he stood irresolute at one end of the narrow street, his aunt came out of the door. She was going, he knew, to do her humble shopping, which consisted, for the most part, in haggling with costermongers by the side of their carts, and cheapening poor vegetables at the stalls. She would not be coming back just yet. He waited until she had turned the opposite corner, and then plunged into the open doorway and up the dark staircase. Arrived at the room which formed his sole habitation, Jim shut the door, and unceremoniously pulled away his flock bed, rolled up neatly enough in a corner, from the wall. This wall was covered with a paper once gaudy, now dreary with the utter dreariness of dirt charged on bright colour, and had a wooden surbase about a foot in depth. Above the surbase there was a hole, not so large as to be

easily remarked in a place where dilapidation of every sort was the usual state of things, and into this hole Jim insinuated his hand. There was suggestive dexterity in the way he did this; the lithe fingers had suppleness and readiness, swiftness and accuracy of touch, which, if there had been any one to care for the boy, that one would doubtless have noticed with regret. If he were not already a thief, Jim Swain possessed some of the physical requisites for that profession. Presently he withdrew the lithe hand, and looked steadfastly at the object which it had extracted from the hole in the wall. He turned it over and over, he examined it within and without, then he put it back again in the hiding-place, and replaced his bed.

Old Sally was much surprised, when she returned from her "marketing," to find her nephew at home. The apparition of Jim in the daytime, except on stray occasions, when, fortune being unpropitious, he would come home to see what his aunt could do for him in the way of dinner, was exceedingly rare. But he explained it now by saying he was tired, and had been well paid for a job he had done that morning. He proposed that he should get something choice that day for dinner, and stay "in" until evening.

"There's a new play at the 'Delphi to-night," said Jim, "and there'll be plenty of jobs down that way, callin' cabs, and helpin' visitors to the hupper circles, as can't afford 'em, across the street. They're awful bewildered, mostly, when they come out of the theayter, and dreadful timid of the 'busses."

Very silent, and apparently sleepy, was Mr. James Swain all day; and as his old aunt sat patiently toiling by the window, he lay upon his bed, with his knees up, and his hands crossed on the top of his tousled head. Allowing for the difference created by refinement, education, and the habit of thinking on a system, only possible to the educated, there was some resemblance in the expression of the boy's face to that which Harriet Routh's had worn yesterday, when she had carried the burden of her thoughts, under the clear sky and the sunshine, in the Green Park. Jim Swain, too, looked as if he alone, unaided as she, was thinking it out.

The new play at the Adelphi was very successful. The theatre was crowded; the autumnal venture had turned out admirably; and though the audience could not be called fashionable, it was perhaps rather more animated and satisfactory in consequence. Jim Swain's most sanguine hopes were realised. The night was fine; people did not mind waiting a few minutes; good humour and threepenny-pieces were abundant. A tolerable sprinkling of private carriages relieved the plebeian plenitude of cabs, and these vehicles were called up with an energy to which, in the season, human nature would hardly have been equal. Jim was extremely active in summoning them, and had just returned breathless to the portico of the theatre to catch another name, and rush away again to proclaim it to the listening flunkies, when he

was arrested by the sight of a gentleman whose face he knew, who was standing under the garish light of the entry with a lady, whose hand rested on his arm, and whose face was turned upward towards him, so that the full glare of the light fell upon it. Her tall figure, the splendour of her dress, the careless grace of her attitude, the appearance of unconsciousness of the general observation she was attracting, even in that self-engrossed crowd—pardonably self-engrossed, considering that it was occupied with the care of getting home as soon as possible—would have made her a sufficiently remarkable object to attract Jim's attention; but there was more than perception of all these things in the look which he fixed upon her. He stood still, a little in the shade. Routh did not see him. The lady was looking at him, and he saw nothing but her face—nothing but the brilliant dark eyes, so bright for all the world, so soft for only him; nothing but the crimson lips, which trembled; the rose-tinted cheek, which paled only at his words—only under his glance.

Her carriage was called. She walked towards it with her dress sweeping round her, and the other people fell back, and let her pass, naturally, and not by the urgency of the dingy officials who brawl and fight on such occasions. When she had taken her seat in the carriage, Routh followed her, and then Jim started forward. There was no footman, so the man with the badge and the lantern, well known and prized of unprotected females with a taste for theatre-going, asked, "Where to?" Jim, quite close, and totally unobserved, listened eagerly. The lady's voice replied, "Home."

"Home," said the man with the lantern, and instantly turned his attention to the next departures. Jim Swain glanced at the carriage; it had no rumble, only a footboard. As it drove off slowly, for the Strand was crowded, he dashed into the jumble of cabs and omnibuses and followed it, running desperately, but dexterously too, and succeeded in keeping up with it until, at a point of comparative obscurity, he clambered up on the footboard.

The carriage rolled westward, and carried Jim Swain with it, until it reached one of the small so-called squares which are situated between Brompton proper and Chelsea. Then it stopped before a house with a heavy stone portico and a heavy stone balcony. Jim slid lightly to the ground, and hid himself in the shelter of the heavy stone portico of the adjoining house. Routh got out of the carriage; and when the house-door was opened, and a flood of light issued from it, he handed out the lady. She stood breathing the sweet air a moment, and the light once more touched her face and her dress with a rich radiance.

"It's her," said Jim. "It's her—her and him."

"What a lovely night," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, and then the door closed on her and Routh, and Jim stood still in his hiding-place until the carriage had slowly departed to the adjacent mews. Then he emerged from the portico, went up the steps of the house the lady

and her companion had entered, and looked at the number on the door, distinctly visible by the light of the gas-jet within.

"Number four," said Jim; "now for the name of the square;" and he crossed the road, skirted the railings of the enclosed patch of brown ground and stunted shrubs, and took the opposite side of the way. The night was clear and bright, and the name of the square was distinctly legible.

"Hollington-square," said Jim. "They called Mrs. Bembridge's carriage. I have not a bad head for names, but I'll get Teddy Smith to write these down. And I can't stand it any longer; I must do something. I'll try and get Mr. Dallas to let me speak to him when he comes from abroad, and then I'll tell him all about it. I suppose," said Jim, very ruefully, "if he thinks right to tell, they'll lag me; but it can't be helped. Almost every one as I've knowed gets lagged some time or other."

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

"SIR," shouted the chairman of the meeting, "we'll go the whole hog, bristles and all." "Well, then," I answered, respectfully, "I don't think you'll get the bristles;" and though that's nearly eighteen years ago, they haven't got 'em yet. It's quite a mistake to suppose that we Hampstead people have thwarted Sir Thomas Wilson for mere thwarting's sake, or that we weren't ready at any time to let him build on the Finchley-road estate, provided he'd let the Heath alone. Why, what took place at this very meeting, and before it, proves the contrary? When I heard of its being called by his agent, who hadn't been long amongst us then, but who was beginning to be active, I went round to a few of the leading people, copyholders like myself, and put it to them whether it wouldn't be fair and neighbourly to let Sir Thomas build on the outlying land, if he'd give us some sort of undertaking that he wouldn't use this permission as the thin end of the wedge against the Heath. Hampstead, mind you, was very different then to what you see it now, though it had begun to change from the quiet little pocket-borough of a place it was when I settled here five-and-forty years ago. But, two or three families, the great bankers and others, were still looked up to as its natural heads, and when they agreed to a thing as right, and for the public good, he'd have been a bold man who said them nay. Well, we settled that if Sir Thomas Wilson, or his agent for him, would write a note to one of the copyholders saying that his being allowed to build on the Finchley-road estate was not to prejudice their common-rights, or to be used against them hereafter, they'd cordially agree to his letting the land I've spoken of, and by that means to his putting five thousand or ten thousands pounds a year in his pocket. I went down to the meeting, and found, as I expected, Mr. Agent in the chair, and the room well-nigh filled with tradespeople and others, who were perhaps not unwill-

ing to welcome a scheme for bringing fresh residents and increasing the custom of the place. At the first opportunity I got up and said just what I've told you, the meeting listening attentively, and feeling it must be right if the gentry in the big houses thought so. I wound up my little speech by telling the agent that the copyholders had no wish to run Sir Thomas into expense, and that a mere assurance in writing that he wouldn't try to build on or let any portion of the Heath itself would be quite sufficient. He then interrupted me with that pretty little speech about the whole hog, and I believe this to be the only reason of the fine fields on the Finchley-road having been kept open until now. We weren't going to stand being ridden over roughshod in that fashion, so we said to ourselves law's law, agent or no agent, and we'll see if the will of Sir Thomas's father won't stand good, and help us in keeping our own. From that time to this, every attempt, private or parliamentary, to build has failed, for the simple reason that we, the copyholders, have stood upon our rights. So it's surely rather late in the day, now, to tell us those rights don't exist!

"Yes, the public were in the habit of coming up here, when I first knew the place, pretty much as at present. They were quieter, I think, and you certainly didn't see so many boys and girls giving themselves the airs of men and women as you do now. But on great holidays — Good Fridays, Easter Mondays, Shrove Tuesdays, and such-like — kiss in the ring, foot-racing, and donkey-riding, always went on. The Sundays were much quieter then, the Castle, the Holly-Bush, and the Spaniards all doing a snug dinner business with customers who'd drive their wives up in their own traps from the City, and a little clique of old bachelors who dined there at the same house every Sunday for years. But on week-days, and when the holiday-makers were absent, I don't suppose there was a quieter or more retired spot than Hampstead in the three kingdoms. Camden-town was the nearest point, London way, and nothing but park, fields, and country between. Unsafe to go there at night? Very, for it was dark and lonely, and footpads were so much about that it was a common thing for a man going up the hill alone to be stopped, and it wasn't wise to try the journey unarmed. The bankers and merchants, who went into London for their business, mostly travelled by the stage-coach; the fare to the Bank was half-a-crown, and to Camden-town eighteenpence, besides the coachman's fee. But then, if a gentleman hereabouts sent word that he'd got friends coming with him, and that he'd want two or three places, the coach would just drive round by his house and call for him, or send a fly if it was more than half a mile or so out of the way. For, you see, everybody was known, and the gentlemen living here all took a direct interest even in the coachman and guard, some of them giving as much as ten pounds as a present at Christmas-time. The Hampstead shops were of that old-fashioned sort which would look funny enough

now, with small diamond-paned windows, low ceilings, and little or no display; as for the shopkeepers, I don't suppose there was a more self-opinionated, self-important set to be found. Every night they met at the Holly-Bush or the Castle, and settled the affairs of the parish and of Europe over their pipes. Whether the soldiers were right in firing upon the mob at Queen Caroline's funeral; whether the ruin brought on the country in 1822 was really caused by allowing paper-money; the real value of emigration, which began to make a noise after the panic; the disasters and bloodshed which all good Protestants said would follow upon Catholic emancipation; the long retirement and death of King George; O'Connell's rent; the riots when the Duke of Wellington was mobbed about reform, and King William was afraid of going into the City to dine with the Lord Mayor; the new police established by Sir Robert Peel; these topics were all discussed at the tavern meetings in my early days; but discussed in a distant provincial sort of way, and with less direct knowledge and more unreasoning obstinacy than you'd find in a remote country-town now.

"The Holly-Bush was what you might call the aristocratic tradesman's tavern, and the whole of the parish and vestry business used to be settled at the nightly meeting there. Who was to be overseer or churchwarden, which street or road ought to be repaired, and whose son or brother was to have the job, those were the sort of topics there; for Hampstead was then just a little world in itself, and its inhabitants thought it quite as important as London. In fact, it's difficult to make you understand now, how thoroughly primitive some of the people were. One old tradesman, a bachelor, who managed his establishment with the aid of a housekeeper and a boy, but whose successor now keeps more than a dozen assistants in his flourishing shop, was never further from home than Whitechapel until he was more than sixty years of age, and I don't think he was looked upon as exceptional.

"This parish was joined to Edmonton in those days; we'd only two representatives from Hampstead to sit for us at the union board, who were men of no position; and our affairs were muddled finely. We succeeded in being divorced from Edmonton about the time that the number of resident gentry began to increase, and from then until now I don't think there's been a better board of guardians, or a parish more fairly managed, than ours. Not a word that's written in the newspapers against poor-law guardians applies to Hampstead, for we're liberal and kind to our poor, and the entire board's made up of gentlemen who'd rather put their hands in their own pockets than let any one suffer for want of proper help and comforts in time of sickness or distress. I'm not saying, mind you, that there's more charity or neighbourliness than in the old days, when everybody knew everybody; but with five hundred new houses on one estate—or four hundred and ninety-nine and a church, for that's what Belzize Park's really made into

according to the map—and with a large city of good houses, as you may say, in the old footpad haunts, the whole character of Hampstead has changed, and a totally different society, with other influences, interests, and claims, has sprung up; and it's satisfactory to know that the arrangements for relieving the poor have not really suffered in consequence.

"Change, sir, change; different times, different manners, as we learnt at school, that's what it comes to. And what we may call 'the whole hog' party haven't been idle through it all. Little by little, by dint of insisting upon a sham right here, and exercising an improper privilege there, by dint of claiming what was too paltry to resist, and exacting from those who had neither power nor inclination to stand out, a series of petty imposts and curtailments have been effected, upon the strength of which it is intended to strive for 'the bristles' now. Ever since that public meeting eighteen years ago, when the copyholders' proposal was rejected so insolently, Sir Thomas Wilson's active agent has been residing here, and it's astonishing how much one man can do for evil when it's nobody's business in particular to resist it. Within a few years any one could turn their donkeys on the Heath without question or remark; now, a toll of some pence per week is levied for each donkey. I know, too, of at least one old man who used to keep his cow and horse, and graze them on the common land near his cottage at North-end; while it can't be more than thirty years ago that old Mrs. Herbert kept her flock of geese down in the Vale of Health, and turned them on to the Heath to pick up their living, as a thing of course. If, too, any one had as much as hinted in my early days at a charge for being allowed to hang up clothes to dry, he'd have been laughed out of the place, and perhaps ducked first in the washing-tubs; now, if you please, the lord of the manor makes a claim of so many pennies a post before a clothes-line can be put up. The shows, too, which plant themselves down at Easter and such times, have been laid under contribution, and made to pay toll for the privilege of pitching on the Heath; and if your garden fence abuts on it, and is insecure, a fine of so much a spur is exacted before you are allowed to prop it up. You see these things have not been done all at once, or there'd have been indignation meetings and appeals to the public, or to parliament. They've come on as gradually as the other changes I've told you of, and, being insignificant in themselves, no one has thought it worth while formally to dispute their justice. Besides, how could a poor donkey-man, or an old woman taking in washing or keeping geese, or how could a showman from Whitechapel or Seven Dials, fight a question of abstract right with Sir Thomas Wilson's agent? For it must be remembered that the people I've told you of turned their animals to graze, and hung up clothes upon the Heath, not as copyholders, but as part of the general public using a common privilege upon common land. You've asked me what the poor copyholders have to say upon the

subject, and I can only answer there are none. I've run over the list in my own mind, and I think I know every copyholder in Hampstead, and I can't remember any one who belongs to the class you speak of. In Sir Thomas Wilson's father's time, and before, there never was any question of copyholding for such petty privileges as are charged for now, though the copyholders' rights had and have distinct recognition at the two yearly Homages, the court leet and the court baron. A jury of copyholders are summoned here, and receive what are called presentments; and if any case of squatting on the Heath is reported, they go out and view it, and knock the building down.

"Again, there are cases on record in which the lord of the manor and the copyholders have agreed to permit a portion of the common to be given up, and there's a bit so enclosed at the top of Pond-street, for which ten shillings a rood was paid. Half the amount given for it—and it is important to remember this just now—went to the lord of the manor, and half was paid over to one of the principal copyholders in trust for the rest. If this is not evidence of joint rights, I should be glad to know what is, and it must indeed have been a strong hankering after 'bristles and all' which prompted the lord of the manor, in the face of such a practical admission, to give such evidence as he did before the House of Commons in 1865. Sir Thomas Wilson then went 'the whole hog' to the extent of declaring 'Hampstead Heath his private property;' that 'the inhabitants in the neighbourhood have no right on the Heath;' that 'every one walking over it is a trespasser, and might be indicted as such;' that 'there is no one who can claim pasturage on it;' that he 'has the power of building on the Heath, either by granting or taking land forcibly;' that he 'would make no compromise—no promise,' his 'wish being to turn the Heath to account by building on it an Agar Town, or cottages for poor people on short leases.' 'There would be,' this thorough-going gentleman obligingly added, 'a great outcry, of course;' but this was of little consequence, as no one could 'interfere or oppose him in anything he might do.' In other words, a repetition of 'the whole hog, bristles and all,' which it was my privilege to hear eighteen years ago. Now, however, theory has been partly carried into practice, and if you'll put on your hat and walk with me to the flagstaff close to Jack Straw's Castle, I'll show you, besides other encroachments, the foundation of the house the building of which was stopped by an injunction until our rights and those of Sir Thomas Wilson are ascertained.

"There! You couldn't wish for a finer view than this, and it's wonderfully little altered, notwithstanding the many changes we've talked over. If it's ever finished (which I take the liberty of doubting), the dweller in this house will have one of the most magnificent ranges from his back windows it is possible to find. But at what a cost! It used to be a matter for betting on, the number of people walking from London who'd

pass the flagstaff without pausing for the view, and I've won many a shilling that way myself, picking a group at random, and betting that they would stop for the view in spite of themselves. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of poor Londoners stand where we are now, every year, and go back to their dingy houses purer and better for the sight they have drunk in. Why, on a fine Sunday in summer, you may see scores of families resting here for the mere sake of the prospect, pointing out the spire of Harrow in the distance, and letting their eyes linger delightedly on the rich and varied heath and pasturage you see between. Let this house be built? No, sir, not as long as there's justice in England, and a common feeling of humanity among us all. Why, Hampstead wouldn't be Hampstead any longer without the view from the flagstaff; and I, for one, am heartily glad that the matter's been brought to an issue by Sir Thomas Wilson in this audaciously practical way. Now, come down the Hendon-road, as far as where the sand is being dug out. To the right there through the railings, where the carts are standing, has been a pet bit of playground ever since I can remember, and the volunteers used to skirmish and fire blank volleys among its furze-bushes until quite recently. Those monstrous holes and chasms prevent skirmishing or playing now, and they are caused, as you see, by sand being dug up and sold—there's the rub—at the rate of thirty loads a day. Now, it's always been understood that copyholders and Sir Thomas have equal right in the sand, both being able to use it for the repair of their own lands and gardens, neither having the right to vend an ounce. Is it likely, I ask you, that an old and fair custom like this is to be given up at the simple will of one man?

"Now we'll pass to the Lower Heath, for I want you to thoroughly understand how completely 'the whole hog' is being played for. The turf here, as you see, has been stripped off, and foundations for small cottages—the commencement, I suppose, of the projected 'Agar Town'—are already laid, while the brickfield I took you to the other day shows another large plot of ground which is spoilt for all public purposes.

"Some of my neighbours thought at first that these steps were taken to make us see the necessity of buying Sir Thomas off. I never agreed with them, for I was certain that the speech of the agent long ago was the policy of to-day, and that it had been determined to carry to their fulfilment the claims put forward to the House of Commons by this manor's lord. Look how he's conducted himself throughout. When Mr. Gurney Hoare wrote a civil letter on behalf of the copyholders, and hoped some amicable arrangement might be arrived at, did the reply, "Sir, take your own course," look like a wish for compromise? All that absurd fuss at the Marylebone vestry about Sir John Thwaites not being courteous enough to the lord of the manor, and Sir Thomas Wilson's letter, with sneers at the 'privilege he was not likely to

avail himself of,' was as wrong as wrong could be. Why should the Board of Works step in to purchase rights which we copyholders say do not exist? When Sir Thomas Wilson shall be proved to be the owner of the Heath, it will be time enough to talk about buying him off; but at present, when all is, to say the least, uncertain, it would be a wicked and disastrous waste of the public money to do anything of the sort. For if purchase is found necessary in our Hampstead case, the expenditure will by no means end with the sum put into Sir Thomas Wilson's pocket. Some twelve thousand acres of common land at various parts in the immediate vicinity of London, and of which the public have hitherto had undisturbed possession, would probably become involved in litigation. Lords of manors would open their mouths wider and wider, and the purchase-system would result in an enormous disbursement by the Board of Works, and a heavy system of taxation to meet it.

"When the outrages I've just shown you were commenced, the copyholders held a meeting, and asked for the co-operation of THE COMMONS PRESERVATION SOCIETY. We discussed with a deputation from this admirable society the various courses open to us, such as an action at law; proceedings under Mr. Cowper's Commons Metropolis Act of last session; and urging the Board of Works to purchase the Heath. We subsequently took the best legal advice as to the prospect of success in a court of equity, and we determined to apply at once to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain Sir Thomas Wilson from acts which our lawyers described as 'contrary to the custom of the manor and the interests of the copyholders.' We subscribed a fund to meet the expenses of the suit, some gentlemen copyholders putting down a hundred pounds each, with a promise of one hundred and fifty pounds more if it should be required. We also appointed an honorary secretary, Dr. Charles Hathaway, of Hampstead, to receive subscriptions from the public, and this gentleman will be very pleased to hear from you, or any one interested in the preservation of the Heath. But for this promptitude, the house by the flagstaff, which you were so shocked at seeing a few feet from the ground, would have been, probably, roofed in by this time, and the noble view shut out. As it was, our side was all ready to have the case argued before Christmas, only Sir Thomas Wilson asked for time to get his arguments up, which was granted on his pledging himself not to proceed further with his building until judgment has been obtained. This was the state of affairs when we heard that the Metropolitan Board of Works had passed a resolution authorising their chairman to open negotiations with the lord of the manor—and, speaking for myself, I confess I didn't like this. I take it for granted that Sir Thomas Wilson would not have taken such a violent step as commencing a house on the most beautiful spot on the Heath, without legal advice, and that he supposes lapse of time and the cessation of the ancient practice of

turning out cattle on the common to have destroyed the copyholders' rights. But then, you see, some of the most eminent lawyers at the Chancery bar tell us that our rights are just what they have always been, and that without their consent the lord of the manor can no more enclose any portion of the Heath than he can confiscate my little garden at home and hand it over to his agent as a reward for activity. What I say is, let the Master of the Rolls, before whom our cause is to be tried, say which of these two views is correct. If we are successful, it is certain that the only money required will be in compensation for the rights of digging sand and gravel, so far as they will interfere with the public enjoyment. The gentlemen from the Commons Preservation Society made it very clear to us, that under Mr. Cowper's act of last session a scheme for the regulation of the Heath might be framed at very small expense at the instance of the Board of Works or of the copyholders themselves.

"The objects and powers of this measure cannot be too widely known in these days of attempted enclosure and usurpation. Mr. Cowper prepared it, as we were told, in pursuance of the recommendations of a select committee of the House of Commons, who reported that it was not necessary to purchase the freehold of any of the metropolitan commons, on the ground that lords of manors have not the extensive powers to which they often pretend, and that, if commoners and copyholders will only support their rights, there is little fear of encroachment. Since this report was made, the Commons Preservation Society has inquired into the legal position of several of the commons round London, and has been consulted in many cases in which aggressive proceedings have commenced. In all instances, the views of the select committee has been confirmed; and there is no reasonable doubt that many lords of manors are pretending to rights to which they have no claim. I've naturally taken a good deal of interest in this subject, knowing what had been tried on at Hampstead, and suspecting what these petty charges and exactions for drying linen and letting the poor donkeys browse, were meant to lead up to. I've been down to see some of the commons about which there's been disputes between the lord of the manor and the commoners; and I've corresponded and talked with people living near them, and I'm satisfied that the copyholders and the public have only to act together to preserve these places for the benefit of both. Yet it's extraordinary to find how much illegal enclosure has been going quietly on, and how the size and beauty of many of our famous commons have been curtailed. Here, at Hampstead, I can remember one or two cases in which Sir Thomas's father wanted a bit of land off the Heath, and when he persuaded a copyholder to apply to the Homage for it, backing the application by the lord of the manor's influence. When granted by the copyholders' court, the man applying made it over to old Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, and in this way more than one plot has been secured which is the present Sir Thomas's freehold now.

You'll perceive that this routine proved, as everything else seems to do, that the lord and the copyholders have co-rights, and that neither can enclose without consent of the other.

"Down at Berkhamstead, where Lord Brownlow's railings were pulled down by order of Mr. Augustus Smith, the encroachments of the last few years have deprived one hamlet of its green, have placed pitfalls, ponds, and chasms across the most beautiful of the grass-covered rides, and have built cottages and made gardens out of the common ground. New roads have been made, which are in themselves a public convenience, but the stout posts and rails at the side of which are so ingeniously arranged as to enclose a considerable space, as if to enforce a claim hereafter. At one end of this common is the hamlet of Potton End, and here a church, a large nursery-garden, and plots of ground cultivated by the inhabitants, have all been "annexed" from within the last two or three years. But at what was another hamlet, that of Frittsden, encroachment has been more pronounced. A cluster of small cottages stood at the bottom of a sloping goose-green, which was studded with cherry-trees, and useful to the occupants in a double sense. These cottages were first rid of their tenants, and the little holdings converted into one farm. This done, the goose-green was quietly turned into a field and let with the rest, the cherry-trees still testifying to its ancient use. If Mr. Augustus Smith and his advisers are proved to be right now, there is no doubt that these conversions of common into freehold land might have been prevented; and as the railings torn up have recently been carted away by order of Earl Brownlow, it would seem that all idea of re-enclosing the disputed tract has been abandoned. Yet, twelve months ago this nobleman and his advisers—perhaps there's an active agent there too—were quite as firmly convinced of the indisputable character of his rights, and quite as bent upon enforcing them, as Sir Thomas Wilson is at present. The truth is, as the Commons Preservation Society gentlemen told us the other day, it is only quite recently that the importance of preserving the open spaces near large towns intact has been recognised. This society, which has on its council the Hon. E. W. Cowper, M.P., Mr. J. S. Mill, M.P., Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., Professor Fawcett, M.P., Mr. Charles Buxton, and other public men of the same stamp, well deserves support. 'Its leading principle,' as its representative told us, 'is to stimulate local public spirit,' and it has helped us with sound advice ever since we applied to it. Whenever a common within twenty miles of London is assailed, the committee of this society wish to aid the residents near by enabling them to claim the protection of Mr. Cowper's act, and to preserve their common without converting it into a park or garden, or altering its character. As far as this Heath is concerned, I no more believe it is necessary to purchase from Sir Thomas Wilson rights which the copyholders and the public have enjoyed from time immemorial, than it is to obtain his permission

before inhaling the pure Hampstead air. I'm delighted he's shown his hand so plainly. We know what a claim of five thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds an acre means; and we can see every day what the effect of his building would be. But just as his agent's thorough-going avowal to me at the meeting eighteen years ago prevented his building at all, so, as I firmly believe, will his preposterous claim to the property of the public, defeat itself, and confirm their rights and those of the copyholders for ever."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

PART I. THE OLD COMEDIES AND MELODRAMAS.

THERE is a good deal of what Charles Lamb called "this scene-turning" in the word THEATRE and its associations. It is a charm and spell, and works accordingly. Something in the scenes, the actors, and the doings of actors—nay, even in things dimly associated with the stage, as printed plays—which has an air gorgeous and glittering, unworldly fascinating, and which seems to be a *little* beyond this earth. We grow older, and outlive the fictions which youth revels in; our vision penetrates below paint and tinsel; we have learned that the gorgeous Realms of Bliss are only daubed canvas; it is forced on us that all is an imposture, and that, so far from touching on the celestial, is the most earthly of known associations; and yet we cling to it. It has a hold on us. We *will* have it young, and charming, and gorgeous, as we once believed it. In our latter days, we go to the playhouse—good but old-fashioned word—and come away weary, scarcely with reluctance, as though business was over. This is the experience, we may swear it, of ninety-nine grown persons.

The fault of this change is not altogether with us. It rests with our stage and its actors. The stage has lost the broad important position it once held—as a subject of conversation, of discussion, and of general excitement—holding its own with parliament and public events. Over a hundred years came out a masterly satire by one Rev. Mr. Churchill, which scarified or lauded every actor or actress, from the hero down to the first murderer. Such masterly lines have never since been written: every one bought the book; there were half a dozen editions sold in a few weeks; every one applied the points, and knew the actors, from Garrick down to Packer. But now, had we some one that approached Churchill, who would read his satire, or who would know the obscure names with which he had to fill it? Only a few years ago theatrical criticism had something to criticise. Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt spent their wit and acumen on the stage, and their criticisms, which they published in volumes, make delightful reading. What critic would now desire to have his "papers" collected from the Times or other journals, or what publisher would issue such a book? Let us turn over

the old dramatic memoirs which make a library in themselves, and we shall see what a different place the profession held. The old Dublin theatre was a portion of Dublin life itself. Not forty years ago it was the fashionable lounge, and ladies of quality had their boxes, and went about every second night. There it was that Mr. Croker brought out his witty Familiar Epistles, which dealt with the Irish stage much as Churchill had done with the English. It succeeded, as far as sale went, quite as well as Churchill's, and though the initials only of the actors' names were given, every one could fill up the blank. No lady or gentleman of that city would give themselves that trouble now.

One reason is, there are no plays, properly speaking—that is, pieces based on a profound study of human character, of its *eternal* and unchanging humours and characteristics common to every age and country. The present race of play-writers think only of the surface oddities of particular actors, which must be “written up” to, or of that taste, which is yet no taste—the miserable appetite for “sensation” effects. This is not even a healthy appetite; it is the mere fancy of a convalescent, which nothing pleases. Sensationalism is founded on a false principle; it appeals only to one sense, which is soon wearied, and soon ceases to astonish or delight.

As to plays, looking back, how infinitely superior were the pieces of older days! We have only to turn over Garrick's correspondence to see the pains with which every drama was “blocked out,” considered by many wise heads, altered and shaped, and, above all, how long a play took to write. A more curious feature was the part the manager, who had vast experience, took in the composition and alteration. They were not “knocked off” as now; the play was written to be read. This was part of the author's profits, which often brought in an additional hundred pounds to his share. But if these modern pieces, which depend so much on realistic effects, as the fire-engines, and real horses, and real houses, &c., be sold in book shape, or exhibited on paper, there would be little left to print.

If we turn over Bell's British Theatre, we shall be astonished at the storehouse it is of humours and characters. The comedies of the last century were great and important works, full of variety, full of buoyancy, life, and vigour. Nothing need be said of the immortal Good-natured Man and She Stoops to Conquer, treasures of wit and humour; but there are others scarcely known, save to students of that period of literature, that run those masterpieces very closely. Doctor Hoadley, a clergyman, wrote a comedy called *The Suspicious Husband*, which, for gaiety and bustle and liveliness of speech, is delightful. Garrick's *Ranger*, the leading character, was long talked of by play-goers. Arthur Murphy's plays are all excellent. The Way to Keep Him, All in the Wrong, The Citizen, and The Upholsterer, are broadly humorous, bold, and carefully finished; full of life, with every character stand-

ing out. This, indeed, explains the secret of the line of good actors who then flourished. They were given parts which bore study and pondering over, and which had stuff in them, and were, in fact, “characters.” What a company of *déjà-gé* writers! The gay but too free-and-easy Mrs. Centlivre, the jovial General Burgoyne, and the boisterous trio of Hibernians, Bickerstaff, O'Keefe, and Kane O'Hara, author of *Midas*.

Put *Midas* beside the best of our modern burlesques, Ixion, and what a difference! The true fault of the writing of modern burlesques—and it is a fatal one—is, that they are written with too professedly burlesque an air. The secret of the unapproached success of Swift's burlesques, *Gulliver*, and *The Modest Proposal* for Curing and Eating Irish Children, was their genuine gravity of treatment, the perfect air of seriousness. Our modern burlesques approach this subject with an open irreverence and professed playing of the fool. Not so with *Midas*, and not so even with Mr. Planché. Taking up the succession, let us name Cumberland's *West Indian*, and Garrick and Colman's immortal *Clandestine Marriage*, a play that, like *The Suspicious Husband*, would well bear revival, though, indeed, to such a proposal it might be answered, as old Cibber answered a manager, “But where the devil are your actors?” Lord Ogleby would make the fortune of any actor, and Mrs. Heidigger would give an opening to a new Mrs. Clive. In *High Life Below Stairs*, still occasionally acted in the provinces, is a situation as real at this moment as it was a hundred years ago, and therefore well founded as a point of humour. But the golden age was not exhausted even with those days; and though Thomas Morton caught the morbid German tone of his day and discovered dramatic murders done thirty years ago by finding bloody clothes and daggers in old trunks, still such absurdities are redeemed by varied character, humour, and gaiety. Speed the Plough, with Sir Abel and Bob Handy, and never-dying Mrs. Grundy, and the cheerful country dance, are a most welcome night's entertainment, even in indifferent hands. Who has not roared over *The Cure for the Heartache*, with the two Rapids and the Nabob? or over the no less excellent *Heir-at-Law* and *Doctor Pangloss*? Think of the *Jealous Wife* and Mr. and Mrs. Oakley. What firm clear colour—like Hogarth's or Leslie's—what good solid character, near which our modern figures seem all thin lath and plaster! Add the *Rivals* of the admirable Brinsley Sheridan, and his *School for Scandal*. But the series is endless. Then, were there comedies to act, players to act them, and audiences to relish both. What have we now to look to? During the present generation there has been but one good and true play written on the old principle, and which has held its ground, *THE LADY OF LYONS*; for the pieces of the late Douglas Jerrold, admirable as they were for wit, were scarcely *stagey* enough to attract the masses. That wonderful piece, simple in its story, with no sensation, appeals to the eternal source of interest which is found in all

pits, boxes, and galleries in the world, and is, besides, set off with consummate stage tact, that it is certain to keep its place.

Burlesques are undoing us. These insipid pantomimes—for they are no more—are fostering an earthy taste. Charming young ladies in the dress of Greek goddesses are well enough to look at; so are what are called “break-downs.” Rich dresses, ladies in men’s coats, men in women’s dresses; all this is for the eye; but anything whose attraction is addressed to the mere senses, how soon it palls! Observe, too, how soon the limit is reached. The heathen subjects are all but exhausted. So with rich dresses, pageants, shows, real streets, and the like. The more magnificent, the more magnificence is wanting for the next effort. Expense and imagination is soon at the end of its tether. But with the mind it is otherwise. Human character is inexhaustible.

Not that we are quite for what are called revivals—for bursting into ancient sepulchres and dragging out the old bones and remains. There is a fashion belonging to every age. Only a few plays, therefore, bear resurrection, and they must be prepared judiciously. Here, too, we may look back for direction to the past. During Garrick’s reign no plays were in such favour as those of Beaumont and Fletcher, Farquhar, and Shakespeare. Of all these, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* was most followed. Every one knew Estifania and the Copper Captain by heart; but the judicious handling of Garrick and his competent assistants had gone over them carefully, and had pruned away whole scenes, had added others merely to connect or hasten the action, and had, in short, abolished all heaviness and old fashion. So with the *Beaux Stratagem* (how few have seen the humours of Archer and Scrub!); so with Ben Jonson’s *Alchemist*—a stock play. Such triumphs were these, that the players were painted in their favourite characters, and engraved in mezzotint, and had their heads, like Loft’s, stuck in the print-shops. Zoffary—second only to Hogarth—found profit in painting these theatrical scenes again and again; and his pictures of Abel Druggier and other characters—as accurate as photographs—show us that wonderful power of facial expression which was in vogue then, and which is now a lost art; part of which lost art also is the power of elaborating a character by pure acting and by-play and bearing—not by grotesque twist of mouth, grotesque clothes, and grotesque attitudes. Whose head is now stuck in the print-shops? What painter paints scenes from plays? What scene would be worth the painting?

There is one dramatic department of these old days, which, however, we will all willingly let die—the old farce. There our ancestors broke down, saving always in the instance of O’Keefe. Nothing more weary can be conceived than pieces of the pattern of *No Song no Supper*, *The Turnpike Gate*, and the like. The two-act arrangement made such a protraction and business of the “fun.” As well

take your champagne in teaspoonfuls. Our modern farces are better—brisk, smart, rattling; though there is beginning to be a sameness in the treatment. Our British nature never grows tired of the one pattern. We have too much of the cockney gentleman in the blue coat and red check trousers, who takes lodgings and gets into wrong rooms. But this order of things is, alas! not our own. We have imported it from the Palais Royal—nursery of all that is witty, sparkling. The transported article, however, wants the bloom more than the expression of that unique theatre.

Another unfortunate hindrance to a healthy position for the stage is the fact that the London theatres are now not theatres for London, but for the kingdom. The audiences who come to see a successful piece coming from every town, the piece is addressed to them. This is the secret of the long “runs” of two and three hundred nights, which are absolutely necessary to let every one have an opportunity of seeing; and the result is, that the people of the metropolis are shut out from their own theatres; the same piece being always in the bills. But if we turn over a file of playbills of the last century, we shall see a different play every night; and thus the town had plenty of variety. Even a new play did not run more than nine consecutive nights. Thus the actors were practised and encouraged too; for each had his fair chance. Indeed, the arrangement at old Drury Lane, under Garrick’s management, was almost magnificent. A staff of the best actors and actresses, each a star—Clive, Pope, Young, King, Smith, Dexter, Woodward, Shuter—were maintained on the establishment. Each had his special play and special part, and each had his night in turn, while on off nights the best actors played subordinate parts. Thus there was an agreeable change.

Welcome indeed now, though languishing, is a class of play much in favour towards the end of the last century—THE *MELODRAMA*; good, healthy melodramas, not softened down too much into mental emotion, but with strong and *raw* effects. Who would not relish the stirring and exciting *CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA*, with its brigands concealed under the castle in their private cavern, and the rich dresses, and *SHIELD*’s capital music? Even now *The Wolf* holds its own, and is often trolled over the cheerful bowl:

Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly asunder,
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder!

Now sets in a cloud of a softer mystery—a spell of the supernatural—and the curtain rises on the *CASTLE SPECTRE*, by that famous professor of *diablerie*, whom his friend Byron would have given many a sugar-cane to have seen alive again. With such art is this piece constructed, that there seems an air of nature and probability over the whole, and the measured progress over five acts led us on leisurely and without haste. There is a tranquil air of the supernatural over the whole. Were the *Castle Spectre* properly and sumptuously revived, it would be a most effective piece, even now; but, unhappily, it is only a good play written

merely for dramatic effect and to excite the audience, and there being no "show part" in it to set off a particular actor, it will lie undisturbed on the shelf. Of the same school was the MILLER and HIS MEN, with its bandits, and a funny man-servant also, who, with his master, gets lost in a forest—yet the whole founded on a good notion. There is the wicked miller, Grindoff, with his procession of millers, each carrying a sack to the mill in the distance to Sir Henry Bishop's excellent music,

When the wind blo-o-ows,
Then the mill go-o-o-es;

and that mysterious quintet in the cottage, when the travellers are going to rest, "Stay! prithee, stay!" There were English composers then, who have gone out with the melodramas—men who wrote with a good distinct English style, which has held its own to this hour. It will be otherwise with the sham Italian, sham German, which now obtains. The Bleeding Nun, or Raymond and Agnes! another of the school, as good as a chapter of Mrs. Radcliffe. Forests and inns kept by landlords of bad character; these were the dregs our old melodramatists dearly loved to mix in their caldrons. How often with bated breath and the very sweetest sense of interest—all but love—have we sat absorbed while this story shifted before us! That was in the jacket days.

Following down the succession, we have Tekeli, or the Siege of Montgatz—plenty of fighting—the hero concealed in a cask, and yet rather bold and noisy. Who has not a sneaking penchant for the dashing brigand chief in the splendid dress, velvet jacket, silver buttons, and peaked hat, so brave, so gallant, so accomplished, who has a joyous *abandon* and recklessness that make him the darling of the innkeeper's daughters—the brilliant Alessandro Masseroni? There was but one brigand chief, and his name was more like Wallachio (Wallack, he was known by *here*) than Masseroni. What fringes, what groupings along the stage cliffs and sloping hills!—what music here, also:

Now morn is breaking,
Slowly awaking!

Mark the venerable Prince Bianchi, whose son has joined the brigands and "spotted" his own father's house as a "crib" to be "cracked." The royalist soldiers are very effective. This play is well suited to "officers and gentlemen." I can recal a night of "garrison amateur theatricals" at a very large public theatre, with The Brigand underlined, Major Saddletree brought down specially to play the daring Alessandro. He had often done the part on small mess-room boards—bijou stages—but had never essayed his powers in the open country, the free stage, with money-takers at the doors. There was a great house, the play went on excellently, excepting the customary weakness about the knees, and difficulties about the disposal of hands. But every one agreed that Saddletree was excelling himself. His "Gentle Zitella" was encored rapturously. It drew on to the last scene where Ales-

sandro is reconnoitring with a view to the pillage of his own father's house—but he did not know of their near relationship—and finds himself alone in his ancestral halls, or hall, rather. The audience had not so much as the dimmest conception that there were such near and dear ties between the bandit and the proprietor of the castle. Suddenly he lifts his eyes to a picture in a richly gilt frame which we all think will elicit a professional remark, when, instead, we see Saddletree turn round, and hear him say promptly: "'Tis my mother!" The surprise—the almost startling character of this revelation—was too much, and a roar of hearty laughter from the whole house, sustained for many minutes, showed how the audience were affected.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE BATTLE OF VINEGAR HILL.

IN April, 1798, there was scarcely a farmer's house where pretty Irish girls, with frightened glances at the windows, were not cutting up rolls of innocent green ribbon into rebel cockades for the hats of fathers, brothers, and lovers. There was scarcely a lonely moonlit bawn, or old Danish encampment, where wild striplings, armed with pikes, were not practising the right and left wheel, the rallying square, or the charge. Down many a rough country lane, between the desolate stone walls, cars were jolting with clattering loads of pike-handles. On many a mountain, from Benabola to the Scalp of Wicklow, bonfires were heaping, and stern-faced men muttering threats against the Protestants. In many a roadside chapel, behind bolted doors, grim-looking priests, with faces steeled to the work, were blessing half-naked, ragged, headstrong pikemen who were to begin the holy work and face the swinging yeomanry sabres twenty-four hours after. In dismal cabins, mere holes in the bank roofed with turf, or in hidden places between the deep chocolate-coloured trenches in the bogs, where the snipe whistled, and the wild cotton, ruffled white, many a rebel forged the pike-head, kissed the green ribbons, adjusted his talisman against bullets, or said his Aves in supplication to the Virgin that he might be guarded from the yeomanry bayonets on the morrow. The Curragh of Kildare was dark with savage pikemen; on the Wicklow mountains they were gathering in force; Limerick was alight; even in Ulster and Down there was danger; but the central crater was Wexford, for there every third man was in arms against the red-coats. From the mouth of the Slaney to Enniscorthy, from Hook Head to Dumbrody, the pikes were assembling, and the green sashes waiting for the fiery signals.

There is no doubt that, from 1796, the fears of a French invasion had driven the government to dangerous and oppressive severities. Repression, and not reform, was Lord Camden's primary principle. The Insurrection Act gave powers to any seven alarmed and tyrannical magistrates to assume, after requisition, the power of seizing, imprisoning, and sending to

the fleet, almost without trial, any persons found at unlawful assemblies. The yeomanry were savage, thievish, and insolent; beasts of burden were impressed for baggage transport, without regard to any private rights; the billeting was shamefully abused; Habeas Corpus was suspended; arrests on secret information of spies were incessant; and the seizure of arms was made a pretext for every variety of arrogant oppression. It is the last straw breaks the camel's back, the Arab says, and here was a whole truss-full.

In 1795, the year the first Orange lodge was formed, and the year before the yeomanry was organised, Napper Tandy had fled to avoid trial. Wolf Tone, a coachmaker's son, and a mischievous adventurer, had escaped to America. Dr. Jackson, an envoy from the French government, had been tried for high treason, and poisoned himself in the dock. In 1796 the government was moved to fresh severities by the unsuccessful attempt of General Hoche, with fifteen sail-of-the-line, ten frigates, twenty-seven transports, and fifteen thousand men, to land in Bantry Bay. In 1798, Lord Camden's vigilance was unremitting, and it was by his seizure of the chief conspirators in Dublin before the day fixed for the outbreak that the subsequent failure of the unfortunate rebellion must be mainly attributed. Mr. Reynolds, of Kilkea Castle, a retired silk-manufacturer, betrayed the Leinster delegates, who, fifteen in number, were seized at the house of Oliver Bond, a woollendrapier in Bridge-street, Dublin. Emmet, the son of a surgeon, afterwards hung for treason, was among the number. The leader of the United Irishmen, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was also arrested on the 8th of May, at the house of Murphy, a featherman, in Thomas-street. He fought desperately with a dagger, inflicting mortal wounds on a Captain Ryan, and disembowelling another officer. Lord Edward was shot in the struggle by Major Sirr, and died a month after, of his wounds and mental irritation. These arrests, and those of the two Sheares, barristers, utterly disconcerted the rebels and disarranged all their plans. The police pursued the conspirators, and drove them to a hurried and premature insurrection, which was trodden out in most places bit by bit. An attempt on the night of the 23rd of May was unsuccessful, Neilson, the leader, being captured by a jailer while reconnoitring. General Lake's measures were prompt and firm. Strong pickets were placed on all the canal bridges, and militia regiments drawn up on St. Stephen's Green, the garrison and yeomanry drums beat to arms, and all the alarm-posts were instantly occupied. The country roads, alleys, gateways, stable-lanes, and byways of the Liberty were already swarming with pikemen, lurking there ready at beat of rebel drum to rush out and intercept the yeomanry as they hurried to their rendezvous. The mail-coaches were all to be stopped and destroyed at a signal, the water supply of Dublin was to be cut off, the Custom House to be seized, the Castle to be stormed by men with

cutlasses and pistols, who were to murder the lord-lieutenant, Lord Castlereagh, and the staff. There was no time to be lost. Every dingy yard and city garden was full of hidden arms. The yeomanry were half of them United Irishmen; the domestic servants, two-thirds spies, were preparing to murder their masters. The very lamplighters refused to light the lamps till forced at the point of the bayonet. The mountains from the Scalp in Wicklow to Mount-Leinster in Wexford were bright with signal-fires, the increase or diminution of which were understood by the expectant rebels.

General Lake issued a proclamation early on the 24th, requiring all the inhabitants of Dublin except certain privileged persons to remain in their houses from nine o'clock at night till five in the morning, under pain of punishment. All persons who had registered arms were to give in an inventory, to be filed at the town clerk's office, and all persons who had not registered their arms were required to instantly deliver them up to the lord mayor or some magistrate, on pain of being sent on board the fleet without trial. Housekeepers were also required to place outside their doors a list of all tenants of the house, especially specifying strangers.

On the night of the 23rd there were several partial risings. The Belfast mail was burned at Bantry, the Limerick mail was stopped on the Curragh, and the guard and coachman murdered; the Athlone coach was broken up at Lucan, and the Cork mail destroyed at Naas. At Rathfarnham, Lucan, Lusk, Collon, and Baltinglass, the rebels and yeomanry met, and in all cases the green cockades were repulsed. On the following day, Clane, Naas, Ballymore-Eustace, and Kildcullen were attacked. At Prosperous, a town seventeen miles from Dublin, forty men of the North Cork Militia and twenty British Cavalry were surprised in their quarters, which were easily set on fire, the cellars being full of straw. The screaming victims who leaped out of the windows were received on the pikes of the shouting rebels.

Some headlong but undisciplined attacks on troops at Naas and Carlow were unsuccessful. On Saturday, the 26th of May, the flames broke out in Wexford. A bonfire lighted on the hill of Corrigra was answered by another on Boulavogue. In the latter place the rebel leader was Father Murphy, a priest who had graduated at Seville. He was the son of a small farmer, and had been educated at the hedge-school at Ferns. This man, of a savage determined disposition, began by burning every Protestant house in Kilcormick, and piking all the Protestants he could seize. It was said that the soldiers had burned the house and chapel of this man, and that he had vowed vengeance.

The royalists, having dispersed a rebel camp with about three thousand men on a ridge of the Slieve Bridge Mountains, and afterwards burned two chapels and one hundred cabins, an attempt was next made to attack the rebel position on the hill of Ontart, two miles from Gorey. Colonel Foote pursuing an advantage

too recklessly, the rebels turned, and, incited by Father John, piked and shot the whole detachment (one hundred and five men), all but the lieutenant-colonel, a sergeant, and three privates. The garrison of Gorey at once retreating to Arklow, followed by a crowd of terrified loyalists, Father John attacked the town of Enniscorthy on the 23th.

This town is bisected by the river Slaney. The market-house, court, and the suburbs of Templeshannon and Drumgoold, are on the north side, at the foot of Vinegar Hill. It is a place of about five thousand inhabitants, and lies about twelve miles from Wexford, which is ninety-two miles from Dublin. The garrison consisted of about three hundred militia and yeomanry, and they formed on the bridge, and on Duffry-gate-hill, upon the Carlow road, placing sergeants' guards in the market-house and the old castle. The rebels advanced, driving cattle and horses before them to break and distract the enemy's fire, and at the same time firing from behind the walls and hedges with steadiness and celerity. The insurgents being many of them good shots (Wexford abounding in water-fowl), the fire was as heavy as it was well directed. Falling back on the town under shelter of a charge of cavalry, the yeomanry were now beset on every side, and were fired at from the windows. The rebels, repulsed at the bridge, forded the river out of reach of the musketry. The inhabitants setting fire to the houses in the neighbourhood of the troops, the streets were so full of smoke that they could not discern their opponents till they saw the charging pikes. The flames from either side of the street met in an arch over the yeomen's heads, singeing their hair, and burning the red plumes from their helmets and the tufts from their shakos. Making a great stand in the Market-house-square, the garrison was at last compelled to retreat to Wexford, as Enniscorthy was being gradually surrounded, and a night attack on their position seemed imminent. As the green flags, with the yellow harps blazoned on them, pressed fast into the town, the glare of the burning houses lit the yeomanry on the road to Wexford. The troopers carried before them, on their horses, the old people, the sick, the wounded, the women, and the children. Many ladies, wild with horror, waded the river Slaney with their children on their backs, and flew to the woods, where they were hunted for days after, as if they had been wolves. The Catholics of Enniscorthy, who had plied the rebels with whisky during the night, now welcomed them with screams of joy. They set fire to all the chief Protestant houses, dragging out the men and murdering them in the street before the eyes of their wives and children. By midnight, four hundred and seventy-eight houses, taverns, store-sheds, and malt-houses had been reduced to ashes. Cellars were broken open by fanatics who drank themselves mad, shouting that no heretic should be left alive in old Ireland. More than a hundred of the infantry, militia, cavalry, not reckoning the

Protestant volunteers, fell in that day of street fighting; while upwards of five hundred dead rebels strewed the fords, island, and banks of the Slaney and the entrances of the town.

The next morning the Irish destroyed the church of Enniscorthy with ferocious delight. They made bonfires of the organ, the pews, the communion-table and pulpit before the church door, and flung the Bibles and Prayers into the flames. They carried off the church bell on beams to Vinegar Hill, as an alarm-bell for the camp they were making there, and to beat the hours.

Vinegar Hill, which rises beyond the last huts of Enniscorthy, is conical, with a gradual ascent from cultivated fields and strips of pasture and potato-land, divided by deep clay ditches, hedges, and loose stone walls. On the top of the crater-like cone stood the enclosed ruins of a windmill, which was used as a prison for Protestants, and as a shamble for their executioners. Good roads wound round the base of the hill, and it commanded the river Slaney. It was well chosen for guerilla troops, who could fight from wall to wall, and the fosses and trenches would be troublesome to cavalry and artillery. Father John entrenched it above and below, and on the top he placed batteries. Ten thousand peasants soon flocked to the rendezvous. A large garrison was placed in the town, with an officer's guard, relieved every day from the hill. The glebe offices were used as storehouses for provisions and arms. Strong pickets, sentinels, and videttes were placed at the avenues leading to the town, and parties were sent out to bring in Protestant prisoners to be piked and shot during the daily parades in the camp.

From ten to twenty priests attended the insurgents, each of whom daily said mass at the head of his own column, and read the roll-call of his own parishioners, exhorting them to extirpate heresy. Commissaries, each with his retinue of pikemen, levied provisions for the rebels. The farmers and neighbouring gentry sent cattle, beer, and wine to propitiate Father John and the other chiefs. The hill was covered with rough tents of blankets, chintz bed-curtains, tablecloths, and window-curtains, part of the plunder of the town, thrown over poles bent into arches. The men slept on blankets round the fires, and, afraid of being robbed, lay on their stomachs, with their hats and shoes tied under their breasts. The camp was a scene of drunken uproar, debauchery, and cruelty. While the stolen cattle were being killed and broiled in stewing-pans, some of the pikemen roasted on bayonets large pieces of meat with the hide still on, leaving the carcasses to rot outside the tents. The bagpipes, fiddles, and fifes played night and day; the drunken men danced while the half-starved prisoners were being shot against the windmill walls, and Father John and his brother field-officers were feasting outside their tents, under the green flag that waved on the top of the mill.

The atrocities of the rebel executions (not that the yeomanry were less bloodthirsty)

equalled those of the French Revolution. From thirteen to fifteen Protestants were put to death every morning, the executioners crossing themselves, and praying before they discharged their muskets. They tortured many prisoners—putting out their eyes and then starving them. They compelled Protestants to shoot each other. If a man was able to “prove himself a Christian” by saying Catholic prayers, they sometimes liberated him. Some men were buried half alive, and in one or two cases even then escaped and recovered.

About five hundred persons, men of fortune, justices, clergymen, merchants, farmers, labourers, and mechanics, perished in these massacres. Several scenes of great pathos occurred during these cruel trials in the camp. On the 30th of May, William Neil, a farmer of Ballybrennen, and his two sons, Henry and Bryan, were taken to Vinegar Hill. Joseph Murphy, the leader of the pikemen, swore that he would bring in no more Orangemen unless they were put to death quicker. A conference was held, and the father and two sons were, of course, instantly condemned. They first led out Bryan, who begged them to shoot him, and not to torture him with pikes. One of the men said he should not die so easily, and struck him on the head with an adze; as he reeled back, two others stabbed him with spears, and a third then shoved the rest aside and shot the man. The father was then brought forward, and, soliciting to be shot, was thrust on his knees and fired at by the executioner three times. Father Roche, who attended the execution, then ordered the man who fired to try if his piece would go off in the air. On its doing so, Father Roche liberated the farmer, imputing his escape to Divine Providence. Another of Neil's sons was burnt by the rebels in a barn, with two or three hundred other Protestant prisoners, at Scullabogue.

Another day, John Mooney, a doctor's servant, was dragged out of the mill and placed beside a row of sixteen dead men. Brien, the executioner, according to custom, desired him to turn his back. Mooney refused, saying he was not afraid to face a bullet; and seeing the executioner was ragged, took off his coat, waistcoat, and hat, gave them to him for his trouble, telling him to come nearer and do the business properly. The ruffian, struck with his courage, swore it was a proof of his innocence, and he would have nothing to do with him. On this, Murtagh Brien, alias Kane, a savage wretch, rose from his knees (for he was praying), and presenting his blunderbuss, insisted on shooting the heretic; but Brien interfered, threatened to blow out the brains of any man who even attempted to injure Mooney, and dismissed the prisoner.

The men in the camp used to cry out to the prisoners, “There will be soon but one religion on the face of the earth. This is the handiwork of God, for Father John Murphy catches red-hot bullets in his hand. We tell you a priest can bring a lighted candle out of a pail of water.” The priests also reviled them. “You sons of Belial,” they said, “that withstood our holy

religion, which existed eight hundred years before yours began, you will see how these pikemen will treat you unless there is a great reformation in you.”

On the 14th of June, a poor woman, named Hall, went to the Vinegar Hill prison to see her husband, who was shut up there. She forced her way through the rebels, and found them dragging his body by the heels, a man with a green sash on superintending the execution. As she knelt and took the body in her arms the clouds thundered and lightened, on which the rebels fell on their knees and blessed themselves. She said, “God is angry at your act.”

“No,” they replied, with an oath, “God is sounding the horn of joy because an Orangeman is killed.” Upon this her husband, whom she had thought dead, stretched out his feet, turned to her, said faintly, “Molly, my dear, take me from these people,” and expired. The body was black as if with lashes, and was pierced at the breast with a bullet. The rebels refused to let her take the body, and said, if she was so fond of a dead husband, they would cut his body in pieces and fasten them to her. There was an old man with a scythe, who used to go round the bodies after an execution and strike on the head those who still breathed. Many were buried while still gasping. The rebels frequently pierced the bodies with swords, or dragged them with shouts round the hill. Many of the prisoners were shaved and pitch caps were placed on their heads. Some were lashed with brass wire (this mode of torture was fashionable recently in Jamaica, but it was not the negroes who used it). As the Protestants grew scarcer, the rebels used slower tortures. A favourite cruelty of theirs was to put a wedge-shaped stone in a Protestant's mouth, and then to stamp on the broader end.

Father John Murphy was a bold, light-complexioned man of about forty-five. He was not very tall, but well made, strong, and agile. He was very passionate, and when in a rage was savage as a mad tiger. He wore pistols in a cross-belt over his vestment, and carried a pix, oil for extreme unction, and a crucifix in his pocket. Thomas Dixon, another Wexford chieftain, was the son of a publican, who had first been a tanner and then the master of a merchant-vessel. His wife was even more savage and relentless than himself. There were also gentlemen among the rebel generals. John Colclough was an amiable and excellent man, who protested against all excesses. Mr. Grogan, of Johnstown Castle, another chief, was an old infirm man, who had been three times high sheriff. The rebel governor of Wexford, Keogh, was a half-pay captain, who had served with credit in America. Another leader, who bitterly repented having joined so bloodthirsty a set of patriots, was Beauchamp Bagnal Harvey, of Bargary Castle, an eccentric and good-natured barrister—thin, shambling, short, with features cramped with the small-pox, and a gay tremulous voice. Father Clinch, another of the priests most active in urging on the troops and in selling them

scapulars to protect from lead and steel, was a burly man, of huge stature, who rode a large white horse, and wore a scimeter, with a broad cross-belt, and a pair of long horse-pistols.

While the camp was being organised, and Vinegar Hill was being soaked with Protestant blood, Wexford had been seized by the insurgents, and a provisional government established. The rebels had already shown a desire to imitate the French Jacobins by dancing round a tree of liberty at Enniscorthy, by openly comparing two of their leaders to Santerre and Marat, and by singing semi-French songs with the chorus of "Viva-là." The chief Wexford Protestants were seized, and thrust into a sloop in the harbour, the town jail, and the market-house. Murder soon commenced.

On the morning of the 19th of June, Thomas Dixon, the rebel captain, rode to the jail door, and swore loudly that by sunset not a prisoner should be left alive, nor a soul left to tell the tale. Soon after the town bell rang, and the drums beat to arms to assemble the pikemen who were to march to the Three Rocks against General Morris's brigade. That same evening Dixon assembled his men, and hoisting a black flag, which had on one side a large blood-red cross, and on the other the initials M.W.S. ("Murder Without Sin"), signifying it was no sin to murder a Protestant, led the prisoners to the bridge where they were to be executed. Each batch was preceded by a black flag, some drummers and fifers, and was escorted by a strong guard of pikemen. The mob consisted of more women than men, and they shouted at the death of each victim. The usual manner of putting them to death was this: Two rebels pushed their pikes into the prisoner's breast, and two into his back. They then lifted him up writhing in torture, held him suspended till he died, and then threw him over the parapet into the water. Some Protestants, however, saved themselves by going through Roman Catholic ceremonies, or repeating the Ave Maria.

While the massacre was proceeding, a rebel captain besought the popish bishop, who was calmly sipping his wine after dinner, to save the prisoners. The bishop replied that it was no affair of his—the people must be gratified, and requested the captain to sit down and take a glass of wine. The captain, however, indignantly refused, and took his leave. When about ninety-seven victims had already suffered, Roche came galloping into the town and ordered the drums to beat to arms, as Vinegar Hill was nearly surrounded by the king's troops, and every man was wanted in the camp. At this very moment the bridge was drenched with blood, and blood was streaming down the pikes of the four executioners, who had a man aloft struggling on their spears. When the ill-news arrived, the assassins hurried off, leaving three prisoners to be led back to the jail. Dixon, returning, ordered more Protestants from the jail, prison-ship, and market-house to be murdered in batches of from ten to twenty. Six Protestants out of ten had been impaled, when Father Corrin came running up

to save the residue. Finding all his arguments useless, the priest at length took off his hat, and desired the murderers to kneel down with him and pray for the souls of the poor prisoners before they put them to death. Having got them in this attitude, he said:

"Now pray to God to have mercy on your own souls, and teach you to show that kindness towards these men which you expect from Him in the hour of death and in the day of judgment."

He then rose and led the Protestants back to prison unopposed. The massacre ceased about eight o'clock in the evening; out of forty-eight in the market-house, only nineteen had escaped.

In the mean time, the camp on Vinegar Hill was gradually being surrounded by General Lake with infantry, militia, and cavalry. A vast mob of Shanavests, Caravats, United Irishmen, White Boys, and Peep o' Day Boys, were occupied in murdering prisoners, dancing, drilling, feasting, and praying, within sound of the big bell stolen from Enniscorthy. Father Murphy, the tigerish priest, was there in his vestments and cross-belt, and Father Clinch, the giant, on the bony white horse. There were thirteen guns, the largest a six-pounder, on the hill, and many carts full of shot. The rebels also used round stones and hard clay balls instead of iron or lead, and manufactured a rough kind of gun-powder that lost its force after a few days. Their pieces they fired with lighted sods of turf and wisps of straw.

Even at the moment that Vinegar Hill was surrounded, the rebels continued their cruelties. Flying parties were continually bringing in fresh victims to be shot, piked, or slashed with scythes outside the windmill wall; men still alive were thrown into marl-pits or hurled into burning houses. Catholics shot their oldest neighbours and friends who had sought shelter in their lofts or pigsties. The houses of the gentry were attacked by night by men who, covered with feather-beds as shields, drove in the doors and windows with sledge-hammers. Often the rebels were repulsed by the desperate fire kept up by Protestants driven to despair, and fighting for their wives and children. In one horrible instance a beautiful girl was shot in mere wantonness and thrown into a shallow grave, her golden hair remaining outside the earth and blowing to and fro for days, till some rebels in pity gave the mangled body a more complete interment.

The war had become a religious war. There was fear on the one side, and hatred on the other. The Protestant yeomanry plundered and burnt houses with or without reason. They flogged and shot any one they met, and often on the most unreasonable suspicions. They hung and burnt the rebels by scores whenever they had an opportunity. The Hessians in particular were as cruel as mercenaries generally are. They repeated in Ireland the atrocities which had before rendered their name detestable in Scotland and in America. The volunteers were brutal, and hardly less ferocious in their cruel retaliations.

The rebels under the green flag on the windmill,

little conscious how soon and with what terrible certainty the lion's paw was about to come down upon them, still entertained the most extravagant hopes. The burly vociferating priests, who urged them to sweep Ireland free of heretics, and sold them Gospels to preserve them from sword and bullet, kept them blind to all sense of danger, assured them that three hundred thousand pikemen would soon be-leaguer Dublin, and that twenty thousand French blue-coats were on the point of landing at Bantry to drive out the English, and plant the green flag on Dublin Castle. Father Murphy was to lead them to glory; Father Roche was to shout "Erin-go-bragh" at the lord-lieutenant's table; Garret Byrne and his men were to camp in the Phoenix Park, and swing General Lake on the highest gibbet. Father Clinch would catch the Protestant bullets in his hand, and give them to the boys to pepper the red-coats with. Viva-là! No more singing "Croppies lie down" in heretic barracks; no more roaring "Boyne Water" at fox-hunting dinners. It was death or liberty now; Ireland for the Irish, and the heretics to their own hot quarters. Not a soul with the "black drop" in him should remain alive. So yelled the half-naked thousands in the windmill camp outside Enniscorthy.

Meanwhile, and with terrible precision, the Ninth Dragoons and Hompesch's Hussars closed round the swarming ant-hill. On the one side were half-naked, hairy-chested, yelling peasants, with scythes, hay-knives, scrapers, currying-knives, adzes, old rusty bayonets fixed on poles, or spears sharpened into swords, and armed with hooks; on the other, the stiff firm Fencibles, the militia, and the stout, clumsy yeomanry cavalry, moving like automatons with mathematical accuracy, sabres in a line, pig-tails in a row, cartouche-boxes level as a die. The rebels had muskets, and could skirmish, and *détour*, and extend, and contract their lines; but they could not fire volleys, and, being ignorant of artillery practice, they could neither point their light guns with accuracy, nor keep up a steady, continuous fusillade. Their artillerymen were generally prisoners not to be depended upon, and they had taken no care to drill themselves or to preserve discipline. They were furious in the attack, and, like most of the Celtic races, desponding after repulse. At bay, behind stone walls and hedges, in defiles, or on the mountain-side, they were dangerous; but even against a single brigade of a regular army they were no more to be dreaded than a mob of mischievous boys. Crowded in masses of thousands, with no great mind to direct them or to inspire them with confidence, with no real leader, and scattered into separate detachments, they could neither attack with success nor rally when broken. Not the horsemanship of Father Murphy nor the pistol-shots of Father Clinch could reduce to order those once-routed masses in the huge frieze great-coats.

On the 16th of June, General Lake resolved to relieve Wexford and Enniscorthy, and rescue the royalist prisoners. The general's orders

were, that General Dundas and General Loftus should unite forces at Carnew, while General Johnson and Sir James Duff should drive the rebels from Carrickbyrne Hill, and taking a position near Old Ross, patrol the country towards the Black Stair Mountain. Sir Charles Asgill was to occupy Gore's Bridge, Borris, and Graigenamena; General Moore was to land at Ballyhack Ferry, and unite with General Johnson at Foulkes's Mill. In the mean time, the gun-boats and armed vessels were to enter Wexford harbour to assist in the attack on the town; and the gun-boats from Waterford were to support General Moore and his corps at Clonisher. The columns of attack consisted of portions of the Dublin, County Sligo, Royal Meath, and Rosecommon Militia, the 59th Regiment of Foot, the Suffolk Fencible Infantry, the 5th battalion of the 60th Regiment, the 1st battalion Light Infantry, and the 4th Light Battalion; while the base of the hill was to be secured and swept by the 9th Dragoons, the Dunlavin Yeomanry Cavalry, and Hompesch's Hussars. The Irish Royal Artillery were also to co-operate with howitzers.

The columns of attack reported themselves on the evening of the 20th as in readiness for the advance at daybreak. Two brigades were, however, missing—General Moore's (subsequently the hero of Corunna) and General Needham's. On his march to Taghena, Moore had been attacked near Foulkes's Mill, had driven back the rebels who assailed his cannon at a bridge, and followed them into Wexford. As for Needham, fearful of surprise in the deep covered ways, and embarrassed with four hundred carts full of military supplies, he arrived too late to join in the attack on the hill; which could not be delayed, as the rebels were threatening to send reinforcements to Enniscorthy, which was being stormed by Johnson's brigade.

About seven o'clock on the 21st of June the great bell of the windmill beat out its alarm. Sir James Duff and the red-coats were advancing by the Ferns road, General Johnson having reported his arrival on the opposite side of the Slaney, near Enniscorthy. General Loftus and his light infantry supported either flank of Duff's brigade as he advanced up the hill under a shower of howitzers. The men in the frieze coats grasped their pikes and muskets, and waited grimly behind their brass guns and the high clay banks round the windmill; along the south-east ridge of the hill the rebels yelled and beat their drums. Many of them wore the brass-plated and red-tufted shakos and the helmets of murdered yeomanry and militia. General Loftus then took a narrow road to the left, diverging from the main one, and occupied a green knoll in a small field enclosed with stone walls. He rapidly broke gaps in the wall, the artillerymen, unlimbering the guns from the horses, lifted them over one by one, and opened fire on the lower ranks of the enemy—a double forest of pikes—mowing down nearly a hundred with the first shower of grape-shot. At the same time, with colours flying and drums

beating, Generals Lake, Dundas, and Wilford, flanked by Colonel Campbell's light infantry, charged up the hill on the south-east side, while Johnson's brigade mounted from Enniscorthy, bayonets gleaming and plumes in a line.

In vain Father Murphy's horsewhip and Father Clinch's brandished scimitar; in vain priestly hands waving to heaven with crucifix and breviary; in vain consecrated scapular and endless benedictions. The cannon flashed out fitfully, but could not stop the swarming red-coats. Pikemen lined the hedges and walls one after the other with the true Irish courage, and fought from dyke to dyke. The fire was hot and fast, and the rebels fought with despair till they fell dead in the trenches, or were thrust back with bayonets over the broken walls. The agile barefooted stripling leaped and ran faster than the cavalry horses, and were so tenacious of life that the soldiers swore they withstood bullets through the lungs, and cutting their heads off only half killed them.

The night before General Johnson had been attacked by the rebels, who had advanced in close columns from Enniscorthy, covered by swarms of sharpshooters, and had driven them back to the supporting columns which had halted on an eminence where the general commanded them. The peasants were astonished at the shells, and much terrified at the scattering fragments and the carnage that they occasioned. "They spit fire on us," they cried. "We can stand anything but those guns that fire twice." Whenever the round-shot plunged into the face of the hill, the rebels scrambled for them, shouting and laughing. At last a shell from a howitzer dropped, and fifty of these frieze coats were fighting for it, when it burst and scattered death among them.

This was the night before the general attack. At daybreak, Johnson forced the rebels from the height, hedge by hedge, back into Enniscorthy. After halting an hour, to allow the attack on the hill to employ the main body of the enemy, the general pushed his columns into the town. The rebels made a stubborn resistance, the pikemen fighting for every street, and the fire being hot from every window; every yard and alley was contended for. One rush of pikemen captured a six-pounder in the square before the court-house, but it was instantly retaken, and the bridge swept of the rebels. The light infantry hesitating to scale the hill, Johnson called on the County of Dublin regiment to do the work, on which they gave three cheers, and, led on by Colonel Vesey and Lord Blaney, pressed up the steep hill-side, reaching it as the other columns crowned it, and pushed the great scattered host of grey-coats back headlong over the brow.

The day was lost to Father Murphy's army. The men with the talisman scapulars were falling by twenties under the sabre and the bayonet; wigs, pikes, swords, muskets, battered hats, and torn great-coats strewed the hill. The great host had melted in a thaw of terror. The rebels were in full retreat down the section of the hill left open by Needham's absence. Pistols were flashing at fugi-

tives, along miles of country road bleeding men were crawling over bog and fen to die in lone corners, under stone walls, and in bramble coverts. The green flag was down at last from the windmill. The great bell was dented with cannon-balls.

As for Father Clinch, on the big white horse, the Earl of Roden chased him for a mile, received his fire, and then shot him in the neck. An officer riding up, gave the giant priest the coup de grace. He had his vestments in his pocket, besides forty guineas, a gold watch, and a snuff-box.

Soon after this rout, Bagnal Harvey and many other rebel leaders were hung, and Father John Murphy was taken prisoner at an alehouse. When he was brought before the general's aide-de-camp, he struck a fierce blow with his fist at Major Hall, who had irritated him by some question. In his pocket were found some letters from Wexford ladies, begging him to save the lives of their husbands and relations. He was hanged the same day, his head fixed on the market-house at Tullow, and his body burned.

Three of the chief leaders were gibbeted on Vinegar Hill, near the windmill. Their bodies were, from feelings of compassion, hidden in large pitched sacks. The rebellion was now all but stamped out. In August, General Humbert and twelve hundred French landed at Castlebar, but they were driven to surrender at Ballinamuck. From that time the rebels became mere wandering thieves, hunted down, and burnt out wherever they could be met with in arms.

So ended an unhappy and useless rebellion, which cost several thousand lives, and left the Irish less free than it had found them.

Persons who had opportunities of watching this disastrous outbreak have left on record one or two deductions which are not uninteresting. It was found that the village bullies, famous for their prowess with the shillelagh, were by no means in the front ranks in the various engagements, while the quiet steady men distinguished themselves by great bravery. It was also noticed that while the fanatic and stricter Catholics were often cruel, treacherous, and unrelenting, the rakes and drunken scapegraces were frequently generous and merciful. Of the two thousand Irish priests, it should in justice be mentioned that less than twenty figured as leaders in the rebel camps, and that, in spite of all the cruelties and atrocities, outrages on women were very rare during the whole rebellion.

FREDDY'S AUNT.

"You are the luckiest fellow in the world, Freddy," said I, flinging back a letter, with that smile of sour congratulation which greets a friend's good fortune.

"One of them," said Freddy, modestly, crumpling up the letter, and stuffing its enclosure—a bank-bill for three hundred pounds—into his waistcoat-pocket with provoking indifference.

"At what do you return this model relative

of yours in your income-tax?" I asked, spitefully.

"You have probably noticed, from time to time, acknowledgments on the part of the financial executive," said Freddy, "of supposed arrears of that impost?"

"Regarding them as pleasant fictions, intended simply to vary the stern monotony of official returns, I never thought of one of them as originating with you."

"Right, my friend," said Freddy. "If the income-tax of these conscientious citizens be in arrear, they are rogues, if not, idiots. I flatter myself I am neither. I silently accept the good the gods, by the hand of Miss Sympleson, provide me, and, I assure you, a thousand a year (she stands me in that) is no bad addition to my little professional income."

"Which must be at least double that sum," said I, with an envious glance at the corpulent briefs that covered the office table.

"About," replied Freddy. "Or, say three hundred more. I'm doing very fairly."

"Ahem!" said I. "Your aunt must be delighted at your success?"

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Freddy, "she doesn't know it. I would not have her enlightened, for the world."

"That is, not for a thousand a year?" I muttered.

Fred was a good fellow, and an old friend, but there was something in the aspect of his character now suddenly presenting itself that did not harmonise with old impressions. It seemed as if my friend had insulted himself, and I felt inclined to ask him what he meant by it.

"She is a very peculiar woman, that aunt of mine," resumed Freddy, "liberal of advice, and (which is rare) of money to enforce the same. I should deprive the kind soul of the two master pleasures of her solitary life, were I to let her into the secret that I want neither her counsel nor her cash."

"It is very kind of you. And it is satisfactory to see that, in this case at least, virtue brings its own reward."

"Come," said Fred, ingenuously, "I won't take more credit than I deserve. Let it be a warning to you, young man, to avoid duplicity, even for the worthiest ends, when I confess that, from tacitly acknowledging the acceptability of my aunt's donations, I have drifted into the deeper guilt of courting, nay, sir, of demanding them."

"I am sorry to hear it, Bullingham," said I, gloomily. "I would not hear thine enemy say so."

"Tweak his nose, if you should," said Fred. "He couldn't know it, except from myself or you. You, I know, will be close as wax, and, by-the-by, if, at any time, a few hundreds——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Bullingham," I replied. "If, as you observe, I resemble 'wax' in its consistency, I don't in its malleability. The source of those few hundreds is too polluted to——"

"Bosh! Your grandmother!" said Freddy, laughing heartily. "Now look, George, my

boy. Tell me, what could I do? My dear aunt has a passion for giving counsel."

"Feeling it, you mean," said I.

"Ha, ha! And the more intricate and perplexing the question, the better she is pleased. You can understand that a life like mine offers few situations of romantic difficulty. Consequently, the tightness of the incident market has more than once compelled me to resort to the realm of fiction for a mysterious entanglement, a picturesque anxiety, a dramatic temptation, or so. You probably were not aware that I was offered the hand of a Mexican princess, with a dowry of ten thousand million milreas (a milrea is about the hundredth part of a shilling, but my aunt wouldn't know that), on condition that I should wear the massive nose-ring distinctive of the connexions of blood-royal."

"You forgot to mention the circumstance to me," I said, dryly. "I thought that the government of Mexico was repub——"

"So did I," said Freddy, "till I had occasion to establish the empire. Perhaps you never heard that the late Duke of Wellington, when appealed to as to who should succeed to the woosack, in the event of a sudden vacancy, replied, in his curt manner, 'Fred Bullingham.'"

"No; certainly I never did," I said, emphatically.

"Nor I," rejoined Fred. "I only said it."

"But, eh! Surely these are——"

"Pretty stiff," said Fred, with perfect coolness. "Well, they are. But my aunt was equal to them. I give you my honour that on neither of these occasions was I actuated by any avaricious motive. You may see that they offer no apparent pretext for a present. But my aunt is as ingenious as myself. The marriage figment produced a cheque for five hundred—the largest I had ever received. 'Never,' wrote the dear old lady, 'never may I live to see your nose—my nose, I may call it—the Bullingham nose—dishonoured with the barbarous trinket that is to accompany this girl's hand! Reject the savage's proposal. While I have a shilling, you shall share it.'"

"You took the cheque?"

"Of course I did," said Freddy. "The second case produced only two hundred. My aunt entirely coincided in the duke's opinion, and, thinking I might require a few new law-books bearing on the duties of the woosack, such, perhaps, as the Lord Chancellor's Pocket Companion, the Judgment Dictionary, Chancery in a Nutshell, &c., kindly enclosed the amount I have named. I have been engaged to be married to several young ladies of considerable personal beauty, but limited means. Something, however, invariably interposed to prevent our union, and, in each instance, my aunt positively refused to take back the presents she had made me. The greatest stroke I ever made, sir, was this: I invented an expedition to the Spanish Main, with the view of recovering treasures of great value, hidden, ages ago, by the buccaneers. This required capital, and my aunt had to sell out stock to about five thousand pounds. The ship foundered, and the project

with it. Altogether, I must have made—let me see" (he took a little book from his drawer)—"hem—hem—fifteen—seven—last three—yes—just sixteen thousand pounds!"

I started up.

"You don't mean to tell me, seriously, that you have kept this money?"

"I have kept it, and made a good deal by it," said Freddy, laughing.

"Then you ought to be heartily ashamed of yourself," I said. "Come, Freddy, you are joking with me, as an old friend may; but you would be sorry to have me put faith in your assertion that you have actually obtained this amount of money from your kind old relative by false representations?"

"I am not joking. I *wish* you to believe it, every word," replied Freddy, with a slightly heightened colour.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said I, "and to prove it, I shall wish you good morning. I have not at all enjoyed this conversation. I have known your kind confiding aunt since I was an urchin at school. I know, almost as well as yourself, the condition of her affairs, and that what I cannot but call the misbestowal of a thousand a year out of fifteen hundred must be severely felt in her liberal household. I am not a censor of any man's morals, but I have my own opinions of the fair and honourable, and what you have revealed to me, Bullingham, gives me pain that I do not care to conceal."

"Capitally delivered, my dear fellow," said the incorrigible Fred. "I am sorry your audience was so small. To be candid, it does appear rather a roguish piece of business; still, necessity has no law, and——"

"Law has no necessity," said I, with a stern smile, "which makes the matter worse. Good morning."

"Oh, come, if you take it in *that* way," said Fred, "good morning. Still, if at any time a few hundreds——"

"What do you mean?"

"Gentleman wishes to see you, sir," said the clerk, putting in his head.

"His name?"

"Mr. Suckham Drye, sir."

"In a moment. George, you *must* wait and see this fellow. He's a character. He knows my aunt, in whom you take so kind an interest."

The last words changed my intention. I sat down. The visitor was shown in.

Mr. Suckham Drye had a countenance somewhat resembling that of a bull-terrier, at the moment that animal fastens on the lip of his ponderous foe, and is exerting all his energies to prevent being shaken into the air. His teeth appeared to close inward, like those of a shark, and he had a habit of drawing his breath through them, when closed, that suggested the idea of exhausting, to the last drop, something that afforded him the keenest pleasure.

"Ha, Suckham, glad to see you," said my friend. "Mr. Hartwell—Mr. Drye. Well, Suckham, anything new?"

"Fifty things at least," said Mr. Drye. And

he produced a huge packet of papers. "Good, bad, and indifferent, you know."

"Stick to the first, my boy," said Freddy. "Time's precious. George, I want you to attend to this. My friend Drye, though possessed of sufficient wealth for his own moderate wants, is never weary of enriching others. He carries in his pocket, at this instant, twenty millions sterling, ready to bestow upon you, or any one who will submit to his able guidance."

"It is an amusement to me, sir," said Mr. Drye, smilingly explaining. "Wearied of the vicissitudes of commercial life, I have retired on my little competence, and now merely utilise the business experience of many years for the benefit of any fellow-being who feels disposed, like young Norval's prudent father, to 'increase his store.'"

"Such, I apprehend, are not difficult to find."

"Well—no, sir," said Mr. Drye, in a manner that seemed to intimate there might be considerable doubt about the matter. "The facilities for making money are, at present, so absurdly great, that, really, those only who, for elevated reasons, *prefer* being poor, need remain so. Here, for example, are half a dozen projects, placed altogether beyond the province of failure, which need nothing but two or three good working men—and—and a few more shareholders—to realise a couple of millions profit the first twelvemonth. Here's another, on a larger scale—tunnel under Irish Channel—branch to Douglas, Isle of Man. Another—gas company, for supplying Brynmeewea and Llantydidldwlyrg—little local thing—a toy. Ha! here's the thing I should recommend, and to which your good aunt, Miss Sympleson has——"

"Ha! subscribed?" exclaimed Freddy, eagerly.

"*Not yet*," returned Mr. Drye, significantly. "A word from you might, I think——"

"I dare say it *might*," said Freddy, "but it won't. Come, come; you've done enough for her, Suckham. Let her alone. She can't afford to have her fortune made. It would ruin her."

"Well—just fifty of the Submarine Tunnels——"

"Not one. The scheme's a bubble."

"I admit there are engineering difficulties—impossibilities, if you like; but what has that to do with the spec?"

"I tell you, Drye, it's no go. I must protect my aunt's interests," said Freddy, with a virtuous air, that made me smile.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Drye. "I shall, at all events, use what influence I possess over Miss Sympleson, not to lose this great opportunity." He laughed and rubbed his hands, certain of success.

Bullingham seemed uneasy. After a pause:

"I tell you what, Suckham," he said, "if you are determined to benefit the family, let *me* be the party this time. Give me your word of honour not to trouble my aunt about this rubb—this submarine thing—and I will take fifty shares myself, and a seat at your board."

"Two hawks," I thought, "fighting for a half-plucked pigeon."

Mr. Drye caught at the proposal, and, putting his papers together, prepared to depart.

Heartily disgusted with what I had heard, I had already moved towards the door. Fred winked to me to remain, but I persisted, and, rather piqued, he accompanied me to the door.

"What d'ye think of him?" whispered Fred. "A humbug, eh?"

"A trifle worse, I should say. Has he had any previous dealings with Miss Sympleson?"

"Many," replied Freddy. "But, I wished you to understand that I—"

"Have nothing to do with that. I quite believe it. Your friend is waiting you. Good morning."

"Oh, well, if *that* is the tune, good morning," said Freddy; and, turning on his heel, rejoined his confidant.

Few things in the course of my life had caused me so much regret and annoyance as the conversation I have related. It is bad enough to find that one's estimate of a friend's character has been immeasurably too generous; but to convict that friend, on his own confession, of the systematic robbery (it was nothing less) of *another* friend, was distressing in the last degree. It so happened that, almost from the cradle, Miss Sympleson had shown herself one of my kindest and most attached friends. My boyhood had been literally starved with her gifts and benefits. In return, I loved the gentle-hearted lady, and, though I did not invariably adopt the advice it was her passion to impart, delighted in her society, and the only serious misunderstanding that had ever risen between us was caused by my positive refusal to accept (as a man) money-presents from one on whom I had no claim on the score of relationship.

Now, what was I to do? Must I allow the good simple creature to fall a prey to the insatiate harpy of avarice, represented by Mr. Suckham Drye and my much-altered friend? As for the latter, I could not realise his share in it at all. Prosperity, that engenders selfishness, and the inborn love of gain, these together seemed to have effected this mortifying transformation, and turned an honourable, high-souled, generous man into a grasping knave. Yet what right had I to interfere? In what manner could I set my kind old friend on her guard against her own nephew? After much cogitation, I resolved to let things, for the present, take their course, determined only that, should an opportunity unexpectedly occur, Miss Sympleson should hear of something decidedly to her advantage!

The opportunity never did present itself. A few weeks after my interview with Bullingham, the somewhat unsettled current of my life took the direction of Australia, and fully five years elapsed before I again set foot on English earth.

During this interval, I had not wholly lost sight of the doings of my friends at home. I had more than one letter from Miss Sympleson, dated from some new residence, containing many well-timed suggestions as to the produce and

sale of wool and other colonial matters. As for Fred Bullingham, I noticed that he was steadily improving in practice and position. He had entered parliament, was likely to be attorney-general, and it seemed far from impossible that the (imaginary) suggestion of the late Duke of Wellington, as to his fitness for the woollack, might be put to the test!

Nor was I entirely without information concerning Mr. Suckham Drye. His name was prominently mentioned in financial reports, generally as promoting schemes of majestic proportions, which rose to a lofty premium, and were then suddenly missing from the list of kindred undertakings. Among these, the St. George's Channel and Isle of Man Submarine, Limited, shone conspicuous, and I was attributing its unusual longevity and strength of constitution to my friend Bullingham's acceptance of a seat in its direction, when, one fatal day, the shares, after a feverish struggle to touch a premium of sixty-five, fell, as if exhausted by the effort, to twenty, fourteen, five, twelve discount. The rest was silence, excepting a single reappearance in a winding-sheet, I was about to say) up form, comprising disclosures of such a nature, as regarded Mr. Suckham Drye, that I was not at all surprised to read that that gentleman had been unable, from severe indisposition, to attend the meeting.

I landed at Liverpool, after a somewhat protracted voyage, and, before proceeding to London, went into Cheshire to pay a hasty visit to the family of a friend I had left in Australia. They were gentle, friendly people, not in affluent circumstances, but evidently the leaders, not to say benefactors, of the little village-circle in which they passed their calm existence.

At each of the three meals of which I partook with the family of Myrtle Grove, I happened to observe that, before anybody else was helped, a plateful of whatever was choicest was prepared, with some solicitude, and despatched by the hands of the tidy maid-servant to "Mrs. Thompson." Probably (I thought) some invalid member of the household. It was satisfactory, however, to remark that the appetite of the suffering lady was yet robust, the viands supplied being amply sufficient for two!

My hostess seemed to think some explanation necessary, for, on the last occasion, she turned to me and said:

"We have been much interested in a new neighbour of ours, who has, like ourselves, a dear relation or friend in Australia. We have taken advantage of that circumstance to tighten the bonds of acquaintance and close neighbourhood; for Mrs. Thompson is a charming old lady, and is, we greatly fear, in want almost of the necessaries of life. She is lame, moreover, and never moves out of the humble lodging in which she resides, except upon the arm of a faithful old servant who lived with her in (as she has hinted) far more prosperous days. But she is good enough to allow us to assist her housekeeping, and her own kind heart enables her fully to comprehend the satisfaction it affords us."

"Alas!" thought I, "that Myrtle Groves are few!"

On the morrow, I bade farewell to my friends, and was just passing the outskirts of the pleasant village, when I noticed two figures, one of them stooping and emaciated, leaning heavily upon the arm of the other, scarcely younger, though far more vigorous, than herself. Mrs. Thompson and servant, was my conclusion.

The latter seated her mistress, tenderly, in a rustic seat under some elms, which appeared to be the limit of their walk, placed a book and some knitting beside her, and then strolled slowly on, examining the hedge-side flowers.

As I presently passed the old lady, I could observe but too distinctly the marks of fallen gentility in her dress, &c. Her head was bowed down, and her white shrunken hands clasped together on her lap. There was one ring on her finger—no wedding-ring—a ring of blue enamel, with a little cross of brilliants. A vague remembrance shot across me, as if I had seen that ring before. I turned suddenly, and caught a portion of the sitter's profile. *Could it be?* But then "Mrs. Thompson!" I hesitated.

The servant, still wandering on, was just turning the angle of the road. If the lady were indeed Miss Sympleston, *that must be Christine!* I hastened on, passed her, and glanced back. Christine it was!

She uttered a cry, and ran towards me.

"Oh, Master H.," she had always called me "master," "is it you? Have you seen her? Did she know you?"

The poor woman was trembling with agitation. I soothed her, made her sit down under the trees, and drew from her the whole of the distressing story, which may be re-told in a very few words.

The grasp of Mr. Suckham Drye had gradually tightened upon my too-confiding friend, until the whole of her means, beyond what might have been obtained by Bullingham, were absorbed in one or other of his abortive schemes. Awakened at last to her position, poor Miss Sympleston was induced by this man, who still retained his extraordinary influence over her, to seek to retrieve her losses by investing every shilling that remained to her in the St. George's Channel, &c., Company, whose shares were rising every hour. This was the death-blow. The bubble burst. Miss Sympleston was a beggar.

But what, I asked, could induce her nephew to stand coolly by, and allow this swindling vagabond, whose character he perfectly understood, to work the ruin of his kind relative?

Christine shook her head. With a little pressing, she confessed her belief that there was little to choose between those two "gentlemen." Without being formally admitted to her mistress's confidence in such matters, the faithful servant knew enough to convince her that Bullingham had secured at least one-half of his aunt's property.

But had he done *nothing*? Was I to understand that he had abandoned his benefactress to her fate? Had he made no provision for her at all?

Not one halfpenny. It was possible he might not be fully aware of her destitute condition. After the great shock, Miss Sympleston had written one letter, entreating that advice she, poor thing, had been hitherto so prompt to bestow. But no answer came, and the pride of the poor lady revolting against any further appeal to one so much her debtor, she came to the resolution to retire under an assumed name into some cheap neighbourhood, and there patiently await the change that time and sorrow were rapidly working in her feeble frame. They had means to pay for lodging, but nothing more—and their food was furnished by their generous neighbours of Myrtle Grove.

I had hardly patience to hear her to an end, so eager was I to hasten to my dear old friend. But Christine warned me that her present state of health would not admit of sudden surprises; and, with reluctance, I was prevailed upon to proceed at once to London, and defer my interview with her until I had afforded her base relative one more chance of redeeming, in some poor measure, the wrong he had done.

My heart swelled as I took out my well-filled pocket-book, and forced upon Christine a portion, infinitesimally small, of the debt I owed her generous mistress. So we parted.

The very next day saw me assailing the door of the eminent counsel in Lincoln's Inn, and requesting an immediate interview.

The clerk disappeared, and returned with an answer that Mr. Bullingham had revisited his chambers that day for the first time, and was much fatigued, but would see *me*.

Mr. Bullingham had been ill? He had—both abroad (at Nice) and at home—for several months. I strode in.

Freddy was lying upon a couch, almost the shadow of his former self; but he assured me he was recovering, and that his physician stipulated but for a few weeks' longer abstinence from work.

"I shall be glad indeed to be at it again," he added. "This has been a terrible check in the race, and I am at present nowhere. I have suffered both in purse and position, while *you*, you lucky fellow, have been shearing the golden fleece of Australia, like a thousand Jasons rolled into one."

"I cannot see that *you* have much reason to complain, Bullingham," I replied. "There is a certain kind of sheep bred in English pastures, both easy and profitable to shear. You can, perhaps, guess to what I refer."

"I'll be hanged if I can, though," said Fred. "Sheep? What sheep? Clients?"

"Aunts," said I, quietly, "and simple-minded folk, who follow their affections rather than their judgment. Have you seen much of your friend Suckham Drye of late?"

"Suck—ha, ha, ha!" and he broke into a roar of laughter. "*That* rascal? You remember him? No, no; I haven't seen him these—years!"

"You have split with him?"

"*Split!*" repeated Bullingham, colouring.

"I don't quite understand you. The fellow you are so good as to assign me as a friend has been in fifty blackguard messes within these two years; and, for aught I know, may be at this moment in Newgate."

"For swindling your aunt?"

"Aunt again! What do you mean, old fellow? Yes, he *did* humbug my poor aunt, to some extent, I fear. Perhaps that was one reason for his gradually relieving me of his acquaintance. But what you have said has suggested something to me. Will you help me to find out this dear aunt of mine, of whom you speak so often?"

"You don't know? You did not receive her letter?"

"Letter! When? Never," said Fred, bewildered.

"Then, as you're a man, Freddy, you don't know that Miss Sympleson is——"

"What?"

"Ruined. Starving!"

"St—starving," the blood rushed to his forehead.

"Starving, but for the charity of strangers."

"What—what is this?" he gasped.

I told him all.

He was much moved, while I was speaking, but calm as usual, towards the end. When I had finished, he got up, and selecting a tin box from several on a shelf, placed it before him on the table. It was lettered "M. S. S."

"I am going to tell you a story," he said.

"From those manuscripts?" I asked, uneasily, for the box was large and deep.

"They are not manuscripts," said Freddy.

"These are my aunt's initials—Mary Scrymgeour Sympleson. Don't grumble, old fellow. If you had listened to something I was on the point of saying, in these chambers, five years ago, both of us might have been spared some pain. Listen.

"More than twenty years ago, that respectable miscreant, Suckham Drye, first established over my aunt an influence it has been the task of my life to counteract. Overcome it I could not. All that remained to me was to neutralise, as far as might be, the evil it might occasion. Experience convinced me that, so long as any means remained at her command, my aunt would be persuadable to use them in accordance with the advice of this man, Drye, in preference to any other human being. She hated the *man*, as far as so sweet a nature might—but she had an almost fanatical reliance on his financial judgment, and adopted his recommendations like the decrees of fate.

"There seemed but one course to follow. I adopted it. Her habit of making me pecuniary presents suggested my plan. I accepted, I courted them in every possible manner—I forced myself to falsehood. In short, I stopped at nothing, hoping so to diminish my aunt's

resources, that, in merest prudence, she would refrain from further speculation. I obtained—rescued, I may call it—in all, let me see, now——"

He opened the box, and took out a small book.

"Yes; just so. Thirty-two thousand pounds——"

"Thirty-two thousand——"

"With the interest—yes. Thus stands the account: I received from her, in all, twenty-five thousand pounds sterling. Every shilling, the accruing interest also, has been well invested, and the lady you describe as ruined and starving (my poor kind soul!) is richer than she was previous to her acquaintance with Suckham Drye. She has sixteen hundred a year, sir, and five hundred and fifty pounds balance unemployed, which shall be placed to an account that shall be opened in her name, at Coutts's, this day."

"My dear Freddy——"

"Yes—dear Freddy! Now, old boy, as penalty for thinking your friend could be such a scoundrel, you shall do me a service."

"Name it, and see."

"Go at once to my dear aunt—I see you know where she is—and explain to her, carefully and gently, all that has passed. Take her papers with you, and my love and blessing beside. That miscreant, Drye, deceived me. He promised—you heard him—to spare her in the matter of the Submarine swindle, and it was *that* that ruined her. Happily, I can repay him. He's a witness for our opponents in a case in which I am retained. If I don't turn the villain inside out, may I never wear horsehair again!"

Freddy kept his word. Mr. Suckham Drye, forced to relate his own biography before a crowded court, compromised himself so seriously, that, save in the criminal dock, he is not likely to be seen again in public.

Kind Miss Sympleson is well and happy. She gives less advice than formerly, and though open-handed as ever, takes such reasonable care of her money, that Freddy is likely to receive back, in due time, more than the fortune he saved, at some cost of conscience, from the clutches of Mr. Suckham Drye.

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THE EXTRA NUMBER FOR CHRISTMAS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at Edinburgh on Friday the 22nd, and Saturday the 23rd (this day); at St. James's Hall, London, on Tuesday the 26th; at York on Thursday the 25th of February; at Bradford on Friday the 1st of March; at Newcastle on Monday the 4th and Tuesday the 5th; and at St. James's Hall, London, on Tuesday the 12th of March.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," &c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XII. THE FALLING OF THE SWORD.

STEWART ROUTH left his house in Mayfair at an early hour on the day following that which had witnessed the eccentric proceedings and subsequent resolution of Jim Swain. Things were prospering with him; and the vague dread which had fallen upon him had been dissipated. Hope and defiance divided his mind between them. His speculations were all doing well; there was money to be had—money easy to be realised, on which he could lay his hand at very short notice, and there was triumphant, successful love. So much had hope to feed on—assuredly no insufficient aliment. Defiance reared itself against Fate. The time was drawing near, approaching with fearfully rapid strides, when the contingency, long contemplated, successfully eluded for a period beyond his expectation, kept off by such unlikely accidents and combinations as might almost have justified his daring faith in his luck, but recognised of late as inevitable, must be realised, when the identity of the murdered man must be known, and the perilous investigation must begin. So be it, he was ready to meet the danger if it must be met; but he hoped no such necessity would arise. His influence over the beautiful woman whom he now really loved with all the passion he had at first feigned was becoming every day stronger and more complete. He knew that the strength of his nature had subdued her; she had no pride, she had only vanity; and Stewart Routh made the mistake to which selfish and interested natures are prone. He forgot to calculate upon the influence of selfishness and calculation when their employ must necessarily be in opposition to him. His egotism injured the balance of his intellect, and now he had not the aid of Harriet's calm, cool, unerring judgment in his scheme to restore that balance. His position with regard to Harriet was the most troublesome topic of his thoughts just now. He tried to forget it often, but he did not succeed; not that any sentimental obstacle to the most complete

oblivion presented itself. Routh never bestowed a backward glance upon the life of self-sacrifice and devotion to him, of fidelity which, however depraved in its manifestations, was still fidelity, fond and true as the best man who ever lived an honest and virtuous life in the face of heaven and earth might be proud to inspire, which had been that of the woman whom he had deliberately betrayed, and was now prepared deliberately to abandon. He would have sneered at such a suggestion as a contemptible weakness. Harriet had been undeniably useful to him. He did not attempt to deny the fact to himself; but circumstances had arisen which prevented his making use of her in the future, and consequently, as this instrument was unfortunately living, intelligent, peculiarly acute, and animated by one of the strongest of human passions, it had become dangerous. Harriet had been agreeable to him too—it has been said that he had loved her after his fashion; but this had been all over months ago; and the dearest of all mortal things, to a man of Stewart Routh's stamp, is a dead love; it has not even the dreary faculty of ghostliness—it cannot haunt. The uncomplaining, active, hard-working, inventive, unfiring comrade, the passionately loving wife, the shrewd, unscrupulous, undaunted, steel-nerved colleague, was nothing more to him now than a dangerously sharp-witted, suspicious woman, who knew a great deal too much about him, and was desperately in his way. The exhilaration of his spirits and the partial intoxication of his new passion had done away with the fear of Harriet which had taken possession of him, but they had intensified his dislike, and one thought presented itself with peculiar distinctness to Stewart Routh as he went Citywards that morning. It was:

"If it was only to get out of her sight, to be rid of her for ever, what a relief it would be."

He had been at some pains to keep up appearance with his wife since their return to London. To the step which he meditated a quarrel with her was in no way necessary; and in the event of his failing to bring his plans to maturity before the inevitable discovery, it was all important that they should be agreed on the line of action to be taken. Harriet could not, indeed, oppose him successfully in his determination, if the occasion should arise, to

throw the charge of the murder upon George Dallas; but she might render his position extremely perilous if she did not second him. What reason had he to fear? The estrangement between them had been growing wider, it was true, but it had not been exclusively of his making; she had held aloof from him as much as he from her, and he acknowledged that, if no infidelity had existed upon his part, it would still have taken place. From the moment they ceased to be comrades in expedients, and became accomplices in crime, the consequences made themselves felt. Routh did not believe in blessings or in curses, but he did not dispute the inevitable result of two persons finding out the full extent of each other's wickedness? that, those two persons, if obliged to live together, will find it rather uncomfortable. The worst accomplice a man can have is his wife, he had often thought; women always have some scruple lurking somewhere about them, a hankering after the ideal, for the possibility of respecting a man in some degree. When he had been forced to see and to believe in the intensity of his wife's silent sufferings, it had occurred to him more than once to think, "she would not be so miserable if she had done it herself; she would have been much jollier. Nothing ever will cure some women of sentiment."

Did it ever occur to him that it had not been worth his while to do what he had done? that, on the whole, it had not paid? No, never. Routh had been angry with Harriet when the matter had been brought up between them, had complained that it was always "cropping up;" but the truth was, he thought of it himself, much more frequently than it was impressed on him by any allusion from without; and he never ceased to remind himself that the deed had been necessary, indispensable. It had brought him money, when money must have been had, or all must have ended for him; it had brought him money when money meant a clearing and brightening of his sky, an utter change in his life, the cessation of a hazardous and ignoble warfare, the restoration to a peaceful and comparatively safe career. He was in a difficult position now, it was true—a position in which there was peril to be surmounted only by dauntlessness, prudence, and coolness; but he was dauntless, prudent, and cool. Had all this never been, what might have been his position? When Deane and he had met, his luck had been almost at its lowest; and, in the comradeship which had ensued, there had always been burning anger and intense humiliation on Routh's part, and cold, sneering, heartless, boasting on Deane's. Routh was the cleverer man of the two, and incomparably the greater villain; but Deane had elements of rascality in him which even Routh had felt himself entitled to despise. And he had hated him. Routh, in his cool manner of thinking things over, had not failed to take this feeling into due account. He would not have killed Deane only because he hated him; he was too true to his principles to

incur so tremendous a risk for the simple gratification of even the worst sentiment, of even sentiment intensified into a passion, but he allowed it sufficient weight and influence effectually to bar the entrance of a regret when the larger object had also been attained. He had no pity for his victim, not even the physical sensation which is experienced by men whose organisation and associations are not of the brutal kind, when temper, circumstances, or sudden temptation have impelled them to deeds of cruelty; he had hated Deane too much for that. He never thought of the crime he had committed without dwelling on the conduct which had made him resolve upon it. How the man had played with his necessities, had tricked him with compromising confidences, had duped him with false promises, had led him to the very brink of the abyss, and there had struggled with him—with him, a desperate man! Fool—fool! one must go over the brink, then; and who should it be but the weaker? who should hold his ground but the stronger—but he who had everything to gain? He thought over all those things again to-day, methodically, arranging the circumstances as they had occurred in his mind. He recalled the hours of suspense through which he had lived on that day when Deane had promised to bring him a sum of money, representing his own interest in the mining company, which sum was to secure to Routh the position he had striven hard to attain, and rescue him from the consequences of a fraudulent transfer of shares which he had already effected. It had come to a question of hours, and the impatience and suspense had almost worn out Routh's strong nerves, almost deprived him of his self-command. How well he remembered it; how he lived through all that time again. It had never been so vivid in his remembrance, with all the vitality of hate and anger, often as he had thought of it, as it was to-day.

The heartless trifling, the petty insolence of the rich rascal, who little guessed the strength and resolution, the daring and desperation, of the greater, if worse, villain, came back as freshly to Stewart Routh's vindictive memory as if he had not had his ghastly revenge and his miserable triumph months ago, as if he had suffered and winced under them but yesterday. And that yesterday! What a glorious day in his life it had been! Presently he would think about that, and nothing but that; but now he must pursue his task of memory to the end. For he was not his own master in this. Once set to thinking of it, to living it all over again, he had no power to abridge the history.

He had to remember the hours during which he had waited for Deane's coming, for the payment of the promised money; he had to remember how they waned, and left him sick with disappointment, maddened with apprehension; how he had determined he would keep the second appointment with Deane: he did not fear his failing in that, because it was for his own pleasure; and then, for the first time in his

life, had felt physically unable to endure suspense, to keep up appearances. He had to remember how he had shrunk from the coarse insolence with which he knew Deane would sport with his fears and his suspense in the presence of George Dallas, unconscious of their mutual position; how all-important it was that, until he had wrung from Deane the promised money, he should keep his temper. He had to remember how the idea that the man who had so far broken faith with him already, and might break faith with him altogether, and so ruin him utterly (for if he had failed then, and been detected, hope would have been at an end for him), was within a few yards of him, perhaps with the promised money in his pocket at that moment, had occurred to him with a strange fascination. How it had intensified his hatred of Deane; how it had deepened his sense of his own degradation; how it had made him rebel against and curse his own poverty, and filled his heart with malediction on the rich man who owned that money which meant safety and success to him. He had to remember how Deane had given no answer to his note, temperately worded and reasonable (Harriet had kept to the letter of the truth in what she had said of it to George Dallas), but had left him to all the tortures of suspense. He had to remember how the desire to know whether Deane really had had all day in his possession the money he had promised him, and had kept him expecting, grew imperative, implacable, irresistible; how he had hung about the tavern, had discovered by Deane's boasting words to his companion that he had guessed aright, had followed them, determined to have an answer from Deane. He had to remember how he strove with anger, with some remnants of his former pride, which tortured him with savage longings for revenge, while he waited about in the purlieu of the billiard-rooms whither Deane and Dallas had gone. He remembered how lonely and blank, how quiet and dreary, the street had become by the time the two came out of the house together and parted, in his hearing, with some careless words. He had to remember how he confronted Deane, and was greeted with a taunt; how he had borne it; how the man had played with his suspense, and ostentatiously displayed the money which the other had vainly watched and waited for all day; and then, suddenly assuming an air of friendliness and confidence, had led him away Citywards, without betraying his place of residence, questioning him about George Dallas. He had to remember how this had embittered and intensified his anger, and how a sudden fear had sprung up in his mind that Deane had confided to Dallas the promises he had made to him, and the extent to which their "business" relations had gone. A dexterous question or two had relieved this apprehension, and then he had once more turned the conversation on the subject in which he was so vitally interested. He had to remember—and how vividly he did remember, with what an awakening of the

savage fury it had called into life, how Deane had met this fresh attempt—with what a cool and tranquil assertion that he had changed his mind, had no further intention of doing any business in Routh's line—was going out of town, indeed, on the morrow, to visit some relations in the country, too long neglected, and had no notion when they should meet again.

And then—then Stewart Routh had to remember how he had killed the man who had taunted, deceived, treated him cruelly; how he had killed him, and robbed him, and gone home and told his wife—his comrade, his colleague, his dauntless, unscrupulous Harriet. He had to remember more than all this, and he hated to remember it. But the obligation was upon him; he could not forget how she had acted, after the first agony had passed over, the first penalty inflicted by her physical weakness, which she had spurned and striven against. So surely as his memory was forced to reproduce all that had gone before, it was condemned to revive all that had come after. But he did not soften towards her that day, no, not in the least, though never had his recollection been so detailed, so minute, so calm. No, he hated her. She wearied him; she had ceased to be of any service to him; she was a constant torment to him. So he came back to the idea with which his reflections had commenced, and, as he entered on the perusal of the mass of papers which awaited his attention in his "chambers" in Tokenhouse-square—for he shared the business-abode of the invisible Flinders now—he repeated:

"What a relief it would be to get away from her for ever!"

Only a few days now, and the end must come. He was a brave man in his evil way, and he made his calculations coolly, and scanned his criminal combinations without any foolish excess of confidence, but with well-grounded expectation. For a little longer it would not be difficult to keep on fair terms with Harriet, especially as she had renewed her solitary mode of life, and he had taken the precaution of pretending to a revived devotion to play, since the auspicious occasion on which he had won so largely at Homburg. Thus his absence from home was accounted for, and as she had not the slightest suspicion that Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge was in London, had never displayed the least jealousy, except on the one occasion when he had shown her the locket, and had unhesitatingly accepted his explanation of their sudden return to England; he had no reason to trouble himself about her. To sedulously avoid exciting her suspicion and jealousy now, and, when the proper time should arrive, to confirm the one and arouse the other so effectually by desertion, infidelity, and insult, as to drive her at once to free herself from him by the aid of the law—this was his scheme. It looked well; he knew Harriet, he thought, thoroughly, and he might safely calculate upon the course she would adopt. It was strange, if human incon-

sistency can ever be strange, that Stewart Routh, a man of eminently vindictive disposition, entirely forgot to take into account that the woman thus desperately injured might also seek her revenge, which would consist in declining to take her own freedom at the price of giving him his.

Perhaps if the depths of that dark heart had been sounded, the depths beyond its own consciousness—the unvisited, unquestioned, profound—it would have been discovered that this man was so entirely accustomed to the devotion of the woman who loved him with a desperate though intelligent love, that even in her utmost despair and extreme outrage of wrong he felt assured she would do that which it was his will she should do.

During all this mental review he had hardly bestowed a thought on George Dallas. He would be safe enough in the end, if the worst came to the worst. It had suited him to magnify the strength of the chain of coincidences, which looked like evidence, in discussing them with George, and he had magnified it; it suited him to diminish that strength in discussing them with himself, and he diminished it. A good deal of suffering and disgrace to all the "Felton-Dallas-Carruthers connexion," as he insolently phrased it in his thoughts, must come to pass, of course, but no real danger. And if it were not so? Well, in that case, he really could not afford to care. When he had wanted money, Deane (he still thought of him by that name) had had to give way to that imperative need. Now he wanted safety, and Dallas must pay its price. There was something of the sublime of evil in this man's sovereign egotism. As he turned his mind away from the path it had been forced to tread to the end, he thought, "there is a touch of the whimsical in everything; in this it is the demi-semi-relationship between Harriet and these people. I suppose the sensitive lady of Poynings never heard of her step-father Creswick's niece."

A letter for Mr. Routh, a delicate, refined-looking letter, sealed with the daintiest of monograms, the thick board-like envelope containing a sheet of paper to match, on which only a few lines are scrawled. But as Stewart Routh reads them, his sinister dark eyes gleam with pleasure and triumph, and his handsome, evil face is deeply flushed.

"Bearer waits." Mr. Routh writes an answer to the letter, short but ardent, if any one had now been there to judge by the expression of his face while he was writing it. He calls his clerk, who takes the letter to "bearer," but that individual has been profiting by the interval to try the beer in a closely adjacent beer-shop, and the letter is laid upon a table in the passage leading to Stewart Routh's rooms, to await his return from the interesting investigation.

Another letter for Mr. Routh, and this time, also, "bearer waits." Waits, too, in the passage, and sees the letter lying on the table, and has plenty of time to read the address

before the experimenting commissionaire returns, has it handed to him, and trudges off with it.

Presently the door at the end of the passage opens, and Routh comes out. "Who brought me a letter just now?" he says to the clerk, and then stops short, and turns to "bearer."

"Oh, it's you, Jim, is it? Take this to Mrs. Routh."

Then Stewart Routh went back to his room, and read again the note to which he had just replied. It was from Harriet, and contained only these words:

"Come home at the first possible moment. A letter from G. D., detained by accident for two days, has just come, and is of the utmost importance. *Let nothing detain you.*"

The joy and triumph in his face had given way to fury; he muttered angry oaths as he tore the note up viciously.

"All the more reason if the worst has come—or is nearer than we thought—that I should strike the decisive blow to-day. She has all but made up her mind—she must make it quite up to-day. This is Tuesday; the Asia sails on Saturday. A letter from Dallas only cannot bring about the final crash: nothing can really happen till he is here. If I have only ordinary luck, we shall be out of harm's way by then."

A little later Stewart Routh made certain changes in his dress, very carefully, and departed from Tokenhouse-yard in a hansom, looking as unlike a man with any cares, business or other kind, upon his mind as any gentleman in all London. "Queen's-gate, Kensington," he said to the driver; and the last words of the letter, daintily sealed, and written on board-like paper, which was in his breast-pocket at that moment, were:

"*I will wait for you in the carriage at Queen's-gate.*"

"I'm glad I seed that 'ere letter," said Jim Swain to himself, as, deeply preoccupied by the circumstances of the preceding day, he faced towards Routh's house, "because when I put Mr. Dallas on this here lay, I needn't let out as I spied 'em home. I can 'count for knowin' on the place permiskus." And then, from an intricate recess of his dirty pocket, much complicated with crumbs and fragments of tobacco, Jim pulled out a crumpled scrap of paper. "Teddy wrote it down quite right," he said, and he smoothed out the paper, and transferred it, for safer keeping, to his cap, in which he had deposited the missive with which he was charged.

When Jim Swain arrived at his destination, and the door was opened to him, Harriet was in the hall. She seemed surprised that he had brought her a written answer. She had expected merely a verbal reply, telling her how soon Routh would be home. Jim pulled his cap off hastily, taken by surprise at seeing her, and while he handed her the note, looked at her

with a full renewal of all the compassion for her which had formerly filled his untaught but not untender heart. He guessed rightly that he had brought her something that would pain her. She looked afraid of the note during the moment she held it unopened in her hand; but she did not think only of herself, she did not forget to be kind to him.

"Go down to the kitchen, and cook will give you some dinner, Jim," she said, as she went into the dining-room and shut the door; and the boy obeyed her with an additional sense of hatred and suspicion against Routh at his heart.

"I'm beginning to make it all out now," he thought, as he disposed of his dinner in most unusual silence. "The other one put Routh up to it all, out of spite of some kind. It was a plant of *hers*, it was; and this here good 'un—for she *is* good—is a-sufferin' for it all, while he's a carryin' on." Shortly after, Jim Swain took a rueful leave of the friendly cook, and departed by the area gate. Having reached Piccadilly, he stood still for a moment, pondering, and then took a resolution, in pursuance of which he approached the house at which he had made a similar inquiry the day before, and again asked if there was any news of Mr. Felton. "Yes," the servant replied; "a telegram had been received from Paris. The rooms were to be ready on the following day. Mr. Felton and Mr. Dallas were coming by the tidal train."

"I've a mind to go back and tell her," said Jim to himself. "She must want to know for some particular reason, or she wouldn't have sent me to ask yesterday, and she wouldn't have let me catch her out in tellin' a crammer if there warn't somethin' in it. But no," said Jim, sagely, "I won't. I'll wait for Mr. Dallas; there ain't long to wait now."

Jim Swain's resolution had an important consequence, which came about in a very ordinary and trifling way. If the boy had gone back to Routh's house, and had been admitted into the hall, he would have seen a piece of paper lying on the door-mat, on which his quick eyes would instantly have recognised the caligraphic feat of his accomplished friend, Teddy Smith; and he would have regained possession of it. But Jim did not return, and the paper lay there undisturbed for some hours—lay there, indeed, until it was seen by the irreproachable Harris when he went to light the gas, picked up, perused by him, and taken to his mistress, who was sitting in the drawing-room quite unoccupied. She looked up as the servant entered; and when the room was lighted, he saw that she was deadly pale, but took no notice of the paper which he placed on the table beside her. Some time after he had left the room her glance fell upon it, and she stretched out her hand wearily, and took it up, with a vague notion that it was a tax-gatherer's notice. But Harriet Routh, whose nerves had once been proof against horror, dread, suffering, danger, or surprise, started as if

she had been shot when she saw, written upon the paper:

"Mrs. Bembridge, 4, Hollington-square, Brompton."

WHAT IS SENSATIONAL?

THE Right Honourable Mr. Gathorne Hardy, the President of the Poor Law Board, has a grievance. The newspapers have, he says, written "sensationally" upon workhouse mismanagement, and an interest "wholly disproportionate to the circumstances" has been roused in the public mind. Further, lest any public writer should misunderstand his meaning, he is kind enough to particularise the cases to which sensation writing has been applied. These were the condition of the Strand Union workhouse, and the deaths of the paupers Daly and Gibson. It is a noble and instructive sight to look down upon from our snug perch in the House of Commons while this genial remark is made. Opposition and government benches both full; legislators snugly quiet, attentive, and approving; while our orator, who is tediously fluent, well dressed, and self-complacent, pours forth his shameless aspersions against those who have borne disinterested testimony to the truth. Paid by the public to protect the Poor, the official representative of a costly system under which paupers starve and die, can find nothing more germane to the subject of poor law reform than abuse of those who have performed the real work of his department, and but for whom, it and its salaried servants, parasites, and admirers, would have continued with folded hands and brazen front to murmur "all is well."

During the celebrated Chelsea inquiry into Crimean mismanagement, a true humorist and draughtsman, now no more, gave us a sketch of "the witness who ought to have been examined," in the shape of the skeleton of one of the hundreds of horses dead of starvation. But that the heartless perversity which can sneer at human suffering as sensational would not be convinced though one rose from the dead, we might well wish that the two murdered paupers, DALY and GIBSON, could be brought from their graves to bear testimony against their accuser and his accomplices. Mr. Hardy proclaims himself an accessory after the fact by his audacious attack on witnesses not to be suborned, and he is himself criminal in his miserable palliation of crime. "Wholly disproportionate to the circumstances," smiles this Christian statesman, with a propitiatory wave of the hand; while well clad, well fed, clean, comfortable, prosperous legislators smile back assent, and no man says them nay. Yet professional philanthropists, platform orators, great religious lights, men well known at Exeter Hall, and without whose names no charitable subscription-list is complete, can be seen from our point of observation here, placidly beating time to Mr. Hardy's verbose cadences, and murmuring to each other after-

wards that his performance has been very creditable indeed.

The tu quoque line of argument is to be deprecated, but the daring of the arch-medocrity below us suggests the question, what would a sensation poor law president be like? Suppose a man to succeed to office when public opinion has insisted upon reform; suppose a prime minister to herald him with a bombastic flourish as "the fittest man in the Queen's dominions" for his onerous charge; suppose the man himself to assure the House of Commons that all previous abuses have been due to the mismanagement and indifference of his predecessor; suppose the same man to purchase the cheap cheers of his fellow-legislators by braggart promises of efficient control and personal sacrifice; and suppose him to conveniently ignore his own statements, and, while filching the labours of others, to throw stones at them from the convenient shelter of parliamentary place—would this be sensational? Suppose the nation to be so outraged by the abuses and cruelties tacitly sanctioned by one notorious department and its officers, that some show of justice and humanity to paupers is found necessary to prolong the life of an unpopular ministry—is the use of charity and decency as political counters, sensational? Suppose a servant of the State to be bold as a lion in his pledges to the public, and as meek as a sucking dove in his performances with guardians; suppose him to be outwardly rigid and privately compromising—is this sensational? Suppose he, or an officer under his direction, to preface public investigations by private interviews with the people accused, wherein friendly hints are given how damaging evidence may be suppressed; suppose him to have other investigations conducted with closed doors, and to cause others again to be so craftily managed that the evidence is published and the verdict resolutely kept back—is this sensational? Suppose a pinchbeck popularity to be earned by the adoption of other men's ideas and a wholesale renunciation of one's own—is this sensational? Suppose underhand relations are endeavoured to be established between a public body and its critics, and sops to be proffered to Cerberus so deftly that a stern front and frowning brow is successfully maintained even while coaxings, fondlings, and tit-bits are being offered—is this sensational? To ally oneself with pitiful intriguers; to purchase hirelings who, having played fetch and carry to one set of masters, are ready to transfer their venal and shameful services to the highest bidder with a cheerful unscrupulousness that such light o' loves only know—is this sensational? Is it sensational to pander, palter, truckle, and deceive; to hush up cruelty and brutality to the helpless, frauds on the rate-payers, and dishonesty to the poor? Is it sensational to bid for political support by throwing the judicial mantle over parochial misdeeds? Is it sensational to make active sympathy with suffering, a matter for punishment; and selfish indifference the key to favour and reward? Is

it sensational to blow hot and cold, to reprove bluffly, and cringe servilely; to degrade a Christian's duty into a charlatan's trick; to abet the oppressor, and use the giant's strength against the oppressed? Which was sensational, the dynasty converting "the negation of God into a system of government," or the statesman who called down the indignation of Europe on its atrocities? Let Mr. Hardy give us benighted public writers information on such points as these.

Sensational writing in the newspapers! Why, the right honourable gentleman is surely contributing sensational writing for to-morrow's issue by the yard. That he and the party of obstruction should eat the leek by meekly appropriating the views and arguments used by their opponents when such measures as the Houseless Poor Act and the Union Chargeability Bill were proposed and carried in their teeth; that the love of place should awaken a sense of justice; that those "carrying the bag" should have been whipped into even a semblance of caring for the poor, is surely sensational enough for common readers. It is as the public defender of the system, and the censor of those public witnesses whose evidence is not hired, rather than as the man responsible for the particular acts alluded to, that Mr. Hardy stands self-accused; and such writers as respect themselves and their vocation are not likely to forget his words. Running with the hare and hunting with the hounds is not always a successful policy, and it is useful to observe how the measure introduced is a practical refutation to the charge made; how every useful clause in it can be directly traced to the influence of independent comment and suggestion; how the tacit admissions of the speaker are damnatory to the expensive sham he represents. The flippancy which would propitiate the guardian class at the expense not merely of humanity but honesty, is inexpressibly shocking; and with this before one, the bill itself, useful as many of its provisions are, seems like a bribe thrown half contemptuously to an irritated and long-suffering public, rather than a conscientiously devised remedy for flagrant abuse.

Let us accept Mr. Gathorne Hardy's challenge, and by recapitulating the facts he takes exception to, grope darkly for his definition of the word "sensational." Selecting the workhouse he quotes as an example, what do we find its discipline and internal arrangements to have been? Carpet-beating carried on as a trade among its infirm wards; the dust and flue settling upon the sick and dying, aggravating their sufferings and hastening their end; a broken-down potboy employed as nurse, who trembled from sheer debility when spoken to; patients unable to move in bed without assistance, and help refused them by the guardians in defiance of the entreaties of their own medical officer; the beer, wine, and spirits provided to keep body and soul together, habitually stolen from the wretched patients by pauper wardsmen

and nurses, an emporium for their sale, known as "the Brimstone Hotel," flourishing within the workhouse walls; and a standing proposal to reduce the doctor's salary brought forward whenever he made an effort for reform. These were the proved facts.

The wretched jocularities of human brutes as to mesenteric disease being "something to eat;" the ironical suggestions for "arm-chairs and drawing-rooms for paupers," both occurred at the official inquiry here; and that killing consumptive paupers with carpet-dust has been discontinued, and that the nursing and discipline have been partially amended, is due, not to our Poor Law Board or its officers, but to independent inquiry and the stern comments it evoked. It fortunately happens that since these comments were made, a return from the Poor Law Board to the House of Commons, dated "7th August, 1866," and signed "H. Fleming, Secretary," has been obtained. Let us ask Mr. Hardy, is this a sensational document? Are the following statements by Dr. Rogers, the medical officer of the union which was sympathised with by the responsible head of the Poor Law Board as the object of attacks in the newspapers—are these sensational? Speaking of the Strand Union workhouse, Dr. Rogers writes: "In the first summer following my appointment, an outbreak of fever took place, *owing to excessive overcrowding and deficient accommodation*. . . . The ward then used for the reception of persons admitted on nightly orders, called 'Pug's Hole' by the inmates, was a cellar (without area), and of the most objectionable kind, and the hotbed from which fever was largely propagated. . . . Having repeatedly noticed that the suckling women became consumptive, or suffered from diseases of an exhaustive character, and that many of their children died, I found, on inquiry, that the dietary of the lying-in ward (over which I had then no control, and was not supposed to enter without the request of the master or midwife) was very insufficient, as *it consisted only of gruel for nine days*, and that when discharged to the nursery they went at once on the common diet of the house. . . . In the year 1862, a severe outbreak of fever took place in the building, *due solely to overcrowding*; twenty-five cases occurred in quick succession. . . . On or about this time I suggested to the visiting committee an alteration of the dead-house, the grating, &c., from which opened beneath the windows of the women's infirm wards. . . . From this grating *foul emanations from the dead frequently arose and filled the wards*, and in the summer large blue-flies flew in and out of them from the dead-house. . . . In 1864, overcrowding having again taken place . . . a malignant fever broke out in the house. . . . In May, 1865, the Poor Law Board addressed you (the Strand Union guardians) on the subject of pauper nurses, and strongly advised you to engage paid and responsible persons . . . you, however, engaged one, and by the terms of the ad-

vertisement limited her attendance to those patients only who were in the two sick wards, amounting to about forty persons, and yet the house contained, as you are aware by the weekly returns, four hundred sick, aged, or permanently disabled persons."

"When Belsham, the pauper nurse, was removed at my instance, for robbing the sick, the master, in consequence of a suggestion by me, undertook to bring the question forward, and applied for paid assistance, as the circumstances were such as admitted of no delay. The total refusal, as he informed me, of the visiting committee, and the recommendation of one of the guardians to employ a broken-down potboy whose antecedents he so well knew, was a proof, coupled with what I have above referred to, that it would be a mere waste of time to make any further communication to your board on the subject.

"At the early part of the year 1864, the late Mr. Jeffreys moved that my salary should be increased. I waited upon him, and others who I knew were favourable to me, and urged them to get your board to provide medicines instead, as I wished to establish the principle that in such a large house as the Strand, all the drugs should be found at the cost of the ratepayers, thereby evincing that I had some other feeling in the matter save that of getting a little more money. Your board assented to the proposition, *but limited my outlay on this head to 30l. only in the year*."

Finally, after recounting his efforts to have those abuses remedied, Dr. Rogers's testimony thus concludes: "I have regretted many times, and deeply, that these efforts, instead of receiving the cordial sympathies and assistance of (the guardians), have entailed upon me much annoyance, hostility, and undeserved insult."

Was it sensational, let us ask again, for an inspector from the Poor Law Board to conduct an inquiry into the malpractices of this shameful workhouse, as if he held a brief for the guardians; and to attempt to crush their medical officer as one of the troublesome fellows clamouring for reform?

Passing to published records of the death of the wretched Timothy Daly, let us see what is sensational here. We all know that

The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man;

and Mr. Hardy would, doubtless, tell us that Daly died obstinately and sensationally for malicious purposes of his own, and with an eye to posthumous celebrity. This poor man was found at his lodgings, in want of the common necessities of life; and though he frequently implored the parish doctor to procure him food and nutriment, the latter omitted to do so, on the supposition that Daly's pride would be wounded at receiving them from parochial sources. He had nothing but a little milk and gruel for two or three days, and was so weakened when it was decided to take

him to the workhouse, that stimulants were prescribed. It being nobody's business to give them to him, he had, instead, an aperient, a sedative, and a syrup; and arrived at the Holborn Union workhouse, well physicked, unfed, and half fainting from debility. Here, he had neither food nor medical advice until the next day, but was placed in a hot bath, because a pauper nurse thought him "by no means clean;" he became (not unnaturally) worse in the night, and his condition was pronounced dangerous when the doctor saw him some hours afterwards. Bed-sores supervened, and were not discovered by the doctor until that vague period, "three or four days," had elapsed, so a pauper nurse bestrewed them with fullers'-earth, to the miserable pauper's injury. He was placed on a bed several inches too short for him, and, after some weeks of anguish and neglect, the poor wretch had so strong a conviction that he was being killed by ill-treatment, that he preferred dying of starvation and disease outside, and had himself moved away. Subsequently he was admitted to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he died the day after his admission, of "exhaustion" arising from workhouse bed-sores and neglect.

The circumstances of this death were sensationally held to be a conclusive testimony to the uncertainty and irresponsibility attending the administration of our parochial system; and it was sensationally urged that, although Daly was completely within the circle of that system, he died for want of careful watching and suitable food.

Richard Gibson perished in St. Giles's workhouse, encrusted with corruption and filth, covered with vermin, and without proper nourishment or medical attendance. After protracted suffering, he was mercifully killed off with gin, surreptitiously administered by a drunken pauper nurse. The medical officer had passed the sick man's bed, daily, without asking after his condition, or knowing how his disease progressed, or whether his bed-clothes were foul or clean; and a parochial coffin would have concealed Gibson's sufferings and wrongs without boards, Bumbles, or the public, being the wiser, but for an audacious pauper named Magee, who wrote to the sitting magistrate at Bow-street, and so caused a "sensational" inquiry, sensational reports, and a sensational shock of horror and indignation, wherever men and women—not belonging to the Poor Law Board—could read, and think, and feel.

Let us ask again what does Mr. Gathorne Hardy mean by sensational? Is it sensational to tell the truth? Is it sensational to call public attention to a noteworthy example of a costly board existing under false pretences, and showing mankind how not to do it? Is it sensational to be poor, abject, wretched, dying? Is it sensational in a public officer, when he has nothing to say for his department, meanly to shelter himself under the miserable slang of the hour? Is the commonest humanity, the narrowest charity, sensational? What is Mr. Hardy's opinion of the New Testament? A

sensational performance surely! The good Samaritan? A highly sensational character. The twelve Apostles? What a sensational dozen! Their Divine Master? Inconveniently, and notably sensational! There was a time when men symbolically expressed their names in what was called a "rebus." Perhaps the newest sensational effect is for a public servant to do this in a new way, and thus Mr. Hardy sensationally exhibits himself as the most hardy man alive. The House of Commons may be all that Mr. Disraeli says it is, or it may be the different thing that most other men know it to be; but in either case it is surely remarkable that there is no man in it to put a notice on the paper "to ask the Right Honourable the Chief of the Bumbles for his definition of sensational."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

PART II. THE OLD PLAYERS.

REMOVING stage and theatres, and the actors and actresses, and the talk about the stage, and the readable books of memoirs, what a blank would be left!

Insensibly the theatre influences us more than we imagine. Our novelists and romancists have a hankering to write their chapters in dramatic form, and your true forcible writer, when he comes to an exciting piece of business, will, if he have any skill, conjure up a stage before him, light up scenery and foot-lights, and see the whole in busy action. Our women dress themselves as for the stage, and for stage effect. Stage talk and stage gossip, proposals for new plays, green-room rumours, critiques, who does not love these things? They have a dim and indescribable charm. Above all stage memoirs, the anything but brief chronicles of the time, make almost fascinating reading. For here garrulity, a vulgar vanity and candour, blend with a dramatic abundance of detail, that give a unique value. Some are good, some bad, some utterly worthless, because written with a genteel affectation and unfaithfulness. But they are curious nevertheless.

Old Cibber's Apology has been put at the head of the list. It is in truth a book apart from the rest, and of almost a philosophical quality. But, to get well behind the scenes and see all the littlenesses of that day, we should take up Mrs. or Miss George Anne Bellamy. A more curious, rambling book: purposeless, dateless, yet full of colour and detail. Execrable English, the language of a housemaid turned into a fine lady by fine clothes and plenty of money.

The works of actor writers would fill many a shelf. We have Chetwoode, perhaps the oldest, Victor, Hitecock, Edwin, Reynolds, Michael Kelly, Lee Lewes, and many more; but from them stand out two of remarkable merit, admirable, graphic, honest, accurate, and most entertaining—Tate Wilkinson and O'Keefe.

Tate is really a remarkable book, and for perfect *genuineness*, and for power of expressing the turns and workings of the human mind, may be set beside Boswell. Even his unconscious perversions of the truth are transparent, and make the book more honest. It is a series of pictures, and we see Foote and Garrick, lords and ladies, London and Dublin. That this unique book should not have been better known is surprising; but it has grown very scarce.

This was the day of strolling companies. England was divided into theatrical circuits, which the country managers "went" regularly, like the gentlemen of the law. Engaged by one of these, Wilkinson, freed from Mr. Garrick's tyranny, found his way to Portsmouth. His picture of the place is full of drumming and drilling, with the fleet lying out in the roads, and "the gallant Rodney" on shore. It was all drawbridges and lines, and military gates and posts; where the visitor was stopped and questioned. Officers of the navy and army filled the streets. The little theatre of the place was sure to have support from such a constituency.

But the company was a strange and motley one. A Mr. White was jeune premier, who lisped, and pronounced Garrick "Gaa-ick;" Moody, newly come from Jamaica; a stout Mrs. Osborne; a Miss Kitty White, whose mamma was the amusement of the profession for her rambling talk and strange blunders. There were crowded houses. The officers were glad to know the droll Wilkinson, and even "the gallant Rodney" was specially courteous to him. One night, when he was playing Hamlet, and Moody, as Gravedigger, was shovelling away, up to his middle, the manager plucked him by the sleeve, and whispered, hurriedly, "Take care; for Mr. Garrick is in the pit!" We may conceive the sensation behind the scenes; every one thinking that the eye of "the London manager" was on him or her. It was near the end of the play; so Wilkinson could not well make out the great actor in the pit, and went home to supper and bed, thinking the whole was a mistake. But next morning came a message from the Fountain Tavern with Mr. Garrick's compliments to Mr. Wilkinson; would he come and breakfast with him? Surprised and overjoyed, the actor hurried away, and was greeted heartily at the Fountain Tavern by his old manager. Nothing could have been more charming or even engaging than Garrick's behaviour. He was out, he told the other, on a little holiday, staying with Doctor Garney, at Wickham, some eight miles off—an old friend to whom this visit had been promised for years. Doctor Garney was a retired physician, who had made his fortune, and was greatly respected in that part of the country.

Mrs. Garrick was there also; and Mr. Garrick said he had been charged by her and the doctor to make Mr. Wilkinson fix his own day, and come out to them. "A visit," added Mr. Garrick, kindly, "which we shall all return." After

breakfast, they went out to walk and see the town, the great Mr. Garrick leaning on Mr. Wilkinson's arm—"an honour I dreamed not of." They went on to the ramparts, saw the dock-yards, and all the time Mr. Garrick was asking about his young friend's prospects, and how he was doing, and congratulated him on being such a favourite. Indeed, it needs not Mr. Wilkinson to tell us that, "whenever Mr. Garrick chose to throw off dignity and acting, and was not surrounded by business to perplex him, he had it in his power to render himself a most pleasing, improving, and delightful companion." It was in such good spirits that he had a bottle of hock made into a cool tankard for luck.

On the appointed day, Wilkinson drove out in a post-chaise to Doctor Garney, dressed in gold lace, like a gentleman. He was received by Garrick, as he says, "like his son." The doctor and his wife were "good" people, and made him welcome. So did Mrs. Garrick. "She was, in truth, a most elegant woman; grace was in her step." Garrick showed him the place, which was charming, "a little paradise," with exquisite views, gardens, conservatories, and a lofty observatory built by the doctor himself. He "ran and skipped like a lad of twenty." He delighted Wilkinson by complimenting him on his dress, merely objecting to the buckles, which were too large for the *mode*, and rather like a sailor's. The actor's heart was rejoiced at being treated "like a man of fashion" at dinner. Garrick spoke of the benefit night, and said to the doctor and his lady that he would take it as an obligation to himself if they would give their patronage to his friend, Mr. Wilkinson. At ten o'clock, after a pleasant game on the bowling-green, Mr. Garrick saw him out to his chaise, gave him some parts to study, and said he hoped there would be no impropriety in bespeaking a play for Friday, July 27; "and we desire, Wilkinson, you will fix on a favourite character, and do your best for the credit of both: and damn it, Tate, Mrs. Garrick expects you will have a dish of tea ready after her jaunt, by way of relaxation" (this was an allusion to his Monologue): "and if you disappoint us, Doctor and Mrs. Garney and all the party will be very angry. So take care!" And thus ended a very happy day for the young actor.

We may conceive the sensation Wilkinson's news produced in the company. But Wilkinson was not to have the lion's share, as he had hoped. There was a sort of *émeute*, each actor being eager to play his favourite and most conspicuous part, so as to catch the eye of the London manager.

Mr. White, the jeune premier, very dirty and unshaven, about his face, and fond of morning gin, asked, with bitter contempt, "Who is Mr. Gaa-ick? Mr. Gaa-ick has no command over the Portsmouth company. I think Mr. Gaa-ick cannot be displeased with my Macheath, though I want no favour from Mr. Gaa-ick."

All combined against Wilkinson's monopoly,

and the Beggar's Opera was fixed on as giving a fair chance to all. But Mr. Wilkinson was to have his Monologue and the Author, as his share.

All the genteel people of the neighbourhood hearing of the "bespeak," and that Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were coming in, crowded to the little box-office; and when Friday night came round, there was really a full house. The Beggar's Opera began, but the great party had not come. The first act went by, the second began; and the actors and audience began to grow dissatisfied, thinking they had been led there under a false pretence. In particular, Mr. White was scornful and angry, some of the best bits of his Macheath having been played. But, towards the end of the act, the party from Wickham entered, and took their places with the eyes of the whole house on them. It was noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Garrick and party paid the closest attention, and applauded heartily. We may be sure that night was long remembered at the Portsmouth little theatre; and it seems a fresh picture, and its primitiveness and rustic character, coming after the London worldliness, must have been enjoyed by Garrick himself.

After the play, there was supper at the Rainbow Tavern, at which various local persons of distinction came in and paid their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Before them all, Mrs. Garrick very delicately and kindly thanked Wilkinson for his performance. At some time past midnight she retired, having to sleep at the house of one of Doctor Garney's friends, these good people "not hearing" of her staying at a tavern. Mr. Garrick, who, says Wilkinson, "never failed in attention to his lady," would not suffer her to go with the servant, and wrapping himself in a handsome sea-captain's cloak which belonged to Mr. Wilkinson, attended her up the street. When he returned, he said he was quite pleased with his walk, as it had made him acquainted with Mr. Wilkinson's snug roquelaire, which he thought would be exactly the sort of thing for him during the winter months between Southampton-street and the theatre, and save him many a sedan-chair journey. He therefore commissioned Tate to get him one in Portsmouth, and bring it up to London.

It was a very pleasant night. They sat till past three. Great consideration and homage was paid to the illustrious guest, who never showed to such advantage. The whole of this scene does, indeed, exhibit the guest of the good honest Garneys unrestrained, not "stuck up."

Later the actor, wishing to pay a complimentary visit to Doctor Garney, determined to ride out. His description of his adventure is delightfully naïve and graphic:

"I had seldom," he says, "used myself to that mode of travelling; for *though* I had frequently gone from London to Hampton Court and Richmond, yet it was generally in a post-chaise." The ostler of the Fountain brought to the door a very fine-looking horse,

and asked him if he rode much. The other "assured him the contrary." "Because I beg, then, sir, as you are not a jockey, that I may take those spurs off." He then set off, and for the first mile or so, which was through streets and over drawbridges, "I found it a very delicate matter, either by giving the horse his own way or checking him, to keep him within the power of my art of horsemanship. By degrees, the horse seemed wisely to comprehend that his own self-will and sagacity were superior to his rider's. My ignorance was manifest to the animal, and as he was fully convinced I assumed a government to which I was not by any means competent, he was determined on rebellion, and to himself usurped the reins of power." Having achieved two miles with safety, the horse suddenly set off with fury, throwing his rider into an abject state of alarm, which was increased by finding it a narrow road, and the London waggon lumbering on leisurely in front, "at which," says Mr. Wilkinson, "this dreadful beast rushed, so that the wheel stopped and checked my right leg, and brought me to the ground, and on my fall the horse's hind hoof struck my jaw, and made it bleed most plentifully. Providentially the men stopped the waggon, but almost against their will; for they could not conceive, from the fury of the beast and the supposed misguided rage of the rider, but I was some foolish mad fellow eager to show my horsemanship, neck or nothing." The waggoners were half angry, half amused. "They only damned me for a fool; for they were right *sure I mun be mad to ride dumb beast to fright the waggon, like.*" But when Tate explained it *was* an accident, they laughed heartily, and said "I should never win the King's Plate at Newmarket." Wilkinson was then helped on the horse's back, who had been grazing all this time, and reassumed the reins. "I determined to be very steady, and not venture on the perilous canter any more: a gentle trot at the most was to suffice, and that with all precaution. We were jogging on as if by mutual agreement, when an officer, going on to Hilsea Barracks, came flying by, calling out, 'Your friend Scott dines at Hilsea; do come to dinner, Wilkinson,' and went galloping on. My fiery-footed steed, scorning to be outdone in courtesy, obeyed the summons with the utmost swiftness, while, Gilpin-like, I held by the pommel of the saddle, expecting every instant my neck would be broke. I was at the last gasp with this devil of a horse; for the officer had no thought but I was determined to outride him, and be at Hilsea the first; but on seeing the turnpike, I cried aloud, 'Shut the gate! Murder! murder! For God's sake, shut the gate!' At first they did not comprehend me, but on observing my awkward manner of riding on this my flying horse, and my continued cry of 'Shut the gate,' they did so before I got to it; and then another fear arose, which was, that of the horse's despising the barred gate, and leaping over it. Fortunately the creature, either in pity to my fears or regard for his own limbs, or from the

custom of stopping at the gate (which I cannot pronounce), halted there, and that suddenly, on a supposition, maybe, that the king's duty was necessary to be loyally paid, to which he was possibly daily accustomed, and to my astonishment in the midst of horrors he pleasingly surprised me by so doing, for he seemed equal to any mad exploit whatever."

From the turnpike-man he got a glass of water, and set off again "on the irregular paths of Portsdown;" and here he naturally reckoned the animal had "settled to reason," but on the up hill, down dale, once more he began more swift than ever. "For me to expatiate on the wonders I this day performed in the noble art of vaulting horsemanship might make young Astley fearful of a rival, and dare me to a trial of skill." It ended by horse and rider tumbling down an uneven hill, and rolling over to the bottom. A more humorous description, in which there is quaintness, and naïveté, and perfect candour, cannot be conceived. It makes a very fair specimen of this curious actor's memoir.

O'Keefe's recollections appeared in the year 1826, yet they struck back a marvellous distance. He, too, only cares to tell what he saw, and writes without that pomp of words and affectation which is the blemish of the modern personal memoir. He gives a series of little glimpses of life a hundred years ago, which show us the colours and dresses, as if painted pictures. He saw the days of the old Dublin Theatre, when old Lord Trimlestown was driving about in a superb chariot painted over with "boys in the Flamingo style," the gift of Marshal Saxe. "Drapier's heads" were still the popular sign, swinging over his head as he walked, and an old Captain Debrisay walked about the street "unremarked" in the dress of Charles the Second's day. In London he saw the mob attack the Moorish ambassador's house on suspicion of his having put to death one of his slaves, and beat him and his people all down the Haymarket. He saw Churchill walking about, "a large man of athletic make, dressed in black, with a large black scratch-wig." He was in a coffee-house in St. Martin's-lane one morning when the newsman came in and laid No. 45 of Wilkes's North Briton on the table. Later, standing at Charing-cross, he noted a tall slender figure in a scarlet coat, large bag, and fierce three-cornered hat, carefully picking his way across the street through the mud. That was "Jack Wilkes." But his picture of Ireland in those days makes us sigh and look back wistfully. There were no gypsies, no poor-rates, and no pawnbrokers. The great pride of a countryman on a Sunday was to have three or four waistcoats. The milkmaid sang as she milked; and if the song stopped, the cow began to kick the pail. They all cut each other's turf, and dug each other's potatoes, lending the car or horse. The grand object was to have the half-penny of a Saturday night, the piper's fee, who played for the jig. In Dublin, so eager were the authorities to encourage the linen manu-

facture, that the fees for the yearly carriage licenses were set apart to buy spinning-wheels; and once a year these were set out at the top of St. James's-street, and distributed gratis to every one who came. These were charming times, when "my lord's" or "the squire's" was known as "the big house," and had its fool and running footmen; and O'Keefe often saw these latter skimming along the road in a white jacket, blue silk sash round the waist, black velvet cap and silver tassel, a frill round the neck, and a seven-foot staff, tipped with silver, through whose aid they leaped the ditches. Will those days ever come again for old Ireland?

Curious in their own way are the strange, rambling, vain, and vulgar recollections of Miss George Anne Bellamy, daughter of Lord Tyrarwy. The centre of all is, of course, the writer; but this becomes an end and aim to which everything is distorted. Histrionic vanity is a special department in the collection of human weaknesses; yet, with this disadvantage, her story is valuable and characteristic from its sheer outspoken vanity, which overcomes every inducement to affectation. We see Garriek in his Dublin town playing at Smock Alley Theatre, and the *recherché* of all *recherchés*; we see "Peg" Woffington in the green-room, and Miss Bellamy and that famous actress "having it out" in a battle royal behind the scenes about their dresses as the Rival Queens. We see how, on benefit nights, the stage was "built up" with an amphitheatre that reached to the flies, so that when the curtain rose there were nearly as many before the foot-lights as behind. Thus the actor, to "come on," had to force his way through a crowd at the wings; and the charming Cibber, dying as Juliet, had a whole crowd of admirers seated on chairs quite close round the tomb. Did an actor drop his hat or glove, a friendly spectator was seen to go forward gravely and hand it to him. There was no end to the conventional absurdities of the stage in the last century. When the hero was near his end, two of the stage servants appeared with a small strip of carpet, which they solemnly laid in the centre so that he might die in comfort. But in the case of an inferior actor, writhing and working in agonies, clawing and tearing at the grand, as was then fashionable, it was found that he had quite wrapped himself up in his strip of carpet. "Gold tickets"—happy days for actors!—were then in vogue, every man of fashion who patronised the stage sending his ten and twenty guineas on benefit night. We see Doctor Young, Mr. Foote (whom we see best of all in Mr. Forster's essay), Sheridan the actor, Quin, "Counsellor Murphy," Doctor Johnson, and a host more. The King of Denmark came to see Jane Shore, and—not so very unnaturally—fell fast asleep. Then the lively Miss Bellamy, putting extra energy into her part, drew up close to his box, and called out, "O thou false lord!" which roused him, and amused the house. She passed through the strangest vicissitudes; now, being

"abducted" at the stage door; now, going to Paris and living sumptuously; now, ending miserably in a debtors' prison.

AN AMERICAN'S WORD FOR AN AMERICAN WRITER.

"N. P. WILLIS is dead!" The fact is announced in the fewest words possible. Still it is something to have one's last illness and death telegraphed across the ocean, when the price of gold is so important.

The question of Doré respecting Tennyson, "Qui est-il donc ce Monsieur Tennyson?" is still more pertinent here to Mr. Willis. He has had scant justice, and no generous appreciation, in England. This has been owing to peculiarities essentially American, presently to be considered.

The golden thread of genius was mixed in the warp and woof of Mr. Willis's nature, though there was other and less worthful material in it. If he had been born and trained in England, he might have emulated Disraeli. He had too much taste, and too little earnestness, for political life in America. He was social, sentimental, convivial. Taste and culture made him what his countrymen called an aristocrat. He loved artistic achievement, therefore he loved England; and the transitional crudeness of his country, where everything was being done, and nothing was finished, was repulsive to the sybaritic side of Mr. Willis.

There is a little poem of his in which he expresses this phase of himself quite as truthfully as poetically and humorously.

A man may love wine, and never be intoxicated. He may love ease and comfort, and forego both for a higher joy, a more worthy rest. Though Mr. Willis wrote "Love in a Cottage," and it was probably a true exposition of feeling, he still lived in and loved his cottage home at Glen Mary in the May-day of his life. He was a practical man as well as a poet, and wrought out for himself two beautiful country homes: the one for his first, the other for his last marriage; and in training flowers and fruits, and growing a landscape for himself and his family and friends, to be copied by his countrymen who had taste enough to profit by the pattern shown, he still carefully made his gates "pig-tight," a precaution very important where hogs are more intrusive than boys or burglars. But we must not forget the poem,

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine,
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine.
They may talk of the pleasures of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning
By the side of a footstep free.

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage gets hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies,
Your milkmaid shocks the graces,
And simplicity talks of pies.
You lie down to your shady slumber,
And wake with a bug in your ear;
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease,
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

His first wife was a most lovely and charming English lady. Of her he wrote to his mother on leaving Europe with his young bride:

Dear mother, when our lips can speak,
When first our tears will let us see,
When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
And thou with thy dear eyes on me,
'Twill be a pastime little sad
To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers
Upon each other's forms have had;
For all may flee, so feeling lingers!
But there's a change, beloved mother,
To stir far deeper thoughts of thine:
I come—but with me comes another
To share the heart once only mine.

Thou on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
One star arose in memory's heaven,
Thou who hast watch'd one treasure only,
Water'd one flower with tears at even,
Room in thy heart! The hearth she left
Is darkened to lend light to ours.
There are bright flowers of care bereft,
And hearts that languish more than flowers.
She was their light, their very air,
Room in thy heart, mother! place for her in thy
prayer.

With such deep love for mother and wife, may not Mr. Willis be forgiven by home-loving Englishmen for some flippant personalities evincing bad taste, and which have been the precedent for many more showing bad manners? Still they are American manners, and hardly to be judged sternly by English standards.

An American discusses everything but a prospective addition to his family, and publishes everything but births. Lords and ladies are abstract wonders that he would like to see, or "hear tell of." "Noblesse oblige" to an imaginative American means that those of noble lineage are obliged to be rich, beautiful in person, and graceful in manner. It takes a pretty large experience to turn this poetry into hard

prose. The literary men and women of England are revered in America with much more than regal reverence. Those who own no saints have more than canonised their favourite novelists and poets. When these grandchildren of England come back where they were not born, and find every man surrounded with a wall of reticence, and villas and gardens with four walls built high and strong, with spikes and broken glass for garnishing, it is very provoking. The American considers English exclusion and seclusion as a very unjust mystery and secrecy. He finds out all he can, and, as own correspondent of some New York or Boston "fast-class" daily or weekly paper, sells his peep-show. The gossiping, curious cousin is tried, judged, and condemned by a code of social laws that he has never been instructed in; and if ever so carefully taught, it is doubtful whether he would see the moral difference between making a paper on London and its celebrities, or giving the pathology of the great West, and particularly of Eden, and the career and characteristics of Jefferson Brick, and "strong-minded" samples of femininity essentially unfeminine.

A true American may be crude, superficial, and impulsive, but he is certain to be frank and warm-hearted. He gives you his hand with his heart in it. He may be hasty and imprudent in forming friendships, and incur censure for fickleness, when he is correcting mistakes that an Englishman would never have made. He sheds tears, kisses, and dollars, on the just and the unjust. It is the American fashion, and he likes it, or he is in too much of a hurry to make changes.

Mr. Willis was accused of offensive personality in his gossiping letters from England. The first excuse for him is that he was American. There is another, that the commercial mind of the English may possibly appreciate. Personal observations of men, women, and things, in England find a ready market and money in America, just as Yankee caricature, wit, humour, and bad spelling, find a market here.

Such flippancy as the following was considered delightful by Mr. Willis's countrymen. Why, then, should he deny himself the pleasure of pleasing them? The scene is a soirée in London, where he sees the lions:

Rejected Smith's, he thought a head quite glorious
And Hook, all button'd up, he took for "Boreas."

He noted Lady Stepmey's pretty hand,
And Barry Cornwall's sweet and serious eye,

And saw Moore get down from his chair to stand
While a most royal duke went bowing by;

Saw Savage Landon wanting soap and sand,
Saw Lady Chatterton take snuff and sigh,
Saw graceful Bulwer say "good night" and vanish,
Heard Crofton Croker's brogue, and thought it Spanish,

And fine Jane Porter, with her cross and feather,
And clever Babbage, with his face of leather;
And there was plump and saucy Mrs. Gore,

And calm old lily-white Joanna Baillie,
And frisky Bowring, London's wisest bore,
And there was "devilish handsome Disraeli."

And yet the poet could be sadly in earnest.
In proof, we quote the poem entitled:

THIRTY-FIVE.

"The years of a man's life are threescore and ten."

Oh, weary heart, thou'rt half way home,
We stand on life's meridian height,
As far from childhood's morning come
As to the grave's forgotten night;
Give youth and hope a parting tear,
Look onward with a placid brow,
Hope promised but to bring us here,
And reason takes the guidance now.
One backward look, the last, the last,
One silent tear, for youth is past.

Who goes with hope and passion back?
Who comes with me and memory on?
Oh, lonely looks the downward track,
Joy's music hush'd, hope's roses gone.
To pleasure and her giddy troup
Farewell—without a sigh, or tear;
But heart gives way and spirits droop
To think that love must leave us here.
Have we no charm when youth is flown,
Midway to death, left sad and lone?

Yet stay, as 'twere a twilight star
That sends its thread across the wave,
I see a brightening light from far
Steal down a path beyond the grave!
And now, bless God, its golden hue
Comes o'er and lights my shadowy way,
And shows the dear hand clasp'd in mine;
But list what those sweet voices say—
*The better land's in sight,
And by its chastening light,
All love from life's midway is driven,
Save hers whose clasped hand will bring thee on to heaven.*

Still the poet married again, worthily and happily, and other loves bloomed for him after life's first young charm had fled.

His first country home was named Glen Mary, for his English wife. His second was named Idlewild, perhaps by the second wife, who has sweetly contradicted the name by making it an educational home.

In selling Glen Mary, Mr. Willis wrote:

"LETTER TO THE UNKNOWN PURCHASER AND NEXT
OCCUPANT OF GLEN MARY.

"Sir. In selling you the dew and sunshine
ordained to fall hereafter on this bright spot of
earth—the waters on their way to the sparkling
brook—the tints mixed for the flowers of that
enamelled meadow, and the songs bidden to be
sung in coming summers by the feathery builders
in Glen Mary—I know not whether to wonder
more at the omnipotence of money or at my
own impertinent audacity toward nature.
How you can buy the right to exclude at will
every other creature made in God's image from
sitting by this brook, treading on that carpet of
flowers, or lying listening to the birds in the
shade of these glorious trees—how I can sell
it to you—is a mystery not understood by the
Indian, and dark, I must say, to me.

"'Lord of the soil' is a title which conveys

your privileges but poorly. You are master of waters flowing at this moment, perhaps in the river of Judæa, or floating in clouds over some spicy island of the tropics, bound hither after many changes. There are lilies and violets ordered for you in millions, acres of sunshine in daily instalments, and dew nightly in proportion. There are throats to be tuned with song, and wings to be painted with red and gold, blue and yellow, thousands of them, and all tributary to you. Your corn is ordered to be sheathed in silk and lifted high to the sun. Your grain is to be duly bearded and stemmed. There is perfume distilling for your clover, and juices for your grasses and fruit. Ice will be here for your wine, shade for your refreshment at noon, breezes, showers, and snow-flakes, all in their season, and all "deeded to you for forty dollars the acre." Gods! what a copyhold of property for a fallen world!"

Then he commends brook and bridge, old trees, a portly and venerable toad, a spoilt family of squirrels, a pair of Phœbe birds, and a merry Bob o' Lincoln, and "in the shady depths of a small glen, among the wild flowers and music, the music of the brook bubbling over rocky steps, a spot sacred to love and memory."

This was the grave of an infant daughter, of whom he wrote:

A child that we have loved is gone to heaven,
And by this gate of flowers she pass'd away.

In the American sense Mr. Willis was not an earnest man. He espoused no *ism*. He was a tasteful literary man, with such genius as our quotations show. His heart was given to his family and friends, though he evinced some mild attachment for the union in the time of the war.

Probably the following is what his countrymen would call the most "radical" of all the prose or poetry he has written:

The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walk'd she, but viewlessly
Walk'd spirits by her side.

Peace charm'd the street beneath her feet,
And honour charm'd the air,
And all astrir look'd kind on her,
And call'd her good and fair;
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo.
But honour'd well are charms to sell,
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,
A slight girl, lily-pale,
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail.
'Twixt want and scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail;

No mercy now can clear her brow,
For this world's peace to pray;
For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way.
But the sin, forgiven by Christ in heaven,
By man is curst away.

The last twenty years of Mr. Willis's life were spent in an earnest fight to keep death from his door. In spite of bleeding lungs and other alarming consumptive symptoms, he succeeded, by living in country air, by horseback exercise, and general hygienic caution and precaution, in keeping alive, and much of the time at work, for the last third part of his threescore years.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE BURDETT RIOTS.

A STRANGER seated in the gallery of the House of Commons, and looking down on the rival benches any night between 1807 and 1835, would have observed, conspicuous in the van of the Liberal party, a tall, thin country gentleman, with a loose blue-tail coat and gilt buttons, a very long buff kerseymere waistcoat, and light-coloured knee-breeches. This gentleman (a fox-hunter, one might almost swear) had a thin angular face, sunken eyes, and a large aquiline aristocratic nose. His complexion was healthy, ruddy, and characteristic of a sanguine temperament. If the stranger were a hunting man, and ever attended the Quorn meets, he would have recognised Sir Francis Burdett, the popular member for Westminster, a fox-hunter who rode straight across country, with rather more pluck than judgment, and who, when astride his favourite hunter, Lempson, Merry once compared to a pair of compasses across a telescope.

Sir Francis, the fourth baronet of an ancient and distinguished Warwickshire family, was born in 1770. Educated at Westminster and Oxford, and making the grand tour, he witnessed the French Revolution. As a thoughtful spectator, he attended the meetings of the National Assembly, and had the good sense to see that amid all the excesses committed by newly liberated slaves and the unfit persons who first directed their actions, a great and beneficial change had taken place. He returned to England in 1793, and married Sophia, youngest daughter of Thomas Coutts, the celebrated banker, who had married his two other daughters to the Marquis of Bute and the Earl of Guildford. Returned to parliament for Boroughbridge in 1796, with Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, the most petrified and Chinese of all the Tories, Burdett early distinguished himself by a chivalrous opposition to whatever was opposed to liberty and the common weal. The brave young squire took to politics with all a fox-hunter's enthusiasm and fervour. He charged the woosack as Melton men charge a bullfinch, and rode at the ministers as a Pytchley highflyer dashes at a five-barred gate. He was courageous and eloquent, his voice clear and shrill as a trumpet. Disdaining office,

not to be bought, undismayed by Pitt's nose in the air or Castlereagh's insolence, he was the bugbear of the Tories, and the incessant object of their bitter, untiring, and virulent hatred. It vexed them to the soul to see an urbane and amiable man of fortune friendly with the democrats of the Crown and Anchor meetings, and incessantly denouncing selfish and mischievous wars, petty oppressions, dangerous tyrannies.

From first to last Sir Francis Burdett advocated the widest toleration. Latterly he did not advance; the advance of public opinion distanced him, but he still loved the flag of his youth, and was foremost in 1822 in trying to heal the wounds of Ireland, and up to 1829 in pressing for Catholic emancipation. Sir Francis, irritatingly courageous, vexatiously good tempered, was not to be crushed by the butt-end of the crop of your parliamentary whipper-in. The Tories could sneer at such popular leaders as Hunt the farmer, Gale Jones the chemist, discontented Lord Cochrane, Preston the lame mechanic, Thistlewood the ruined gambler, and Watson the ex-surgeon of a Greenland whaler; but the rich Warwickshire baronet who had married a fortune, the man of spotless integrity, the authority in constitutional history, the speaker of vehement eloquence, was to be dreaded, and therefore to be hated and persecuted. It was the Tory plan, in the time of Burdett, to treat as a conspirator and Jacobin any man who claimed for the people the right of directing the expenditure of the taxes they themselves paid, who condemned unrighteous, costly, and unjust wars, or who objected to the oppressions of such narrow-minded detectives as Addington, and such coldly cruel men as Castlereagh, whenever they set themselves above the law.

There was not a jail door that closed on an unhappy agitator but Burdett beat at it, demanding justice for the man; no transport left Dover with soldiers sent to perish fruitlessly in a half-starved and unnecessary war, but Burdett denounced the folly and wickedness of those who sent them to perish. To give a list of his exertions is to epitomise the national struggles for liberty and right for full forty years of our history. He denounced the war with revolutionised France. In 1797, he advocated parliamentary reform. In 1798, he condemned the cruel taxation, declaring that the House seemed to meet for the sole purpose of devising ways and means of extracting large sums of money from the poor of England. In the same session, this gallant disciple of Horne Tooke opposed any restraint on the freedom of the press, the press being only dangerous to enemies of freedom. In 1799, he refused his assent to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. In 1800, he resisted the renewal of the Sedition Bill, and the excessive severities practised in Ireland, and resisted a government measure prohibiting clergymen sitting in the House of Commons. In 1802, he supported Mr. Paull in his charge against Lord Wellesley, the Governor-General of India, and annoyed ministers by present-

ing Dr. Parr, whom they detested, to a good Lincolnshire living. In 1809, he condemned the miserable expedition to Flushing, and the small and then insufficient war carrying on in Spain and Portugal. In 1810, he moved for a committee to investigate the acquittal by a court-martial of a Captain Lake, who had been charged with leaving a man to perish on the uninhabited island of Sombbrero.

Could it be wondered at that Sir Francis was a marked man by those whose short-comings and misdoings he so courageously and unceasingly denounced? Lord Sidmouth, of whose order of intellect the old distich is sufficient condemnation—

Pitt is to Addington

What London is to Paddington—

was a great enemy of his larger-minded opponent. Any mean and unworthy advantage was thought fair by ministers in those times of agitation. In 1802, when Burdett was returned for Westminster, after fifteen days' turbulent contest, ministers discovered a flaw in the conduct of the sheriffs, and declared the election void. Returned again in 1806, by an immense majority, Sir Francis fought a duel with Mr. Paull, who had also set up as a candidate, and who had practised some unworthy election tricks. Both combatants were wounded.

If ministers could only catch their untiring opponent napping, or at a moment when his chivalrous impetuosity led him one step beyond the bounds of prudence!—Malice is sleepless. The occasion came. Mr. Gale Jones, the radical chemist, having written a violent article in the papers reflecting on the character and constitution of the House of Commons, and more especially of Mr. Yorke and Mr. Windham, the former gentleman complained of it dolefully to the House as a breach of privilege, contrary to the Bill of Rights, that bill declaring that no member can be questioned out of parliament for any words spoken therein—an obsolete axiom which, if reduced to practice, would render nearly every leader in a daily paper a treasonable matter. On February 21st, 1810, Gale Jones was committed to Newgate by the Speaker, to be detained "during the pleasure of the said House."

Sir Francis instantly thundered and lightened from Piccadilly. In 1809, he had denounced the House of Commons in the House of Commons as one hundred and fifty-seven borough-monsters, who "had traitorously usurped all but the pageantry and outward show and forms of royalty." A man who dared say this dared say anything. In Cobbett's Weekly Register for the 24th of March, Sir Francis published a Ciceronian letter to Burdett's constituents, "denying the power of the House of Commons to imprison the people of England." It bore at its head an inflexible motto from Magna Charta, cap. 39 :

"No freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or be disseised of his freedom, or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed, or exiled, or any

otherwise destroyed; nor will we not pass upon him nor condemn him, but by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. We will sell to no man, we will not deny or defer to any man either justice or right."

"*Lawful judgment of his peers*"? That was a blow at ministers, who at the smallest caprice were then suspending the Habeas Corpus. "*Defer to any man*"? Evidently a malicious sneer at the wise but not very prompt lord chancellor.

Sir Francis contended, with passionate fervour, that unless this limitless privilege of parliament was at once resisted, it was high time to withdraw all pretensions to those liberties which were won by our forefathers. Was this liberty henceforward to lay at the absolute mercy of a part of our fellow-subjects, collected together by means *which it was not necessary for him to describe*. "Of what avail," he cried, "were right and franchises, if any citizen was liable at any time to be seized and thrown into prison, and without trial and without oath made, at the will of a certain set of persons, beyond whom there was no appeal, and who had the power of prolonging that imprisonment even to the very limits of life. If we abandon the Charta, the bright days of England's glory will set in the night of her disgrace."

As this denunciatory letter was the direct cause of the subsequent riot, it is here necessary to fully enter into the arguments of Sir Francis. The following were his chief syllogisms:

"That proceedings upon bare suggestions were contrary to Magna Charta.

"That Mr. Jones had been called upon to criminate himself, contrary to common sense and every principle and law.

"That the House of Commons had ascertained the facts without evidence, being incapable of administering an oath.

"That they had previously determined the guilt without appealing to any law.

"That they had delivered judgment without trial.

"That they had passed a sentence of indefinite imprisonment contrary to law.

"That the Speaker had issued a warrant of commitment, illegal in the gross and in all its details; no lawful authority, no lawful cause, no lawful conclusion, and, above all, wanting that essential stamp of law—a seal of office."

These logical deductions Sir Francis strengthened by a learned epitome of almost all the claims of privilege ever made, justly or unjustly, by the House of Commons.

In another part of his letter, this bold and generous-hearted man erected another battery of the following incontrovertible syllogisms:

According to Lord Coke, no court that cannot hold plea of debt or damage to the amount of forty shillings is a court of record.

The House of Commons can hold no such plea.

Therefore it is not a court of record, and can neither fine nor imprison.

The letter concluded by quoting some sound remarks, full of vigorous common sense, by that

brave old Whig, Sir Robert Walpole, when Steele (honest Richard) had been brought up for a pamphlet denouncing the Tory ministers of Queen Anne; but Sir Robert said, with the full-blown audacity of his nature:

"Why should the author be answerable in parliament for the things which he writes in his private capacity? And if he be punishable by law, why is he not left to the law? By this mode of proceeding, parliament, which used to be the scourge of evil ministers, is made by ministers the scourge of the subject. The liberty of the press is unrestrained; how then shall a part of the legislature dare to punish that as a crime which is not declared to be so by any law framed by the whole?"

Mr. Sheridan and Sir Francis had in vain moved for the release of Gale Jones, on the plea of his contrition, but only thirteen members voted with them, while one hundred and fifty-three voted against them.

The letter in Cobbett's paper fell on the House of Parliament like a bomb-shell; it seemed all but to blow the Speaker and the wool-sack into the air. To be called borough-mongers, and told the privileges of the House were against Magna Charta, was sacrilege. The greater the truth, the greater the libel, every one knows. Mr. Lethbridge at once brought the letter under the notice of the enraged House. Burdett declared that he never contemplated any breach of privilege; and that he would stand the issue. "He withdrew; and Mr. Lethbridge moved two resolutions, declaring the letter a scandalous libel, and that Sir Francis Burdett, in authorising its publication, had been guilty of a violation of the privileges of the House. After discussion and adjournments, the resolutions were agreed to at half-past seven in the morning of Friday, the 6th of April, 1810; and a vote was taken on the question, whether Sir Francis Burdett should be reprimanded in his place or committed to the Tower. His committal to the Tower was decided on by a majority of thirty-eight in a house of three hundred and forty-two members. The Speaker signed the warrant at half-past eight that spring morning, and ordered its execution before ten o'clock. The serjeant-at-arms, however, was polite, and thought it desirable to give notice to the culprit."

As soon as the division was known, Mr. Jones Burdett and Mr. Roger O'Connor set off in a post-chaise to Wimbledon to inform Sir Francis. The undaunted champion of popular right instantly mounted his horse and rode back to his house in Piccadilly, rather proud of the fight that he had begun. On his hall table he found the first missile from the enemy—a quiet letter from Mr. Colman, the serjeant-at-arms, announcing the Speaker's warrant, begging to know when he might wait on Sir Francis, and assuring him that he wished to show the utmost respect. P.S.—If Sir Francis preferred to take his horse and ride alone to the Tower he would meet him there quietly. Days of red axes and butts of Malmsey! here was a way of treating

a traitor to the high court of parliament. Sir Francis instantly wrote, and named twelve o'clock the next day; but about five, before the letter could be despatched, the mild serjeant called in person. The service of the Speaker's warrant was still fixed for twelve the next day. Mr. Colman politely bowed and withdrew.

About seven that evening, Mr. O'Connor went to the Tower to see if all was ready for Sir Francis. Colonel Smith, the governor, assured him that the house next his own had been well aired, and that, from a sense of duty as well as respect, Sir Francis might depend on receiving every attention. About eight o'clock, the serjeant and a messenger called on Sir Francis. The former told him that he had received a severe reprimand for not executing the warrant before and remaining in the house; he therefore hoped Sir Francis would now submit to be his prisoner.

Burdett explained that the serjeant was not to blame, as (without any personal offence to him) he certainly should not have permitted him to remain.

Serjeant: I shall be obliged, sir, to resort to force, as it is my duty to execute the warrant.

Burdett: If you bring an overwhelming force, I must submit; but I dare not, from my allegiance to the king and my respect for his laws, yield a voluntary submission to such a warrant—it is illegal."

The serjeant must leave the house, but could carry a letter to the Speaker containing the resolution as to the warrant taken by (him) Sir Francis. The serjeant begged to decline taking any such letter. He had already incurred blame; if he carried the letter, he should be considered still more criminal. He then withdrew, entirely confused and nonplused.

The letter was sent to the Speaker at ten o'clock that night, by Robert Burdett (a boy of fourteen, the son of Sir Francis) and by the baronet's brother, Mr. Jones Burdett.

The letter denied the power assumed by the House of Commons. The intrepid writer said:

"Power and privilege are not the same thing, and ought not at any time to be confounded together. Privilege is an exemption from power, and was by law secured in the third branch of the legislature in order to protect them, that they might safely protect the people, not to give them power to destroy the people. Your warrant, sir, I believe you know to be illegal. I know it to be so. To superior force I must submit; but I will not, and dare not, incur the danger of continuing voluntarily to make one of any association or set of men who shall assume illegally the whole power of the realm, and who have no more right to take myself or any one of my constituents by force than I or they possess to take any of those who are now guilty of this usurpation; and I would condescend to accept the meanest office that would vacate my seat, being more desirous of getting out of my present association than other men may be desirous of getting profitably into it."

Meanwhile, the storm rose; the mob surged and waved outside No. 80 and all along Piccadilly, from the Haymarket to the gates of the Park. They broke Mr. Percival's and Mr. Lethbridge's windows, and half a dozen other houses were pelted at and much glass was smashed. The humour of the mob was to compel every one who passed down Piccadilly to take off his hat and cry "Burdett for ever!" Woe betide the beaver that did not lift at their imperative bidding! But there was no danger in this; it did small harm to any one, and was beneficial to the hatters.

On Saturday morning, the town being now in a full ferment of anger, curiosity, and alarm, Sir Francis breakfasted with Mr. O'Connor in Maddox-street, and then took a ride in the Park, accompanied by his groom. On his return to No. 80, Sir Francis found a number of his friends assembled, and a messenger of the House waiting with a warrant of arrest in his pocket. Burdett called the man "my good friend," but ordered him to instantly withdraw. He was shown down-stairs by Mr. O'Connor. The man particularly wished Mr. O'Connor to use force and to assault him, but Mr. O'Connor refused to oblige him. The storm grew. Ministers wished to wreak their annoyance on the sympathising mob. Between twelve and one o'clock a troop of Life Guards trotted up, and were drawn in line before the door of No. 80. This was the true way to irritate the mob into violence. More people than usual in Piccadilly—the shouting and pelting at hats and windows could have been prevented by a few police-officers' staves. But the frightened ministers, uncertain on the question, resolved on the most violent and cruel mode of repressing a momentary effervescence. The Life Guards, eager to get to work, and fretting at their own idleness and the contempt and anger of the populace, clanked their steel scabbards and backed their restless horses over the pavement to disperse the mere innocent spectators. The very sight of those plumed helmets, shining breastplates, and sharp drawn swords, was enough to exasperate men. The simplest plan would have been for the serjeant-at-arms to have at once forced the door, served his warrant, and removed his prisoner under escort to the Tower. Burdett was treated like a brigand at bay, and the populace was irritated by the useless display of force. Foot Guards were now planted across Piccadilly, from Dover-street on the one side to Bolton-row on the other, so as to stop all traffic, and keep off the hissing sympathisers. Soon after this, Mr. Read, the magistrate, arrived, and successfully mounting a dragoon horse, read the Riot Act (there being no riot), and warned all people peaceably to depart. The dispersion was brief; in the evening the crowd grew larger than ever, exasperated at the soldiers, uncertain of what was about to happen, and befogged about the whole question. An attempt to send Burdett, the people's man, to the Tower against his wish—so far they saw probable injustice. The soldiers refused to let Mr. Jones Burdett

pass through the line without a constable, but Lord Cochrane (who went into the matter as he went into Basque Roads), Mr. O'Connor, and Mr. Jones Burdett dined with Sir Francis. Indignant at the absurd display of soldiers, who neither defended nor attacked his house, Sir Francis wrote a requisition for protection to the sheriffs of Middlesex. Mr. Wood also applied to the Speaker for advice, but received none. He then stationed a number of peace officers at No. 80, and made the Life Guards remove to some distance on both sides.

That night the people were more turbulent. They shouted "Burdett for ever!" They ordered hats off the heads of all stiff-necked persons. They also called out to householders to illuminate—a request that was tyrannical, but certainly harmless. The moment the candles were stuck up at the panes, the soldiers shouted to the compliant politicians to put out the lights: then with equal alacrity out went the lights. The moment the soldiers had gone by, the mob broke the windows of these trimmers; and in the subsequent soufle several persons were wounded, but none mortally. The Speaker had bungled, for there was no natural connexion between Sir Francis resisting the jurisdiction of the House and a street riot. It was the soldiers who produced the riot; but for the threatening of death, there would only have been a few hats damaged and a few windows broken.

In the mean time, the cabinet and privy council had met in great puzzle and perturbation. It was the ministers now who seemed to take the initiative, not the House, that had pretended to assert its privileges. It was a Tory ministry eager to catch a Liberal leader on the hip, but uncertain where to strike the blow. The law officers of the crown were consulted. Sir Samuel Romilly, one of the best and largest minded among them, was clear that this was a case that should have been sent to the ordinary tribunals, and that as the matter of Gale Jones had been already concluded, the letter of Burdett could not be said to be censurable as having impeded the proceedings of parliament. On the Sunday, the Speaker (Abbott, "the little man with the big wig," as audacious Jack Fuller once called him) was so irresolute as to what power he possessed for enforcing his warrant, that he sent to the attorney-general, and henceforward acted entirely on his opinion. The frightened ministry, dreading they scarcely knew what, sent orders from the War Office to move up every regiment in the country to within one hundred miles of London.

About one o'clock on Sunday the two sheriffs, Mr. Wood and Mr. Atkins, waited on Sir Francis. Mr. Wood was against the warrant; Mr. Atkins feebly wavered; "the subject," he said, timidly, "was too lofty for his comprehension;" so he gave up all hopes of understanding it. Sir Francis wished to give his only spare bed to Mr. Wood, if he would remain in the house and keep the peace; but Mr. Wood decided no arrest would be attempted before Monday morning; and he would then attend with his

peace-officers. All Sunday the mob continued before No. 80, between the lines of soldiers, shouting and compelling all passengers, whether on foot, or horseback, or in carriages, to pull off their hats on penalty of being pelted with mud. On Saturday and Sunday there called on Sir Francis (besides the serjeant's messenger, who knocked several times in vain) the Earl of Thanet, Lord Folkestone, Lord Cochrane, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Coke of Norfolk, Mr. Wardle, and Major Cartwright. Some of these friends of Burdett were in favour of his now yielding, as enough had been done to constitute a case for a trial of the right; but Sir Francis was of "the old rock," and was inflexible.

On Sunday night the secretary of state had tardily come to the conclusion that force must be used, and promised the serjeant-at-arms assistance. On Monday morning, at ten, the serjeant arrived at No. 80 with a strong body of police, a carriage, and an escort of cavalry and foot-soldiers. Sir Francis had breakfasted in his drawing-room on the first floor with Lady Burdett, the Countess of Guildford, Lady Maria, Lady Jane, Lady Georgina North, Mr. Coutts, his son, his brother, and Mr. O'Connor. Breakfast over, Sir Francis was employed in hearing his son, a boy just come from Eton, read and translate *Magna Charta*. Burdett's enemies declared afterwards that this was a prearranged tableau—a theatrical, rehearsed, historical picture—but there is no proof Sir Francis apprehended immediate arrest, or that there was anything unusual in a country squire seeing how his boy from school had got on in his Latin.

Just then Mr. O'Connor, looking up, observed a face at the window. A man had mounted by a ladder, had thrown up the sash, and broken two panes in the act of entering. Mr. O'Connor ran to him, but Sir Francis called out not to hurt the man. One push of the ladder, and the intruder would have fallen twenty feet below, on the spikes of the area railings. Burdett, his son, and brother, then pushing the man back, shut all the windows. Looking out, and seeing more troops round the house, Mr. O'Connor ran down to see if all was safe below. On the stairs he met twenty men with constables' staves in their hands. They had descended into the area, burst open a kitchen window, shutters, frame and all, and entered through a small servant's room. They asked if Sir Francis Burdett was at home, and went up into the drawing-room where the baronet and the ladies were. Mr. Colman followed the rough force up, and said:

Sir Francis, you are my prisoner!

Burdett: By whose authority do you act, Mr. Serjeant? By what power, sir, have you broken into my house in violation of the laws of the land?

On Mr. Colman's reading the warrant in great trepidation, as if Sir Francis was about to throw him to the people to be torn to pieces, Burdett refused to voluntarily submit to an unlawful order; Colman said:

"Then, sir, I must call in assistance and force you to yield."

The constables advanced and laid hold of Sir Francis.

Mr. Jones Burdett and Mr. O'Connor instantly stepped up, and each took an arm of the prisoner. The constables closed in on all three, and drew them down-stairs, Sir Francis protesting, in the king's name, against the violation of his person and of his house. "It is superior force only," he said, "that hurries me out of it, and you do it at your peril." The ladies, confident in Burdett's temper, showed no alarm. The baronet, a sergeant, a constable, and Mr. Jones Burdett stepped into the coach. Mr. O'Connor was held back. The cavalry closed round the coach, and the cavalcade swept off at a rapid pace.

The spell was at last broken—the bird was caught—the matter was over. En route for the Tower, two squadrons of the 15th Light Dragoons and two troops of Life Guards, with a magistrate at their head, trotted first; after the coach clattered two more troops of Life Guards and a troop of Dragoons; while there tramped after them, with fixed bayonets, two battalions of Foot Guards in open order, a party of Dragoons bringing up the rear. The Foot Guards, however, wheeled off at the Haymarket, and passed down the Strand towards the Tower.

The cavalcade took a wary way round, passing across Hanover-square, and round the New-road to Islington, the City-road to Moorfields, Aldgate, and the Minories. The people, not having yet assembled in Piccadilly, were not aware of the capture till the coach and soldiers had got nearly to Conduit-street. Then a shout was raised that ran fast from street to street:

"They have taken him! They have dragged him out of his house!"

The streets were in a moment in an uproar. The human deluge rolled and roared from Charing-cross to the Minories. Round the Tower it soon became impossible for either cart or carriage to pass. Faces grew menacing. There was thunder in the air; for the very thought of oppression invariably maddens Englishmen.

At five minutes before twelve, a moving mass of scarlet appeared on Tower-hill. It was the Foot Guards, three deep, who drew up before the Tower gates, headed by the City marshal and a civil officer. Ten minutes past twelve, an officer of the 15th Light Dragoons came dashing out from Jewry-street by the Trinity House, waving his hand for the people to clear a way. The mob shouted, rolled to and fro, and then ran. Five minutes after, twenty Horse Guards cantered up to the Tower gates; a hundred yards behind rode three hundred Light Dragoons; then came two hundred Horse Guards gleaming with polished steel; and in the midst of them the coach, containing the State prisoner, followed by two hundred more Dragoons. The windows were down, and Sir Francis sat forward at the back on the right, visible to all. There was no resistance, no efforts at rescue. With constables, there would have been no

irritation, but the English blood rose when the Horse Guards slashed the air with their swords to intimidate people who were doing nothing but huzza. The line of steel and scarlet moved in a crescent round Tower-hill, blocked up for half an hour by the vast but by no means threatening crowd. The imbecile delay in the arrest, and the still more foolish menaces, were fast producing mischief. The two squadrons of Dragoons opened right and left, and, clearing the ground in all directions, formed a circle two deep round the entrance. Through this circle of swords the coach and cavalcade passed with no further interruption than shouts of "Burdett for ever!" huzzas for the brave man and hoots for the unnecessary soldiers. A few persons getting inside the palings, pelted the cavalry, who, in return, eager for blood, cut savagely at them with their swords. Some of the mob were driven by the horses into the Tower ditch, but without receiving harm, as the water there, though foul, was quite shallow.

About one o'clock Sir Francis alighted at the gate, and was received by Earl Moira. The gate was immediately shut, and, according to custom, a cannon was fired to announce the reception of a State prisoner. The people were ready to ignite. The rumour ran at once through the town that the Tower guns had been fired on the people. Now, then, at last Mr. Percival would have the pleasure of mowing down a few troublesome opponents.

There is no question about how even a dangerous mob should be treated. First the Riot Act, and advancing lines of constables with staves, then a march of foot-soldiers, without using bayonets; an advance of cavalry, the horses pressing quietly but firmly forward; then, if there be still danger, blank cartridge and the flat sides of swords, but only at the express command of officers, and at intervals; last of all, when lives are in danger, the edge and point of the sword, the bayonet and the bullet, for as short a period as possible. But in this case, a small provocation, about a mere political trifle, these armed men no doubt obeying previous commands, dashed down upon an unarmed multitude, and shot and slashed almost without control, and with all the ferocity of a pitched battle. This was the way such men as Percival and Castlereagh always wreaked their rage at their own blunders.

The mud and stones began to fly; bruising and annoying, but for the most part harmless. Opposite the Trinity House the cavalry ran, sword in hand, upon the multitude, with or without order, and fired their carbines and horse-pistols indiscriminately at the vast and helpless throng. As usual, those who fell were generally old people, women and harmless bystanders. All the way up Fenchurch-street the swords went to work, and the pistols and carbines flashed and carried death. A fellow-ship porter, taking refuge with Mr. Goodeve, a bootmaker in Fenchurch-street, was mortally wounded; a poor old bricklayer, who was doing no harm, was shot through the neck, and died on his way to the hospital. A

man close by dropped, shot in the foot, and another hit in the arm. A sailor in Rood-lane was struck by a bullet in the back of the head, and a corn-meter in the Minories was wounded. At Mark-lane, which was crowded, it being market-day, the balls flew thick and fast round the alarmed corn-merchants. When the soldiers began to turn homeward, Mr. Holdsworth, the City marshal, appeared, and very properly requested the commanding officers to lead the troops back by London-bridge, in order that the peace of the City should be no more disturbed. The request was complied with, and Mr. Holdsworth went before them to preserve order.

At Crutched-friars the uproar grew into a whirlwind. The soldiers had left a wake of bleeding and dying men. A few stones had been replied to by swords and bullets, several boys pelting with mud and bricks, the rear of the Life Guards on which the mob closed, fired, the alarm became wilder, and the soldiers fired incessantly. Two men were shot at Cooper's-row; on Tower-hill and in Gracechurch-street the alarm and confusion was dreadful, the screams and cries maddening. A woman was struck; an unfortunate man, shot in the throat, pleaded for admittance at a spirit-shop, but the door was cruelly bolted against him. The frenzied people, seeing this, broke all the windows, and forced in the door. The cavalry continued to load and fire, as if enjoying the ruthless slaughter, and at the corner of Mark-lane many inoffensive persons were wounded with sabres and pistols. One man had his ear cut off, another was wounded in the breast, a third shot through the wrist. The balls passed through many shop-windows. There is no knowing in these cases how many are killed. Coaches bore off the wounded. Many widows never came forward to complain of the deaths of those dear to them. Many injured persons afterwards died uncomplaining in the obscurity of poverty. No soldier received a mortal wound; it was the poor earthen-pot, as usual, that went to pieces.

In all times of misrule there are, no doubt, cases of lawlessness. Desperate men like Thistlewood were in the crowd. On the Saturday of these unfortunate riots, some such man as Thistlewood tried to pass three of the Coldstream Guards on duty in Piccadilly. One of the soldiers stopped the man with his slant firelock. The gentleman, taking a pistol from his breast, presented it and said, "If you persist in obstructing me, I'll shoot you dead." The soldier persisting, the gentleman fired, and shot the soldier through the neck. The man was removed into an adjoining house by his comrades. The stranger then coolly walked into Hatchett's Coffee-house, followed by a huzzaing mob, and boasted "that he had driven lead into one of the red-coats, and should probably drive some into a few more of them before the affair was over." The same man was seen on Tower-hill on the day of the riot with a case of pistols stuck in the breast of his great-coat; so at least the most truthful of the Tory papers asserted.

The soldiers returned with the empty coach along the Surrey side of the water, and reached

the Horse Guards, after their brief but inglorious campaign, about three o'clock. A regiment from Tilbury had been placed ready at the new Mint. The "strong" but rash government had made great preparations. The Oxford Blues were at the Mews in Charing-cross. The 1st York Militia was at Tower-hill. The Cornwall Militia was quartered on the inhabitants of Kentish-town. The South Gloucester Militia had been ordered from Brighton, as well as the 51st, 52nd, and part of the 95th Rifles. The Coldstream Guards were supplied with ball-cartridge. There were field-pieces in St. James's-square, and the cannon in St. James's Park was loaded with six-pound balls. The Westminster volunteers were assembled at the King's Mews, and the St. Margaret's and St. John's men in Westminster Abbey churchyard, while the Westminster constabulary were collected at the Axe and Gate, in Downing-street. Torrents of rain that night, however, cleared the streets better than shot or sabre.

In the debate in the House, ministers were much blamed for occasioning these riots by their timid delays and irresolution.

On April 17th, about twenty thousand electors met at Westminster, the hustings being erected opposite the King's Arms tavern, when a petition to parliament was signed praying for the release of their representative; Lord Cochrane presented it in spite of Canning's opposition. Petitions from the livery of London and the freeholders of Middlesex were however rejected by the irritated House. In the mean time, popular indignation was vehement against the Life Guards, who were thought to have been brutal and cruel while effecting their retreat through the crowded streets. A long time after they were hooted at whenever they appeared as "Piccadilly Butchers" and "Bloody Backs."

Sir Francis, whose residence at the Tower was one long ovation, went on fighting the House from law court to law court.

"And now the grand difficulty of all had to be dealt with—the question whether parliament should make any appearance at all in the law courts. It was at last decided that the Speaker and the Serjeant-at-Arms should be allowed to plead. The report of the committee appointed to inquire into the privileges of the House was so incorrect that it had to be recommitted. The members had gone out of their beat so far as even to quote the opinion of the Peers as ascertained in a conference. The House refused to receive this opinion, and yet, as it curiously happened, the Lords had, after all, to decide the question of the privileges of the Commons, Burdett's actions being carried before them by writ of error. There seemed to be no end of the perplexities, contradictions, and unmanageable difficulties of the case, as always happens when there is a strain upon the compromises of the constitution. What the House had desired in appointing the committee was that, by means of the materials furnished by the journals, the privilege of parliament should be accurately defined, the questions of its application and applicability remaining, of course, for

consideration in each case as it arose; but, instead of this, the committee quoted the opinion of the Peers, and gave their own indistinct notions of the power of the law courts; and thus their labours did not help on this vexed and still undecided question."

In Easter term, Sir Francis Burdett brought actions against the Speaker, the Serjeant-at-Arms, and Lord Moira, the lieutenant of the Tower. In all of these, as might naturally be supposed where the judges were ministers' men, he was defeated.

On one occasion, Mr. Sheriff Wood and twenty-eight carriages full of the livery of London went to the Tower to present the thanks of the common hall to Sir Francis. The horses and the servants were decorated with blue ribbons. Soldiers with fixed bayonets were placed to keep the populace from entering the Tower gate. On their return, the mob took the horses out of Mr. Wood's and Mr. Wardle's carriages and drew them back to the Guildhall.

Nearly all the public bodies sent addresses of thanks to Romilly, Lord Erskine, and Mr. Whitbread. There was hardly any gathering of men, however small, says Miss Martineau, in which the privilege question was not argued. Lord Erskine had the honour of meeting the Prince of Wales at dinner one day, when the argument on the subject grew hot between them. Lord Erskine said that the principles he advocated were those which had seated the family of his royal highness on the throne; the prince foolishly retorted that they were principles which would unseat any family from any throne. The affair came to an end by the natural opportunity of the prorogation of parliament on the 21st of June. For some days before, propositions had been made by Burdett's friends for such a triumphal procession as had been seldom seen. Placards on the walls announced the order of the pageantry, and caricatures at the print-shops represented Burdett as the rising sun and John Bull watching him from a bed of roses.

That June daybreak saw the streets crowded from the Tower to Piccadilly. The windows were full, the roofs were close packed. There were scaffoldings and waggons everywhere for spectators. The blue cockades bloomed out by the thousand. Blue flags were borne through the streets, past the sullen Horse Guards, who waited sternly for their revenge. Blue silk pennons fluttered from the windows. At the Tower gates, at two o'clock, three hundred horsemen, friends of Burdett, waited to escort him home. Still Sir Francis did not come. About four o'clock, a soldier on the ramparts put a speaking-trumpet to his mouth, and all the faces on Tower-hill turned towards him. He repeated a few words several times; but those who heard them did not believe him. What he said was, "He's gone by water." No attention was paid to it. Presently one of the constables told the people near him that Burdett had been gone some time, but he was rebuked for saying such a thing, just to get the people to go away. At half-past four three placards were hung out over the gates of the Tower, inscribed:

"Sir Francis Burdett left the Tower by water, at half-past three o'clock."

The committee, at first confounded, resolved to still have the procession, and it was an imposing one. "Gale Jones appeared on the roof of a hackney-coach, haranguing the crowd very actively, but amidst too much noise to be heard. He had been ejected from prison by stratagem, after declaring that he would never go out spontaneously. The crowd was nearly dispersed by ten o'clock, but that in Piccadilly would not go away till the neighbours had illuminated; and soon, nearly all London was shining out at the windows."

Some irritable people were angry at Sir Francis; not because he had resolved not to join a procession, which might have led to riot and loss of life, but because he did not sooner announce his intention, which would only have caused mischief in some other direction. On the 31st, a tremendous public dinner was given to Sir Francis at the Crown and Anchor, and the populace dragged his carriage home afterwards.

The rest of Burdett's career was consistent with the beginning: he was always staunch for liberty and toleration. He resisted the property tax, and fought for reform. In August, 1819, writing bitterly and strongly against the cruel onslaught made by the military at Peterloo, Burdett was tried for libel, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the King's Bench, and a fine of two thousand pounds. His final struggles were in favour of Catholic emancipation.

By some historians Sir Francis Burdett's fine character has been stigmatised as sullied by excessive vanity. These writers have surely forgotten that the patriot toils for others, not for himself, and that the greenest leaf in the laurel chaplet that he fights for and finally wears is the applause of his fellow-citizens. Sir Francis never deserted the old flag; but in later life he did not perhaps move as fast as the younger vanguard. There have been many gangs at work on the great railway of human progress. Some wear out, and new men replace them; many begin the labour, and do not live to see it finished. But whatever old abuse there is to cut through, or whatever old ruin is carted off before the line is done, there will never work upon it, be sure, a more chivalrous Englishman than Sir Francis Burdett.

A MODEL IDEA.

My professional duties oblige me to pass some few hours every week at a certain town. Although I had been there often, I had never bestowed more than a look on a large ugly red-brick house, built on a high hill rising immediately behind this town. Of the said rising ground the railway station is the principal feature, but the town proclaims itself as having its own special interest to the neighbourhood, inasmuch as a number of tall chimneys mark it as a factory town.

One forenoon I was looking at this large red

house from a window of the common room in the uncomfortable inn, and was wondering whether the town had grown round the house, or whether the proprietor could have selected so peculiarly uninteresting a spot on which to build. As I looked at it, a voice said:

"Amazingly fine house that, sir!"

I turned, and found I was addressed by a man who had come into the room unobserved by me, and on whose face and person the smoke of the place had produced much the same effect as on the ugly building we were both looking at; but there was something pleasant under his smoky exterior, and I answered, in deference to his admiration: "Yes, it seems a large house. What is the name of its proprietor?" A gleam of pleasure passed over his face at my seeming to take an interest in it, and he repeated, "Ah! 'tis a splendid place that; we used to have pleasure-parties there, we from the factory, when the old squire was alive; but this one, this Henry North, he ain't any of that sort; he knows the inside of his place, and the colour of his money, but he don't care nowise that others should know more of either than he can help. I could tell you a little sort of a tale about that place, sir."

He took off his comforter and great-coat, and in his working factory dress came and sat by me.

That house, sir, was there forty years ago, but not as you see it now; it was then a small white cottage: a pretty little cottage, too, with vines growing up it, and hanging over the eaves of the roof. 'Twas Mr. North lived there, and he had been a factory hand, just as I am; but he was as clever as he was good; and all he did, prospered. When he first bought the little place we thought as he would turn proud to us, but not a bit on it; he used to say that he would deserve to lose all the good things God had given him, if he could render no better account of them than that they made him high to those who had been his friends. Well; he seemed to turn all he touched into gold, and he built factory after factory, until he became so rich that he built that amazing big house. He was a widower then, but his wife had never been one of his sort. She was ashamed to speak to any of us who had known them before they became gentry, and I have often seen a look of pain on his face as she has rode past any of us in her carriage, with a haughty toss of her pretty head. One day he told us he was like to become a father, and he hoped, if his child was spared, he would grow up to do good to those who had been less fortunate than himself.

A few weeks after that, we saw one of the grooms riding furiously away, and in two hours he returned with the most eminent doctor in all Lancashire, but it was too late. A few moments after Mr. North had held his son in his arms, Mr. North was a widower.

The young squire, Master Henry, was a great interest to us, and many a prayer was uttered that he might grow up to be like his father; but his nurses taught him pride before he knew his

letters; if any of us so much as kissed his hand, they would say, "You must not get talking with such people as those, Master Henry," or some such remark.

There's another pretty place just below there, sir. You can see it if you just lean forward and look to the left; that's Mr. Wickham's paper-mill. We believed as Mr. Wickham was making a fortune by it, judging from the way he lived; and he thought it quite a condescension when Mr. North came to build this fine house, and he took to visiting him; but on his death he was found to be so in debt that his goods were seized, and there was a talk of little Miss Mabel being sent to the Orphan Asylum. This, Mr. North said, should never happen to the child as long as he had a roof to cover him. And he took Miss Mabel to be brought up as his own daughter.

She was the sweetest fair-haired little creature as ever I saw, and she has grown up to be as lovely and as innocent as a spring flower. Many's the time we have blessed her as she has gone past our houses, carrying her little basket with chicken, or jelly, or what not, for any of us as was sick. She seemed like any Angel coming among us; and that, not for what she brought, but because of the light and life that seemed to spring forth from her every look and word.

One day she meets me, and she says: "John, I am not happy about my father (she always called him her father); he looks worn and pale, but when I speak of it to him he only smiles, and says, 'There's not much the matter with the old man yet, little one.' And when the smile is gone, the look of pain returns, and he lies back listlessly in his arm-chair, with none of the old energy in his look." As she was speaking, a young man—Jem Wright—came out from a cottage behind us, and, catching the last words, he says: "If he goes from among us, his example ought to remain; for was he not one of ourselves once, and did he not live to be a blessing to all around him!"

"What?" called a voice from the door of the cottage, out of which the young man had come. "Don't speak of blessings to me! Few blessings enough have I ever knowned, and since you took to fooling away all your money on that rubbishy thing that stands in the corner, I ain't got none of the comforts as a poor lone widow woman should expect from her son."

He moved angrily, as if to walk away; but the sight of the lovely figure that was just leaving us seemed to stop him, and he said, more as if he was thinking aloud than speaking to me: "When the minister says in church, 'They shall be like the angels in Heaven,' I wonder if they can be more beautiful than she is." As he was speaking, he turned to his mother, and with a bright smile answered her querulous complaint by saying, "Well, mother, you can't complain, now, of that rubbishy thing as you call it, for, since your illness, I have denied myself the greatest pleasure of my life, and my poor little model has remained untouched."

That model, sir, was Jem Wright's pride; he had lain awake nights thinking of it, until the doctors told him he would grow dazed. He believed that if he could once work out his scheme, it would supersede the present system of locomotion. He had dreams of becoming great, and known to the whole world, if he could only get his model completed. We parted at the door of his cottage, and very soon afterwards Miss Mabel was left twice an orphan. She lost him who had been more than a father to her. Though she was amply provided for in his will, the interest of her life seemed gone. And it was a sad day for us all, when she left the great house, and became the guest of the minister.

The doors of the great house soon became as narrow as the heart of Henry North who lived in it, and were never opened either to rich or poor. He had no feeling for others, no object or interest in life. I have many a time seen him on the East Terrace there, smoking his pipe and leaning over the wall, while his agent, a hard-headed Scotchman, ground down his factory men. He never had a thought to try and advance the interests or relieve the wants of those who had seen him grow up among them, and who loved even him someways, for his father's sake.

Once he had a gentleman come down on business, who, I have heard say, was something of a judge in foreign parts, and he chanced to come to Jem's cottage while he and I was smoking our pipes, to ask the way to the factory. Seeing the little model in the corner, he says: "That's an ingenious toy; what do you call it?" and when Jem, quite pleased, goes on to explain, he answers, in a lecturing sort of a way, "Depend upon it, young man, you can turn your talents to far better use than this. Men must have received an education before they can think of such a thing as making a noise in the world." But he did not know as Jem had more learning than many a gentleman who has been taught at a big school. Jem's father was one of the sort who spend their money at the beer-shop, and he never considered the good of his son, but whenever Jem could earn a few pence, he would pay for schooling. The real first Mr. North hears this, and puts him to the grammar-school, and he soon becomes a member of the Lending Library, and every book he could get hold of he would read half the night. He was so wild after poetry, that during dinner-hour at the factory he would scratch down bits of verse. A gentleman got hold of some, which he sent to the county paper, and soon Jem became what they call a contributor, and his mind seemed to dwell on the thought that some day he might rise. And he would say to me, "And then, John, who knows but that I may be happy, man?"

It was a cold nipping day, with the snow beating in our faces, as I was standing by him, he a saying this, when a carriage dashes past us in the High-street. I knew from the colour in his face that Miss Mabel was in it. He had never told me the secret of his life, but he

known well that I understood it. I was just leaving him, when one of our factory hands touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Hast heard the news, lad? The young squire is going to be married to Miss Mabel." He answered wildly that he was late for his work, and ran from us like one crazed.

I waited till all was quiet in the town, and then I went to his cottage. The door was fastened. I knocked, but got no answer, so I thought he was gone to bed. I returned to my house. I heard from his own lips long afterwards what happened to him that night.

After bearing with the moans of his old mother till she went to bed, he sat over the fire; burying his head in his hands, he gazed into the few flickering embers which alone broke the darkness of the room. The little unfinished model was in its old accustomed corner by his side, and he almost savagely grasped his head as he thought: "What do these miserable brains avail me? I have gloried in having an intellect. I have vainly hoped that, through it, I might break the chains of this poverty by which I am fettered, and which make it an idle dream to aspire to anything beyond daily drudgery. Now, I am alive to the truth, at last, that money can do what intellect is powerless to achieve without it. Why should I be ground down by poverty, while ~~he~~, young North, with his slothful indolence, has all which could make this world a paradise to me?" While he was thus musing, his head sunk lower, and he crouched down over the dying embers, uttering a groan of despair.

He was startled all of a sudden by a voice in his ear, saying: "So, Jem, you think you could order things much better than the Almighty! I offer you a bargain. Will you sign a paper agreeing to give the young squire your intellect, in exchange for his property and money?"

Jem started, and, turning round, saw, peering over his shoulder, to his surprise, the grim face of the Scotch agent, who had never before entered his cottage, except to collect the rent. He answered angrily: "Am I not miserable enough, without your coming to mock me with messages from Henry North, who has all the happiness denied to me, and to which I have vainly aspired?"

Said the agent: "The young squire is the most wretched of beings; all his money cannot procure him what he wants; and he will give you his wealth and all his worldly advantages if you will give him your brains. This is why I am here. Come; sign the paper, and your part is done. Leave the rest to me."

He held the pen to Jem, who, scarce knowing what he does, puts it to the paper, and then sees, in large distinct letters,

JAMES WRIGHT.

A vague horror seemed to creep over him. He had read of a man who sold his shadow to the devil, and who for ever afterwards was a prey to remorse. But then, he argued, "this cannot be the same thing. Here is no compact with

an unseen power. At worst, it is only some trick of the agent's, of which I have suffered myself to be the dupe." Still a weight hung over him. Next morning he dared not go to the factory, but remained brooding at home, and while he was yet thinking what evil might come to him from having put his name to the agent's paper, a letter was brought him. It was from a solicitor's firm which had just started business in the town, and the words seemed to dance before his eyes as he read that Sir John Gore, the great judge, who had once come to his house and noticed his model, had died childless, leaving his whole fortune of ten thousand pounds a year to James Wright, as a mark of the admiration he had conceived for a man who was self-educated.

Jem rushed out of doors, with the letter crumpled in his hand, and found knots of the factory hands earnestly speaking together. One, coming up to him, says: "I see by your manner you have heard the news."

"What news?" says Jem, startled by the idea that his private affairs should be known to many, before he had so much as inquired into the truth of his letter. "What news?" Many voices answered: "Why, the great bank in which the young squire had put his money has broke, and he is ruined."

On he went to the solicitors, more dazed than ever, and there he learned that all was true. He was the possessor of ten thousand pounds a year; the squire was ruined, and had fled no one knew where.

The great house was soon for sale, and Jem, full of the thoughts of the good he would do to all around him, bought it. But with its possession did not come happiness. A weight oppressed his mind. He wandered through the big library, and took down one book after another, but none pleased him. He unpacked his model, but though he now had every tool and every requisite for its completion, his art seemed gone from him. He could not remember the scheme which had ever been working in his mind while he lived in the cottage; and he thought that now, indeed, he was miserable. He wandered through the large deserted rooms, until he came to one he had never before entered. It was small and beautifully fitted up. A bit of unfinished work lay on the table, and by it a book of manuscript poems. His heart beat fast as he recognised page after page of his own verses copied in a hand he knew; for he had one day found part of a letter bearing the initials M. W., and had kept it as a treasure ever since. Now, he found notes on his poems traced by her hand—passages marked, in which he had described her as the hope and guiding-star of his life. He seized his hat and rushed off to the vicarage. "Fool that I am," he thought; "this, then, is why all my wealth fails to make

me happy. She is free. She has a soul to be stirred by lines written by me and inspired by her. I have only to win her, and the happiness I fail to find in riches will come to me through her."

He found her alone in the vicar's little parlour, sketching the mill-stream which ran under the windows of the home of her childhood. She started, and a slight flush tinged her cheek, but he stood by her striving to say something of the faithful representation of a scene so familiar to them both. But words would not come at his bidding, and after a few moments of embarrassed silence he left her to wonder why he was so strange.

He haunted her walks, he followed her wherever she went; but she shunned him. Once more he sought seclusion in his new home, and listlessly took up the county journal to which he had so often contributed. The first thing in it that caught his eye, was a paragraph extolling a wonderful discovery made by a young man named Henry North, about which all the scientific world was raving. As he read on, and recognised in the description, the mechanism of his own model, he shrieked in despair: "It is mine—the model I spent years of my life in making—the object of my wretched existence—and he has robbed me of that too!"

In his agony he sprang out of his chair:—"I need not tell you, to find himself just awake, and alone in the darkness of his cottage. The church clock struck three, and he thought: "Can it be that the lesson of a lifetime has been taught me in a sleep of a few hours? The lesson that I have the intellect which God has given me, and that I ought to have the steady energy and quiet patience and purpose to use it?"

He did use it. He left off vapouring about himself and about others, and he went to work with a modest heart though a brave one. He used his energy to good purpose, sir. He is now a well-to-do man, though he has not the great wealth of the young squire; but he lives in the cottage by the paper-mill, and it is more than three years since he brought Miss Mabel home to it as his bride, and they keep their parlour-maid, and she keeps her pony-chair, but they live as simple as though they were nothing more than ourselves.

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[PRICE 2d.]

BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD,"
&c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XIII. "CRUEL AS THE GRAVE."

"I do not know what he is doing," Harriet had repeated to herself in sore distress; "I do not know what he is doing. I am in the dark, and the tide is rising."

The jealous agony she had suffered at Hom-burg was harder to bear than the uncertainty which had been her lot since her return. The intense passion of jealousy sprang up within her was a revelation to this woman of the violence of her own nature, over which a stern restraint had been kept so long, that quiet and calm had grown habitual to her while nothing troubled or disputed her love; but they deserted her at the first rude touch laid upon the sole treasure, the joy, the punishment, the occupation, mainspring, and meaning of her life. Under all the quiet of her manner, under all the smoothness of her speech, Harriet Routh knew well there was a savage element in the desperation of her love for Routh, since he had committed the crime which sets a man apart from his fellows, marked with the brand of blood. She had loved him in spite of the principles of her education, in defiance of the stings of her conscience, dead now, but which had died hard; but now she loved him in spite of the promptings of her instincts, in spite of the revulsion of her womanly feelings, in defiance of the revolt of her senses and her nerves. The more utterly lost he was, the more she clung to him, not indeed in appearance, for her manner had lost its old softness, and her voice the tone which had been a caress; but in her torn and tortured heart. With desperate and mad obstinacy she loved him, defied fate, and hated the world which had been hard to him, for his sake.

With the first pang of jealousy, awoke the fierceness of this love, awoke the proud and defiant assertion of her love and her ownership in her breast. Never would Harriet have pleaded her true, if perverted, love, her un-wavering, if wicked, fidelity, to the man who was drifting away from her; the woman's lost soul was too generous for that; but he was

hers, her own;—purchased;—God, in whom she did not believe, and the devil, whom she did not fear, alone knew at what a price;—and he should not be taken from her by another, by one who had done nothing for him, suffered nothing for him, lost nothing for him. Her combative-ness and her craft had been called into instant action by the first discovery of the unexpected peril in which her sole treasure was placed. She understood her position perfectly. No woman could have known more distinctly than Harriet how complete is the helplessness of a wife when her husband's love is straying from her, beckoned towards another—helplessness which every point of contrast between her and her rival increases. She was quite incapable of the futile strife, the vulgar railing, which are the ordinary weapons of ordinary women in the unequal combat; she would have disdained their employment; but fate had furnished her with weapons of other form and far different effectiveness, and these she would use. Routh had strong common sense, intense selfishness, and shrewd judgment. An appeal to these, she thought, could not fail. Nevertheless, they *had* failed, and Harriet was bewildered by their failure. When she made her first appeal to Routh, she was wholly unprepared for his refusal. The danger was so tremendous, the unforeseen discovery of the murdered man's identity had introduced into their position a complication so momentous, so insurmountable, that she had never dreamed for a moment of Routh's being insensible to its weight and emergency. But he rejected her appeal—rudely, brutally almost, and her astonishment was hardly inferior to her anguish. He must indeed be infatuated by this strange and beautiful woman (Harriet fully admitted the American's beauty—there was an element of candour and judgment in her which made the littleness of depreciating a rival impossible) when he could overlook or under-estimate the importance, the danger, of this newly arisen complication.

This was a new phase in her husband's character; this was an aspect under which she had never seen him, and she was bewildered by it, for a little. It had occurred to her, once, on the day when she last saw George Dallas—parting with him at the gate of his mother's house—to think whether, had she had any other resource but her husband, had the whole world outside of him not been a

dead blank to her, she could have let him go? She had heard of such things; she knew they happened; she knew that many women in "the world" took their husbands' infidelity quietly, if not kindly, and let them go, turning them to the resources of wealth and pleasure. She had no such resources, nor could these have appeased her for a moment, if she had had. She cared nothing for liberty, she who had worn the chain of the most abject slavery, that of engrossing passionate love for an unworthy object, willingly, had hugged it to her bosom, had allowed it without an effort to alleviate the pain, to eat into her flesh, and fill it with corruption. But, more than this, she could not let him go, for his own sake; she was true to the law of her life, that "honour rooted in dishonour" knew no tarnishing from her; she must save him, for his own sake—from himself, she must save him, though not to bring him back to her—must save him, in spite of himself, though she longed, in the cruel pangs of her woman's anguish, to have done with it—to have found that nothingness in which she had come to believe as the "end all," and had learned to look to as her sovereign good.

She had reached such a conclusion, in her meditations, on the night of the great storm at Homburg; she had determined on a course to be adopted, for Routh's sake. She would discard fear, and show him that he must relinquish the desperate game he was playing. She would prove to him that fate had been too strong for him; that in Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge the fatality which was destined to destroy him existed; that her acquaintance with Arthur Felton, and her knowledge of Arthur Felton's affairs, into whose extent Routh had no possible pretext for inquiry, must necessarily establish the missing link. She would hide from him her own sufferings; she would keep down her jealousy and her love; she would appeal to him for himself; she would plead with him only his own danger, only the tremendous risk he was involving himself in. Then she *must* succeed; then the double agony of jealousy of him and fear for him in which she now lived must subside, the burning torment must be stilled. The time might perhaps come in which she should so far conquer self as to be thankful that such suffering had brought about his safety, for there could be no real security for them in London, the terrible fact of Deane's identity with Arthur Felton once known. After that discovery, no arguments could avail with George; the strength of all those which she had used would become potent against her, their weight would be against her—that weight which she had so skillfully adjusted in the balance. After all, she thought that night, as she sat in the darkness and idly watched the lightning, hearing the raging wind unmoved, what would a little more misery matter to her? Little, indeed, if it brought him safety; and it should, it must!

From this condition of mind she had been roused by Routh's startling announcement of their departure on the morrow. The effect

produced upon Harriet was strange. She did not believe that Routh had been only to the gaming-rooms that night; she felt an immutable conviction that he had seen Mrs. Bembridge, and she instantly concluded that he had received a rebuff from the beautiful American. Inexpressibly relieved,—though not blind enough to be in the least insensible to the infamy of her husband's faithlessness, and quite aware that she had more, rather than less, to complain of than she had previously believed;—for she rightly judged, this woman is too finished a coquette to throw up her game a moment before her own interest and safety absolutely obliged her to do so—she acquiesced immediately.

Had Stewart Routh had the least suspicion of the extent of his wife's knowledge of his life at Homburg, he could not have been lulled into the false security in which he indulged on his return to London. He perceived, indeed, that Harriet closely noted the state of his spirits, and silently observed his actions. But he was used to that. Harriet had no one to think of but him, had nothing to care about but him; and she had always watched him. Pleasantly, gaily, before;—coldly, grimly, now; but it was all the same thing. He was quite right in believing she had not the least suspicion that Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge was in London, but that was the sole point on which he was correct. Had he known how much his wife knew, he would have affected a dejection of spirits he was far from feeling, and would have disarmed her by greater attention to her during the few hours of each day which he passed at home.

Harriet was at a loss to account for his cheerfulness; but, strong of mind and heart as she was, she was not altogether free from the weakness of catching at that interpretation of a mystery in which there was some relief for her own pain. So she concluded that he had been only passingly, and not deeply, hurt by the coquetry of the woman who had attracted him, and that he had recovered from the superficial wound, as soon as he became again immersed in the schemes which had awaited him in London.

He had told her little concerning these schemes, but she considered this reticence due to her own withdrawal from her former active participation in the business of his life, and it was an additional inducement to her to hope that Routh was taking the resolution which she desired. "When we get back to London, I will think about it," he had said, and she clung to the hope, to the half promise in the words. He was surely settling affairs so as to enable him to avoid the bursting of the storm. The tacit estrangement between them would account of his doing this silently; his vile temper, which Harriet thoroughly understood, and never failed to recognise in action, would account for his denying her the relief of knowing his intentions. Many small things in his daily life, which did not escape the quickened perception of his wife, betokened a state of preparation for some decided course of action. The time of explanation must

necessarily come; meanwhile, she watched, and waited, and suffered.

How she suffered in every hour of her life! Yet there was a kind of dulness over Harriet, too. She recurred little to the past in point of feeling; she thought over it, indeed, in aid of the action of her reason and her will, but she did not recal it with the keenness either of acute grief for its vanished happiness, such as it had been, or of remorse and terror for its deep and desperate guilt. The burthen of the day was enough now for this woman, whose strength had lasted so long, endured so much, and given way so suddenly.

But time was marching on. The inevitable end drawing near, and Harriet had been utterly unprepared for the second shock, the second unexpected event which had befallen. She had opened George Dallas's letter with the Paris postmark almost without an apprehension. The time for the thing she feared had not yet come; and here was a thing she had never feared, a possibility which had never presented itself to her imagination, brought at once fully before her. She had done this thing. One moment's want of caution, in the midst of a scene in which her nerves had been strung to their highest tension, and this had been the result. Had no other clue existed, these few lines of writing would furnish one leading unerringly to discovery. 'Supposing no other clue to exist, and Routh to pretend to inability to identify the writing, there were several common acquaintances of Dallas and Deane who *could* identify it, and render a refusal the most dangerous step which Routh could take.

She sat for several minutes perfectly still, her face colourless as marble, and her blue eyes fixed with a painful expression of terror, under the shock of this new discovery. She had had no worse apprehension than that the letter would announce the day of George's intended return, and for that she was prepared; but this! It was too much for her, and the first words she uttered showed that her mind had lost its strict faculty of reasoning: they broke from her with a groan:

"I—I it is who have destroyed him!"

But, even now, weakness and exaggeration had no long duration in Harriet Routh's mind. By degrees she saw this in its true light, an alarming, a terrible coincidence indeed, an addition to the danger of their position, but not necessarily a fatal catastrophe. Then she saw new light, she caught at a new idea, a fresh, bright hope. This would avail with Routh; this would drive away his irresolution; this would really inspire him with the true conviction of their danger; this, which would throw the whole burthen of identification upon him; this, which would establish a strong and intimate link between him and the dead man; for the "articles to be purchased" named in the memorandum of which George had sent her a copy were simply shares in companies, with every one of which Stewart Routh was connected. Only George's ignorance of such

matters had prevented his recognising the meaning of the memorandum.

And now Harriet rose; and as she paced the room, the colour came back to her cheek, the light came back to her eyes. A new life and fresh energy seemed to spring up within her, and she grasped George's letter in her hand, and struck it against her bosom with an action of the hand and a responsive movement of the breast which was almost triumphant. This thing which she had done, which had looked like ruin, would be her way of escape.

Routh's refusal to return home immediately annoyed, puzzled, and disheartened her. Why was he so hard to move, so difficult to convince, so insensible to danger? His plea was business; if this business was what she hoped and believed it to be, that of preparation, he should have come home to learn the new and urgent need for its expedition. Why was he so hard to her? Why had he no thought for her wishes, no compassion on her suspense? Harriet could not but ask herself that, though she strove against the deadly suffering the answer brought her.

Thus the time wore on drearily, until Harriet carelessly took from the table the slip of paper which contained a whole revelation for her.

Of the hours which succeeded she could not have given an account herself. How the fury of jealousy, of love betrayed, of faith violated, was reawakened within her, and inflamed to the wildest and most desperate pitch; how she writhed under the shame and the scorn which her husband's baseness forced her to feel. She had had profoundest pity, readiest help, for the criminal; but for this pitiful, cowardly, cruel liar nothing but contempt—nothing! Ah, yes, something more, and that made it all the harder—contempt and love.

The woman was here, then—here, in London, on the spot to ruin him, lured hither by him. His false heart planned; his guilty hands dug the pit into which he was to fall; and now his feet were close upon the brink. This rendered him deaf and blind; for this he had basely deceived her, his best, his only friend; for this he had come to regard and treat her as his enemy; and now Harriet had to make a desperate effort indeed to rally all her strength and courage. She had to put the suffering aside, to let all her hopes go, to face a new and almost desperate condition of affairs, and to think how he was to be saved. It must be in spite of himself. This time, it must be in defiance of himself.

She had passed through a long period of suffering—if time is to be measured by pain—before Routh came home. She had not nearly thought it out; she had only reached a resolution to be patient and peaceful, and to conceal her knowledge of his treachery if any effort could give her the strength to do so, when she heard his key in the lock, and the next moment his hand on the door-handle.

There was confusion in the expression of Routh's shifty black eyes, some embarrassment in the tone of his voice. They were slight;

but she saw and understood them. Her heart gave one angry bound under the paper which lay securely in her bosom, but her steady face took no change from the pulsation.

"Sorry I couldn't get back. I got away as soon as I could," said Routh, as he threw aside his coat and put his hat down. Harriet pushed a chair towards him, and he sat down before she answered:

"I am sorry, too, Stewart. I can hardly think any business can have equalled in importance such an occurrence as this."

She put George Dallas's letter into his hand, and eagerly watched him, while, with a face convulsed by anger, hatred, and all unholy passions, he read it.

If she could have seen his heart! If she could have read the devilish project that filled it! If she could have seen that in the discovery of the new and urgent danger he had seen, not blind to that danger indeed, but catching at the chance included in it, a means of realising his atrocious plot against her! If she could have distinguished, amid the surging, passionate thoughts and impulses which raged within him, this one, which each second made more clear:

"This is my opportunity. All is settled, all is right; *she* and I are safe. I have triumphed, and this cursed letter gives me a better chance than any I could have formed or made. This infernal idiot is always my curse and my dupe; however, he has done me a good turn this time."

If Harriet, watching the changes in her husband's countenance, could have read these thoughts, she might have interpreted aright the ferocity which blazed in his wicked eyes, while a cynical sneer curled his lip, as he flung the letter violently on the floor, starting up from his chair.

Harriet had seen Routh in a passion more than once, though only once had that passion been directed against herself, and she was not a woman, even when its victim, to be frightened by a man's temper. But she was frightened now, really and truly frightened, not, however, by the violence of his rage, but because she did not believe in it. She did not understand his game; she saw he was playing one; why he feigned this fury she could not comprehend, but she knew it was feigned, and she was frightened. Against complicated deception of this kind she was powerless. She could not oppose successful art to the ingenious skill with which he was courting his own ruin, to save him. She could not disentangle this thought from the confusion in her brain; she felt only its first thrill of conviction, she only shrank from it with swift, sharp, physical pain, when Routh turned upon her with a torrent of angry and fierce reproaches.

"This is your doing," he said, the violence of his simulated anger hurrying his words, and rendering them almost unintelligible. "I owe it to you that this cursed fool has me in his power, if the idiot only finds it out, and knows how to use it, more securely than I ever had him in mine. This is your skill and your wisdom; your caution and your management, is it? Like

a fool, I trusted a woman—you were always so sure of yourself, you know, and here's the result. You keep this pretty piece of conviction in your desk, and produce it just in the nick of time. I don't wonder you wanted me home; I don't wonder you were in such a hurry to give me such a proof of your boasted cleverness."

Her clear blue eyes were upon him; his restless black eyes shifted under her gaze, but could not escape it. She did not release him for an instant from that piercing look, which became, with each word he spoke, more and more alight with scorn and power. The steady look maddened him, the feigned passion changed to real rage, the man's evil face paled.

She slightly raised her hand, and pointed to the chair he had left; he kicked it savagely away. She spoke, her hand still extended. "Stewart, I do not understand you, but I am not taken in by you. What are you aiming at? Why are you pretending to this violent and unreasonable anger?"

"Pretending!" he exclaimed, with an oath; "it is no pretence, as you shall find. Pretending! Woman, you have ruined me, and I say——"

"And *I* say," she interposed, as she slowly rose, and stood upright before him, her head raised, her steady eyes still mercilessly set on his, "this is a vain and ridiculous pretence. You cannot long conceal its motive from me: whatever game you are playing, I will find it out."

"Will you, by——?" he said, fiercely.

"I will, for your own sake," she answered, calmly. And, standing before him, she touched him lightly on the breast with her small white hand. "Stop! don't speak. I say, for your own sake. You and I, Stewart, who were once one, are two now; but that makes no change in me. I don't reproach you."

"Oh, don't you?" he said. "I know better. There's been nothing but whining and reproaches lately."

"Now you are acting again, and again I tell you I will find out why. The day of reproach can never—shall never—come; the day of ruin is near, awfully near——"

"You've taken care of that."

"Again! You ought to know me better, Stewart; you can't lie to me undetected. In time I shall know the truth, now I discern the lie. But all this is vain. Read once more." She took up the letter, smoothed it out, and held it towards him. He struck it out of her hand, and cursed her.

She looked at him in blank amazement for a moment, and then said:

"You are not drunk again, Stewart? You are not mad? If you are not, listen to me, for your fate is rushing upon you. The time may be counted by hours. Never mind my share in this new event, never mind what you really think, or what you pretend to think about it. It makes my appeal to you strong, irresistible. This is no fit of woman's terror; this is no whim, no wish to induce you to desert your harvest-field, to turn your back upon the promise of the only

kind of life you care to live. Here is a link in the evidence against you, if suspicion lights upon you (and it must), which is of incontestable strength. Here, in Arthur Felton's writing, is the memoranda of the shares which you bought, and paid for with Arthur Felton's money. Stewart! Stewart! are you blind and mad, indeed, that you stay here, that you let the precious time escape you, that you dally with your fate? Let us begone, I say; let us escape while we may. George Dallas is not our only foe, not our only danger—formidable, indeed; but remember, Stewart, Mr. Felton comes to seek for his son; remember that we have to dread the man's father!"

The pleading in her voice was agonising in its intensity, the lustrous excitement in her blue eyes was painful, the pallor of her face was frightful. She had clasped her hands round his arm, and the fingers held him like steel fetters. He tried to shake off her hold, but she did not seem aware of the movement.

"I tell you," she continued, "no dream was ever wilder than your hope of escape, if those two men come to London and find you here; no such possibility exists. Let us go; let us get out of the reach of their power."

"By —, I'll put myself out of Dallas's reach by a very simple method, if you don't hold your cursed tongue," said Routh, with such ferocity that Harriet let go her hold of him, and shrank as if he had struck her. "If you don't want me to tell Mr. Felton what has become of his son, and put him on to George's trail myself, you'll drop this kind of thing at once. In fact," he said, with a savage sneer, "I hardly think a better way out of our infernal blunder could be found."

"Stewart! Stewart!" She said no more.

"Now listen to me, Harriet," he went on, in furious anger, but in a suppressed tone. "If you are anything like the wise woman you used to be, you won't provoke a desperate man. Let me alone, I tell you—let me get out of this as I best can. The worst part of it is what you have brought upon me. I don't want George Dallas to come to any serious grief, if I can help it; but if he threatens danger to me, he must clear the way, that's all. I dare say you are very sorry, and all that. You rather took to Master George lately, believed in his prudence, and his mother, and all that kind of thing; but I can't help that. I never had a turn for sentiment myself; but this you may be sure of—only gross blundering can bring anything of the kind about—if any one is to swing for Deane, it shall be Dallas, and not I."

A strong shudder shook Harriet's frame as she heard her husband's words. But she repressed it, and spoke:

"You refuse to listen to me, then, Stewart. You will not keep your promise—your promise which, however vague, I have built upon and lived upon since we left Homburg? You will not 'think of' what I said to you there? Not though it is a thousand times more important

now? You will not leave this life, and come away to peace and safety?"

"No, no; a thousand times no!" said Routh, in the wildest fury. "I will not—I will not! A life of peace and safety; yes, and a life of poverty, and *you*—" he added, in a tone of bitterest scorn and hatred.

A wonderful look came into the woman's face, as she heard his cruel and dastardly words. As the pink had faded into the white upon her cheeks, so now the white deadened into grey—into an ashen ghostly grey, and her dry lips parted slowly, emitting a heavy sigh.

He made a step or two towards the door, she retreating before him. And when he had almost reached it, she fell suddenly upon her knees, and flung her arms round him with desperate energy.

"Stewart," she said, in a whisper indeed, yet in a voice to be heard amid a whirlwind, "my husband, my love, my life, my darling, don't mind me! Leave me here; it will be safer, better, less suspicious. Go away, and leave me. I don't care, indeed. I don't want to go with you. Go alone, and make sure of your safety! Stewart, say you'll go—say you'll go!"

While she was speaking, he was striving to loosen her hold upon him, but in vain. A short brief warfare was waged in that moment in his soul. If he softened to her now, if he yielded to her now, all was undone. And yet what love was this—what strange, and wondrous, and potent kind of love was this? Not the kind of love which had looked at him, an hour or two ago, out of the rich black eyes of the American widow, that had trembled in the tones of her voice. But a vision of the beauty he coveted, of the wealth he needed, of the freedom he panted for, rose before Routh's bewildered brain, and the strife ended. Evil had its own way unchecked henceforth to the end.

He raised his right arm and struck her heavily upon the face; the clasp of her hands gave way, and she sank upon the floor. Then he stepped over her, as she lay prostrate in the doorway, and left the room. When she raised herself, she pushed back her hair, and looked round, with a dreary amazement upon her troubled face, and she heard the key turned in his dressing-room door.

The day had dawned when Harriet Routh went gently up-stairs to her bedroom. She was perfectly calm. She opened the window-shutters and let the light in before she lay down on her bed. Also, she unlocked a box, which she took from her wardrobe, and looked carefully into it, then put it away satisfied. As she closed her eyes, she said, half aloud, "I can do no more; but she can save him, and she shall."

At one o'clock on the following day, Harriet Routh, attired, as usual, in simple but ladylike dress, and presenting an appearance on which the most impertinent of pages would not have dared to cast an imputation, presented herself at No. 4, Hollington-square, Brompton. Mrs. Bembridge lived there, but Mrs. Bembridge was

not at home, and would not be at home until late in the evening. Would the lady leave her name? No; but she desired Mrs. Bembridge might be informed that a lady had called, and would call again at the same hour on the morrow, who had found an article of dress lost, at Homburg, by Mrs. Bembridge, and which she would restore to Mrs. Bembridge in person, but not otherwise.

As Harriet was returning home, she walked down Piccadilly, and saw Mr. Felton and George Dallas alighting from a cab at the door of the house in which their lodgings had been engaged.

"Very fair, too," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, when she received Harriet's message from her maid, "and very natural she should expect a reward. Ladies often take advantage of that kind of thing to give money to the poor. I shan't grudge her anything she may ask in reason, I shall be so glad to get back my golden egg."

HOUSE-HUNTING IN LISBON.

In a recent number of *All the Year Round*,* I was attracted by an article headed *House-Hunting*. I turned to it with the morbid interest referable to my own experience in that branch of misfortune. I put it down with a feeling of triumphant superiority. "What," said I to myself, "can any one profess to know of the misery of house-hunting who starts his complaint with the announcement that the house he sought was to be 'about an hour's journey from London'?"

I entered on the terrible sport of house-hunting, in Lisbon.

I had been recently married; though not so recently but that my packages amounted in number to sixty, exclusive of a baby and a sick-nurse who had borne me company on my voyage across the Bay of Biscay. Being of a cheerful temperament, I had thought, "Well, it is only for three days; and, once landed, we shall soon get a house, and with all our English comforts around us, we shall have the home-like feeling which makes all places pleasant."

So much has been said and sung of the fairy-like aspect of Lisbon as you see it from the river, and the material removal of such visions as you enter the town, that of this I need say nothing. A few hours after our first sight of the many roofs, out of the number of which we hoped one would soon shelter us, we found ourselves crossing a magnificent square, dotted about with the usual number of beggars showing the very unequal share of limbs, and toes, and fingers, which seem to be distributed capriciously among the poor of Southern Europe. Picking our way among those whom nature had too bountifully supplied with legs, and followed by others whose deficiency in those members had been supplemented by wheels, we reached a very clean and comfortable hotel. Here we agreed

to rest for that day, and to commence our labours in house-hunting to-morrow.

Our arrival was quickly known to a few of the English inhabitants, who had been asked to be kind to us by "mutual friends" in England. They shook their heads discouragingly when we talked of hoping to find a house and furnish two or three rooms in a few weeks. We thought they were not aware how humble were our pretensions, and how easily satisfied we should be with a small clean house. Accordingly, next morning we hired a carriage, and started at a pace unknown to London cabmen, even when they are offered an extra fare to catch the last train. This pace was scarcely an advantage to us, as our hunt could only be carried on by driving along the streets until we saw a house with small squares of white paper, called "seritos," wafered on each pane of its windows indicating houses to let. Before one of these houses, of promising outward appearance, we stopped our carriage.

A number of Portuguese women looked out of the windows of that house, and out of all the adjoining windows. One hurried look at their tawny faces, coarse matted hair, and brawny arms, one tone of their coarse masculine voices, explained to me why the beauty of Portuguese women had never been sung by any bards but their own. After vainly striving to make ourselves understood to these Lisbon maidens, in Italian and Spanish, as well as by a judicious mixture of the two, we were beginning to despair of success, when our coachman awoke to a consciousness that as we wished to see the interior of this house to let, and as the door was locked, it was not improbable we might be trying to get the key. This discovery he confided in very voluble tones (assisted by many gestures of opening an ideal door with an imaginary key) to all the women at the windows, as well as to a great many more who had collected round us; and, to our infinite relief, one of our audience, who had disappeared after the eloquence of the coachman subsided, reappeared with a key. This promising-looking house had evidently been built by some one who had the idea of Lisbon as it is in reality, strongly engraved on his memory. A dingy staircase faced us, running steeply up between two blank walls, without balusters or any turn or object to break its monotony, except one dejected-looking spider which had spun its web on a flat surface of the wall in despair of finding a corner. Once on the landing above, we found ourselves in a labyrinth of tiny rooms and alcoves, not one of which was of a size to be rendered habitable. Innumerable passages intersected these small chambers with no apparent object, except to darken and diminish the little rooms to which they did *not* lead. No one room communicated with another: the solitary exception being that the drawing-room opened into the kitchen.

"This will never do," we said, as we went down the dark staircase. Once more we drove along the streets, in quest of another

* See vol. xvi., page 84.

house. Presently we stopped with a prolonged jerk, and our driver having turned his horses at right angles to the carriage, in order to prevent our rolling backwards down the steepest of hills, pointed to a long row of windows with the "To Let" indications we were seeking. Similar preliminaries were gone through as before, with the same result, only that this time our friends the beggars found us out. These had quite a new array of peculiarities, and there was a combination system at work among them, by which two established the exact complement of limbs and features usually bestowed on one. For instance, a boy with no legs was perched on the back of a blind man, whom he worked on the principle of a velocipede. This amalgamation appeared to give them a power of ubiquity, and wherever we stopped we found our velocipede friends there before us.

For more than a week we continued our search with a contented spirit which made us say, "To-day we *must* be more lucky." At last we fell in with a charitable friend, who offered to accompany us and act as interpreter; but this was not the only help he rendered us. He had heard of a house in a good situation, with large rooms and a few fireplaces; in short, luxuries such as we had ceased to think existed in Lisbon. To this palace we drove, and found it all it had been described, and all it claimed to be, for it called itself "Palacio Antigo del Conde de —," and certainly no one could have doubted its antiquity, that might have failed to discover it was a palace. The paper was falling from the walls, the windows would not shut, and the few doors which could claim superiority in that respect over the windows, would not open. However, the plan of the house was good, and the thought of a fire at Christmas was so cheering that we begged our interpreter to explain to the landlord that, if he would put it into habitable repair, we would become his tenants. Hereupon he began a perfect fire of argument in praise of his house, and dilated at immense length on each of its real and supposed advantages, until he at last arrived at his voluble peroration: which was simply to the effect that he would do nothing.

Some smaller incidents of our wanderings I will not mention—such as coming out of a house to find our driver asleep at the bottom of the carriage with his head on the cushions, the result of our conveying home a large stock of the finest fleas. Neither will I enlarge upon the ignominious circumstance of our being more than once followed by half a dozen street curs barking at our heels.

A fortnight of this life, and we were humbled. Our British spirit of incredulity was nearly crushed, and we were willing, not only to hear advice, but to take it. The advice was, "Give it up now. In a few months the half-yearly general move will take place, and you will have a much wider choice." Thus we found what we wanted. We left Lisbon, and forgot dirty houses, smells, and insects, amid the lovely scenery of Cintra. Once comfortably settled

there, we received from one of the friends who had been most active in helping us, a letter to the effect that a charming house in Lisbon was vacant; and we pounced upon it.

When we are asked, "How did you get this beautiful house?" our answer is not one which would do for the general guidance of unfortunate in the trying position of house-hunting in Lisbon. "By taking no trouble, and trusting to the chapter of accidents to find for us what no industry on our part could discover."

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

So many of our circle lost money in the panic of Black Friday, that it was like being out of the fashion *not* to have lost, and we were in it—in it to the extreme. It put off Emmy's wedding, and there were a few days when I thought it would put an end to it; but the young people determined otherwise, got married on their hopes, youth, and courage, and went away in August to make the best of the world at the other side of it. Our London establishment was finally broken up, and after some inquiry for a cheap neighbourhood where good education was to be had for boys, we travelled down into Shropshire, and thought ourselves fallen quite in luck's way when we found Ash Grange, a roomy house in a large garden, not ten minutes' walk from the grammar school, to let for the very moderate rental of thirty pounds.

The easy adaptability of common human nature to altered circumstances is wonderful and merciful! Here was my John, who had toiled and milled from youth to grey hairs to get rich honestly, who had contemplated withdrawing from business with his tens of thousands, and had retired with a few hundreds snatched out of the fire, looking, after a month of country life, healthier and happier than I had seen him look for years. The worst was come, and we were not utterly beggars; we had suffered shipwreck, but we had got safe to land; we had lost an immense fortune, but we had not lost character, nor caused the ruin of others; we had come down to our primitive condition of neither riches nor poverty, and I think I liked it better than the vanity and vexation of spirit that had attended our gradual rise and progress in London society. Emmy was gone, but she had taken her heart's desire with her, and we had the three boys left for our love, care, and occupation. They needed no consolation that they could not find for themselves in our haunted Grange and wilderness garden; and though Willie was sorry to leave his masters and friends at the Charter House, he soon liked those he found at the grammar school.

I wish I could make you see the house; it is a very pleasant place. It stands end-ways to the road, and a high wall, enclosing the garden, runs along it, back and front, for nearly a hundred yards; ash-trees and beech-trees stretching their branches over the parapet, and making a delightful shady walk of the pathway of an afternoon. It had been untenanted for several

years before we took it, and the owner was glad to put it in sufficient repair to ensure our remaining. The sitting-rooms, on the ground floor, were large, but low and rather gloomy; the smaller we fitted up as our dining-parlour, and the other we abandoned to the boys, to be their carpenter's shop and private snuggery. My drawing-room I made up-stairs, as far as possible out of hearing of their sawing and hammering, and a little closet opening from it, and extending over the porch, John lined with shelves, and dignified with the title of book-room.

Of our quarters I need say no more. The boys' den is the most spacious apartment in the house, and had always been used as the principal apartment until we entered on possession. The wall had been once coloured of a pinky hue, and the panels moulded with gilding. The lofty, narrow mantelshelf—supported on carved pilasters, was coloured like the wall which, on the left, extending to the back of the room—was flush with it, and on the right, extending to the windows, fell into a deep recess. The windows looked into the garden; the door opened into the hall, which was divided in the middle with a screen to exclude draughts.

The landlord was agreeably surprised at our bidding him not re-paper this room; but he was at the same time astonished I did not prefer it for my parlour. And we were equally astonished at his inquiry if I was deterred from preferring it because it had got a bad name in the local traditions as being *haunted*. We had not heard of its bad name, and naturally begged for explanation. He told us that the last occupants were an overworked London clergyman and his wife. That to accommodate them during a long summer, he had furnished this room and two others; that the lady was comfortable and contented, but that her husband, who was out of health, took a fixed idea into his mind that a female shadow, which was not his wife's, constantly pervaded the room. He was most sensitive to its presence at morning and evening prayers. Often, at other times, when reading a book or gazing meditatively into the fire of nights, he felt it beside him; but when he bent his eyes to discern it clearly, it was gone. By degrees, as he recovered his strength and mental tone, his spectral visitant came less frequently, and before he returned to his town duties in October, it had quite ceased to trouble him, and he spoke of it himself as an hallucination arising from a distressed brain. In popular parlance, however, it had become a ghost, and the Grange a haunted house.

The boys heard the story, and only liked their den the better for it. For my part, I pray that I may never come into that state of mind and body when I shall imagine myself a ghost-seer. For some weeks after they had made a Babel of the empty room, I expected tales of wonder and imagination to be brought to my ears; but none were brought save of no cupboards, no shelves, no anything but the floor on which to deposit their precious belongings. Their father gave them a shabby *escritoire* which he had bought

for an old song at a sale in the town, and a Pembroke table with drawers, but still they were not satisfied; and Willie, one morning, impatiently struck the wall by the fireplace, wishing *that* were cupboards. Most unexpectedly, it gave back a hollow sound, and something like plaster rattled down within. He struck again; he listened; his brothers listened; they all struck, and they all listened; they were sure the wall was hollow; that there was a recess to correspond with that on the other side of the fireplace, which was only boarded up and canvassed.

It was a holiday, and it was rainy. They had hours before them for investigation and mischief, and they set to work; carefully, at first, and near the floor, but soon with greater boldness. They cut out a section of the canvas, and discovered that it was not plain joiner's work behind, but panelling, like the rest of the room. They ripped away the canvas from beside the pilaster of the chimney, and espied hinges, chinks—unmistakable evidences of a closet in the wainscot large enough to appease their most exorbitant longings for store-room. They persevered in spite of choking dust and falling plaster, ignorant of landlord's claims for dilapidation and of their father's displeasure, and by noon they had completely laid open the hidden cupboard doors, and Willie had come to me for some keys. I asked him what he wanted keys for? He told me about the closet—such a large double closet! I proposed to go and see it. He begged me to stay where I was until they had effected a clearance of the rubbish. My suspicions and fears were roused, and I went at once. Rubbish, indeed! The floor was littered with torn canvas, and the air thick with the powdery dust of the wall-colouring. An old charwoman, Bridget Johnes, whom we occasionally employed in the house, had preceded me on the boys' petition to help them remove the ruins, and there she stood agape, resting on her broom, and crying, "Bless her life, if there was not Madame Stéphanie's closet again!" The boys eyed me a little anxiously as I remarked that I did not know what their father and Mr. Baxter, the landlord, might say, but Willie began all the same to try the keys. The key in common use for most of the other cupboards fitted this lock; he turned it, and with a wrench pulled open one leaf of the door: and, as he pulled, out fell, with dry, light, jingling rattle, a skeleton with a mass of tattered, colourless clothing still enveloping it.

The curious investigator sprang fast enough out of the way. I cannot tell what any of us felt or said, but the first words I understood were from the mouth of Bridget Johnes. She had stepped across the floor, and was stooping to examine a ring that hung on one finger of the clenched skeleton hand. "It is poor Mam'selle Elise," said she; "they told us she'd gone home to France."

I sent one of the boys instantly to bring Mr. Baxter; and, before he came, their father was on the scene. The discovery was something more than a nine days' wonder. There was a long

inquiry before the magistrates, and much raking up of old memories, which ended in the silent burial of the bones in the churchyard, and in the addition of a mysterious tragedy to the local annals. I will tell the story briefly, as they tell it; not in shreds and patches, as it was painfully evolved under the investigation by authority.

In the autumn of 1789, during the earliest rush of French emigrants to England away from the Paris mob which had just drawn the first blood of revolution at the storming of the Bastille, there came over two ladies of rank, sisters, middle-aged and single. Two servants accompanied them, a man and a woman. The four were received by a Catholic family in Staffordshire, and entertained for several months, in the hope and expectation that they would soon be able to return safely to France. But as things there went from bad to worse, and the hospitality of their host wearied, the ladies sought a house for themselves. Travelling towards Wales as a district where they might live cheaply and obscurely until the return of better days, they lighted on Ash Grange, which the owner and occupier had vacated but a few weeks before for a narrow lodging in the chancel of the church. The heir was Mr. March, a young gentleman of aristocratic sympathies and considerable wealth, who resided at Gellert's Gap, a beautiful estate about three miles distant. He offered the French strangers the use of the Grange furnished just as it stood, and they accepted it as generously as it was offered.

The ladies presently became known to the neighbourhood as Madame Stéphanie and Madame Rose le Perier, the last supposed to be a name assumed in lieu of one of higher distinction. The man-servant was Monsieur Rigault, the woman, Madame Bette. Superior servants they evidently were; but, in casting in their lot with the mistresses whom they had followed into their triste exile, they had left behind them all selfish remembrances of past estate, and shared with cheerfulness the privations of their poverty. And they were very poor. The secrets of their household could not be kept in that little idle place, though they took no service from without to carry gossip abroad; for the small shopkeepers knew every penny of their expenditure, and Monsieur Rigault, who catered for them, Frenchman, and ingenious Frenchman as he was, often betrayed to their shrewd inquisitiveness the difficulty he had in making up the materials of the dinners he cooked.

The ladies were rarely seen beyond the precincts of their home, and the only persons they admitted within their doors was Mr. March, who was a Catholic like themselves, and a priest who came over from Shrewsbury to visit them at stated intervals. To Shrewsbury also they went to attend the services of their church on great festival days; and once, when they remained absent more than a week, they were said to have gone to meet some fellow-emigrants of royal rank at Alton Towers, the seat of the

great papist Earl of Shrewsbury. Madame Stéphanie was a person of grandiose air—not beautiful at all, but of a most magnificent stateliness, like a woman bred in courts, and used to think of nobility as the highest grace of God. Madame Rose was less imposing than her sister, but more pleasing, and several years younger. Madame Stéphanie was growing grey and wrinkled; Madame Rose had still so much of the bloom of youth as may remain with a handsome brunette of five-and-thirty.

During the second autumn of their residence at Ash Grange, Monsieur Rigault made a journey to France. News that the Tuileries had been sacked, the Swiss Guard slaughtered, and the king and his family imprisoned in the Temple, had reached England before he started, and the terrible massacres of September were reported immediately after. Next came a rumour that the king was to be put upon his trial before the National Convention, then intelligence that his head had fallen on the scaffold, then of the beginning of the *Terror*.

While Monsieur Rigault was away, Madame Stéphanie made his little household purchases in the town. People thus grew familiar with her grandeur, and very haggard and wan her grandeur was—ininitely more piteous than humility. Yet it was impossible to feel sympathy with her. Monsieur Rigault had won real liking and respect amongst the shopkeepers, but Madame Stéphanie treated the simple folks with that haughty rigour which French writers tell us was the habit of the great in France in the generations before the terrible blood-letting of the Revolution. La Bruyère, the court philosopher and moralist of Louis Fourteenth's reign, says it was to him a thing always new the ferocity with which men treated other men. He saw certain wild animals, male and female, scattered over the fields, black, livid, all burnt with the sun, bound to the soil which they ploughed and harrowed with invincible obstinacy; they had an articulate voice, and when they rose upon their feet they showed a human face, and, indeed, they were men. At night they retired into their lairs, where they lived on black bread, water, and roots; they saved other men the toil of sowing and reaping, but themselves lacked, even to hunger, the bread they produced. Madame Stéphanie le Perier, in the cold inhuman pride of her character, showed the latest development of the noble races that had lived for ages by the bitter labour of such degraded serfs; and now the scum of their long perdition had seethed to the surface of society, and society was dying by wholesale of the poisonous miasma.

In the early spring, Monsieur Rigault was back at the Grange, but for a few days only; and then he disappeared again. It was winter, settled and cold, before he once more presented himself in the accustomed shops with his thrifty basket. He was then full of sorrow. His lean resolute face ran down with tears when the shopkeepers asked him the truth of those awful scenes in Paris which their newspaper feebly depicted, but of which he had been

an eye-witness, disguised, and in peril of his life. The details, in his broken English, were often grotesque, but they were pathetic too. This time he had not returned alone. He had brought with him a young girl whose father and mother had faithfully adhered to the unfortunate royal family, and had perished in October, only a few days in advance of the queen. This girl was the Mam'selle Elise, and the niece of Madame Stéphanie and Madame Rose.

Mam'selle Elise was not more than seven or eight years old when she came to Ash Grange. She was a dark-haired, handsome child, very imperious, wilful, and passionate, whose bursts of fury Madame Stéphanie severely controlled by imprisonment in the great cupboard of her salon; so, at least, the tale went in the town, where the little princess was often seen dancing along with Monsieur Rigault, who adored her, and where she was much noticed for her beauty, her singularity, and tragical orphanhood. She had no playfellows but her grief-aged kinswomen and their servants, and the imperious, wilful child grew up into an imperious, wilful maiden, full of caprices and madcap vagaries. At fifteen she was notoriously wild, unruly, and fierce; and when her whims were contradicted she would threaten to stab herself, drown herself, poison herself—anything to be avenged on her guardians. She was sent to a convent in Warwickshire to receive education and discipline; but, after the lapse of a year, she came home to the Grange no milder than she went. She must have been as much out of her place in a convent as a hawk in a dovecot; for restraint was intolerable to her, and she had no religious vocation whatever.

From this period Mam'selle Elise assumed to herself considerable freedom, perhaps licence of conduct, and she and Madame Stéphanie were openly at feud. The young lady detested the poverty and narrowness of her life; the elder abominated her niece's condescensions to gain a little society. She had struck up an intimacy with a family near the Grange, who were of no rank and of no reputation. They had grown rich on the troubles of the times, and the sons, half-educated, dissolute, handsome young men, were making haste to squander their fortunes by aping the luxuries and extravagances of the squirearchy. It was presently whispered in the town that Mam'selle Elise had an intrigue with the eldest son, and it came to the ears of Monsieur Rigault that a girl who had lately been admitted into the house to help Madame Bette, acted as their go-between. This girl was Bridget Johnes. That day, or the next, Bridget Johnes received her discharge, and being quit of her scruples with her service, she opened her mouth and told astounding tales of the quarrels between Madame Stéphanie and Mam'selle Elise; like she-devils, she said they were—but she was sorry for Mam'selle Elise too. Concerning the alleged intrigue she was more reticent; she denied, indeed, that there was any intrigue.

This exposure took place at the opening of the year 1802, and about the same time died

Mr. March, by whose courtesy the exiles held the Grange rent-free. His heir was his sister, who was married to a Mr. Baxter, the father and mother of the present owner. To secure them against disturbance, Mr. March in his will made them a gift of the Grange for such time as they might be pleased to occupy it. If they vacated it, the Baxters were to acquire possession, but otherwise Madame Stéphanie and Madame Rose were at liberty to retain it for their joint and separate lives. The Peace of Amiens opened the Continent in the spring, and the Baxters, who were not rich, had great hopes that the French ladies would hurry home, and leave the Grange to them; but they made no signs of stirring. They had lost all in France—rank, honour, name, fortune, and kindred—and were not likely to recover them under the consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte, then mounting to the pinnacle of power and glory.

One fine evening in May, Bridget Johnes, who had gone to be dairymaid at the rectory, had occasion to walk down the glebe pastures that skirt the Grange garden, and divide it from the river. A holly-hedge forms the boundary, which is solid and lofty as a wall. Mam'selle Elise had, to Bridget's knowledge, surmounted this barrier many a time to meet her lover, and Bridget had kept her counsel faithfully while she connived at or assisted her evasions. But after this evening she was less secret. She met mam'selle walking by the river alone, and they had some conversation. Mam'selle Elise exhibited a ring set with green stones, which she had accepted as a betrothal-ring from her lover, who, she said, wished her to fly with him to Scotland, where they could be married without leave of her guardians.

On certain evenings subsequent to this Bridget Johnes found opportunities of going into the pastures, prompted by curiosity to learn how the elopement scheme went on. But she met Mam'selle Elise no more. Once she saw the lover prowling about watchfully, who told her he had not been able to get a glimpse of his sweetheart for days. Neither was surprised at this, for Madame Stéphanie had means of keeping her unruly young kinswoman in durance, which she used without the smallest scruple. If she had seen the ring, and if Mam'selle Elise had braved her with an avowal of her design to escape from the Grange into the arms of her plebeian lover, Bridget had no doubt that she was expiating her iniquity in close confinement—possibly in her own chamber, or quite as possibly in the great closet of the salon, to which narrow seclusion, with the aid of Madame Bette, Madame Stéphanie had more than once committed her, even since her return from the convent.

Monsieur Rigault had never lost the distressed countenance that he had brought back after his last journey to Paris, but at this time he looked more than ever wretched, more than ever haggard and perplexed. He was silent too. When he entered the shops he had no answer to any bit of news from his friends. If

they asked him why he did not go home now that France was at peace, and multitudes of exiles and English flocking over to taste the long-forbidden delights of Paris, he only shook his head. One day, however, he was seen mounting the Shrewsbury mail-coach, and again Madame Stéphanie reappeared in the town, more rigid, haughty, and formal, if possible, than before. Then it began to be said that Monsieur Rigault had returned to France for good, and that he had taken Mam'selle Elise with him. This was hardly credited at first, for Monsieur Rigault had given no warning of his departure to his humble friends, and had made them no farewell; but it was presently believed and accepted as quite natural that he should have set off thus secretly, if he had to convey away Mam'selle Elise. That Mam'selle Elise should have quietly consented to go was no marvel except to her lover, who persisted for several weeks in watching for her still about the Grange. Then there flew abroad a rumour, which originated with Bridget Johnes, that the young lady had drowned herself or had been put away, and this rumour presently grew so loud that the rector, who was also a magistrate, felt it his duty to have an interview with Madame Stéphanie. Her explanation satisfied him. She said that her niece had been conducted back to France and consigned to the survivors of her mother's family, who had recovered a portion of their property, were in favour with the present government, and had expressed repeatedly a desire to adopt her, before she (Madame Stéphanie) could agree to yield up her only brother's only child. She added, that she and her sister were now growing old; that they had no portion to give with the petite, and therefore they had striven with their devotion, and had sent her away from them. She made no allusion to the now notorious intrigue that had subsisted between Mam'selle Elise and her low-born lover; but this the rector, who was himself of high Tory principles, perfectly understood and sympathised with. He would have locked up his own daughter, or have sent her into banishment, had she so dared to misconduct herself.

No one doubted the truth of the rector's assurance when he lulled the popular suspicions that had begun to gather round the Grange by publishing Madame Stéphanie's explanation. The lover of Mam'selle Elise accepted it like the rest; but, instead of putting up with her removal as an inexorable separation, he formed a sudden resolve to go across to France in search of her. Of course neither Madame Stéphanie nor the rector, who felt with her on this matter of plebeian lovers, would vouchsafe him any clue to the whereabouts of either the young lady or her attendant, Monsieur Rigault. He, however, set out at the end of September or the beginning of October, and his journey, with the quest in view, was long after talked about as a romance of affection.

For several months nothing was heard of him; his own people said he had fallen into the slough of Parisian wickedness and revelry, and that

was why. But in the ensuing spring there came a letter with intelligence that his endeavours to discover his lady-love had been all in vain, and that he was about to return home. He never did return, however, for the rupture of the Peace of Amiens took place in May, 1803, and all the travelling English in France were detained prisoners by command of the first consul. He died before a new peace arrived to set them free, and, with his memory, the events of that time faded into oblivion.

The sole inhabitants of the Grange now were Madame Stéphanie, Madame Rose, and Madame Bette. Only Madame Stéphanie ever encountered the public gaze. Her sister had become a permanent invalid, but no physician was invited to relieve her maladies. Their poverty seemed more pinching than before, and their seclusion more complete. The rector endeavoured to befriend them, but could never succeed in winning their confidence, and at length ceased to seek it.

The next change was the death of Madame Rose, which occurred in 1815, when all England was ringing its bells and rejoicing over the glorious victory of Waterloo. Once more the Baxters expected to come into possession of the Grange, and once more they were disappointed. The restoration of the Bourbons appeared to bring no joy, no revival of hope to the remaining pair of exiled women. Madame Stéphanie might not have heard of it, for any sign she made. As for Madame Bette, who ever looked on her dark and furrowed face once was not inclined to look again. She was a most forbidding personage, mute as the grave. During all her long sufferance in England she had never picked up a word of English speech, nor made a single English friend.

The two lived on together to quite extreme old age. Madame Bette died the first, and died suddenly. Madame Stéphanie, aged as she was, still kept much of her ancient alertness and vigour, resisting every inducement proffered by the Baxters to remove into lodgings and accept from them the tendance necessary at her time of life. She survived Madame Bette about eighteen months, and died as solitary as she had lived. For two or three days she was missing from her usual haunts, and, when the house was forcibly entered, was found on the floor of the salon in a dying condition. She made great efforts, as of one who wishes to speak, but her tongue could form no intelligible words, and before the priest who had been sent for could arrive, she was gone. She was buried beside her sister and servant in the churchyard.

And now, at last, the Baxters entered into possession of the Grange. The old people took up their residence in it, after putting it into habitable repair at the least possible cost; for having brought up a large and expensive family, they had suffered losses, and were less rich in their old age than they had been in their young days. Bridget Johnes was for some years their servant, and though she remembered and spoke of the closet in the salon, it was after the

walls had been redecorated, and then nobody was extravagant or curious enough to care about defacing them to recover it, until our boys took the work in hand. Who boarded up the closet is not known, but there can be no doubt that it kept the secret of murder, and that the skeleton we found was that of Mamselle Elisc. Bridget Johnes recognised the betrothal-ring on her hand.

NEW AMERICA.

It would be difficult to find a stronger illustration of the rapid pace at which life may now speed, than a couple of goodly volumes that have adorned our library table for more than a month. Their author, not earlier in the holiday-time of last year than August, scorning such designs for recreation as would have satisfied him no very long time ago by a trip to Brighton, or Bath, or Scarborough, or, by a great effort, to Paris, starts for the furthest reachable corner of America, returns, and before the end of January—in five months—presents us with a handsome book of travels: not confused quires of imperfect observations “dashed off” against time in express trains, but a careful, wise, and graphic picture of the most prominent social phenomena which the newest phases of the New World present. The book is called *NEW AMERICA*; its author, whose holiday work it is, being the well-known and busy journalist, Mr. Hepworth Dixon. The accident of travel has inflicted on literature many incompetent authors; but here, a practised writer—with a distinct purpose set in his mind, gifted with knowledge of what is already to be learnt and keen perception of whatever is new to be met with in his travels, an accomplished literary artist—expresses himself clearly and vividly, interesting his reader not less by his manner than in his matter.

Some of his matter is extremely curious. In America, the land unencumbered by traditions or experiences of the past, the wildest dreams of social organisation get quickly translated into realities, and desires and discontents find free expression. Experiments in social polity are being worked out there, from polygamous Mormonism to marriage-hating Shakerism, which it requires a writer of Mr. Dixon's acuteness, temperance of statement, and freedom from partisanship, to present to the European reader without making him stand aghast.

After a weary and perilous journey across the desert that lies between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains, Mr. Dixon and his companion arrived at Utah, the Mormon city. He describes a square block, ten acres in extent, as the heart of the city—the Mormon holy place, the harem of the young Jerusalem of the West. This centre gives a pattern of form and measurement to the whole city. As yet only the foundations, of massive granite, are laid; Brigham Young attending to the social and physical requirements of his people as matters of earliest importance, while leaving the perfect-

ing of the temple to a later and riper time. The city, which covers three thousand acres of ground, is laid out in blocks of ten acres each, each block divided into lots of one acre and a quarter, as the regulation amount of land for a cottage and a garden. From each side of the temple starts a street, a hundred feet wide, going out into the level plain, and in straight lines into space. Streets of the same width, and parallel to these, run north and south, east and west, each planted with locust and ailanthus-trees, and cooled by running streams. But in Main-street, the chief thoroughfare for hotels and shops, the gardens have been cut down for the exigencies of trade, and some of the larger stores are built now of red stone, standing side by side with wooden shanties and adobe cots. In each apportioned lot stands a cottage in the midst of fruit-trees; sometimes there are two or three cottages in the orchard, wherein dwell the various wives of the polygamous saint. Elder Hiram Clawson's house is in a lovely garden, red with delicious peaches, plums, and apples, where live his first and second wives, with their nurseries of twenty children; but there is a dainty white bower in the corner, smothered in roses and creepers, and here, with her four boys, lives the youngest wife, Alice, a daughter of Brigham Young, and popularly supposed to be the supreme favourite. They say that Elder Hiram Clawson is courting Emily, the sister of Alice—that he will be soon married to her also; yet “the perils of a double alliance with the Mormon pope are said to be great. Envy among the elders, collision with the Gentiles, jealousy at Camp Douglas, hostility at Washington; but Elder Clawson is said to be ready to take his chance with Sister Emily, as he had done with Alice, answering, as the Mormons put it, Washington theories by Deseret facts.”

No beggars are seen in these long straight dusty green-lined streets—scarcely even a tipsy man; and if you see one, he is a Gentile. The people are quiet and civil. The streets are pastoral and picturesque, as are no other streets in the world. Standing under the locust-trees is an ox come home for the night; a cow at a gate is being milked by a child; Snake Indians, with their long hair, their scant drapery, their proud reserve, are cheapening the dirtiest and cheapest lots; a New Mexican in his broad sombrero is dashing up the dust on his wiry little horse; miners in huge boots and belts are loafing about; officers from the camp, in their dark-blue uniforms, keep a sharp look-out on Mormon ways; and those wild unearthly folk, eager, excited, fatigued, but full of hope and happiness—those sunburnt emigrants just come in from the prairies, sitting under the acacias and dabbling their feet in the running creek, are Woolwich artisans, sober Monmouth farmers, and smart London tradesmen, who have conquered the perils of the journey, and are now admitted as brethren to their Mormon home.

One of the most curiously instructive things

in Utah is the office which Brigham Young has assigned to the theatre. With the foundations of the temple not yet raised above the ground, the theatre is in perfect order. As Mr. Dixon says: "Young feels inclined to go back upon all first principles, in family life to those of Abraham, in social life to those of Thespis. Priests invented both the ancient and the modern stages, and if people like to be light and merry, to laugh and glow, why should their teachers neglect the thousand opportunities offered by a play, of getting them to laugh in the right places, to glow at the proper things? Why should Young not preach moralities from the stage? Why should he not try to reconcile religious feeling with pleasure?"

Accordingly, the Mormon theatre is under the peculiar care of the high priest and his family, where his daughters act, and where, seated in a rocking-chair in the centre of the pit, he is to be seen surrounded by his elders and bishops, with their wives and children, laughing and clapping like boys at a pantomime. When he chooses to occupy his private box, one of his wives, "perhaps Eliza the Poetess, Harriet the Pale, or Amelia the Magnificent, rocks herself in his chair while laughing at the play." There are two private boxes at the side of the proscenium; one is reserved for the Prophet, the other is for the actresses on duty for the night, but not immediately engaged in the business on hand. The plays are short, the curtain rising at eight and coming down at about half-past ten; and, as the Mormons suppose before going out, they do not allow their amusements to interfere with the labours of the coming day. The bell rings for breakfast at six o'clock, whether it was theatre night last night or no. As a Mormon never drinks spirits, and rarely smokes tobacco, the only dissipation of these hundreds of hearty playgoers is that of sucking peaches. Neither within the house nor about the doors is there any riot or confusion. No pickpockets, no ragged boys and girls, no drunken and blaspheming men. Hiram Clawson, the president of the playhouse, has made it as near like what he conceives a playhouse should be, as is possible. Behind the scenes are every comfort and convenience—light, space, cleanliness, delicacy; the green-room is a real drawing-room; the scene-painters have their proper studios; the dressers and decorators have immense magazines; each lady, however small her part in the play, has a dressing-room to herself. Among the actresses are three of Young's daughters; for "he does not think it right to ask any poor man's child to do anything which his own children would object to do." The first time that Mr. Dixon saw the Mormon prophet, pope, and king, was at the theatre, where the piece was Charles the Twelfth, and highly enjoyed by the audience. "Where Adam Brock warns his daughter Eudiga against military sparks, the whole pit of young ladies crackled off into girlish laughter, the reference being taken to Camp Douglas and the United States officers stationed there; many of

whom were in the house and heartily enjoyed the fun."

The interference of these United States officers and soldiers is a very sore point with the saints. "They cause us trouble," said Brigham Young; "they intrude into our affairs, and even into our families; we cannot stand such things, and when they are guilty we make them bite the dust."

In person Brigham Young is like a middle-class Englishman from a provincial town; with a large head, a broad fair face, blue eyes, light-brown hair, good nose, and merry mouth. He was plainly dressed in black, when Mr. Dixon saw him at the theatre; and he sat with his pale and pensive wife Amelia, who surveyed the audience through her opera-glass from behind the curtain of the box. This perfecting of the theatre before the raising of the temple is a type of the whole religious and secular life of the Mormons; and how, having so much religion in their blood and bones, they can afford to dispense on occasions with religious forms while attending to the service of things which cannot wait, and to the human needs which are imperative. Brigham Young's first exhortation to a troop of emigrants bore on these preferences. He bade them leave all care for their souls alone, and not to "bother themselves much" about their religious duties. "Your first duty," he said, "is to learn how to grow a cabbage, and, along with this cabbage, an onion, a tomato, a sweet potato; then how to feed a pig, to build a house, to plant a garden, to rear cattle, and to bake bread; in one word, your first duty is to live. The next duty, for those who, being Danes, French, and Swiss, cannot speak it now, is to learn English, the language of God, the language of the Book of Mormon, the language of the Latter Day Saints."

The most wonderful thing in this strange sect is the rapidity with which it has increased. Thirty-six years ago there were six Mormons in America, none in England nor the rest of Europe; to-day there are not less than two hundred thousand, twenty thousand of whom are in Salt Lake City, and a hundred and fifty thousand in the one hundred and six dependent settlements. In this space of time they have drilled an army more than twenty thousand strong, raised a priesthood, established a law, a theology, and a social science of their own profoundly hostile to all reigning colleges and creeds; all this in the face of the bitterest persecution. The old saying that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church has been exemplified in this case as in all others; and persecution, so far from stamping out Joe Smith and his half-dozen followers, has strengthened, raised, and consolidated them into a powerful nation and a formidable sect. It is a story as old as time.

The secular doctrines of the Mormons are chiefly: 1. The freedom of the church, which is open to all men of every clime, colour, and race, save the negro, as the descendant of Cain. 2. Toleration of differences in be-

licf and habits of life. 3. The actuality of a divine government in the church. 4. The services of God, being and including the enjoyment of life. 5. The nobility of work.

This last principle, that manual labour is good and noble in itself, has never been taken as a fundamental truth by any church. All through Christendom the gentleman is not the man who labours, but the man who enjoys the fruits of others' labours; and, in the Hindu ordering of society, the high-caste Brahmin deems work a curse, and the hewer of wood and drawer of water as far below the rank of gentleman as a dog is below a man. But with the saints work is righteousness; and to be a toiling and producing man is to be in a state of grace. Side by side with the nobility of work lies the righteousness of marriage with the Mormons; not only as expedient, not only as respectable, but as absolute holiness—celibacy being absolute sin. It is the will of God that men and women have to work out—"that is to say, all human beings have a function to discharge on earth—the function of providing tabernacles of the flesh for immortal spirits now waiting to be born." Mormonism is the most practical protest that has ever been made against those celibate bodies and institutions which hitherto have been regarded as especially sacred and pure. Captain Hooper, the representative of Utah in congress, has never been able to rise high in the church, because he is a steadfast monogamist. "We look on Hooper as only half a Mormon," said the apostle Taylor ("at which every one laughed in a sly peculiar way"), Taylor having three wives, while some have five, and others seven. As for Brigham Young, the women who are sealed to him as his nominal but not actual wives are almost countless; his actual wives are about twelve in number. The queen of all is the first wife, Mary Ann Angell, an aged lady, whose five children are now grown up; and perhaps the most distinguished is Eliza Snow, the poetess, and generally reputed Young's wife only in name. "About fifty years old, with silver hair, dark eyes, and noble aspect, simple in attire, calm, lady-like, and rather cold, Eliza is the exact reverse to any imaginary light of the harem." The Mormon rite of sealing a woman to a man implies other relations than our Gentile rite of marriage; it is only by a wide perversion of terms that the female saints who may be sealed to a man are called his wives. But the oddest form of sealing is that which unites the living with the dead, either by a proxy on earth or by direct, if shadowy, bondage with the grave.

The effect of this polygamous life on the bearing of the women themselves is by no means satisfactory. Saddened, secluded, taking but small part in the conversation even when they do appear, respectful to humility to the father or husband, deft and clever servants—but only servants—giving no sign by look or word that they feel themselves mistresses in their own houses, the wives of the Mormon are by no means living advertisements of the bless-

ings of polygamy. Many young girls will not marry. They prefer to remain single, and to work hard, rather than to live in comparative ease and leisure as the fourth or fifth wife of a Mormon bishop. Belinda Pratt holds to the man's doctrine that the women like it; and that the more loving the wife, the more eager she is to see her lord mated with a new spouse, even seeking out and courting for him such as she might consider likely to please. But no other Mormon woman would own to this, and every one to whom the question was put flushed out into denial, "though with that caged and broken courage which seems to characterise every Mormon wife." "Court a new wife for him!" said one lady; "no woman would do that, and no woman would submit to be courted by a woman!" "I believe it's right," said a rosy English girl who had been three years in Utah, "and I think it is good for those who like it; but it is not good for me, and I will not have it." Do the wives dislike it? she was asked. "Some don't, most do. They take it for their religion. I can't say any woman likes it. Some women live very comfortably together—not many; most have their tiffs and quarrels, though their husbands may never know of them. No woman likes to see a new wife come into the house."

The manner of living is still an open question in Utah, as to whether it is best to provide a separate home for each wife or to assemble them under one roof. Young sets the example of unity. A few old ladies who have been sealed to him for heaven live in cottages apart, but all his actual wives—the mothers of his children—dwell in one block close together, dine at one table, and join in the family prayers. On the other hand, Taylor the apostle keeps his families in separate orchards and cottages; each saint being left free to arrange his household as he thinks best, provided he keeps public peace.

"Women," said Young, "will be more easily saved than men. They have not sense enough to go wrong. Men have more knowledge and more power, therefore they can go more quickly and more certainly to hell." "The Mormon creed," adds Mr. Dixon, "appears to be that woman is not worth damnation. In the Mormon heaven men, on account of their sins, may stop short in the stage of angels; but women, whatever their offences, are all to become the wives of gods."

This, then, is the religion which the republican platform has pledged itself to crush. "We mean to put that business of the Mormons through," said a New England politician; "we have done a bigger job than that in the South, and we shall now fix up things in the Salt Lake city." The United States has a law against polygamy, and on that ground the anti-Mormons will take their stand, and enforce monogamy and morality at the point of the bayonet. Whether or not they will succeed, if they try, remains to be proved. Persecution has never yet destroyed a church; and when once polygamy becomes the seal of martyrdom, even such men as Captain Hooper and such women as the rosy-faced English girl will rush into it,

fascinated by its penalties, if not tempted by its pleasures. For the strength of Mormonism is in its religious fervour; and this is a power which nothing can crush. Right or wrong, the Mormon believes what he practises, and lives up to what he believes. His is no Sunday religion, taken out to be aired once a week, then laid aside as something unfit for the remaining six days: it is a religion of every day and every hour. But its doctrine of polygamy, in which now lies so much of its success as a social organisation, will eventually prove its ruin. In a country where there are seven hundred and thirty thousand men in excess of women, human nature will not bear the selfishness of the polygamist; and where, in certain other parts, men have to perform women's work because of the dearth of women, it cannot long be conceded that in other parts women should be reduced to the level of mere nurses and servants because of their excess. In some of the western regions, the disparity is such as strikes the moralist with awe; in California there are three men to every woman, in Washington four, in Nevada eight, in Colorado twenty, while in the whole mass of whites throughout the United States generally the disproportion is five in the hundred. What is hardly less strange than this large displacement of the sexes among the white population is the fact that it is not explained and corrected by any excess in the inferior types. There are more yellow men than yellow women, more red braves than red squaws. Only the negroes are of nearly equal number, a slight excess being counted on the female side.

"This demand for mates," writes Mr. Dixon, "who can never be supplied, not in one place only, but in every place alike (Utah alone excepted), affects the female mind with a variety of plagues; driving your sister into a thousand reckless agitations about her rights and powers; into debating woman's era in history; woman's place in creation, woman's mission in the family; into public hysteria, into table-rapping, into anti-wedlock societies, into theories about free-love, natural marriage, and artistic maternity; into anti-offspring resolutions, into sectarian polygamy, into free trade of the affections, into community of wives. Some part of this wild disturbance of the female mind, it may be urged, is due to the freedom and prosperity which women find in America as compared against what they enjoy in Europe; but this freedom, this prosperity, are in some degree at least, the consequence of that disparity in numbers which makes the hand of every young girl in the United States a positive prize." "I was very bad upon him, but I got over it in time, and then let him off," said a young and pretty woman of a favoured lover, whom afterwards she had rejected; and "in that phrase lay hidden," says Mr. Dixon, "like a password in a common saying, the cardinal secrets of American life, the scarcity of women in the matrimonial market, and the power of choosing and rejecting which that scarcity confers on a young and pretty woman."

The result is that a revolution is preparing in America—a reform of thought and of society—a change in the relations of man to woman which is not unlikely to write the story of its progress on every aspect of domestic life. The revolutionists and reformers are the women themselves. They are in a manner the dominant party, and mistresses of the situation. They care nothing for men's jests and gibes, but demand absolute equality of the sexes as a divine law and a human right; and repudiate as a shameful sin the absorption of the wife in the husband, and his power over her, as has been ever the rule throughout all Christendom—in greater extent than in the East.

Of the remaining sects and communities which Mr. Dixon mentions, none are more curious and unnatural than the Shakers of Mount Lebanon. Here, in direct opposition to Mormonism, celibacy is the rule of life and the acted law of God; and, with celibacy, the most skilful care of the soil, the most perfect order, temperance, frugality, worship, spiritual seerism, cleanliness, and wholesome life. But no love, no maternity, no marriage. Yet there is a peculiar preference and a certain spiritual selection among the brothers and sisters, which, though it may not be called love in the Gentile sense, is something as near akin to it as any of the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearance may indulge. The Eldress Antoinette, with whom Mr. Dixon lodged, told him, "in the presence of four or five men, that she felt towards Frederick, her co-ruler of the house, a special and peculiar love, not as towards the man, and in the Gentile way, as she had heard of the world's doing in such matters, but as towards the child of grace, and agent of the Heavenly Father." She told him, also, that she had sweet and tender passages of love with many who were gone out of sight—the beings whom we should call the dead—and that these passages of the spirit were of the same kind as those she enjoyed with Frederick.

In the Shaker houses the ladies sleep two in a room; the men have separate rooms; the ladies have looking-glasses, but are warned against vanity. "Females," says Elder Frederick, "need to be steadied some." They are free in the matter of colour and material for dress, but they are strictly confined to shape; they eat in silence, thrice in the day—at six in the morning, at noon, and at six in the evening—rallying to the sound of a bell, and filing into the eating-room in a single line—women to one end, men to the other. After a silent prayer on their knees, they help themselves and each other as they list, without compliments or thanks; and they are strict vegetarians. They are active in work—no man suffered to be an idler, not even under the pretence of study, thought, or contemplation; they believe in variety of labour as a source of pleasure, and pleasure is the portion meted out by an indulgent Father to his saints; and their farms, their schools, their scents, and all their other industries, are acknowledged to be the best in the United

States. Their church is based on these ideas: the kingdom of God has come; Christ has actually appeared on earth; the personal rule of God has been restored. The old law is abolished; the command to multiply has ceased; Adam's sin has been atoned; the intercourse between heaven and earth has been restored; the curse is taken away from labour; the earth and all that is on it will be redeemed; angels and spirits have become, as of old, the familiars and ministers of men. No Shaker marries, and no Shaker dies. The soul simply withdraws and leaves the body, which is now as a worn-out garment; but the spirit is as living and present to seeresses like Sister Antoinette as when it animated its earthly tabernacle. Antoinette and those like to her are never alone. Shut up in the visible solitudes of their own chambers, they hear, see, and converse with their departed friends as distinctly as if all were still in the body. So indeed do other denominations, springing out of diseased imagination, with more show of truth and earnestness than ever belonged to the impostures of Home, the Davenport, and their congeners.

Amongst the spiritualists of a doubtful sort are the Dentonists, as they may be called—the order of Female Seers, who, by pressing a stone, a shell, a weed to their foreheads, pretend to read off, as from an open book, all the natural history connected therewith. They call this gift psychometry. They, or rather their offspring, the followers of Eliza Farnham, are the great champions of woman's superiority over the baser male sex; which is a step in advance of woman's rights. There was a time, they say, when men were like hairy monkeys; but even then the women were superior, in that they were less hairy and more erect. One of the apostles of the sect, Helene Marie Weber, is a practical farmer, and takes her produce to market dressed like a man, in boots, "pants," and buttons. Her every-day garb is a coat and trousers of black cloth; her evening dress is a dark blue coat with gilt buttons, buff cashmere vest richly trimmed with gilt buttons, and drab trousers.

Then there are the Tunkers, or Harmless People, whose chief principle is that of fraternal love, and who marry among themselves under a kind of protest, and with the feeling that celibacy is holiness, and marriage, if not a crime, yet is akin to it. There are also the Bible Communists or Perfectionists at Oneida Creek, the rule of whose life is pantogamy, about which not much need be said, save that they have established their community on religious principles, which are briefly these: (1.) reconciliation with God; (2.) salvation from sin; (3.) brotherhood of man and woman; (4.) community of labour and its fruits. John Humphrey Noyes, the founder of the sect, a tall pale man, with sandy hair and beard, grey dreamy eyes, good mouth, white temple, and a noble forehead, says that all other communistic institutions have failed, because they were not founded on Bible truth; they began at the

third and fourth stages; they left God out of their tale, and they came to nothing. The Perfectionists live on the principle of holiness, each brother and sister doing as he likes; but there is a counter-check to this in the principle of Sympathy, akin to that which public opinion holds with us. Thus, a brother may do as he likes, but he is trained to do everything in sympathy with the general wish. If the public judgment is against him, he is wrong, the family being supposed to be always wiser than the unit. If he wants anything for himself—a new hat, a holiday, a damsel's smiles—he must consult with one of the elders and see how the brotherhood feels on the subject of his wish. If against him, he must retire. Until this doctrine of sympathy was introduced, the community of Perfect Saints had little of what the world would call success.

The great trade at Oneida Creek is in traps. Brother Newhouse, an old trapper who settled down to machine work at Oneida Creek, took the matter in hand, and made a trap which made the family. In a single year they cleared eighty thousand dollars of profit by these traps, and even now their yearly revenue is about three thousand pounds, English money. The advanced saints are vegetarians, the weaker still indulge in flesh; they drink no wine, nor beer, unless it be a dose of either cherry wine or gooseberry wine taken as a cordial. "I tasted three or four kinds of this home-made wine," says Mr. Dixon, "and agree with Brother Noyes that his people will be better without such drinks."

These are the more salient points of Mr. Dixon's book, but by no means the only passages of mark. On the contrary, the whole narrative is full of interest from end to end, as well as of most important subjects for consideration. No student of society, no historian of humanity, should be without it, as a reliable and valuable text-book on New America.

MUSIC ABOUT MUSIC.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

ART, as a theme for works of art, is not the easiest possible subject to handle. Novels, in which poets and novelists figure too prominently, are apt to be sickly and uninteresting. Alfred de Vigny's "Chatterton," though supported by the passionate acting of Madame Dorval, was more painful than popular as a drama. The rule, with some small exceptions, may be applied to plays about actors—not forgetting "Tridate," "Sullivan," and even "Adrienne Lecouvreur," written to exhibit Rachel's wondrous dramatic power in a new phase.

Then, as to pictures, who could name one, in which a painter is the hero, that bears a universal, incontestable reputation as a first-class work of art? Raphael and the Fornarina—the Monarch picking up the Artist's pencil (to name but two subjects)—how often and again have these and other well-worn persons

and anecdotes been put on the canvas, and by hands anything rather than feeble, and yet with the result which has been already stated in the question!

One of the most agreeable examples tending in a contrary direction that we can call to mind, is Mr. Marcus Stone's picture of Greuse the Prodigy, detected in illicit drawing, exhibited a year or two ago at the Royal Academy.

But when we come to Music, the aspect of matters entirely changes. That peculiar incarnation of imagination and invention in art, howsoever closely connected in near relationship with Poetry, Painting, with even Architecture (which Goethe called "a frozen music"), in right of its working out its purposes by aid of a science of numbers, proportions, symmetry, has always lived, moved, and had its being under conditions bearing no analogy to those under which its kinsfolk may be said to have flourished. This assertion will not be palatable to system-mongers, but it is susceptible of proof, as a brief notice of some of the music, of which Music has been the theme, will display and illustrate.

It is noticeable that one of the first—if not the first—of operas, of which distinct record is extant—Monteverde's "Orfeo"—is based on the lovely antique legend, setting forth "Music's power." The ears that this distinguished Italian moved by his concords and discords can have had little in common with those of our time. The rude, hideous paintings of Margharitone are hardly further from the finished masterpieces of the Italian school than are the naked, dreary chants of one who, in his day, was a deep thinker and a prescient discoverer from anything which now passes as melody, or even as dramatic expression. Since Monteverde's day the legend has been again and again treated by poets and composers of every stature; but, with the exception of Haydn's incomplete opera, only once treated so as to live. We, of course, allude to Gluck's music, imperishable, for the most part, if the epithet can be applied to any work of art. It was only the other day that this simplest of operas, and the oldest to boot which keeps the stage, drew all Paris—habituated as is the public of that city to the strongest sensations, to crowds, to mysteries, to complications of construction, each one attempting to surpass its predecessor—to tremble and to weep beneath the spell of truth and genius. It is true that Gluck's music, written originally for Guadagni, a male *contralto*, and afterwards altered for M. Legros, one of the high nasal French tenors, of which the race is, unhappily, not yet extinct, had never before such a perfect exponent as it found in the sister of Malibran—the accomplished and impassioned Madame Viardot. Art on the musical stage can go no further, and rise no higher, than in her impersonation. Who that saw her will ever forget her absorbing sorrow at the tomb of Eurydice, the rapture which burst into every feature, animated every fibre of her frame, and thrilled in every tone of her

voice, when she was permitted to hope that the beloved one might still be rescued back to life—the pleading grace, blent with indomitable resolution, with which she clef her way among the grim wardens of Death's prison-house, subduing them by the charm of song—the anxious, eager, questioning step with which she went to and fro among the 'spirits of the Elysian fields—the inexpressible triumph of the moment of recognition, with its celestial music, when her hand closed on the well-known hand of the wife so bitterly mourned, so courageously sought—the desperate after-conflict and despair, when hope was all but wrecked by her disobedience of the condition of ransom? Taking every circumstance and difficulty into account, it may be truly said that there has been no such personation on the opera stage in our time—not forgetting nor undervaluing the Medea, the Semiramis, the Romeo, of Queen Pasta.

A strange fate has attended this "Orphée," as also Gluck's four other grand operas, on which it is worth while to dwell for a moment. His music might have been born into the world to breed controversies. If it have given such an impetus to the sung drama as no other operas have done, it has been an object of more grudging praise, more cavilling objection, more fierce invective than any body of music which could be named. To this day there are persons, conceiving themselves competent judges and sincere lovers of art, who are tormented with a desire to drag the king of antique opera from his throne. They cannot admire Mozart enough, and therefore they cannot admire Gluck too little; as if there was not room in the world for both! Because of the absence of certain technical qualities, which make the composer of "Don Juan" a faultless model of symmetry, because Mozart commanded a more affluent stream of melody, they will not admit that in the highest tragedy Gluck holds the stage with a firm grasp, such as no one else has put forth. Compare his classical dramas with any that have succeeded them, and these (Cherubini's "Medea" excepted) will be found to shrink and dwindle into a mediocrity and weariness; whereas Gluck's bear no more traces of age than do the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Niobe of antique sculpture. It is idle to reject them because they are less available for concert purposes than Mozart's operas. Calculated for the theatre, they are imperishable, because they demand the highest dramatic art, and satisfy the most exacting dramatic sense. And the injustice is all the more flagrant because of the large debt owing to Gluck by Mozart. The cemetery scene in "Don Juan" would not have been written had there been no oracle in "Alceste,"—and in "Orphée" (to come home from a digression) that the first air, "Objet de mon amour," with its three-bar phrases and its cast of melody, contains the germ of Susanna's "Deh vieni non tardar," can be denied by no one that studies the strange intricate questions of coincidence and reminiscence in Music. The specks on "Orphée"

are easily to be counted. They are to be found in the song of Love, in the first act, in the too long-drawn duet of husband and wife, which precedes the terrible explosion of sorrow in the last scene. Not one of the least singular features of this unique opera is the adoption by Gluck, both for Italy and France, severe in speech as he was in denouncing singers and their varieties, of the *bravura* by Bertoni, from his "Orfeo," an opera which had its little day of success, which the Italian master wrote for the exhibition of Guadagni's execution. But in spite of all Gluck's confessions of rigid doctrine (why *will* people write prefaces to their plays, laying down laws they are themselves the first to break?), no one can have been much more neglectful and disorderly in regard to works, produced not without painful thought, than this mighty man. The state of his scores, as M. Berlioz (an authority on the subject) assures us, is deplorable. He allowed the intercalation of the part of Hercules, in "Alceste," with Gossec's music—an excrescence suppressed the other day when that opera was revived in Paris. The great men of his time, however—Handel being another more signal example of licence—were too great to be scrupulous. But Haydn and Beethoven are perhaps the only voluminous musical composers who did not owe large obligations to the wares of other men.

Handel's name must have come next to Gluck's on the list as the greatest of musicians who has taken Music as his theme, even had it not been accidentally introduced by way of illustration. He might have been born into the world of art to disprove an assertion which, however specious, is a random one (at least as concerns music), that no production written with a temporary, otherwise an immediate purpose, can have permanent value. His "Coronation" and Funeral Anthems (the latter thrown off in a few hours, but which set the pattern to Mozart's "Requiem"), his Dettingen and Utrecht Te Deums, belie this assumption; and yet more, his "Judas Maccabeus"—which, like Gluck's forgotten opera, "La Caduta dei Giganti," was written in hot haste, to turn to account the advantage of the Duke of Cumberland's victory over the Pretender;—and yet most, his "Alexander's Feast," produced for one of those Cecilian celebrations of the Saint's Day, which during a protracted series of years figured among the entertainments of the City companies of London. So rich now as these guilds are, it may be fairly asked, why has the good old tradition of the accommodation they extended on moderate line to poets and musicians in former days, when they were poorer, and England was narrower in its sympathies for imaginative display and creation than now, been allowed so completely to sink into the ground?—to be merged in the commission of costly overgrown dinners, good only for gormandisers and cooks, and of gold and silver dishes, in the device of which the expenditure of money is as great as the expenditure of taste is small?

But "let that pass" (as Beau Tibbs hath it),

the matter in hand being Handel's music on the subject of Music. Nothing in all the list of orchestral compositions, devoted to the glorification of our Art, approaches in completeness, splendour, and dramatic variety his re-setting of Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," originally written for Clark. But what words were those he set! Dryden's felicity, clearness, variety of rhythm and sonority as a writer for music (some touches of the false taste of his time allowed for) cannot be better appreciated than by comparing this lyric with the opera contrived by a greater dramatist than he, on which also Handel exercised his genius—Congreve's "Semele." The pathos, vigour, brilliancy of the musician's share in the work are amazing, the date of its birth considered. The specification of four numbers—"He sang Darius," "The many rend the skies" (with its masterly use of a ground bass), "Revenge," and "Thais led the way"—is hardly needed. A more incomparable union of melody, dramatic fire, and deep expression than they display could not be cited. It is obvious that Handel was carried out of himself further than usual by "glorious John's" poem. In hardly any other of his works that could be named, is there so much audacity in point of key and compass as in this. Yet the audacity nowhere amounts to that strain on the powers of the executants, which, if permissible, is unwise, as substituting in the interpreter anxiety to get through his task for that freedom without which there can be no real individual (withal reverential) interpretation.

Compared with "Alexander's Feast," Handel's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" wants strength and spontaneity—keeping in this matter a strict ratio with the merit of the poem. In this Dryden too largely got over his ground by the aid of technical conceits,—as in lines like these:

The diapason closing full in man, ! . . .
Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation, &c.

The best number is the elaborate air, with *violoncello obbligato*—

What passion cannot music raise and quell?

The March is vigorous, even among Handel's marches (a group of tunes well worth studying by those who care for pomp and motion in music). The final chorus, "As from the power of sacred lays," is interesting as a proof of what has been elsewhere asserted, that the great master almost always produced his great effects twice.—The antiphony of single unsupported voice and chorus, however, is nobler, because less forced, in Miriam's incomparable Chant of Triumph, with which "Israel in Egypt" closes. The winding up of the Cecilian chorus, however, contains one of its maker's most gigantic effects of climax.

Concerning Cecilian odes, for a long time a yearly good custom in London, the reader may be referred to the interesting monograph on the subject, some years ago, published by Mr. Husk, librarian to the Sacred Harmonic Society.

Enough to say that they engaged the attention of our best artists, poetical and musical. Addison, Congreve, Pope (the last unfortunate in his colleague, William Wadland), did their best in contribution to the ceremonials held in honour of Music's Saint, and Purcell, Blow, Eccles, and Wesley set them; but our musicians have borne no proportion in variety and vigour to our poets, and Handel's two compositions are the only ones that survive or are even recollected. An attempt, "with a difference," to revive the interest in the Saint, was the other day made by Mr. Benedict, in his "Legend," produced at the Norwich Festival.—The last scene of this is, musically, an inspiration.

These Cecilian odes were not Handel's only tribute to "Music's power." The ample library of his compositions contains nothing finer than what may be called the concert scene in "Solomon," where the divers moods of the art were set by the wisest of kings before his guest, the subtlest and most superb of queens.—Another instance of a versatility, for which he has never been sufficiently credited, can be proved in Handel's music about the music of birds. There has always been more or less a fancy, since executive facility developed itself, to write *bravura* airs on this theme. Hundreds could be found in the earlier Italian operas; but none live save three. Handel threw off many, each different from the others, but only two survive—"Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," from "Acis and Galatea," with its deliciously fantastic accompaniment, and "Sweet bird," from "St. Pensieroso," in which the dialogue of voice and instrument might have been inspired by Crashaw's fantasy of "the lutanist and the nightingale," with a prescience that one day Madame Lind Goldschmidt would sing it.—The spirit and charm of these can hardly be better appreciated than by comparing them with the third bird-song which lives, that in Haydn's "Creation," which, though younger in date, and more ambitious in its attempt at variety, and, like all that Haydn wrote, exquisitely finished, is comparatively faded and conventional.

Let us pass at once to another composition of music about Music, which long enjoyed a certain popularity, especially in Germany, Andreas Romberg's "Lay of the Bell." Here, like Handel before him, the composer had the rare advantage of collaborating with a real poet. Not even "Alexander's Feast" is richer in pictures than Schiller's splendid lyric. But it fell into the hands of a second-rate, howbeit correct, writer. Andreas Romberg was trained in a good time. Science and taste were not in his country scouted as obsolete, when he wrote, neither was Beauty avoided as insipid, inexpressive, and cloying in its feebleness. His was a time, too, when discovery had by no means exhausted all rational combinations; when there were more fancy-lands for Fancy to conquer than now exist—so many have been ravaged by newer imaginative composers.—Romberg, however, wrought without a spark of genius; at best his

music can but be rated as a weak reflexion of that of Haydn and Mozart; nowhere inelegant, nowhere ill-made, showing, throughout, a due sense of the situations to be treated, but mediocre. Time has not so much wrinkled it, as made it effete, by discharging its colour, and disclosing its inherent want of individuality and vigour. It must perish, together with a mass of respectable writing, which it cost honest men years of labour to produce; which publics, less satiated than ours, have applauded. Why should not some one, following the fashion of Handel, set this ode again?—It would have been a goodly task for Mendelssohn, who was notoriously not averse to the idea of celebrating sound in Music. Among his papers, after his decease, was found a copy of Wordsworth's noble ode, "The Power of Sound," which was under his consideration as a theme for a *Cantata*, at the moment when Death's premature arrest suspended his labours.

FLINT JACK.

It may be questioned whether Hudibras was quite correct in stating,

And sure the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat.

Undoubtedly being well cheated is a pleasant sensation, so long as it lasts; but Providence has gifted us with only a limited allowance of gullibility. When that is exhausted, cheats, adieu! Yet they are never afraid to begin again after a check that would make honest men timid and shamefaced to all futurity. Cheating is long, though life is short. We therefore conclude that

The pleasure, sure, is *not* so great
Of being cheated as to cheat.

Such, probably, is the opinion of a hero who's exploits have been recently made known to fame. How he has chuckled at having taken in the very elect of antiquaries!—at finding that a Roman urn (calcined bones, earth, and all) which a canny sceptic had refused to accept for five shillings was afterwards bought up for three pounds—at having included on his list of dupes the curator of the British Museum!

Some doubt has been expressed as to the native place of this real personage:—for the reader will please to understand that Flint Jack is no imaginary creation, but a simple and substantial fact. Edward Simpson, alias John Wilson, alias Snake Billy, alias Flint Jack, the Prince of Counterfeiters, is spoken of and written about, throughout all England, as an indigenous phenomenon given to the world by Sleights, Whitby, in cunning Yorkshire. But is there any evidence, besides his own, that he is a native of that parish or its neighbourhood? His accent is not Yorkshire; and, twenty years ago, he was called Cockney Bill. A like cloud hangs over some of his places of residence. He once appeared before the Scarborough magistrates, but escaped imprison-

ment on the plea of being a geologist and well known to Mr. John Leckonby, his letters to whom were always signed "John Wilson," and were generally written from Burlington, where there resided a veritable John Wilson, an honest dealer in fossils.

Counterfeits and counterfeit antiques have been known to the world in every age. Mr. John Evans, F.R.S., has exposed the manufacture of all kinds of antiquities, in a lecture before the Royal Institution. The same subject has been followed up by Mr. Samuel Sharp. A tendency to dishonesty, for the sake of gain, has been the characteristic of every age; and the modern example of whom we are writing is no unworthy representative of his class—with the distinctive difference that the rogues of old forged moneys almost wholly, while Flint Jack (though he has not shrunk from the fabrication of *old* coins) has mainly devoted his time and talents to the formation and vending of spurious manuscripts, gems, pottery, bronzes, ornaments, seals, rings, &c.—with special attention to monastic seals, Roman and Saxon fibule, the so-called "coal money," stone hatchets and hammers, flint arrows and spears, bronze celts, jet buttons and armlets, and, most remarkable of all, fossils, and those so admirably executed that there are few scientific men who have not been constrained, at some time or other, to confess themselves "done" by that arrant rogue, Flint Jack.

Edward Simpson was born in 1815, of humble parents, his father being a sailor. In his youth he appears to have been tame and manageable, like many other wild animals, whose real nature does not show itself until they have attained their adult stage. At the age of fourteen, he entered the service of Dr. Young, the late historian of Whitby, an ardent geologist. Edward, his constant attendant in fossil-hunting expeditions, acquired thus in five years the rudiments of geology, more particularly of the Yorkshire coast. He left Dr. Young to serve Dr. Ripley, also of Whitby, with whom he remained six years; but his second master's death threw Edward out of employment, and from that time to this he has lived loose from all trammels.

From this time he began to acquire his various aliases. We hear no more of Edward Simpson. The active and more than ordinarily intelligent young fellow, who has hitherto borne that name, becomes Fossil Willy on the Yorkshire coast; Bones, at Whitby; Shirtless in the Eastern Counties; the Old Antiquarian, in Wilts and Dorset; and Flint Jack, universally.

After the death of Dr. Ripley, Fossil Willy took to a roving life, for some months rambling about the neighbourhood of Whitby, gathering specimens, for which he found a ready sale amongst the local dealers. In 1841 he began to extend his walks to Scarborough, and there got to know two gentlemen with whom he had dealings in fossils. After including Filey and Bridlington in his exploring expeditions, he became very "handy" in cleaning fossils, in which he took as much interest as in their discovery.

He was, consequently, tolerably well off in the world, and made tramping a really profitable pursuit; for he never wasted money on any conveyance, unless when he had a river or the sea to cross.

In 1843, his taste for geology was suddenly perverted by his returning to Whitby, and there being shown the first British barbed arrow-head he had ever seen. The Tempter, in some plausible human shape, inquired if he could imitate it. He said he would try. The spark had been applied to the train of gunpowder; and from that time his life of roguery began. He was henceforth Flint Jack to the backbone. But the flint arrow-head was Jack's ruin. The fine workmanship which all genuine arrows show, and the beautiful regularity of their form, sorely puzzled him. He made many a failure in his endeavour to copy the original. At last a mere accident showed him how to chip flint, and also revealed the proper tools. Jack, however, has never yet succeeded in discovering the mode of surface-chipping; that, he says, is a barbarous art which has died with the flint-using people, the Britons. He has exhausted his ingenuity, and tried every form of tool to effect this object, without success. Hence, his forgeries in flint are now easy of detection.

Jack was musing one morning on the weakness of connoisseurs and the means by which the Britons had chipped *their* flints, when, heedlessly taking out the hasp of a gate which was hanging loosely in its fastenings, he struck a blow, without any purpose, with the curved part of the iron on a piece of flint. To his great astonishment, off flew a fine flake; so Jack, in delight, tried again. The second blow was even more fortunate than the first; the long wished-for secret was discovered! By practice he acquired the knack of striking off any sort of flakes he needed. He afterwards declared, with pride, that he could at that time make, *and sell*, fifty flint arrow-heads per day. Thenceforth dates that extraordinary supply, to collectors and museums, of forged flint weapons—the causes of many a warm discussion of great annoyance, and of much mirth. The ring or curve of the gate-hasp did it all.

For heavy work, Jack has supplemented this with a small round-faced hammer of soft iron (not steel); and for light work, about the points and barbs of arrows, the pressure of a common bradawl is all he requires. In place of the round-faced hammer, a water-worn pebble of any hard stone, picked up on the beach is sometimes used—is, in fact, more effective for striking off flakes of flint, and is only not used generally on account of its weight. Jack's pockets were often too heavily laden to add the weight of a boulder-hammer to the raw material which they already contained—the flint nodules out of which he manufactured stone hammers, hatchets, hand-celts, pounders, and adzes, to his heart's content.

There now came over him a strong desire to study antiquities in general; and, by visiting museums, and obtaining access to private col-

lections, he quickly familiarised himself with the forms and materials of urns, beads, fibulæ, seals, &c.; and to the fabrication of all kinds of antiques he boldly set to work. The line of life upon which Jack was now entering necessitated the strictest secrecy: to have had a confederate or confidant would have risked the ruin of all his plans. He was obliged to deny himself the consolations of friendship and the sweets of love. He spent long years without a companion; unknown, except to those whom he invariably duped at their first acquaintance; avoiding all contact with "travellers" of less ability, for Jack is a man of ability; and, as a wanderer and an outcast, he is promising to end his days.

Accordingly, at the beginning of 1844, we find Jack at Bridlington, fairly astart in imposture. In this locality, *genuine* British flints are obtainable in the fields in surprising quantities, and these Jack would sometimes pick up—they were useful in leavening with a grain of truth a whole bushful of impudent falsehoods—but he chiefly dealt in spurious flints of his own working. Here he got introduced to a resident antiquary, for whom—if his own statement be reliable—he made a collection, six hundred in number, and of course all warranted genuine, if need be. At this period, so active was he in prosecuting his trade, that he ordinarily walked thirty or forty miles a day, vending his wares and collecting materials. In the Wold country, garden rockworks are even yet enriched by specimens of ancient stone implements—all the handiwork of clever Flint Jack.

The year 1844 was waning, when Jack conceived the bright idea of adding to his trade the manufacture of British and Roman urns. His first pottery was made on the Bridlington clay. This was an ancient British urn, which he sold as genuine, asserting it to have been found somewhere in the neighbourhood. For a time, the urn-making business proved the best. But this new branch of trade necessitated even still more secrecy and still greater knavery. Jack betook himself to the cliffs, where he set up an ancient pottery of his own. Here, after modelling the urns, he placed them beneath the shelter of an overhanging ledge of rock, out of the reach of rain, but free to the winds, until dry. Then came the bakings. These were only required to be rude and partly effective; the roots, grass, and brambles afforded the "fire-holding," and with them he completed the manufacture of his antiques.

Jack, however, finding the clay cliff of Bridlington Bay much too open and exposed, repaired to the thickly wooded and solitary region about Stainton Dale, between Whitby and Scarborough; where he built himself a hut near Raven's Hall, and used to spend a week at the time there engaged in the making of urns and stone implements. After a general "baking-day," he would set off, either to Whitby or Scarborough, to dispose of his "collections"—all of which he solemnly declared had been found in (and taken by stealth from) tumuli (pronounced

by him *toomoolo*) on the moors; his great field of discovery being the wild wastes between Kirby-Moorside and Stokesley, where he declares a man might pass a month without meeting another human being. Delightful solitude! He was monarch of all he surveyed; the fear of detection was reduced to a minimum—and the general knowledge of antiquities of the British period was then but small. The urns were all sold, without incurring the least suspicion. "*Now*" (1866), he says, "they would be detected at once;" being not only too thick in the walls, but altogether of wrong material, ornament, shape, and burning. "I often laugh," says Jack, "at the recollection of the things I used to sell in those days!" The force of boastful and swaggering roguery can scarcely go much further than this. *Which* of the two enjoyed the greater pleasure—Jack Flint, the cheat, or his clients, the cheated?

At Pickering, Jack got acquainted with Mr. Kendall (a gentleman much occupied with archaeological matters), who showed him a collection of flints purchased as genuine. Of course they were of Jack's make. On being asked for his opinion, in a moment of weakness he frankly declared that he knew where they came from. He even set to work to show the method of manufacture, initiating his patron into the mysteries of forming "barbs," "hand-celts," and "hammers." Jack states, in apology and explanation of his erring for an instant into the ways of honest men, that Mr. Kendall's kindness overcame him, and that he resolved, for once, to speak the truth. He did it, and had no occasion for regret. He exposed the forgery, and retained a friend to whom he could look for a trifle when "hard up."

At Malton he found out the only antiquary in the place, and immediately set to work to deceive him. But he also found there a rival (a barber) in the fabrication of ancient urns. Therefore, as the hatchet was least understood, he sold the antiquary one, formed out of a piece of ironstone, without the fraud being at the time detected. This hatchet was alleged to have been found at Snainton, where Jack said he had stopped to help some people who were taking up potatoes in a field near the church. While digging there he had found the relic, and had refused to sell it to the landlord of the inn, preferring to dispose of it at Malton. This, if true, was a bad speculation, for he sold it for a shilling only. The hatchet was a very clever forgery indeed. In order to come at its real history, inquiries were subsequently made at Snainton; and it was found that, near the church, there was no tillage land at all. Hence suspicions of the implement's genuineness. It is now in the collection of Doctor Rooke, of Scarborough, and would deceive the majority of antiquaries at the present day.

On another visit, Jack played a still bolder game, and succeeded. In Pickering he found an old tea-tray, and out of this "valuable" he set to work to fashion a piece of ancient armour. His first idea was a shield, but the "boss"

bothering him with an insuperable difficulty, it was abandoned for a Roman breastplate (pectorale), which was constructed forthwith. This was a remarkably successful effort. Jack made it to fit himself, adapting it neatly to his own arms and neck, with holes for thong-lacings over the shoulders and round the waist. After finishing it, he walked into Malton, wearing the "armour" under his coat. On arrival he had an "ancient" piece of armour for sale, found near the encampments at Cawthorne; and a purchaser was again found, whose suspicions had not yet been excited. The "relic" is now at Scarborough.

About this time Jack heard of the discovery of a Roman milestone. The idea was new. He therefore set to work to make one, taking care to render the inscription as puzzling as possible. The stone he found on the roadside near Bridlington. The mock milestone was duly produced and sold, and, according to Jack's statement, is now in the British Museum.

Of this milestone story we have another version. The locality of Bridlington is named as that where Jack found the flat slab, and, after his rough lettering, grinding, and chipping, he buried the stone in a field for subsequent discovery and disinterment, which farce was solemnly carried out. First of all, a lad wheeled the exhumed stone in a barrow to Bridlington; but as the bait did not get taken quite so quickly as Jack desired, he set off with his treasure-trove to Scarborough, where the Bridlington antiquaries were represented as wanting judgment, thereby losing a prize. One of Jack's patrons in the medical profession is alleged to have given five pounds for the stone, and that it is *not* now in the British Museum, as Jack fancies it is, but that the buyer presented it to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. The milestone trick is regarded as one of Jack's most famous exploits.

During this same period of his career, he undertook the manufacture of seals, inscribed stones, &c. Of the latter, he professed to have found one in the stream of the Pickering marshes. In passing the railway gate-house there, he went to the stream to drink, and in so doing, noticed a dark stone at the bottom of the beck. This he took out, and found it had letters on it: "IMP CONSTAN EBUR" round the Christian symbol. Jack being then but little known, no suspicion of a forgery was entertained. In course of time, this stone was submitted to Mr. Roach Smith, Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, and other antiquaries, but no conclusion could be arrived at, its form suggesting most, if anything, the ornate top of the shaft of a banner. But the ability of the Romans in working metal made it unlikely that they should use so rude a stone ornament for such a purpose, so *that* theory was obliged to be rejected. The article still remained a puzzle; it is now considered a curiosity. Its parentage was afterwards discovered; having been duly traced to Flint Jack's hands.

There is a tide in the affairs of men. Jack's

tide was turned, appropriately, by too much liquor. In 1846, a change came over him. He continued to be the same arrant rogue; but, in addition, he began to indulge in the dangerous delights of intemperance. "In this year," he says, "I took to drinking; the worst job yet. Till then, I was always possessed of five pounds. I have since been in utter poverty, and frequently in great misery and want."

Jack seemed to have been "led away" at Scarborough. If he was, it only served him right; for he did not, at that place, reform his practice of leading other people wrong. While there, he got introduced to the manager of one of the banks, but he says he could not "do" him; for he bought no flints, and only cared for fossils. Jack had not yet set about forging fossils, as he afterwards found it expedient to do. While at Scarborough, however, he made and disposed of a "flint comb." This article was a puzzle to most people, and the purchaser submitted it to Mr. Bateman, who could not find any use for it, except that it might have been the instrument by which tattooing of the body was effected.

At the end of that year, Flint Jack visited Hull, where, being short of money—he had been "always short of money since he took to drinking"—he went to the Mechanics' Institute, and sold them a large stone celt (trap), represented to have been *found* on the Yorkshire wolds. The imposture was not detected. But Hull proved a barren place; and, not being able to find out any antiquaries or geologists, Jack crossed the Humber, and walked to Lincoln. Here he called upon the curator of the museum, and sold him a few flints and fossils, the flints being forgeries. As this was the only sale he was able to effect, he set off for Newark, and there found out the only geologist in the place, who was making a collection of fossils. Jack remained there a week, collecting and making fossils and working flints, his patron supposing that all, both fossils and flints, were genuine.

The fossil-forging business was being pushed on now; it was so much more convenient to make a fossil than to look for it. Jack answered curious inquirers by stating that the flints were all picked up on the high lands in the county, and he was always careful to particularise the neighbourhood of camps, entrenchments, &c., the positions of which he learned by reading local histories; and he invariably visited the sites in person. As for the fossils, he, knowing the different strata, found them where the open quarries were, and, if not findable, they were always makable. Rarely, therefore, if ever, was he at a loss.

And so he went on and on, sinking deeper and deeper in the mire of rascality; sometimes, in his wanderings, reaching places where there were no antiquaries to take in, sometimes stumbling upon collectors whose names he has forgotten now, having probably good reasons of his own for remembering to forget them. At Cambridge the chalk and

green sand enabled him to lead a jolly life. Through the curator of the Geological Museum and an optician, who dealt in fossils and antiquities, he managed to drive a roaring trade. His sides shook with laughter while relating the tricks he played upon a learned professor there. In the neighbourhood of Yarmouth, he made the acquaintance of an "archæological parson, easy to do." At the remembrance of his visits to this "easy" divine, Jack indulged in immoderate mirth, pronouncing him, however, to be "of a good sort, and a right liberal fellow." He had got to that degree of insolence in which, while despising his dupes, he could dole out to them a sort of contemptuously compassionate praise. The clergyman showed his antiquities freely, and gave an unlimited order to collect specimens of Roman or British implements. Jack immediately set to work with a will, and soon produced a valuable assortment, delighting his patron with forms quite unique—the invention of his own fertile brain. The Yarmouth gains soon melted in the beer-pot, and then Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, with empty pockets.

At Colchester he fell in with a travelling Jew, who collected paintings, china, furniture, or any other antique article for the London dealers. Jack said this man was no blockhead; but Jack cheated him nevertheless. Jack's antiquities delighted the son of Israel, who never suspected their origin, and who was incautious enough to mention the marts in London where he could dispose of them. This was precisely what Jack wanted, for to London he had resolved to go. He took in his Hebrew customer deeply, making him many things. The Jew at length became aware of their spurious nature, but was far from cutting the acquaintance in consequence; on the contrary, he subsequently bought his productions regularly.

In London he got introduced to Mr. Tennant, of the Strand—a step which turned out to be the beginning of the end. On him he called to dispose, at first, of fossils only, but afterwards sold flints and other antiquities. On being asked, later on, "Did you take them in at the British Museum?" Jack replied, "Why, of course I did!" And again, "They have lots of my things, and good things they are, too."

For twelve months Jack honoured London with his presence, manufacturing, chiefly flints, all the while, and obtaining his supplies of raw material by taking boat to the chalk at Woolwich. At length the dealers (and the museums too) becoming overcharged with flints, Jack feared their very plentifulness might arouse suspicion. He therefore resolved upon a return to Yorkshire, but cunningly took a different route, directing his "walks" through Bedford and Northampton, where he found three ready dupes.

"Here," says Jack, "I did best of any."

For all, he made large collections of flints, "spicing" them sometimes with a few genuine fossils. At Nottingham he found two anti-

quaries, and duped both. There, by way of "a rest from the cares and anxieties of business," he took a "holiday," to visit the battle-ground of Wallerby Field (Charles I. and Cromwell).

At York he became known to the then curator of the museum, and regretted greatly he had no flints to "do" him with. All his stock in trade had been left at Nottingham, and the intermediate country had yielded no flint. The curator furnished him with money to go to Bridlington, and collect chalk fossils and shells, which he did, and supplied to the York Museum. He remained on the coast about twelve months, attending wholly to fossils, and appearing to have a final chance of lapsing at last into an honest life.

An unfortunate walk to North Shields one day brought him to the beach, where he found flint among the shingle. The temptation was irresistible. Jack set to work on the spot to make forged celts. With a spurious collection he went to Durham, and there resumed his former trade, selling a few as genuine (with a plausible history attached) to private individuals who "took an interest in antiquities."

After another replenish on the Yorkshire coast, Jack conceived the idea of visiting Ireland, thinking that his English beats would well bear "rest." He accordingly started on his Irish walk, heavily laden with antiquities for the sons of Erin. He says he *did well*—saw all the best things in the north of the island, traversing it entirely on foot, highly delighted with the scenery. Sometimes he collected fossils, sometimes he made a few flints. He had much rather manufacture them than pick up genuine ones for sale; "gathering them was such a trouble." From Dublin he returned, via Liverpool, to York, aiming for the coast, in search of flint. Although he "did well" in Ireland, improvident habits soon exhausted his cash, and he reached his store of wealth, the coast, in a state of utter indigence.

After a twelve months' sober fit, he fell a "longing to see other parts of England." At Bottesford, in the Vale of Belvoir, he found a great open quarry of lias, yielding numerous fossils. This was a grand prize; and he stopped here some time, working the quarry to a large extent. The first basketful he got there he sent to a clergyman of Peterborough—a sort of recognition of past kindnesses, which Jack was not backward in according, and perhaps the only redeeming trait in his character. But he soon atoned for this virtuous weakness. At St. Alban's he found a good customer, to whom he sold spurious flint-knives, arrow-heads, and "drills." The cleverest trick was providing an ancient silver coin to order, out of the handle of a German silver teaspoon.

At Devizes (where he sold both fossils and forged flints to the museum), Jack was deemed so remarkable a being that he was solicited to sit for his first portrait. His cartes accordingly were freely sold as photographs of "The Old Antiquarian."

At the close of 1859, Jack returned to Lon-

don, and was at once charged by Mr. Tennant with the manufacture of both stone and flint implements; but that gentleman promised to introduce Jack at the meetings of the Geological and Archæological Societies, if he would expose the method of manufacturing flints. Jack consented. He prepared some rough flint implements, and had everything ready for astonishing the natives at an evening meeting, to which he was taken in a cab (a wonderful event in his life) by Mr. Tennant. Here, on the platform, he finished the rough flints, and fashioned them into his best shapes for arrows, &c., and also exhibited his mode of obtaining flints from blocks of flint, and finally showed genuine and spurious flints in contrast.

Mr. Tennant lectured that evening on Jack's rogues, and the members were surprised how easily and simply the weapons were made. They could not help laughing at one another, on recollecting the way in which they had been duped. They asked Jack how he discovered the method himself; which he explained, showing his implements, of which the memorable gate-hasp near Whitby had been the parent.

In 1861, Jack found the news of his forgeries spread throughout the land. All collectors began to fancy their treasured flints were spurious. He found his occupation as a deceiver almost gone; but still kept wandering about, continuing to manufacture flints and call upon old acquaintances, whom he generally found forgiving, and as ready to purchase "dooplicates" as they were while supposing them genuine. The rest of Jack's life is soon told. In 1863 he again visited Wilts, where (at Salisbury) he was introduced upon the platform of a learned society, and again photographed.

As a proof of Jack's skill as a craftsman, one long-suffering collector (who, after being repeatedly done, still submitted to be done again) possesses a stone hatchet, which is so remarkably like a genuine one, that, its history being lost, he is unable to determine whether it is of Jack's manufacture or that of the ancient Britons.

For the above biographical details we are indebted to the Malton Messenger, whose proprietor the sturdy impostor had imposed on. It is therefore a study from the life, and not a fancy portrait, as the extravagance of its features might cause it to be supposed. Flint Jack's present position is miserable; and it would be strange if it were otherwise. Among antiquaries he can generally raise a trifle for pressing needs—a proof of their placable disposition; but, when possessed of a little cash, he drinks without ceasing, until it is gone.

It has lately become the rule for archæologists to hang in their sanctum a portrait of Jack framed in his own flints, and the fashion has given him a better demand for his wares. Not

long since he started on a trip through Westmoreland and Cumberland, heavily laden. He was hard up at starting, and had to part with a first-rate "dooplicate" of a hammer-head for one shilling, declaring he had not made one for the last six years, and that it was worth at least five shillings. "Genuine ones," said Jack, "are not to be obtained; and the discussions of the learned, at all the Institutions, are over hammers and celts of my make!"

He is still anxious to learn, and is much in want of a pattern of the so-called "tool-stone." Which of our readers will gratify his laudable wish? By inadvertence, a gentleman mentioned one, which is in the possession of the proprietor of the Malton Messenger, and Jack went to Malton to inspect it. Being refused, he became highly indignant, and vowed "never to call at Malton again."

On hearing of a likely customer, he will beat about the bush to find out what tack to sail upon. "Will he know me? Will he suspect me? Has he heard of me?" are his queries. If all seems plain-sailing, Jack is yet competent to pass off his flints as genuine; if known beforehand, he at once offers them as "dooplicates," relying on the skill shown in their formation for reward. If asked if he has been at — lately, where he played off a particular dodge, Jack will reply, "'Tis over soon yet; he won't bear doing again for some time!"

But what a waste of ability! What might not this man have done for science had he only taken the same pains in assisting as he did in leading it astray! What advantages he might have ensured for himself; what intellectual gratification he might have procured for others! As it is, his antiquarian lore, his accurate topographical knowledge, are wasted on the occupants of the trampers' lodging-house or the beer-house kitchen. But, in truth, the absence of all moral feeling, the insensibility to shame, the unconsciousness which he displayed of the existence of such a thing as personal honour, make one suspect that he is scarcely responsible for his actions. A grain of gratitude seems to be the only pure morsel in the composition of this perverted character.

Very shortly after the conclusion of "BLACK SHEEP,"

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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[PRICE 2d.]

BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD,"
&c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XIV. "INFORMATION RECEIVED."

WHEN George Dallas knew that his meeting with Clare Carruthers was imminent, he told his uncle one of the two circumstances of his life which he had hitherto concealed from him. As George expected, Mr. Felton received the communication with some seriousness. "A little while ago, George," he said, "this might have upset the new and good understanding happily established between Mr. Carruthers and yourself, but I am in hopes it will not do so now. I think the old gentleman's nature is fine and forgiving, when one gets beneath the crust, and I am not afraid now. The chance of seeing the young lady, not in his presence, for the first time—that would have been awkward and dangerous indeed—is most fortunate. You must make your peace with her in the first instance."

Enough of the old habit of trick and expedient still adhered to George, in his improved moral condition, to induce him to entertain a passing thought that perhaps the necessity for Mr. Carruthers knowing he had had any previous acquaintance with Clare might never arise: if she did not see that he must be told, George need not feel himself bound to tell him. But he rejected the impulse after a very little while, and was ashamed of it. When, therefore, Mr. Felton had left George alone at Sir Thomas Boldero's house, he had done so with intention, and without any purpose of returning.

"Meet me at my rooms afterwards," he had said to George. "And tell Miss Carruthers I will take leave to call on her at Mrs. Stanhope's this afternoon." George agreed, premising that he must look in at The Mercury office first, but would then be at his uncle's service. Left alone, he had applied himself, in a condition of extreme mental discomposure, to thinking of what he should say to Clare, and how he should say it. He had almost arranged a satisfactory programme before she came; after—well, after, he did not speak, or look in the least like what he had intended, and if any one had asked him

for an account of their interview (which no one did, it was destined to be utterly forgotten and overwhelmed in the tide of events), he would have been quite incapable of satisfying the demand.

The interview lasted long, and when, at its close, George Dallas put Clare Carruthers into her cousin's carriage, her face was closely veiled, and the little hand which lingered in his had not yet done trembling. As he stood on the door-step and watched the carriage out of sight, the young man's face was pale and agitated, but full of deep and sacred happiness too. An expression of resolve and hope, of courage and power, was upon his features, such as they had never before worn. Had he recalled the resolution he had taken for the time when Clare Carruthers should know Paul Ward as George Dallas, and had he renewed it, with fresh heart and energy, not unaided now by circumstances, not frowned upon by fate, no longer friendless? However that may have been, he carried a humbled and grateful heart with him, and felt himself a widely different man as he entered the dingy precincts of The Mercury office, to what he had been the last time he had crossed that threshold.

Mr. Cunningham was "in," and not only could see George, but was particularly anxious to see him.

"I was just writing to you, old fellow," he said, leaving off shaking hands with George, and beginning to tear up a brief and scrawly manuscript on flimsy which lay before him. "You have come in time to save me trouble and four-pence sterling."

"Anything about the business I wrote to you about?" asked George.

"Just that, sir. Of course I attended to it at once, and put Tatlow on to it on your account. They're said to be cautious chaps, the detectives, and of course it wouldn't pay for them to be said to be anything else; but I'm hanged if I ever believed it before. You may talk of depth, but Tatlow's unfathomable. Has the job from you, sir, per medium of your humble servant, and flatly declines to report progress to me; goes in for doing business only with the principal, and when he comes to me not a word can I get out of him, except that he must know the address of a certain individual named Paul Ward."

"Paul Ward!" exclaimed George.

"Yes, Paul Ward! Great fun, isn't it, George? And I really could not resist the

joke of quizzing the detective a little bit. I was immensely tickled at the idea of your employing the man, and his looking after you. So I told him I knew Mr. Dallas was acquainted with a gentleman of that name, and could give him all the information he required."

George could not laugh, but he tried to smile. Nothing could lend the subject of his uncle's suspense and anxiety even a collaterally amusing effect for him, and this statement puzzled him.

"What on earth can I have to do with the matter?" he said. "The man must be travelling very far indeed out of the right tracks. No one in the world, as it is pretty plain, can be more ignorant of Felton's affairs than I am. He must be on a totally wrong scent; and if he has blundered in this way, it is only waste of time and money to employ him."

"Well," said Cunningham, a little disappointed that George did not enjoy the keenness of the capital joke as much as he did, "you must settle all that with him yourself, and find out from him, if you can—and, by Jove, I doubt it—how Paul Ward has got mixed up in your cousin's affairs (if he has got mixed up in them—and, mind, I don't feel sure even of that—he certainly did not say so) without your being a party to the transaction. I just gave Tatlow your address in Piccadilly, and told him you'd be there in a day or two."

"What did he say?" asked George, whose sense of mystification was increasing.

"Said he should call every day until you arrived,—no doubt he has been there to-day, or you'll find him there when you get home,—and disappeared, having got all the information I chose to give him, but not what he wanted; which is, I take it, the correct thing to do to a detective who observes the laws of discretion too absolutely."

Cunningham was laughing his jolly laugh, and George was wondering what Tatlow meant, when the entrance of a third individual on office business interrupted the friends' talk. George took leave, and went down-stairs. Arrived at the door, he stopped, ran up the first flight of dirty stairs again, and turned into a small room, dimly lighted by a dirty skylight, to the right of the first landing. In this sanctuary, strong smelling of dust, size, and printer's ink, lay files, bound and unbound, of *The Mercury*. A heavy volume was open on the clumsy thick-legged table which filled up the centre of the room. It contained the files of the newspaper for the first half of the current year.

"Let me see," said George, "she was not quite sure about the 22nd; but it must have been about that date."

Then he turned the leaves, and scanned the columns of advertisements, until he found in one the warning which Clare Carruthers had sent to Paul Ward. His eyes filled with tears as he read it. He called up one of the office people, and had a copy of the paper of that date looked for, out of which he carefully cut the advertisement, and consigned it to the keeping of the pocket-book which he always carried

about him. He placed the little slip of printed paper in the same compartment in which Clare Carruthers's unconscious gift had so long lain hidden. As George threw open the doors of the hansom in which he had been driven from *The Mercury* office to Piccadilly, Jim Swain came to the wheel, and, touching his tousled head, asked if he might speak to him.

"Certainly," said George, getting out; "any message from Mr. Routh?"

"No, sir," said Jim, "it's not; it's something very partie'lar, as I as 'ad to say to you this long time. It ain't rightly about myself—and——"

"Never mind, Jim; you can tell me all about it in the house," said George, cheerily. "Come along." He opened the door with his key, and let himself and Jim into the hall. But there Mr. Felton met him, his face grave and careworn, and, as George saw in a minute, with some additional lines of trouble in it.

"I'm so glad you have come, George. I found letters here when I got back."

"Letters from New York?"

"Yes."

George left Jim standing on the mat, going with his uncle into the room he had just left.

Mr. James Swain, who was accustomed to pass a good deal of his life in waiting about on steps, in passages, at horses' heads, and occasionally in kitchens, and to whom the comfortable hall of the house in Piccadilly presented itself as an agreeable temporary abode, considered it advisable to sit down and attend the leisure of Mr. Dallas. He had been for some minutes engaged, partly in thinking what he should say to Mr. Dallas, partly in counting the squares in the tiles which floored the hall, hearing all the while a subdued sound of voices from the adjoining room, when a strange sort of cry reached his ears. He started up, and listened intently. The cry was not repeated; but in a few moments Mr. Felton came into the hall, looking frightened, and called loudly down the lower staircase for assistance. Two servants, a man and a woman, came quickly, and in the mean time Jim looked in at the open door. In another minute they were all in the dining-room in a confused group, gathered round an arm-chair, in which was lying the insensible, death-like figure of George Dallas, his collar and necktie torn off, his waistcoat open, several letters on the table before him, and a card on the floor at his feet.

It was a very complete and dead swoon, and there was no explanation of it; none to be given to the servants, at least. Jim Swain did not touch George—he only looked on; and as, at the suggestion of the woman, they opened the window, and pushed the chair on which George was lying within the current of air, he picked up the card, over which one of the castors had passed. It was a small photographic portrait. The boy looked at it, and recognised, with surprise, that it was the likeness of Mr. Deane—that it was a fac-simile of a portrait he had looked at and handled a very little while ago.

He put it down upon the table, and made to Mr. Felton the business-like suggestion that a doctor had better be sent for, and he had better be sent to fetch him, which was immediately accepted to.

When Jim returned, bringing with him a general practitioner, he was told that Mr. Dallas had "come to," but was "uncommon weak and confused, and crying like a child when he wasn't shivering," so that Jim felt his chances of an interview were small indeed.

"I can't see him, of course, and I wanted to, most partic'lar. He brought me in, hisself."

"Yes, yes, I know," said the male domestic, with importance; "but you can't see him, and there's no good in your waiting about here. Look round at eleven to-morrow, and I'll see what can be done for you."

Jim had nothing for it but to go disconsolately away. So he went.

While George Dallas and Clare Carruthers were talking together at Sir Thomas Boldero's house in Chesam-place, while the hours—never to be forgotten by either—were passing over them, the same hours were witnessing an interview not less momentous for Harriet Routh and her beautiful foe.

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge was ready to receive her visitor; and as her coquetry and vanity were omnivorous, much as she despised women, and sincerely as she enjoyed the knowledge of her power to make most of them envious and miserable, she had dressed herself very carefully. She was just a little bored by her present mode of existence. Routh could not be much with her; and though she had brought herself to believe that she really did feel an absorbing passion for him, somehow or other it left a good deal of her thoughts and her time unabsorbed, and she did not exactly know how to dispose of either. The romance of this kind of incognito life was all very well in its way, which was a pleasant way, and as far as it went, which certainly was very far, but not quite far enough. And she did get horridly bored, there was no denying it. When Routh's daily letter had been read—for she exacted that of him, of him who hated letter-writing, and whose hard actuality of nature needed all the incitement of her beauty, her coquetry, and her artfulness to rouse him to sentiment and give his language the eloquence of love—she had nothing but novels to fall back upon, and the vague prospect of a supplementary note or two, or trying on a new dress, or thinking what theatre she would go to, or what direction her afternoon drive should take. She was glad of the chance of seeing a new face, though it was only a woman's; and then the reason for receiving her was so sound, it was impossible Routh could object. Indeed, she could not see the force of his objections to her going out more, and seeing people in general; it could not matter now, and would sound better hereafter than this hidden residence in London; however, it could not last long, and

it was very romantic, very. She had not had much chance in all her previous prosperous life of playing at romance, and she liked it; she would not like it, if it continued to mean boredom, much longer, but there was no danger of that.

No. 4, Hollington-square, was one of those London houses which every one knows, furnished for people who take houses for the season, prettily, flimsily, sparingly, a house which tenants with money and taste could make very striking and attractive, which tenants without money and without taste would find very tolerable in its original condition. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge possessed both, and as she made it a rule to have every advantage procurable by the use of either, the drawing-room in which she awaited the coming of her visitor was as pretty and coquettish a room as could easily have been seen. She had chosen a becoming costume, and an equally becoming attitude; and she looked beautiful indeed, in her rich morning dress of black silk, faced with rose-coloured satin and costly lace. The masses of her dark hair were coiled smoothly round her head, her white arms were without a jewel to turn the eye from their shapely beauty. She glanced at one of the many mirrors in the room as the page announced "a lady," and felt perfectly satisfied.

The room was long and narrow, though not large; and as Harriet walked from the door to the hearth-rug on which Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge stood, having gracefully risen in an attitude especially intended for her visitor's admiration, that lady had time to observe her appearance, and to experience a certain vague sense of discomfort not altogether unlike alarm. She saw a face which she remembered, but with which she could not connect any distinct recollection; a pale, fair, determined face with smooth light-brown hair framing a broad, low brow, with keen piercing blue eyes, which looked steadily at her, and never dropped their fine fringed lids, blue eyes in which power, will, and knowledge dwelt, as the shallow-souled woman they looked at, and through, felt, but did not understand. A face, so fixed in its expression of irremediable woe, a face so lost with all its self-possession, so full of despair, with all its might of will, that a duller intellect than that of a meagre-brained woman must have recognised a story in it such as happily few human beings have to tell or to conceal. Harriet did not speak, or make any sign of salutation; but when she had quite reached her, Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge recovered herself, and said, with all her accustomed grace:

"I am so much obliged to you for calling. Pray take a seat. I think I know to what I am indebted for the pleasure of your visit;" and then she sank gracefully back into her low chair, and smiled her very best smile. The very best of those suited to the feminine capacity, of course. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had quite a different set of smiles for men.

"I am quite sure you do not," said Harriet, in a low firm voice, and without availing herself of the invitation to be seated. "I am quite

sure you have no notion of my business here. You shall know it; it is important, but brief."

"Madam," said the other, sitting upright, and turning slightly pale. Harriet extended her hand with a gesture habitual to her, and said:

"Stay. You must hear me for your own sake. You will do well to hear me quietly, and to give me your very best attention. If I do not make the impression on you which I desire and intend to make, there is one other person beside myself who will suffer by my failure, and that person is you."

She dropped her hand and drew her breath. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge looked at her with frightened distended eyes, speechless.

"You think I have come on a false pretext, and I have done so, to a certain extent. You lost an article of ornament or dress at Homburg?"

"I did—a locket," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, a little relieved, and glancing unconsciously towards her silver purse, which was at hand, and through whose meshes gold shone.

"I know, but I have not brought you your locket. You lost something else at Homburg, and I have brought it, to prove that you had better hear me, and that you must." And then Harriet laid upon the table, near by the side of the silver purse, a crushed and faded flower, whose rich luscious blossom had been of the deepest crimson in the time of its bloom, when it had nestled against a woman's silken hair.

"What is it? What do you mean? Good God, who are you?" said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, shrinking back as Harriet made the one step necessary to enable her to reach the table.

"I am Stewart Routh's wife," she replied, slowly, and without changing her tone, or releasing the other woman from her steady gaze.

This time Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge sprang to her feet, with a face as white as death.

"Don't be frightened," said Harriet, with the faintest glimmer of a contemptuous smile, which was the last expression having relation to Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, personally, that showed itself in her face, until the end. "I did not come here to inspire you with any fear of me; I did not come here on your account at all, or on mine; but for another motive."

"What, what is it?" said her hearer, nervously reseating herself.

"My husband's safety," said Harriet; and as she spoke the words, Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge felt that an illusion was rolled away from her for ever. He belonged to this pale stern woman, whose unsparing eyes were fixed upon her, whose unflinching voice had not a tone of doubt or weakness in it. In every line of her countenance was the assertion of her right, against which the other felt powerless, and in whose presence her self-confidence was utterly subdued.

Calm and still, Harriet Routh stood before her, her head bent forward, her hands clasped and pressed steadily against her waist.

"I have no time to lose," she said, "and the briefest explanation will, in this case, be the best. When that flower fell from your hair

over the balcony at the Kursaal at Homburg, it fell at my feet. I was on the terrace beneath. If once, during the time you and he stood there, my husband had looked away from you and over the rail, he would have seen me. But he did not. I had come to that particular spot accidentally, though I was there that night because I suspected, because I knew, that he was there with you, and I would not condemn him unseen, unconvicted."

Cowering before her, her pale face in her shaking hands, the other woman listened.

"I heard all he said to you. Don't start; it was very pretty. I know it all, by heart; every intonation, every hesitation—all the lying gamut from end to end. I heard all the story he told you of his marriage; every incident, every declaration, every sentiment, was a lie! He told you he had married a poor, passionate, silly girl, who had compromised herself through her undisciplined and unreturned love for him, for pity—for a man's pity for a woman! A lie. He told you his wife was an oddity, a nervous reclusive, oblivious of all but her health and her valetudinarian fancies; that she had no love for him, or any one; no mind, no tastes, no individuality; that his life was a dreary one, and the oscillation of a heart which had never been hers towards so irresistible a woman as you (and he was right, so far; you are very, very beautiful. I saw that, and granted it to myself, at once), was no sin, no dishonesty, against her. All a lie. Look at me, if you have the little courage needed for looking at me, and tell me if it *could* be true!"

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge looked at her, but only to drop her head into her hands, and moan in the presence of the white face and the steady sparkling blue eyes.

"This was the lie he told you concerning me. The lie he told you about himself was more important in its results; and as it flattered you, of course you gave it ready credence. No doubt you believe it still, though you must know him better now. He told you a story of his misunderstood, undervalued life; of family pride, and grandeur, and wealth—of family ties severed in consequence of the charitable, chivalrous, self-sacrificing marriage he had made; of obscurity nobly borne, and toil willingly encountered, of talents unremittingly exercised without fame or reward, of high aspirations and future possibilities, if only the agency of wealth and the incentive of *love* might be his. And this flimsy tale caught your fancy and your faith. It was so charming to fill the vacant place in the misunderstood man's life, so delightful to be at once queen and consoler, to supply all the deficiencies of this deplorable wife. It was just the programme to catch the fancy of a woman like you, beautiful, vain, and empty."

There was neither scorn nor anger in Harriet's voice; there was merely a dash of reflection, as if she had strayed for a moment from the track of her discourse.

"But it was all a lie," she went on. "His

story of me, and his story of himself, were both equally false. Into the truth, as regards myself, I do not choose to enter. It is needless, and you are as incapable of understanding as you are indifferent to it. The truth about him I mean to tell you for his sake."

"Why?" stammered the listener.

"Because he is in danger, and I want to save him, because I love him—*him*, mind you, not the man you have fancied him, not the persuasive bland lover you have found him, no doubt; for I conclude he has not changed the character he assumed that night upon the balcony; but the hard, the cruel, the desperate man he *is*. I tell you"—she drew a little nearer, and again Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge shrank from her—"he is a swindler, a liar, and a thief; he has lived by such means for years, was living by them when he married me. They are failing him now, and he feels the game is up here. What his exact plan is, of course I do not know; but that it includes getting you and your fortune into his power I have no doubt."

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge shivered now under the unsparring gaze. If only this woman would turn her eyes away from her, she thought, in the midst of her fear and amazement—the eyes that pierced her, that suffocated her, like the gripe of a fierce hand upon her throat! She did not know his plan. No; but who could look at her and doubt that, if she chose to know it, she could force the information from her hearer? Who could listen to her cold even tones, and dream of resisting their implacable power?

"Whatever his plan may be," Harriet continued, "he is entirely absorbed in it, and he is indifferent to all beside. Mind, I don't say you count for nothing in this: you are too vain to believe, I am too wise to say, anything of the kind. But your beauty, which he likes, would never have tempted him to an insane disregard of his safety, would never have kept him here when the merest prudence should have driven him far away. He wants you, but he wants your money more urgently and desperately. He needs time to win you and it, no matter how he means to do it, and time is what he has not to give, time is the one stake it is ruin to him to risk in this game. Do you hear me? Do you understand me?"

The blank white face feebly looked a negative.

"No. Then I will put it more plainly. My husband, your lover, the man who is trying to ruin you in reputation, that he may have the power to ruin you in fortune, is in imminent danger. Flight, and flight alone, could save him; but he refuses to fly, because he will not leave *you*."

"What—what has he done?"

"He has been concerned in a robbery," said Harriet, with perfect composure, "and I know the police are on the right track, and will soon come up with him. But he is desperate, and refuses to go. I did not know why until yesterday, when I found you had followed him from Homburg—by arrangement, of course. Tush,

woman! don't try to deny it. What does it matter to me? A lie more or less, a villany more or less, makes no difference in him for me; but I knew then why he was obstinately bent on waiting for his fate."

"I—I don't believe you," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge; and she half rose from her chair, and stretched her hand towards the bell. But Harriet stopped her by the lifting of a finger.

"Oh yes, you do," she said; "you believe me implicitly. You have been afraid of this man—even when he has flattered you, and won upon you most; you have never felt sure of him, and you know I am telling you the truth. But you are weak, and you would like to think you had not been quite so egregiously deceived. I cannot, for his sake, leave you this comfort. You lost a locket at Homburg—a golden egg-shaped toy—with two portraits in it, one of yourself, the other of a young man, a countryman of yours, an admirer. You prized the thing, you showed it to my husband, you talked of its value—is this true?"

"Yes, yes, it is true—what then?"

"This then: he stole that locket from you, as he sat by you, in your carriage, and talked sentiment and compliment to you. He stole the locket—it does not sound nice, or heroic; he stole it, I tell you."

"Impossible—impossible."

"Am I in the confidence of your maid? Do I know the contents of your jewel-case? But this is folly, this is pretence; you know in your soul that I am telling you the truth. And now for the reason of my telling it. If you think I am a jealous woman, come here to expose my husband to my rival, and take him from her by even such desperate means, you make my task harder, by giving me blind folly to deal with. I came with no thought of myself or you: though I do, indeed, save you by coming, I have no care, no wish to do so; you are nothing to me, but a danger in his path. That his safety will be yours too, is your fortune, not my doing. I care not; it might be your destruction, and it would be all one to me. I am not jealous *of you*; you are nothing to me, and he has long been lost to me. But he must not be lost to himself too, and for that I am here. I can do nothing with or for him more, but you can: he loves you, after his fashion, and you can save him."

"I—I save him—from what? how? what do you mean? If you have told me the truth, why should I, if I could?"

Calmly and contemptively Harriet looked at her; calmly she said, as if to herself:

"And I am sure he thinks you love him!

Wonderful, very wonderful! but," she went on, with quicker utterance, "that does not matter. You can save him. I will answer your last question first: to convince you that this *must* be done, for your own sake, will save time. You did not know his character until now, but I think you know something of his temper; I think you understand that he is a desperate

man. Suppose you break with him now—and your mind has been made up to do that for several minutes—suppose you determine to save yourself from this swindler, this liar, this thief, to keep your character, and your money, and your beauty for a different fate, do you think he will let you go? How do you propose to escape him? You don't know. You are terribly frightened at the idea. I have come to tell you."

"You are a dreadful woman—you are a wicked, dreadful woman," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, with a moan.

"Yes," said Harriet, "I am a wicked, dreadful woman, but you need not fear me, though you have done me some wrong too, even according to your code, I think. Rouse yourself, and listen to me while I tell you what you must do."

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge tried to obey her; she shook back the hair which had fallen over her face, and looked up with eyes less scared, and more intelligent.

"If my husband has not left England by to-morrow," said Harriet, with clear, distinct emphasis, "it will be too late to save him from the clutches of the law. Nothing will induce him to leave England while you remain here. What?" she said, with a sudden rush of burning red into her face and an indescribable fierce change of tone and manner. What? You were going, were you—and together? Tell me instantly—instantly, I say—what is this I see in your face?"

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge caught at Harriet's gown, and stammered:

"Don't, don't; I'll tell you!"

"Do you think I am going to strike you or kill you; do you think I would touch you with one finger?" said Harriet, in her former tone, and drawing her dress from the woman's grasp with a quiet determined movement. "Tell me instantly, and don't fear. You were going away—and together? Where were you going, and when?"

"To New York—on Saturday."

Harriet Routh turned abruptly from her, and for one minute's duration of awful silence her face was hidden. Then, with a sound like a sigh and a sob, but such a sound as the listener had never heard before, she resumed her former position. The other dared not look at her for many minutes. When she did, Harriet's face fixed itself for ever on her memory as the ideal of the face of one who had died of sheer pain.

"Thank you. The acknowledgment at least is brave and true, and makes the rest easy. Am I to conclude you do not wish now to carry out this arrangement?"

"Oh no, no. For God's sake, save me!"

"In saving *him*. Yes. You must leave England to-night, and he must follow you to-morrow. Don't be frightened; I said follow, not meet you. You must really go. No pretence will avail. He could not be deceived in this. You must cross the Channel to-night, and telegraph to him to-morrow from some French town, which you can leave upon the instant, if

you choose. That is your own affair. You may return to England to-morrow night, if you please, and reach Liverpool in time to sail for New York on Saturday. Thus you will escape him, and be free. He will not follow you against your will to New York, where you are protected by your friends and your position. You have but to write and forbid his doing so."

"I think—I think I understand," said Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, in a voice full of submission and entreaty; "but how am I to account for going away?"

"At what hour do you expect him here to-day?" asked Harriet, in a business-like tone, without noticing the question.

"At nine in the evening."

"It is now nearly three. The tidal train for Folkestone starts at six. Your arrangements for next Saturday are all made, of course?"

"They are." Wonder and fear, and a strange sense of dependence on this dreadful woman, were growing on Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge with every moment.

"Then all is easy—if you can trust your maid."

"I can, implicitly; but what must she do?"

"Settle everything here, and take your luggage to Liverpool. You will not be able to make an hour's delay on your return; you must go straight through. You must travel without a servant for once—no—take your page; he is better out of the way—"

"I will do as you tell me; but you have not said how I am to account for going."

"No," said Harriet, absently; "but that will be easy. He will think you a fool, and easily frightened, but your vanity must bear that—it's not a heavy price to pay for safety."

There was a pretty writing-table in the room, covered with elegant trifles. Harriet approached it, and opened a blotting-book. Some sheets of thick perfumed paper, with dainty monogram and motto, lay within it. On one of them she wrote as follows:

"All is discovered. Your wife has been here, and has terrified me by her threats. Our scheme must be abandoned. I cannot stay an hour here, not even to consult you; I am in fear of my life. Come to me at once, to Amiens. I leave to-night, and will telegraph from thence. If you do not join me on Saturday morning, I will conclude you have given me up."

She rose, and desired Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge to take her place.

"Copy that," she said, briefly; but before the other took up the pen, she read the lines, and exclaimed:

"I dare not—I dare not; he will kill you."

"That is *my* business," said Harriet, fiercely.

"Write."

She copied the letter slowly, and trembling as she wrote, folded, sealed, and directed it.

"When is it to be sent?"

"When I have seen you off. I will take care he receives it," said Harriet, as she put it in her pocket. "Now go and give your directions, and make your preparations."

They looked at each other for a moment, and Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge left the room without another word. When she was alone, Harriet sat down by the table wearily, and covered her face with her hands. Time went on, but she did not move. Servants came in and went out of the room, but she took no notice. At length, Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge entered in travelling dress, and with a paler face than any mirror she had ever looked into had ever reflected. At the same moment a carriage came to the door.

"You are quite ready?"

"I am."

"It is time to go."

"Let us go. One minute. Mrs. Routh, I—I don't think I quite knew what I was doing. Can you forgive me?" She half extended her hand, then drew it back, as she looked into Harriet's marble face.

"Forgive you! What do you mean? You are nothing to me, woman; or, if anything, only the executioner of a sentence, independent of you."

Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge did not attempt to speak again. As they went out of the door, a telegram was handed to her. It was from Routh. "Impossible to see you to-night. Letter by post."

She handed the paper silently to Harriet, who read it, and said nothing until they were seated in the carriage.

"Does that make any difference?" then asked Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, timidly.

"To you, none. Possibly it may to me; he need not know so soon."

Not another word was spoken between them. Harriet stood on the platform at the railway station until the train moved off, and as Mrs. B. Ireton Bembridge caught the last glimpse of her stern white face, she threw herself back in the carriage, in which she was fortunately alone, in an hysterical agony of tears.

Routh did not come home that night; he sent a message that business detained him in the City, and that he wished his letters and some clothes sent to him in the morning.

"This is well," said Harriet; "he is making his preparations, and he does not wish to see me before he must. The night can hardly pass without my hearing or seeing George."

Late that evening, Harriet posted the letter which Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge had written. But the evening and the night passed, and George Dallas did not come or send. The hours were full of the agony of suspense for Harriet. They brought another kind of suffering to Mr. Felton and his nephew.

At eight o'clock that evening, George Dallas, alias Paul Ward, as the police phrase had it, was arrested at Mr. Felton's lodgings, charged with the murder of Mr. Felton's son. George's agent had done his work well, and the notes changed at Amsterdam, which the old bookseller's death had released from their hiding-place and put in circulation, had furnished the clue to Mr. Tatlow's dexterous fingers. The

notes bore Arthur Felton's initials; they had been paid to him by the Liverpool Bank; they were endorsed in full, with date too, by Paul Ward.

"And a case," said Mr. Tatlow, who had a turn for quotation, "neater, completer, in every feater, I don't think I ever was in."

MEN OF FIRE.

THE above is no fancy title to a bit of literary handiwork, but the definition, soberly and truthfully applied to a useful calling by the men who practise it. "We, the Men of Fire, humbly petition your honourable board for an increase of wages, provisions being very dear, and we being unable to keep our families on our present earnings;" "We, the Men of Fire, having a firm conviction that our services are indispensable, mean to insist, civilly but firmly, upon a larger share of the company's profits than is now vouchsafed us;" "We, the Men of Fire, will certainly give a practical paraphrase to the poet's line, and 'leave the world to darkness and to ye,' unless we receive a bonus in the shape of a joint of meat this Christmas time;" are fair specimens of the memorials presented by the workmen we are about to visit. The terms of the description never alter, and are literally true. The prayers, or rather demands, vary with circumstances, but may be generally summarised as "asking for more," and are in letter and spirit fairly represented by the imaginary quotations we have given. The calling is a dreadful one. Once acclimatised, the men are healthy and strong, cat and drink—especially drink—well and heartily; and suffer fewer casualties and less illness than many skilled labourers whose work is apparently less hazardous. But the process of acclimatisation is so trying that those undergoing it become rapidly disabled, lose appetite and colour, languish and faint, and then give up, as they think finally, a labour for which they are physically unfit. In most cases this is done several times. The novice works for a few months with rapidly decreasing vitality, falls out, takes to other work, recovers, and, tempted by the high wages, offers his services once more as a Man of Fire. After two or three of these experiences, he either gives up the experiment as hopeless, or becomes hardened and follows the calling regularly.

Nestling behind the King's Cross railway station, and so hidden by narrow streets and crowded tenements that its very existence is unsuspected by the thousands who pass its portals daily, is the gas factory we have come to see. The men of fire are the stokers feeding the huge retorts in which coal is converted into gas and coke, and this is one of their business homes. They work by relays night and day; Sundays and week days; all the year round. One Sunday in the month is their holiday; but most of them give up this, and receive a double day's pay as compensation. Stripped to the skin, a grimy pair of canvas trousers and thick boots their

only wear; coal-dust and perspiration so mingled as to give their bodies the shiny gloss seen on the hides of black porkers when basking in the sun; here they are, working with a will at what must surely be one of the most irksome and monotonous of the many irksome and monotonous forms of labour in this laborious world. A huge iron scoop, like a Brobdingnagian marrow-spoon, which is filled and emptied, emptied and filled, throughout the twenty-four hours; a long row of fiery furnaces, into which the scoop fits closely, and into which its contents are dexterously turned, when it is rapidly withdrawn, and the process repeated a few feet further on. Such is the work. A long row of ovens in a monster black bakery, each of which belches forth flame and stech when its door is opened, and in which blazing coals are the only condiment. An atmosphere hot, sulphureous, deadly; coals, ready for baking everywhere, crunching under foot, piled in profuse heaps against the walls, and settling on our clothes in particles of fine black dust. Outside the ovens these coals are arriving in grimy barges from Sunderland and Newcastle, an armlet of the Regent's Canal bringing them to the warehouse doors, after which they are methodically stowed away, to be speedily served out again for the retorts or ovens we are scorching before now. There must be something in coal-dust which gives a peculiarly natural blackness to the skin. The genteel and erudite hermit of Stevenage, who is known to fame for sleeping on cinders and declining to wash himself, has, I remember, just such a complexion as the Men of Fire; and his ingrained duskiness might be that of an African savage, so unartificial does it seem.

Here, however, as five o'clock strikes, the coloured men dip their heads and bodies into huge tubs of soapsuds and warm water, and emerge piebald. Face and chest are clean, but a portion of the body remains untouched, and a ridiculous effect is produced in the dim light by the long vista of white backs, each with a large patch in its centre, uniform in size and shape, like a row of black maps of Australia on a series of fresh-coloured seas. Then come neighbourly scrubbing, and finally the Men of Fire bid their mates good night, and go forth to their homes or their pleasures, rosy, radiant, and decently attired. At five in the morning they will be on duty again, and their rests during the past twelve hours have been from seven to eight, and from twelve to one.

After the first shock of novelty has worn off, and the feeling of having been suddenly thrust into pandemonium has subsided, we see that the Men of Fire work in gangs of five. Each retort consumes about a ton of coals in twenty-four hours, and each gang of workers disposes of from ninety to one hundred tons every twelve hours. Two men are on each side the scoop, filling it with might and main, while a fifth, who is the ganger, guides it into its oven resting-place, and then pushes it home. The others assist in this process, but the responsibility of guidance rests with the ganger, who has to face the flame and smoke more closely than the rest, and who receives an extra wage

in consequence. This simple but laborious act is repeated until the retorts are all filled; and again at other times it is reversed until they are emptied in their turn. "Charge 'ere burnt out since 12.30," calls one fire-feeder to his men, while the frequent talk of "naked bricks" seems to uninitiated ears to refer to jovially eccentric members of the human race. Passing a retort "waiting" like a cork "to be drawn," we leave the first black chamber with a sense of relief such as a mouse must feel when rescued from scientific experimentalising under an air-pump; cross yards, and pass strange queer monsters stuck at odd angles about the place, and looking like Egyptian idols or the ugly treasures of some Indian joss-house. Condensers, purifiers, engine-houses, gasometers these, all on a vast scale, all on constant duty, that our city may be supplied with light. It is unusually dark to-night; and as these monsters stand out with what seems mysterious stillness against the murky sky, doors distant and near open and close continually, and reveal more furnaces set in deepest black, and more swarthy naked fire-workers flitting to and fro. Dante in literature, and Rembrandt and Salvator Rosa in art, are brought before us at every turn. There is something impressive, too, in mere size, and it needs no great stretch of fancy to see in the impassive condensers misshapen polypi, or phlegmatic giants on guard.

This large dry tank is full of oxide of iron, and the metal cap, of the proportions of a good-sized dining-room, now suspended over it, fits tightly into its surrounding grooves, and will be dropped down when the tank has received its appointed quantity of material. This is the last purifying process, and removes the remaining sulphuretted hydrogen. The most effective purifier of all is lime, playfully termed "Blue Billy," but its foul smell makes its use almost impracticable in London. From the retorts we have just seen, and from which the gas comes raw and crude from the coal, it passes to the condensers, which are so arranged that the action of drawing also propels it to the scrubbers. These are filled with coke, and divide the tarry matter from the gas. The white lime purifiers are the next stage after the scrubbers, and take away sulphuretted hydrogen, ammonia, and carbonic acid. Sawdust, saturated with sulphuric acid, and reminding us strongly of cheap and nasty smelling-salts, and finally the oxide of iron tank, are passed through, by which time the gas has attained its prescribed standard of purity, and, after tests and counter-tests, is served to the London public at so much a thousand feet.

"Grave misapprehension," my guide courteously whispers, "respecting gas companies, exists in the public mind; and in nothing more strongly than the prices we charge, and the profits we make. Monopoly you say? Granted; but the remedy for the evils of monopoly is surely free trade, and not the handing over existing interests to a public board. However, we are perfectly ready either to be transferred, or to enter the lists of open competition if the

legislature thinks fit. We only ask for fair play; and that if purchase be decided on, the value of existing interests shall be decided by competent authorities, and not taken at the haphazard computations of vestrymen and their friends. You want your gas to be better and cheaper than at present, and you cite Manchester and Plymouth, as examples of towns in which the gas supply is in the hands of local authorities, and where low prices are charged. Let us examine each of these representative cases, and see how far London is subject to the same rules. At Manchester the principle of monopoly has been uniformly sanctioned, one capital instead of three or four has done the work, and the expenditure inseparable from competition been avoided. It is, moreover, so near the great coal-fields, that Cannel can be supplied at a less price than we, the London companies, pay for ordinary Newcastle coal; labour is far cheaper than here; and a great portion of the original capital having been paid off out of profits, it necessarily follows that a comparatively small charge per thousand feet suffices to pay a dividend on the capital as reduced. It is but fair to remember that the present Manchester price of three shillings and twopence per thousand feet was only reached in 1865; and that from 1848 to 1859, inclusive, the charge was five shillings per thousand feet. It was considerably above twelve shillings a thousand at one time, and did not go below ten shillings for many years. The amount of the bond-debt now is only some three hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds. Manchester, therefore, having paid for its gas at a rate which, besides yielding good interest, has cleared off half the capital laid out in its production, is now reaping the benefit of past prudence in a reduction of price. At Plymouth, the minimum illuminating power the company is bound to supply is but *ten* candles, while the minimum standard imposed on the metropolitan companies by the act of 1860 is *twelve* candles. I think you'll agree that no true comparison of prices can be made which does not take into consideration the difference of quality in the article supplied; and as wages and other expenses of manufacture are also on a much lower scale than in London, it would be found, if all circumstances, such as recent reduction and previous high charges, as at Manchester, were considered, that gas is not cheaper there than here. You smile at all this, but I can assure you that a case has been made out most unfairly against the London gas companies, and popular prejudice is so strong that we have difficulty in getting a hearing.

"We've earned a bad name by being arbitrary? That is because gas-charges are looked upon as rates, and so share the genuine English abhorrence of taxation. But the conduct of our opponents and the statistics hatched up against us are curiosities of unfairness. Rely on this, that in every town where a lower rate is charged for gas than in London, the fact is susceptible of other explanation than the common one of exorbitance of charge here. When the select committee of the House of Commons sat last

session, we were anxious to prove this, as we could easily have done; but the chairman told our counsel that the committee did not consider such evidence relevant to the inquiry, as the circumstances were not similar to those in London. It is a fact that a large majority of provincial towns charge higher rates than we do; and as for the benefits to be derived from corporation management, look at Middleton, where the local authorities buy coal at five shillings and twopence a ton, and charge five shillings a thousand feet for their gas. You know how metropolitan consumers clamoured at one time for competition as the proper means of obtaining cheap lighting, and that as many as three companies in the City, and four in the best part of the West-end, were encouraged to lay pipes and supply gas in the same streets. Joint-stock companies, you must remember too, introduced the improved system of lighting, and took all risks upon themselves; and the capital sunk must be considered before deciding upon change.

"What is the best mode of remedying existing evils of supply? Simply putting the act of parliament into operation. When it was decided by the House of Commons that the inconvenience of competition exceeded its advantages, and that having streets torn to pieces and traffic suspended, in order that rival companies might discover which pipes and mains were out of order, was a public nuisance; and the grosser evils of monopoly were carefully guarded against. The companies had distinct districts assigned to them, but adequate legal machinery was provided to keep them in check. Thus, any vestry, any local board of works, or any twenty inhabitant householders, may call upon the home secretary to send a competent inspector to examine and report upon the quantity and quality of the gas supply. That high functionary is bound to act on his inspector's report, and the companies are bound in their turn to remedy what is amiss. Will you believe that, during the seven years this act has been law, it has never once been put into operation, nor attempted to be put into operation, beyond the limits of the City? 'Inhabitant householders' groan under what they conceive to be an oppressive tyranny, and all because no one takes the trouble to inquire how the law stands, or how it may be worked. Surely it would be more in accordance with common sense to use the machinery provided to bring us to book than to indulge in vague denunciations and complaints. If it can be shown that our gas is either inferior in quality or higher in price than is warrantable, remove the monopoly and let another company meet us on common ground. If the Board of Works, that 'fortuitous concourse of vestries,' is to make gas, supply gas, and be the supreme judge of the purity of the article it manufactures and vends, I don't suppose the companies will have the faintest objection to hand over their plant and responsibilities at an equitable price. These companies, you must remember, are private enterprises, existing under the sanction of legislative enactments, and upon conditions settled after three years' parliamentary investigation. On the faith of these en-

actments they have expended a capital of between six and seven millions sterling, and though the Board of Works recently proposed with great coolness to confiscate a great portion of this amount, all calculation for a transfer must be necessarily based upon it. I'm quite willing to admit that some arbitration between the companies as dealers and the public as consumers might be advantageous to the latter; and we've expressed our willingness to abide by the decision of any scientific commission appointed for this purpose. Meantime, while the recent reduction in the price of gas of sixpence per thousand feet has brought the dividend of one of the largest companies down from ten to eight and a half per cent, don't let every wild story of our enormities, told by those directly interested in bringing about a change, be received with unquestioning faith.

"The coal you see around you is Newcastle mixed with Cannel, and you'll easily distinguish the latter by its flaky shininess and by its breaking into smooth slab-like pieces. The metropolitan companies consume nearly a million and a quarter of tons of coal a year, of which one hundred and fifty thousand tons are Cannel. Among the ingenious propositions made by the wiseacres who wish to teach us our own business, is one that the legal standard of illuminating power shall be so raised that Cannel coal only must be used. To do this, nine hundred thousand tons of Cannel would be required yearly, while Wigan only yields six hundred and fifty thousand tons a year in all; and as Mr. Heron, the town clerk of Manchester, told the parliamentary committee last year, the standard of illuminating power has just been reduced in that city through the impossibility of obtaining an adequate supply of cannel, though within twenty miles of the district producing it. The truth is, according to competent geological authorities, that, not reckoning Scotch Cannel, which would be even more expensive here, besides being too full of sulphur to be really useful, there is not enough of this description of coal in the three kingdoms to meet the demand it is proposed to make, and this surely proves the value of a suggestion made with as much dogmatism as if it were a decree."

It happens that about twelve months ago the present writer had some share in preventing the erection of gasworks in the vicinity of Victoria Park. On inspecting the interesting works we are shown over now, the evidence of overcrowding, and the inconvenience of manufacturing in a cramped corner of the town, are so marked as to suggest the question, why are not more extensive works built? Then we are told of the unfair opposition which a proposal to erect gasworks anywhere creates; how bishops combine in the Lords, and crotchety agitators—at which stern phrase we modestly wince—influence the Commons; and how the poor companies are hunted from pillar to post until they have to put up with existing accommodation, to the sore detriment of their honest interests and the public good. It is obvious enough that the King's Cross works are too small for their pur-

pose; that the piling of retorts one on the other, and on both sides the black caverns, to compress as many as possible upon a given flooring space, causes waste of labour, and is additionally torturing to the men of fire. Oatmeal and water is the drink supplied gratuitously by the company, and is said to be more permanently refreshing than any stimulant. Beer, however, is insisted on when the work is between two fires; and as the mere thought of labouring here turns us faint, we cannot, as seems expected, condemn the demand as unreasonable. Our parks—least of all our beautiful East-end park—must not be contaminated by adjacent gasworks; but what we see to-day makes us hope that a satisfactory solution to the vexed problem of situation may be soon arrived at, and be received tolerantly by the House. Gas is even more locomotive than water, and why should not the sources of supply be equally distant from the crowded town?

An engine-house, warm, greasy, and humid, in which huge green wheels revolve with ponderous slowness, and metal pipings pursue the even tenor of their way: another engine-house of more modern type, both actively at work, propelling gas through various purifiers, and relieving clay retorts from undue pressure; the valve-house, like a pantomimic scene, with small dial-faces, metal handles, a bright brass fender-looking arrangement, and "the governor" doing steady work in the corner. The "governor's house" is another name for the valve-house, and is not the residence of the ruling official of the company, but the place where the supply of gas and its quality is constantly tested. The "governor" is a huge metal drum which regulates the quantity of gas paid out by hydraulic pressure. "Somebody putting his foot on the 'governor'" was, I learn, the real cause of the terrible explosion some years since at Vauxhall. Two jets of gas are burning brightly in small temples on the mantelpiece, and show by their height and vigour the quality and brightness of the gas in stock. Daily journals are kept of the state of the weather, quantity of gas made, stock in hand, pressure on the mains; and should either of the jets before me fall beyond a certain limit, inquiry and remedy immediately follow.

Crossing the yard again, with the fire from retorts still flaring out of the open doors to right and left, and the Men of Fire, grimy and perspiring, everywhere busily at work, we ascend a narrow staircase, and come to the photometer-room. Here we look at what seems a Roman Catholic consecrated wafer through a highly polished apparatus which is something between a microscope and a magic-lantern. A mahogany scale, five feet long, with a jet of gas burning at one end, and a sperm candle, which consumes one hundred and twenty grains lighted, stands at the other. A beautiful mechanical arrangement, by which the shadow falling from gas or candle places the precise quality of the former beyond dispute, marking it on the scale, and showing how many candles it is equal to, is worked for our instruction;

after which, while the grimy barges are still gliding quietly up the dark stream and depositing their freight, while engines and engine-house, retorts, alembics, purifiers, and Men of Fire are in the full tide of their busy night's work, we pass under the ferocious black eagle which guards the entrance to the company's premises with beak and claw, and, threading some narrow alleys and tortuous courts to the dimly-lighted streets adjacent, emerge into the full glare and bustle of King's-cross.

There is not a greater contrast between gas as we now pass it burning brightly on the railway platform, and lighting up the gay and busy shops, and gas as we have just seen and smelt it, scething and sweltering in oxide of iron tanks shut up in dark prison-houses, and generally whipped and disciplined into usefulness, than between the popular notions on metropolitan gas supply and the views and explanations we have heard. How many people know they can obtain prompt assistance from the Home Secretary when their gas burns badly, or is too dear, or that the act of 1860 is as stringent as described, and sufficient for their protection? It is fortunately no part of our duty to pronounce upon the merits of rival schemes, to defend vested interests, or to advocate particular hobbies. We have seen and heard quite enough to know that the public needs, in a moral as well as physical sense, more of the article gas companies exist to supply—Light. There has been so much of secrecy and mystery concerning their arrangements, that charlatans, quacks, and jobbers regard the metropolitan gas-making as a land of Goshen, flowing with milk and honey, for the bold hand and subtle brain. Some change is inevitable; but what the public has especially to guard against are specious promises of the overthrow of a monopoly and the substitution of a despotism in its stead. The truth is, in gas, as in other social matters, restrictive and protective laws create as many evils as they destroy, and that present arrangements are unsatisfactory is in a great measure due to our own indifference and neglect. Let us now have clear and definite information from skilled arbiters as to how existing difficulties may be met; and let us oppose propositions for a sweeping change in the law until we are shown clearly where such change will land us, and how far its promises are sound.

THE TICK OF THE CLOCK.

I.

EVERY tick of the clock
Beckons us to depart,
Robs us of life and youth,
And pushes us to the grave.
On, without ceasing, on!
Pushes us to the grave,
Over a yawning chasm
No wider than a hair,
But never to be repass'd
By foot of mortal man
Or flight of an angel's wings—

Pushes us on, in light or gloom,
On, on for ever, to the world beyond the tomb.

II.

Every tick of the clock
Is a greeting of the Past,
To the Future newly born,
A farewell of To-day—
To the Past that is no more;
A universe of Time,
Containing in itself
Yesterday as its germ,
To-day in its perfect flower
To-morrow as its fruit;
But neither of them ours,

Except to draw a breath

On the mournful and weary road that leadeth us
down to death.

III.

Every tick of the clock
Makes a notch in the doom of kings
And of empire's hoary grey
With the dust of a thousand years,
And proud with the pride of strength
That has borne a thousand shocks,
And thinks, in its high conceit,
That in a world of change
No change can trouble its rest,
Or shake it to the dust,

And tells, with dull monotonous sound,
That empires fade like men, and cease to cumber
the ground.

IV.

'Twas but the tick of a clock
That sent Assyria down,
A wreck on the billowy time
That shook out Egypt's pride,
As the winnow shakes the chaff,
That jostled imperial Rome
Out of her haughty seat,
And spilt the wine of her power
Like rain-drops in the dust,
That crumbled Byzantium up
Like a straw in a strong man's hand,

And that yet shall shatter a thousand thrones
Built high to reproving Heaven, on mounds of
human bones.

V.

'Twill be but a tick of the clock,
O Britain! land supreme,
When thou art rotten and ripe,
Shall nestle thee to the earth,
That shall prick the bubble of France
As with Ithuriel's spear,
And that yet in the striding time,
Young giant of the West,
So insolent in thy strength
And thy ignorance of the past,
Shall rip thee into shreds,

And parcel out thy wide domain

'Mid a hundred chiefs and conquerors, to rob, and
rule, and reign.

VI.

Oh mournful tick of the clock,
Sounding, though none may heed,
The knell of all that live,
And ringing the bridal chime
Of the Future with the Past.
Be thou for ever my friend,
And I, though I toil and moil,
Shall be greater and happier far
Than Cæsar on his throne,

And fear nor Life nor Death,
Content when thy summons comes,
To doff the perishing garb of clay,
And soar on wings of the morning light to the noon
of another day.

THOMASINE BONAVENTURE.

THE aspect of rural England, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, must have presented a strange and striking contrast, in the eye of a traveller, to the agricultural scenery of our own time. Thinly peopled—for the three millions of our chief city now-a-days are in excess of the total population of the whole land of the Edwards and the Henrys—the inhabitants occupied hamlets few and far between, and a farm or grange signified usually a moated house amid a cluster of cultivated fields, gathered within fences from the surrounding forest or wold, and gleaming in the distance with rich or green enclosures, rescued from the wilderness, to give “fodder to the cattle, and bread to strengthen the heart of man.” But the great domains of the land, for the most part expanded into woodland and marsh and moor, with glades or grassy avenues here and there for access to the lair of the red deer or the wild boar, or other native game, which afforded in that day a principal supply of human food. Yonder in the distance appeared ever and anon a beacon tower, which marked the place of watch and ward for the warning of hostile advances by night, and for the gathering rest of the hobbelars or horsemen, whose office it was to scour the country and to keep in awe the enemies of God and the king. Wheel-roads, except in the neighbourhood of cities, or on the line of a royal progress, there were none, and among the bridle-paths men urged their difficult path in companies, for it was seldom safe for an honest or well-to-do man to travel alone. Rivers glided in silence to the sea without a sail or an oar to ruffle their waters, and there were whole regions, that now are loud with populous life, that might then have been called void places of the uninhabited earth. But more especially did this character of uncultured desolation pervade the extreme borders of the west of England, the country between the Tamar and the sea. There dwelt, in scattered villages or town-places, as they are called to this day, the bold and hardy Celtic people, few in number, but, like the race of the Eastern wild man, never taught to bear the yoke. Long after other parts of England had settled into an improved agriculture, and submitted to the discipline of more civilised life, the Cornish were wont to hew their resources out of the bowels of their mother earth, or to haul into their nets the native harvest of the sea. Thus the merchandise of fish, tin, and copper became the vaunted staple of their land. These, the rich productions of their native country, were even in remote periods of our history, in perpetual request, and formed, together with the wool of their moorland flocks,

the great trade of the Cornish people. From all parts, and especially from that storied city whose merchants were then, as now, princes of the land, men were wont to encounter the perilous journey from the Thames to the Tamar, to pursue their traffic with the “underground folk,” as they termed the inhabitants of Cornwall, that rocky land of strangers, as when literally interpreted is the exact meaning of its name.

It was in the year 1463, when Edward the Fourth occupied the English throne, that a tall and portly merchant, in the distinctive apparel of the times, rode along the wilds of a Cornish moor. He sat high and firm upon his horse, a bony gelding, with demipique saddle. A broad beaver, or, as it was then called, a Flanders hat, shaded a grave and thoughtful countenance, wherein shrewdness and good humour struggled for the mastery, and the latter prevailed, and his full brown beard was forked, a happy omen, as it was always held, of prosperous life. His riding garb displayed that contrast of colours which was then so valued by native taste, inasmuch that the phrase “motley” had in its origin a complimentary and not an invidious sound. Behind him and near rode his servant, a stout and active-looking knave, armed to the teeth.

The traveller had crossed the ford of a moorland stream, when he halted and reined up at a scene that greeted him on the bank. There, on a green and rushy knoll and underneath a gnarled and wind-swept tree, a damsel in the blossom of youth stood leaning on her shepherd-staff; her companion, a peasant boy, drew back, half shaded by a rock. Sheep of the native breed, the long-forgotten Cornish Knott, gathered around. As he drew nigh, the stranger discovered that the maiden was tall and well formed, and that her rounded limbs had the mould and movement of a natural grace that only health and exercise could develop or bestow. The sure evidence of her Celtic origin was testified by her eyes of violet-blue and abundant hair of rich and radiant brown—the hue that Italian poets delight to describe as the colour of the ripe chesnut, or the stalks and fibres of the maidenhair fern. She had also the bashful nose that appears to retreat from the lip with the unmistakable curve of the Kelt. She was clad in a grey kirtle of native wool, and her bodice also was knitted at the hearth by homely hands. The merchant was first to speak.

“Be not scared,” said he, “fair damsel, by a stranger’s voice. My name is John Bunsby, of the city of London, and I am bound for the hostel of Wike St. Marie, which must be somewhere nigh this moor. What did thy gossips call thee, maiden, at the font?”

“My name, kind sir,” she answered, modestly, “is Thomasine Bonaventure, and my father’s house is hard by at Wike. These are my master’s sheep.”

“The evening falls fast,” said the traveller; “I would fain hire safe guidance to yonder inn.”

She beckoned to the youth, and whispered a word in his ear, to which, however, he seemed to listen with reluctance or dislike, and then,

with her crook still in her hand, she herself went on to guide the stranger on his way. They arrived in due course at the hostel door, at the sign of the Rose; but it was the Rose, mere, and without an epithet, for mine host had wisely omitted, in those dangerous days, to designate the hue of that symbolic flower. The traveller dismounted at the door, thanked and requited his gentle guide, and signified that, as soon as his leisure allowed, he would find the way to her father's house. After a strict command to his own servant and the varlet of the stable that his horses should receive due vigilance and abundant food, Master Bunsby at last entered the inn. A hecatomb of wood blazed on the hearth, shedding light as well as heat around the panelled room; for in those times of old simplicity a single apartment was allotted for household purposes and for the entertainment of guests. The traveller took an offered seat on the carved oak settle, in the place of honour by the fire, and looked on with interest in the homely but original scene. At his right hand a vast oven, with an entrance not unlike a church door, was about to disgorge its manifold contents. Rye loaves led the way, sweet and tasty to the final crust (what was in those days a luxury unknown in Cornwall); barley bread and oaten cakes came forth in due procession from the steaming cave; and, last of all, the merchant's sight and nostrils were greeted by the arrival from the depths of a huge and mysterious pie. The achievements of the dame, who was both cook and hostess in her own person, were duly and triumphantly arrayed upon the board, and the stranger-guest took the accustomed seat at the right hand of "mine host." His eyes were fixed with curiosity and interest on the hillock of brown dough which stood before him, and reeked like a small volcano with steaming puffs of savory vapour. At last, when the massive crust which lay like a tombstone over the mighty dish had been broken up, the pie revealed its strange contents. Conger-eels, pilchards, and oysters, were mingled piecemeal in the mass beneath their intervals, slushed with melted butter and clotted cream, and the whole well seasoned, not without a savour of garlic, with spices, pepper, and salt. The stranger's astonishment was manifest in gesture and look, although he by no means repulsed the trencher which came towards him loaded with his bountiful share.

"Sir guest," said the host, "you doubtless know the by-word?—'The Cornish cooks make everything into a pie.' Our grandames say that the devil never dared cross the Tamar, or he would have been verily put under a crust."

Satisfied with his fare, the merchant now inquired for the dwelling-place of his guide. It was not far off. The parents of the shepherdess inhabited a thatched hut in the village, with the usual walls of beaten cob, moulded of native clay; all within and without bespoke extreme poverty and want, but there Master John Bunsby soon found himself an honoured visitor seated by the hearth, with a blazing fire of dry gorse gathered from the moor to greet his

arrival. There, while the mother stood by her turn or wheel, and span, and the maiden's nimble fingers flashed her knitting needles to and fro by the fitful light of the fire, the old man her father and the merchant conversed in a low voice far into the night, on a theme of deep interest to both. The talk was of Thomasine, the child of the house. The merchant related his own prosperous affairs, and spake of his goodly house in London, governed by a thrifty and diligent wife; the household was one of grave and decent demeanour, with good repute in the vast city wherein dwelt the king. He had taken an immediate interest, he declared, in the old man's daughter, and desired to rescue her from the life she led on the bleak unsheltered moor. He pledged himself, if they should consent, to convey her in safety to London, and to place her in especial attendance on his wife; and there, if her conduct were in unison with her looks, he doubted not she would win many friends, and secure a happy livelihood for the rest of her days. He would await their decision at the inn, where he should be detained by business two or three days. Earnest and anxious were their thoughts and their language in the cottage that night and the next day. The aspect and speech of the rich patron were such as invited confidence and trust; but there were the love and fear of two aged hearts to satisfy and subdue. There was the fierce and stubborn repugnance also of the youth, the companion of the maid, who stood with her under the tree upon the moor. He was her cousin, John Dineham, of Swannacote, and they had grown up together from childhood, till, unconsciously to themselves, the tenderness of kindred had strengthened into love. The damsel herself could not conceal a natural longing to visit the great city, where they said, but it might be untrue, "that the houses were stuck as close together as Wike St. Maric Church and Tower;" but she would at all events behold for once in her life the dwelling-place of the king. "She would store up every coin, and come back with money enow to buy a flock of sheep of her own, which she and John would tend together, as aforetime, on the moor." All this shook the scale. When the merchant arrived to seek their decision, it was made, and in favour of his wish. A pillion, or padded seat, was obtained from some neighbouring farm, and belted behind the saddle of the merchant's man. Thereon, with a small fardel in her hand, which held all her worldly goods and gear, mounted Thomasine Bonaventure, while all the villagers came around to bid her farewell, all but one, and it was her cousin John. He had gone, as he had told her, to the moor, and there among the branches of the tree which marked the greeting-place of Master Bunsby, the youth waited to watch her out of sight. He lifted up his hand and waved it as she passed on with a gesture of warning, but which she interpreted and returned as a silent caress.

The travellers arrived at their journey's end after being only a fortnight on the road, a speed

so satisfactory and unusual, that it was Dame Bunsby's emphatic remark, that she verily thought they must have flown.

Her mistress received Thomasine with a kind and hearty welcome, and ratified, by her everyday approval, her husband's choice of the Cornish maid. When she was first told that her name was Bonaventure, and her husband explained that it signified good-luck, she said, "Well, sweetheart, when I was a girl they used to say that the name was a foreshadow of the life, and God grant that thine may turn out to be."

Time passed on, and in a year or two the wild Cornish lass had grown into a frame of thorough symmetry, firmness, and health. Her strong thews, of country origin, rendered her capable of long and active labour, and she had acquired with gradual ease the habits and appliances of city life. She was very soon the favoured and the favourite manager of the household. Her mistress, born and reared in a town, had been long a frail and delicate woman; and life in London in those days, as now, was fraught with the manifold perils of pestilential disease. To one of those ancient scourges of the population, the sweating sickness, Dame Bunsby succumbed. Her death drew nigh, and, with the touching simplicity of the times, she told her true and tender husband, with smiling tears, that she thought he could not do better than, if they so agreed, to put Thomasine in her place when she was gone. "Tell her it was my last wish."

This gentle desire so uttered, her strong and grateful feelings towards the master who had taken her, as she expressed it in her rural speech, lean from the moor, and fed her, so that her very bones belonged to him, her happy home, and the power she would acquire to make the latter days in the cottage at Wike St. Marie prosperous and calm, all these impulses flocked into Thomasine's heart, and controlled for the time even the remembrance of Cousin John. That poor young man, when the tidings came that she was about to become her master's wedded wife, suddenly disappeared, and for a while the place of his retreat was unknown; but it afterwards transpired that he had crossed the moor to a "house of religious men" called the White Monks of St. Cleer, and pleaded for reception there as a needy novice of the gate. His earnest entreaties had prevailed; and six months after his first love, and his last, had put on her silks as a city dame, and began her rule as the mistress of a goodly house in London, her cousin had taken the vows of his novitiate, and received the first tonsure of St. John.

Her married life did not, however, long endure. Three years after the master became the husband he "took the plague-sore," and died. They were childless, but he bequeathed "all his goods and chattel property, and his well-furnished mansion, to his dear wife, Thomasine Bonaventure, now Bunsby;" and the maid of the moor became one of the wealthy widows of London city. Among the MSS. which still survive, there is a letter which announces the

event of her husband's death and bequest, and then proceeds to notify her solemn donation, as a year's-mind of Master Bunsby, of ten marks to the Reeve of Wike St. Marie, "to the intent that he shall cause skеeful masons to build a bridge at the Ford of Green-a-Moor; yea, and with stout stonework well laid; and see!" she wrote, "that they do no harm to that tree which standeth fast by the brook, neither dispoyle they the rushes and plants that grow thereby; for there did I passe many goodly hours when I was a simple mayde, and there did I first see the kind face of a faithful friend." But in another missive to her mother, about the same date, there is a touch of tenderness which shows that her woman's nature survived all changes, and was strong within her still. She writes: "I know that Cousin John is engaged to the monks of St. Cleer. Hath he been shorn, as they do call it, for the second time? Inquire, I beseech, if he seeketh to dispart from that cell? And will red gold help him away? I am prospered in pouch and coffer, and he need not shame to be indebted unto me, that owe so much to him." But this frank and kindly effort—"the late remorse of love"—did not avail. John had broken the last link that bound him to the world, and was lost to love and her. Reckless thenceforward therefore, if not fancy-free, and it may be somewhat schooled by the habits and associations of city life, she did not wear the widow's wimple long. After an interval of years, we find her the honoured wife "of that worshipful merchant adventurer, Master John Gall, of St. Lawrence, Milk-street."

Gall was very rich, and he appears to have emptied his money-bags into his wife's lap, as the gossip of the city ran, for it is on record that soon after her second marriage she manifested her prosperity, like a true-hearted Cornish woman, by ample "gifts" and largesse to the borough of St. Marie, "my native place." Twenty acres of woodland copse in the neighbourhood were bought and conveyed, by that kind and gracious lady, Dame Thomasine Gall, to feoffees and trust-men for the perpetual use of the poor of the paroche "for fewel to be hewn in parcels once a year, and justly and equally divided for evermore on the vigil of St. Thomas the Twin." To her mother she sends by "a waggon which has gone on an enterprise into Cornwall, for woollen merchandise, a chest with array of clothing for fair weather and foul, head-gear and body raiment to boot, all the choice and costly gifts to my loving parents of my Goodman Gall, and in remembrance, as he chargeth me to say, that ye have reared for him a kindly and loving wife." But the graphic and touching passage in this letter is the message which succeeds: "Lo! I do send you also herewithal in the coffer a litel boke: it is for a gift to my Cousin John. Tell him it is not written as the whilom usage was and he was wont to teach me my Christ Cross Rhime; but it is what they do call emprinted with a strange device of an iron engin brought from forrin parts. Bid him not despise

it, for although it is so small that it will lie on the palm of your hand, yet it did cost me full five marks in exchange." But her marriage life was doomed to bring her only brief and transitory intervals of wedded happiness. Five years after the date of her letter above quoted, she was again alone in the house. Master Gall died, but not until he had endowed his "tender wife with all and singular his monies and plate, bills, bonds, and ventures now at sea, &c.," with a long inventory of the "precious things beneath the moon," too long to rehearse, but each and all to the sole use, enjoyment, and behoof of Dame Thomasine, whose maiden name of Bonaventure was literally interpreted and fulfilled in every successive change of station.

We greet her then once more as a rich and buxom widow of city fame. Her wealth, added to her comeliness, for she was still in the prime of life, brought many "a potent, grave, and reverend seignor" to her feet, and to sue for her hand. Nor did she long linger in her choice. The favoured suitor now was Sir John Perceval, goldsmith and usurer, that is to say, banker, in the phrase of that day; very wealthy, of high repute, alderman of his ward, and in such a position of civic advancement that he would have been described, in modern language, as next the chair. He wooed and won the "Golden Widow," for so, because of her double inheritance of the wealth of two rich husbands, she was merrily named. Their wedding was a kind of public festival, and the bride, in acknowledgment of her own large possessions, was invested with a stately dower at the church door. One year after their marriage her husband, Sir John, was elected to that honourable office which is still supposed by foreign nations to be only second in rank to that of the monarch on the throne, Lord Mayor of the City of London.

Thus, by a strange succession of singular events, the barefooted shepherdess of a Cornish moorland became the Lady Mayoress of metropolitan fame; and the legend of Thomasine Bonaventure, for it was now well known, was the popular theme of royal and noble interest among the lords and ladies of the court. She demeaned herself bravely and decorously in her ascent among the great and lofty ones of the land. Like all noble natures, her spirit rose with her personal elevation, and took equal place with her compeers of each superior rank. Nor did her true and simple woman's nature undergo any depreciation or change. It breathes and survives in every sentence of her family letters, transcripts of which have been perpetuated and preserved to our own times. One page of her personal history is illustrative of a scene of life and manners when Henry the Seventh was king.

"Sweet mother," she wrote, "thy daughter hath seen the face of the king. We were bidden to a banquet at the royal palace; and Sir John and I dared not choose but go. There was such a blaze of lords and ladies in silks and samite, and jewels and gold, that it was like the city of New Jerusalem in the Scrip-

tures; and I, thy maid Thomasine, was arrayed so fine, that they brought up the saying that I was dressed like an altar. When we were led into the chamber of dais, where his highness stood, the king did kiss me on the cheek, as the manner is, and he seemed gentle and kind. But then did he turn to my good lord and husband, and say, with a look stark and stern enow, 'Ha, Sir John! see to it that thy fair dame be liege and true, for she comes of the burly Cornish kind, and they be ever rebels in blood and bone. Even now they be one and all for that knave Warbeck, who is among them in the West.' You will gesse, dear mother, how my heart did beat. But withal the king did drink to me at the banquet, and did merrily call 'Health to our Lady Mayoress, Dame Thomasine Perceval, which now feedeth her flock in the rich pastures of our city of London.' And thereat they did laugh, and fleer, and shout, and there was flashing of tankards and jingling of cups all down the hall." With increase of wealth came also many a renewed token of affectionate regard and sterling bounty to her old and well-beloved dwelling-place of Wike St. Marie. As her wedding-gift of remembrance she directed that "a firm and stedfast road should be laid down with stones," at her sole cost, along the midst of Green-a-Moor, and fit for man and beast to travel on, with their lawful occasions, from Lanstaphadon to the sea. At another time, and for a New Year's gift, she gave the sum of forty marks towards the building of a tower for St. Stephen's church, above the causeway of Dunheved; and it was her desire that they should carry their pinnacles so tall that "they might be seen from Swannacote Cross, by the moor, to the intent that they who do behold it from the Burgage-mound may remember the poor maid which is now a wedded dame of London citie."

During her three marriages she had no children, and it was her singular lot to survive her third husband, Sir John; it was in long widowhood after him that she lived and died. Her will, bearing date the vigil of the Feast of Christmas, A.D. 1510, is a singular document, for therein the memory and the impulses of her early life are recalled and condensed. She bequeaths large sums of money to be laid out and invested in land for the welfare of the village borough, whereto, amid all the strange vicissitudes of her existence, her heart had always clung with fond and lingering regret. She directs that a chantry with cloisters was to be built near the church of Wike St. Marie, at the discretion, and under the control of her executor and cousin, John Dineham, the unforgotten priest. She endows it with thirty marks by the year, and provides that there shall be established therein "a schole for young children, born in the parochie of Wike St. Marie; and such to be always preferred as are friendless and poor." They are to be "taught to read with their fescue from a boke of horn, and also to write, and both as the manner was in that country when I was young." The well-remem-

bered days of her girlhood appear to tinge every line of her last will. Her very codicil is softened with a touch of her first and fondest love. In it she gives to the priest of the church, where she well knew that her Cousin John would serve and sing, "the silver chalice gilt, which good Master Maskelyne the goldsmith had devised for her behoof, with a leetle blue flower which they do call a forget-me-not wrought in Turkess at the bottom of the bowl, to the intent that whensoever it is used the minister may remember her who was once a simple shepherd-maid by the wayside of Wike St. Marie, and who was so wonderfully brought, by many great changes, to be the Mayoress of London citie before she died."

MUSIC ABOUT MUSIC.

CHAPTER II.

THOSE which may be called the outlying contributions to the library of music about Music are various, numerous, and full of interest. Only a few of the principal ones can be touched within our limits.

Among these, Spohr's symphony "The Consecration" (long incorrectly known in England as "The Power") "of Sound," assumes a commanding place. It is, in many respects, the best and most original instrumental composition by that very peculiar master; most mannered of the Germans, in the cloying monotony of his style; a man who, apparently, was tormented with the hallucination that the fantastic was his element, yet who had probably less fantasy (to use the word in its restricted sense) than any writer who ever covered paper so profusely as he did. His "Walpurgis scene" in "Faust" was written years before "Der Freischütz" was thought of. He had taken in hand the legend which prompted Weber's most popular opera ere Carl Maria had set to work on "Zamiel" and the "Wolf's Glen;" and, later, with a modesty which did not always mark his artistic proceedings, retired from the field in favour of a younger rival. He was attracted by the ghastly legend of "Pietro von Abano." He was precursor of the present school of modern German rhapsodists, with their muddled cant in music about "inner despair," "aspirations after the unintelligible," and what not, by trying to describe with his orchestra the struggles of a human soul. And yet all the above music is the weakest of the weak in point of fancy. A strange hankering for one so self-engrossed, so little sympathetic with the labours of others, so capricious in his likings and dislikings, yet, withal, in some points so stationary, as we knew Spohr to have been, before these humours were tabulated by himself, in his staid, amusing, and characteristic autobiography. There is, however, some explanation and justification of this hankering in his "Consecration of Sound" symphony. It is not without quaint, elegant, and stirring inventions. The brief opening prelude, "laid-out" to represent Silence ere Sound was born, is problematical enough,

no doubt; but the wakening of the music of Nature—expressed in the whispering of the winds, as they sway the cedars, in the murmuring of brooks, as they hurry down to swell the great river, bearing its tribute to the sea, the multitudinous song of "the sweet birds" in the boughs "above replying" (as Cowley hath it), are adroitly and effectively combined in the opening movement, which, as a work of art, has never been exceeded, not even by Beethoven, in the delicious descriptive *andante* of his "Pastoral Symphony." More ingenious, yet little less excellent, is the combination of cradle, serenade, and dance tunes wrought up into the second movement. The third one, the March, is grandly pompous in theme, a *replica* (as painters say) of the striking opening of Spohr's "Berggeist" overture, though made tedious by the episodes in the middle portion. Towards its close the Symphony flags, the work being on a scale of length which Spohr was unable to sustain. But, allowing for this drawback, it is still one of the most remarkable productions of the century, and among the most noticeable of the tributes ever paid by musician to the power of sound.

Then there are lyric dramas of later date than the musical one founded on the myth of Orpheus—which are not to be forgotten in the story of music about Music. The historical anecdote—as "washing and wearing"—a one as the legend of the Three Blue Balls, the pawnbrokers' insignia, commemorated by Charles Lamb, as a stock piece of established paragraph-stuff to be used when newspaper columns grew meagre—showing how Stradella, the singer, by his voice, subjugated and disarmed assassins hired to destroy him by a rival, has tempted more than one opera-writer. Thirty years ago it was taken in hand for Paris, by that elegant composer Louis Niedermeyer; but his success in handling it was not what had been anticipated by his patrons. These belonged to "the upper ten thousand," and the time was a brilliant one. Such amateurs were then living in Paris as the Prince de la Moskowa, who showed solid knowledge as a composer, and the Prince Belgiojoso, possessor of the most magnificent tenor voice in my recollection, managed by him like an artist; and these and their circle befriended and encouraged the gentle and gracious Swiss composer, and prophesied a brilliant issue for his "Stradella." But those were the golden days of the grand opera, and its stage then was preoccupied by such more muscular works as "La Juive," on the most forcible of opera stories, and "Les Huguenots," and Taglioni and the Ellsler sisters were dancing there to Adam's delicious ballet music, and the bloom had not been worn off "Robert," and "La Muette," and "Guillaume Tell," and the ball-scene in "Gustave." With all the aristocratic patronage accorded him, Niedermeyer had neither the power nor the will to go up and down what have been quaintly called "the back stairs of conciliation." While Meyerbeer was feasting his critics (there were such things, it was said,

as rouleaux not seldom to be found on their plates) and hunting for praise and notoriety with a nervous anxiety painful to recollect, Niedermeyer, more slenderly gifted with the means to seize the ear and to propitiate the censor, was contented to let his music take its chance. The opera was not strong enough to sustain itself against such showy and indefatigable rivalry. Yet "*Stradella*" contained some delicious numbers. The romance "*Venise est encore au bal*," sung by the superb Italian voice just mentioned, is as freshly present to memory as if I had heard it three days, not thirty years, ago.

Not so the music of another "*Stradella*," which has had a different fate on the Continent—M. von Flotow's paltry opera. For some score of years or more has it been the delight of German theatres. Poorer, more frivolous (and German frivolity is apt to be heavily insipid), stage music can hardly be. It is true that there are two publics, eminently distinct, in Germany; but when an Englishman is there sarcastically assured (as is frequently his good fortune) that no real taste for the art exists in our country, he may justifiably appeal to the circulation of a work so musically worthless as "*Stradella*," and mildly declare that neither in England nor in France has its Teutonic reputation been borne out.

A far more sterling German opera, on a musical subject, has within the last year seen the light, and been greeted with favour. This is Herr Abert's "*Astorga*." The romance of this composer's adventurous life (to be re-told when the Romances of the Musicians come to be written) has been heavily tithed and treated by the arranger of the book, Herr E. Pasqué. Then, too, Herr Abert, though he is an accomplished musician (as his "*Columbus*" symphony has proved to English ears), cannot be credited with that lightness of hand and play of fancy which transport a public; neither with such freshness of melody as, in Weber's case, fascinated the world into forgetfulness of his defective training. "*Astorga*" is an honestly made, steady-going opera, not without a fair display of powers of combination—not without elevation of style at certain moments—not without picturesque colour—and its acceptance in Germany is a sign of the musical sense and sanity which, for a while it might have been imagined, had departed from the country under the reign of Decay, began by Schumann, and continued by the usurpation of Delirium, under Herr Wagner's sceptre.

When operas on musical subjects are the subject, the charming "*L'Ambasadrice*" of that wonderful veteran, M. Auber, rises to recollection in all its brightness and grace. The story, it has been said, owes its origin to the early retirement from the stage of one of the completest artists ever heard or seen on the stage, Henrietta Sontag—the beautiful woman who, to the uttermost delicacy and charm, united a knowledge which nothing could distance, a will which no difficulties could conquer. There

are few things in the annals of any art comparable to the history of Countess Rossi's career, on her return to the theatre after twenty years of retreat into the dulness of court and diplomatic life. That she produced herself in upwards of a score of operas which had no existence in her maiden days, in spite of the increased and coarsened strength of modern orchestras—that she could even "hold her own" as succeeding a star no less brilliant than Mademoiselle Jenny Lind—are as much facts of history as the languid grace of her court manner contrasted with her eager constancy to every interest that concerned her special art. Of all these things, however, Scribe could have no prescience when he wrote the excellent genteel comedy which M. Auber set, in the very prime of his piquant and characteristic talent, for the lady nearest in accomplishment and peculiar qualities of voice to Madame Sontag—Madame Cinti Damoreau—to sing. There is nothing droller in music than the part of the singer's mother, the greedy Madame Barnek (how capitally acted by Madame Boulanger!), than the lesson-scene, where the prima donna submits to the music-lesson of the great lady, her future sister-in-law, rather than betray her identity, and, after singing false for a while, unable to hold out longer, bursts out into the triumphant exercise of her powers. There is nothing more deliciously French and coquettish than the song, "*Que ces murs coquets*." The opera is, of its kind, as complete a masterpiece as are "*Fra Diavolo*" and "*Le Domino Noir*," and the brilliant Exhibition overture written by M. Auber for London.

While naming the patriarch of French composers as having written operas on musical subjects, his "*La Sirène*" must not be forgotten—calculated to display the voice of a skilled vocalist little gifted with beauty, Mademoiselle Lavoye. She was not allowed to present herself on the scene during the whole first act, till the siren charm of her refined method and execution (herself invisible) had secured for her a warm welcome. The introduction to "*La Sirène*," subsequently employed as a setting to the words, "*O Nymph trop crainative*," is as admirable as is a movement in some respects similar, the introduction to the overture of "*Der Freischütz*."

Before the stage musical illustrations of music are turned away from, a word must be said commemorating Mr. John Barnett's "*Farinelli*." The drama was simply ridiculous, and, what was then the rule of English operas, ill acted, and the ridiculous drama and the defective acting dragged down the music, which merited a better fate than it met.

It would be easy to fill a ream with talk of the songs about music and singing which have delighted the world for the past century and a half. Long ere that period set in, however, it might have been thought that the theme had been exhausted by the poet who could wield Jove's thunderbolts, and yet, when it so pleased him, discourse like "*Philomel with melody*,"—in his "*Orpheus*" song. The amount of suggestion,

which real words contain for real musicians, has never been more clearly exemplified than by Shakespeare's unparagoned lyric. Among the many settings of it which could be named, few or none are positively bad; for the most part, they are the best efforts of their writers. It is the best number in William Linley's weak yet well-intentioned collection of Shakespeare songs. It is the best of Bishop's four duets devoted to Shakespeare's verse, the other three being, "As it fell upon a day," "On a day," and "Say though you strive to steal yourself away." Mention has already been made here (when Shakespeare music was under treatment) of the grace and felicity with which it was mated with sound by Miss Gabriel. But the last and the best treatment of it is that by Mr. A. S. Sullivan—a song to be placed beside, and with, the best songs of Schubert, and Mendelssohn, and Lindblad, and Gounod, and Gordiniani, which have won a European reputation. There is nothing of its kind (to speak advisedly) better in the library of singers' music.

What a list of strange songs about singing comes back—like a masquerade procession-tune—as we think of this branch of the subject! Our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers, in the days of Vauxhall, and Ranelagh, and Mrs. Cornely's Rooms, sometimes enjoyed a very odd minstrelsy. Does anybody, save the writer, recollect the precious ditty which begins as follows?—

In a jessamine bower,
While the bean was in flower,
And zephyrs waved odours around,
Lovely Sylvia was set,
With her song and spinnet,
To enchant the whole grove with the sound!

—and in "Bickham's Musical Entertainer" (becoming a scarce book, because of the luxurious manner in which the music was engraved, every song garnished by a careful copper-plate frontispiece, after the designs of men no less than Watteau, Boucher, Lancret, and others of "the Genteel Painters") Lovely Sylvia and her spinnet were pictured as described by the rhymster; birds hovering above her head, and perfectly bare arms, and herself attitudinising in a state of inane ecstasy most delightful to see.

As we approach our own time, we shall find something far better than "Lovely Sylvia" in the library of songs about singers. One of the most remarkable of those to be named is the adaptation by Moore of the rollicking Irish melody, "Loony Mactwoler," to the praise of song. The ease and grace with which a stiff tune can be made flexible—the elegance and freedom of versification in by no means an easy rhythm—were never more consummately displayed by this accomplished lyrist than here. The words are as fluent as the smoothest piece of Italian namby-pamby. Yet every word aids the meaning.

Sing, sing: Music was given
To brighten the gay, and to kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By Harmony's laws are alone kept moving.

Such a lyric as this, with a syllable to every note, may be appealed to when we are assured, as not unfrequently happens, by the pert and pedantic, whom the gods have not made poetical, that our mother tongue is unmanageable for music. A greater fallacy was never propounded. Then, a word is due to Byron's "Beauty's Daughters," set by "single-song" Knapton of York—one of the best examples of a *rondo* that could be cited: and noticeable as the solitary specimen from its writer's hand which is current.

No one wrote with more passionate and voluptuous eloquence of Music than Shelley. There are no songs which have been oftener set than his, and yet there is not one which holds its ground as a piece of music. The poet's wealth of imagery and involved phraseology distance all exercise and assistance of the sister art, whose function it is to clothe and complete. Shelley's songs are set by the luxurious music of their own verbal euphony. But enough of a subject the exhaustion of which is, as has been said, simply impossible. The above paragraphs will suggest to every one caring for the matter a myriad of specimens in which Music (Poetry aiding) has put herself forth to illustrate the glory, the beauty, and the charm of Music.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

RESURRECTION MEN. BURKE AND HARE.

FOR several days in the summer of 1829, a certain committee-room of the House of Commons, as well as all the passages leading to it, were thronged by some of the strangest and vilest beings that have perhaps ever visited such respectable places. Sallow, cadaverous, gaunt men, dressed in greasy moleskin or rusty black, and wearing wispis of dirty white handkerchiefs round their wizen necks. They had the air of wicked sextons, or thievish gravediggers; there was a suspicion of degraded clergymen about them, mingled with a dash of Whitechapel costermonger. Their ghoulis faces were rendered horrible by smirks of self-satisfied cunning, and their eyes squinted with sidelong suspicion, fear, and distrust.

These were resurrection-men, vampires who earned their bread in a horrible way by digging up newly-interred bodies in the churchyards of London and its suburbs, and selling them for dissection. They had been raked together from their favourite house of call, The Fortune of War in Smithfield. There were terrible rumours that when "subjects" ran short, they had a way of *making* dead bodies. The most eminent of them was Izzy, a Jew, who bought bodies of sextons, and sold dead people's teeth to dentists. He was at last transported for a highway robbery. The evidence of these ghouls will best explain their habits. One of them deposed that, in one year alone, he had sold one hundred bodies. The most he had ever obtained had been twenty-three in four nights. There were, he said, about fifty resurrection-men in London;

but they were for the most part petty thieves, who only called themselves resurrection-men in order to account to the police for being about at suspicious hours. "Lifters" usually went about in light carts, and the difficulty was to baffle the armed watchmen placed in every London burial-ground, and who fired on persons discovered searching for bodies. They were frequently shot at, and the trade became dangerous. The rich were buried too deep; their favourite game was workhouse subjects, who were sometimes laid three or four together. It was a good living if a man "kept sober and acted with judgment." It was sometimes their "dodge" to pass off as relatives of the dead and to claim workhouse bodies.

At this same time, Edinburgh, too, had its resurrection-men—wretches perfectly well known to the police and their neighbours as engaged in the dreadful traffic, but by no means shunned by the refuse of the Old Town if they were sociable, and reasonably liberal with whisky. On Friday, the 31st of October, 1828, two of these men were to be seen lounging about the West Port, especially round the snuff, whisky, and chandlers' shops of that miserable neighbourhood. One was William Burke, a short, thickest Irish cobbler, with a round smirking face, high cheek-bones, and small, pert, hard features. His deep-set grey eyes had not a savage expression, but there was a specious cunning cruelty about them. His hair and small whiskers were sandy, his complexion sanguineous. The detestable fawning-looking fellow was buttoned up in a shabby blue frock-coat, which almost hid a dirty striped cotton waistcoat. A black tangled neckcloth graced his grimy limp collar and bull neck.

This ruffian's companion was William Hare, a fish-hawker, and, like Burke, an Irishman; a squalid skeleton of a man, with leering watery almost idiotic eyes, a thin aquiline nose, the forehead of an ape, but the bony resolute chin of a man who would commit a murder for half a mutchkin of whisky.

Burke's house was one of those towering dens that the scanty space within ramparts in old times led men to build; vast burrows for thieves, ruffians, and beggars, such as many of those with which the Old Town still swarms. It had five stories—five layers of vice, sin, and wretchedness; a few sovereigns would have bought the furniture of the whole five families. This nest of misery looked out on a piece of waste ground, to which a door on Burke's stair led.

Hare's house was of another order of wretchedness in Tanner's Close, opening off the West Port, a little beyond Burke's. It was a one-storied house, with three rooms, and well known as a beggars' sleeping-place. Its dreary back windows looked out on the same waste ground as Burke's. About six o'clock on the 31st of October, the day on which these two rascals are seen together, Burke was taking a dram (no unfrequent habit of his) at the shop of a Mr. Rymer, close by his house. A little old Irish beggar-woman from Glasgow—a poor wander-

ing body in an old dark printed gown and red striped short jacket—entered the shop to ask for alms, and Burke commenced a conversation with her. In his smooth way he asked her name, and what part of Ireland she came from? He is astonished and delighted to hear that her name is Docherty, and that she comes from Innishowen, his own part of Ireland. Eventually he asks her home to breakfast (etiquette is not much cultivated in the West Port), they go home together, and she has some porridge and milk with him and Mrs. McDougall, the woman who lives with him. Later in the day the old beggar-woman comes to Mrs. Connaway, a woman living in Burke's passage, and under the same roof; she is then half drunk, and sits talking about Ireland and the army, for Connaway has been a soldier. Mr. and Mrs. Hare drop in. Even that savage skeleton, Hare, looks social this Halloween, and it's soon "Hoo are ye?" and "Hoo's a' wi' ye?" and there are songs, dancing with bare feet on the brick floor, and much passing to and fro of whisky-bottles. The little "broad-set" old beggar-woman, to whom Burke has been so charitable and kind, is the loudest and merriest of them all. Hare and Burke are left late at night dancing, and the beggar-woman is singing to them.

The Connaways are disturbed after midnight by a scuffling noise. Burke and Hare, drunken and furious, are fighting and screeching; but this is no uncommon occurrence; for Burke is a man who, without doing much cobbling, gets a great deal of money for drink in some mysterious way, which is no concern to anybody in the West Port. One or two neighbours on the same stair, however, a little curious at the goings on, looking through the keyhole, see Mrs. Burke holding a bottle to the beggar-woman's mouth, and swearing at her for not drinking, as she pours the pure whisky into her mouth. The woman cries murder. "For Heaven's sake," screams one of them, named Allston, "go for the police; there is murder here;" and then strikes the outer door of Burke's house. There are then three cries, as though some one were being strangled in fighting. Allston goes out at the mouth of the passage to the West Port and calls for the police, but none coming, and the sound ceasing as if the men had got reconciled, Allston turns and goes to bed.

Early next morning there is quite a party at Burke's—Mr. Law, a lad named Broggan, and Mrs. Connaway. The room is a dismal den. There is a trestle-bed without posts or curtains, a great tumbled heap of dirty worn-out boots and shoes in one corner, a huge litter of filthy straw down by the bed—the shake-down on which Gray, his wife, or any chance friend sleep—a pot of potatoes on the fire, here and there a broken-down chair. Burke is sitting near the bed in high spirits, a whisky-bottle and a dram-glass in his hands. He tosses the whisky up to the ceiling and back, over the bed. Mrs. Connaway is surprised, and asks him "why he wastes the drink?" Burke laughs recklessly, and says he wants it finished, to get more: a tipsy

and irrational answer. Mrs. Connoway looks round for the old beggar-woman, and asks Mrs. Burke, alias M'Dougall, who is in bed, what is become of her? Mrs. Burke says: "I kicked her out of the house because she got drunk." Burke goes out, and requests Broggan, the carter, his wife's nephew, to sit on a chair near the straw and wait there till he returns. He goes to Rymers, buys a large tea-chest, and carries it home. All this time Mrs. Burke, in bed in a heavy drunken sleep, hears and notices nothing. Broggan, not seeing the use of watching and warding a heap of dirty straw, soon gets tired of his charge, and goes out. Mrs. Gray follows, looking for Burke; goes out twice, and the second time finds him drinking at the West Port. On her return, Mrs. Burke starts up, still half mazed with drink, asks for her husband, and leaves the house.

The moment she has gone, the Grays look at each other; the woman first goes straight to the straw at the head of the bed, and rummages it to see what it is that Burke has hid there that he was so anxious about. To her horror, she touches the naked arm of a dead body. It is the body of the old beggar-woman they had seen drinking and dancing the night before.

Gray takes her up by her grey hair, and says: "She has been murdered." He then packs up his things, and is taking them to a room near, when, as he goes up the stairs, he meets Mrs. Burke, and says to her grimly:

"What is the meaning of that thing I saw in your room?"

"What thing?"

"I suppose you know—the body!"

Mrs. Burke replies: "Oh yes, she died in our drunken frolic last night—I could not help it." But as he presses her closer, and calls it murder, she falls on her knees—thin bony Scotch-woman, with large sunken dark eyes—prays for mercy, offers him five or six shillings down, and hints at ten pounds a week that it would be worth to him. Mrs. Gray says she would not "wish to be worth money got for dead people." Gray says his conscience will not let him be silent. As they go to the police, and as Mrs. Burke is following them in an agony of stealthy supplication, they meet Mrs. Hare, who, asking what they are quarrelling about, invites them into a public-house, just to take a dram and settle the matter. The two guilty women, finding silence hopeless, leave hurriedly. On the return of the Grays they call in the neighbours to see the murdered woman, but the body has been removed. Gray instantly alarms the police; a party is sent to the house, but they find neither the body nor the murderers. A servant-girl, however, has seen Burke and his wife, and Hare and his wife, following a porter, named M'Culloch, up the stairs. The porter had on his back a tea-chest stuffed with straw. As she passed, she laid her hand on it, and felt that its contents were soft.

Just before this, Hare had been noticed by the neighbours lurking about the stairs for William Burke. Being universally disliked, he

was ordered away, Mrs. Connoway telling him "he would frighten the lasses coming to Mrs. Law's mangle." They then called him an ill-bred fellow, and slammed their door in his face. This was what the rascal wanted. The passage cleared, the body was at once removed.

Soon after the police leave the West Port house, still crowded by people, Burke and his wife are heard coming down the stairs and along the passage. They know well that the Grays have raised the alarm; but they are neither flurried nor hurried, and Mrs. Burke goes in, as usual, to Connoway's, and gets a light. Burke leans against the door-post and chats. Connoway says to him: "We have been speaking about you, William." "I hope you have not been speaking ill of me?" says Burke. Connoway replies: "You are suspected of murdering the little old woman with whom we were all so happy last night, and the police are after you." Burke rejoins, angrily: "I defy all Scotland to prove anything against me. I have not been long about these doors, and this is the second time such a story has been raised upon me." Mrs. Connoway remarks: "I have heard of your being a resurrection-man; but never heard of any murder being laid to your charge."

Another minute, and griping hands are on Burke's wrists. He and his wife are prisoners. It is Gray who points them out on the stairs. Sergeant-Major Fisher asks where Burke's lodgers are? Burke points to Gray, and says: "There is one. I turned him away for bad conduct." The officer asks what became of the little woman who was there on Friday. Burke says: "She left at seven in the morning, and William Hare saw her go." "Any one else?" says the officer. Burke answers, insolently: "Many saw her go." All this time Mrs. Burke dances about, and, laughing dryly, says: "It was only a drunken spree. The neighbours want to do us an ill turn." The prisoners were then removed. On returning to the house, the police find a striped bedgown on the bed, and a great deal of bloody straw at the bed foot.

There being as yet no tidings of the body, it is at last resolved to search the dissecting-rooms. Lieutenant Peterson and Sergeant-Major Fisher then go to Dr. Knox's, at Surgeon's Hall, to see a body, which Gray and his wife at once recognise as that of the woman Docherty. The clue is found. Early next morning the police seize Hare and his wife in bed, lodging them in separate cells.

Soon after this, the discovery of the murder rapidly developed. The porter named M'Culloch proved that Burke and Hare helped him double up a body, which was taken from under the bed, and cram it into a tea-chest. He pushed in some hair that hung out, saying, "It was bad to let it hang out," roped the box, and carried it to Surgeon's-square, followed by Burke and his wife, and Hare and his wife. They put the box in a cellar; then, at about

half-past six, went to Newington, where they were paid at a public-house, and he got five shillings.

David Paterson, keeper of Dr. Knox's Museum, and who lived at No. 26, West Port, also deposed that about twelve o'clock on the Friday he went home, and found Burke waiting at his door. He went with him to his house, and found Hare and the two women there. Burke told him, in a low voice, he had procured something for the doctor, pointed to some straw near the bed, and added, "It will be ready to-morrow morning." Paterson sent his sister to him in the morning, and he came alone, and was told he must see Dr. Knox, and agree with him personally. Between twelve and two Burke and Hare came to Dr. Knox and told him they had a dead body which they would deliver that night, and Dr. Knox told Paterson to be in the way to receive it. About seven the two men and a porter brought in the tea-chest, and it was placed in a cellar. They then went to Newington, and Dr. Knox sent them out five pounds. The rest, if Dr. Knox approved of the subject, was to be paid on the Monday. When the police opened the chest, they found the body of an old woman. It presented marks of strangulation and suffocation.

The trial took place on the 24th of December, 1828, before the Right Honourable the Lord Justice Clerk, and Lords Pitmilly, Meadowbank, and Mackenzie; Sir William Rae, the Lord Advocate, assisted by counsel, prosecuted. The counsel for Burke and his reputed wife gave their services to the wretches gratuitously. Hare having been received as king's evidence, proved the murder. He said he had been ten years in Scotland, and had known Burke a year. On the Friday, Burke had come to him in a public-house, and told him he had got an old woman off the street, who would be a good *shot* for the doctors (that was the phrase of these men for a person they had fixed on to murder). In the evening he and Burke fought, and the old woman cried for the police, as she said Burke had treated her well, and she did not wish to see him ill used. Mrs. Burke dragged the old woman back. He then, as they were struggling, knocked down the old woman, and as she lay on her back drunk, crying out not to hurt Burke, Burke flung himself on her, his breast on her head. He then put one hand on her nose, and the other under her chin, and kept them there for ten minutes; she was then dead. He stripped the body, doubled it up, covered it with straw, and put her clothes under the bed. When Paterson came in, Burke wanted him to look at the body, but he refused. When he (Hare) awoke, about seven o'clock, he found himself in a chair, with his head on the bed, in which were the two women and Broggan (Mrs. Burke's nephew); Burke was sitting by the fire.

The prisoners' defences were most criminal. Burke declared that the old woman left his house at five o'clock on the Friday, to go and beg in the New Town; but a week after-

wards he confessed that she returned, drank hard, and then lay down in the straw, where, finding her dead, he went and sold the body. He had previously sworn that the body found was one left in his house by a stranger who had come to have his shoes mended. His wife had in the mean time declared that the old woman left the house for good about two o'clock on the Friday.

The trial lasted twenty-four hours. The jury returned a verdict of guilty against Burke, after nearly an hour's consultation, but acquitted his wife. The Lord Chief Justice, in passing sentence, expressed a doubt as to whether Burke's body should not be hung in chains, and trusted that his skeleton would be preserved in remembrance of his atrocious crimes. He then adjudged Burke to be hung in the Lawnmarket on the 28th of January.

During the trial Burke maintained a tranquil self-possession. He conversed with his wife, and smiled at part of the evidence. He was anxious for dinner, and ate heartily when it came. While the jury were "enclosed," Burke prepared his wife for her probable fate, and told her to see how he behaved when the sentence should be pronounced. When his wife was acquitted, he turned to her and said curtly, "Nelly, you are out of the scrape." Hare, after the trial, chuckled, capered, laughed, and chatted as if exulting in his own escape and his comrade's doom. When in the witness-box, whenever he wished to avoid answering a criminating question, he gave a diabolical nod of the most repulsive cunning.

Mrs. Burke was a thin spare large-boned dissolute Scotchwoman, with large but good features, and full black eyes disfigured by a painful frown. Mrs. Hare, who carried a repulsive and neglected child in her arms, was coarse, short, stout, and red-faced. While in the Lock-up, Mrs. Burke stated that one night, while her husband and Hare were carousing in Hare's shambles on the profits of a recent murder, she and Hare's wife saw from a further room Hare toss his hand up, and heard him exult that he and Burke should never want money; for, when they were at a loss for "a shot," they could murder and sell their wives. There was then a long discussion, and Hare finally succeeded in persuading Burke to let his wife go first, when the time came for it.

Burke having obtained his priest's permission, made a full confession of his crimes. He owned to *sixteen murders* between the spring and the October of 1828. He and Hare had been first set on to it by an old drunken pensioner named Donald, dying of dropsy in Hare's house. After his coffin was closed, they decoyed the undertaker away with drink, took out the corpse, and filled the coffin with tanner's bark. They took the body in a sack to Dr. Knox, who gave them seven pounds ten for it. The first person they murdered was a woman from Gilmerton, who came to lodge with Hare. After a revel, Hare closed her mouth and nose, and Burke lay upon her to keep down her arms and legs. They

then put the corpse in a chest, and met Dr. Knox's porter by appointment at night at the back of the Castle, who took the box on to the class-rooms. The next victim was a miller named Joseph, who lay ill at Hare's lodging-house, as it was supposed of a fever, which kept away other lodgers. Burke held a pillow down over his mouth, and then lay across the body till he was dead. The price of the old pensioner's body had been a temptation which these monsters could not resist. On one occasion Burke met a policeman dragging a drunken woman to the West Port watchhouse. Burke, who had a good character with the police, volunteered to see her home; he took her to Hare's, and they murdered her like the others.

One of the most revolting of Burke's murders was that of Daft Jamie, a poor half-witted, barefooted lad, with a withered hand, who used to sing and dance about the Old Town, and pick up what alms he could. Mrs. Hare decoyed him to her home, under pretence of taking him to his mother, of whom the lad was peculiarly fond. Burke was taking a dram at the time at Rymer's shop, and Mrs. Hare came in for a pennyworth of butter, and stamped on his foot as a signal. Jamie would not take much whisky; but as he lay on the bed, Burke, eager, kept saying to Hare, "Shall I do it now?" Hare replied, "Bide awhile; he is too strong for you yet; you had better let him alone awhile." Burke at last, irresistible, threw himself upon the poor harmless lad, and they fell off the bed struggling. Roused to a sense of the imminent danger, Jamie leaped up, and by a dreadful effort threw off Burke, who then closed with him. Burke was for a moment almost overpowered. Shouting that he would run his knife into Hare unless he came and helped him, Hare ran, tripped up Jamie, dragged him about with Burke lying on him, and held his hands and feet till he was dead. Hare felt his pockets, and took out a brass snuff-box and a copper snuff-spoon. It was after breakfast when Jamie was lured in. By twelve his body was in a clothes-chest of Hare's, and on its way to Surgeon's-square. Burke gave the clothes to his brother's children, and they quarrelled about them. The dress of the other persons had been destroyed to prevent detection.

Burke also murdered a poor girl of loose character named Mary Paterson, whom he met, with a friend of hers, named Janet Brown, just released from the Canongate watchhouse. He brought her home, gave her breakfast, plied her with whisky, and murdered her. Her lodging-house keeper's servant came for her, and was told that Mary Paterson had gone off to Glasgow with a packman.

There were other murders still more terrible committed by these wretches. Hare one day invited home a poor Irishwoman from Glasgow, and her deaf and dumb grandson. They intoxicated the poor woman, who was delighted with his kindness and generosity. When she became torpid, they suffocated her with the bed-

tick and bed-clothes. The next morning, Burke killed the boy. The piteous look the dying boy gave him, Burke confessed, went to his heart; he could never forget it. They crammed the two bodies into a herring-barrel. This they put in Hare's fish-cart, and at dusk set out for Surgeon's-square. The horse, a miserable half-starved beast, at the entrance to the Grass-market refusing to go a step further, a crowd assembled. Burke said he thought at that time that the old horse had risen up in judgment against them. While the crowd tugged at the horse, Burke and Hare hired a porter with a hurley, and put the barrel on it to carry to Surgeon's-square. The wretched horse was, in revenge, instantly taken to a tanyard and shot.

While Burke and his wife were on a visit at Falkirk, during the festival of the anniversary of Bannockburn, Hare decoyed home a drunken woman, murdered her unaided, and sold her body for eight pounds. When Burke returned, and asked if he had been doing any business, Hare replied in the negative; but Burke ascertained from Dr. Knox that he had brought a subject, and Hare then confessed the secret to his partner. They also murdered a married cousin of Burke's wife: Hare taking the chief part in the horrible business, because he was not a relation. They put the body in a "fine trunk" Paterson supplied. Broggan, in whose house they were, discovered the murder, and they gave him three pounds, and sent him out of Edinburgh, to keep the secret. Another of their victims was a Mrs. Hostler, a washerwoman at Broggan's. She had ninepence-halfpenny in her hand when they smothered her, and they could scarcely remove it after she was dead, it was clutched so hard. This poor woman had been heard the evening of her murder singing "Home, sweet home," with Burke.

The only person Burke murdered by himself was the daughter of Mrs. Holdane, whom they had previously disposed of. Burke also confessed that Hare's wife had urged him to murder the woman with whom he lived, but he would not agree to it. They were distrustful of her because she was a Scotchwoman. The plan was that he was to go into the country after the murder, and write word to Hare that she had died there, so as to deceive the neighbours. Nine of the people had been murdered in Burke's house (five of these in an inner room where he used to cobble shoes—it looked out only on the waste ground and the pigsty), four in Broggan's room, two in Hare's stable, and one in Burke's brother's house. They had marked out a great many for murder, but were disappointed of them in various ways. They were generally drunk when they committed these murders, and also while the money lasted. They very often did not know the dates of the murders, nor the names of their victims. They had arranged a plan that Burke and another man were to go on a tour to Glasgow and Ireland, and to forward bodies to Hare for the surgeons. Their regular price was ten pounds in winter

and eight pounds in summer. Burke said they had got so daring, that he believed they might have gone on even to seize people in the streets. At first they removed bodies only in the dark; latterly they grew more bold and went in the daytime. When they were carrying the girl Paterson, some boys from the High School yard followed them, crying, "They are carrying a corpse." They nevertheless got her safe delivered. Hare could sleep well after a murder, but Burke kept a "twopenny candle" all night by his bedside, and a bottle of whisky. If he awoke, he sometimes gulped half a bottle at a draught, and that made him sleep. When their money was spent, they pawned their clothes, and took them out again as soon as they got a subject.

After the trial, when Burke was removed to the Lock-up house, he had scarcely been seated, when, looking round, he said to the officers:

"This is an infernal cold place you have brought me till."

He then said Hare was the guiltier of the two, for he had murdered the first woman, and persuaded him (Burke) to join him, and he should regret to his last hour that he did not share the same fate. He then prayed; and when some chapters of the Bible were read to him, remarked, "That passage touches keenly on my crimes." When he was removed to Calton-hill Jail, he wished the turnkeys good-bye. "Though I should never see you again," he said, "you will see me on the 28th at the head of Libberton's Wynd. I have now only five weeks to live, and I will not weary greatly for that day." He then grew composed, cheerful, and talkative. In his sleep he sometimes raved and ground his teeth, but on awakening, recovered his composure.

It was discovered by the numerous biographers of Burke that he was a native of Tyrone, and had served seven years in the Donegal militia. When he came to Scotland, he turned canal labourer, then pedlar; he had tried his hand at weaving, baking, and cobbling. Burke was thought a lively harmless man, fond of singing, and kind to children, whom he used to encourage to dance, by hiring a street-organ to play to them. He was once seen to shudder when some one told him of a child's face having been lanced for a tumour. To account for his money, he pretended that he smuggled "small still" whisky; while his wife used to boast of legacies and small annuities. Burke had been at one time a regular attendant during the "revivals" at the open-air prayer meetings in the Grassmarket, and had possessed a small library of religious books.

The excitement in Edinburgh during this trial was unequalled in intensity. The mob shouted for the blood of Hare, the two women, and Burke's other accomplices. Two guineas were offered the turnkeys for one peep at the murderer. Eager enthusiasts paid enormous sums for Burke's shoemaking hammer; and Hare's whisky-bottle brought a high price. The blood-soaked bed was cut up into relics,

and the chairs were hollowed into snuff-boxes. Mrs. Burke, venturing back into the West Port, was nearly torn to shreds, and was besieged in the watchhouse. Finally, she left the town and went to Glasgow. Mrs. Hare, alias Lucky Log, was pelted nearly to death with snowballs, mud, and stones; was nearly killed also at Glasgow; and eventually escaped to Belfast, quite indifferent to her husband's fate.

It was felt to be a blot on Edinburgh, and a stain on Scotland; for although the two men were Irish, the woman who had been deepest in it was a native of Maddiston, in the county of Stirling. The populace were savage, also, against the doctors. The night of the trial, Dr. Knox's and Dr. Munro's class-room windows were broken, and, but for a stormy night, their houses might have been destroyed.

During this agitation, Burke was composed and almost apathetically calm. He regretted one or two of his murders, and showed one touch of humanity in his anxiety for his wife, to whom he sent some money and an old watch. He shut himself up daily with two Catholic priests, and expressed his belief in the efficacy of full repentance and perfect faith. He declared to the turnkeys that he was glad of his sentence, for it had brought him back to religion. He was suffering much from a cancer, which was popularly supposed to have been caused by a death-bite from Daft Jamie, but which was really the result of fatigue and dissipation in former years. He was kept chained to the gad in the condemned cell, and was guarded day and night, to prevent his committing suicide. His great anxiety seemed to be to get from Dr. Knox the five pounds still unpaid for the beggar-woman's body, and buy some clothes to appear in on the scaffold. "Since I am to appear before the public," he said, "I should like to be respectable."

He betrayed no emotion till his "dead clothes" were brought him to put on, on the morning of his execution. He slept soundly for five hours before this. He then grew impatient, and said: "Oh that the hour were come which is to separate me from the world!" At half-past five the smith removed his chains. When they dropped off, he looked up to the ceiling and said, "So may all earthly chains fall from me." At half-past six, the priest prayed with him. At seven, Burke came with a firm step into the keeper's room, and sat in an arm-chair by the fire, sighing once or twice deeply, when a priest said to him: "You must trust in the mercy of God." He exhibited no emotion at seeing the executioner; merely said, "I am not ready for you yet;" and in a minute or two submitted silently to be pinioned.

Invited to take a glass of wine, he bowed and drank "Farewell to all present, and the rest of my friends;" then thanked the magistrates, bailie, and jailer, for their kindness. When the magistrates appeared in their robes, and with their rods of office, he rose instantly, and walked on, conversing calmly with the priest. As he passed up Libberton's Wynd, in cross-

ing from the Lock-up house, he picked his way through the mud (it had rained) with the greatest care.

The night before, the gibbet had been raised by torchlight. An immense crowd remained till two in the morning, cheering as every fresh beam was fixed. Hundreds slept in the adjacent closes and on stairs, and at the windows of neighbouring houses in the Lawnmarket. Many well-dressed ladies were among the spectators, and half-a-crown for a single hasty look from a window was freely given. By seven o'clock the rain had almost ceased. When the raw cold day had begun, every avenue to the High-street was thronged, and the area between the West Port and the Tron church was one close-wedged mass of heads. About forty thousand persons were waiting eagerly for St. Giles's clock to strike eight. There were crowds on the Castle-hill and in Bank-street, and stragglers as far as the Advocate's Library. The rough and ribald jests and street-cries changed to a demoniacal roar of joy when Burke appeared ascending the stairs to the platform; then there rose yells, savage curses, and stormy cries of "The Murderer!" "*Burke him!*" "Choke him, Hangie!" "Hang Hare, too!"

An Edinburgh mob is always fierce, and now their deepest passions were thoroughly roused. Burke stood before them at last, a thickset, cadaverous man, with very light hair, an old black coat too large for him, a white neckcloth, and mouldy boots. He turned deadly pale, and shook when he heard the appalling shouts; but he still cast at the heaving mob one look of fierce and desperate defiance. He then knelt and prayed, with his back to the people, and told the priest that he died in the full assurance that he should be saved. When he arose, he took up the silk handkerchief on which he had knelt, and carefully put it into his pocket. He looked at the gallows, and took his place on the drop, giving a withering scowl at a man who pushed him a little on one side. He told the hangman how to untie his neckcloth. As he put on the white cap, the yells grew tremendous. "Don't waste rope on him," they cried. "You'll see Daft Jamie in a moment." But the murderer stood unflinching, and even manifested a repugnance to the cap being drawn over his face. He then said the Belief, uttered a cry to God, and, jerking the signal handkerchief from him angrily, fell and died with hardly a struggle.

Not one said "God forgive him," or "May he find mercy!" The whole dark mass below the scaffold shouted, clapped their hands, waved their hats, and roared applause, that was heard as far away as the roads of the suburbs. Many cried ferociously, "Off with the cowl. Let's see

his face." Every time the corpse moved, a shout rose again. The men on the scaffold threw shavings and chips from the coffin among the people, and the workmen scrambled for them and for the rope. There were a few shouts of "Let's have him to tear to pieces!" and there was a defeated attempt made to lead the mob to Surgeon's-square, to pull down the classroom.

On Thursday, Burke's body was exhibited by Dr. Munro, Mr. Liston, Mr. George Combe the phrenologist, Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Joseph the sculptor, and others. Phrenologists found Burke's organ of Benevolence to be as large as that of Destructiveness. On the Friday, thirty thousand persons visited the Anatomical Theatre, to see the corpse.

Hare had a narrow escape at Dumfries, where he was besieged in an inn by the furious populace, who kept calling out, "*Burke him!*" "Give us the murderer!" "Hell's ower gude for the like of you. The very deevils wadna let ye in, for fear of mischief!" The mob then pursued him to the jail, and threatened to burn down the door with peat and tar-barrels. Eventually, Hare escaped from one of the Cumberland ports, and got safely to London. There, however, a terrible vengeance fell on this branded wretch. The scoundrel obtained work under a feigned name at a tanner's. His terrible secret at last coming out, the men seized him and tossed him into a lime-pit, which burned out his eyes. According to a London paper, Hare died a few years ago, in Canada.

There were no more Burking murders until 1831, when two men, named Bishop and Williams, drowned a poor Italian boy in Bethnal-green, and sold his body to the surgeons. The bill introduced in 1829 to supply the hospitals with the unclaimed bodies from the workhouses and elsewhere, closed this door to hell, we trust, for ever.

Very shortly after the conclusion of "*BLACK SHEEP,*"

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE,

Will be commenced in these pages, and continued from week to week until completed.

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MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at Dublin on the 15th 18th, and 22nd; at Belfast on the 20th; at St. James's Hall, London, on the 26th; at Cambridge on the 27th; and at Norwich on the 29th of March.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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[PRICE 2d.]

BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD,"
&c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XV. AT THE TIDAL TRAIN.

"THERE's a job for you to-day, Jim," said the irreproachable Harris to Mr. James Swain, when he presented himself at half-past eight at Routh's house, according to his frequent custom."

"I didn't come after no jobs this mornin'," said Jim; "I come to see the missis."

"Ah, but you can't see her, she ain't up, and the job is particular wanted to be done."

Jim looked moody and discontented, but cheered up when Harris represented that he might see Mrs. Routh on his return. The "job" was the delivery of Routh's clothes and letters, as directed, at his chambers in Tokenhouse-yard. The boy was troubled in his mind, irresolute. George Dallas's sudden illness, the photograph he had seen, these things added to the perplexity he was in already. Perhaps he had better speak to Mrs. Routh first; he did not know; at all events, he might tell her what had occurred yesterday, without mentioning the portrait, and see what effect it had upon her. He had thought about it all, until, between his imperfect knowledge of facts, his untaught intelligence, and his genuine but puzzled good will, he was quite bewildered. He had brought with him that morning, with a vague notion that it might perhaps be advisable to show it to Mrs. Routh, but a settled resolution to show it to Mr. Dallas, the object which he kept carefully secreted in the hole in the wall at home, and as he trudged away City-wards, carrying a small leather bag containing the required clothes and letters, he turned it over and over in his grimy pocket and grew more and more thoughtful and depressed.

Arrived at Tokenhouse-yard, the clerk took the bag from him, and suggested that he had better wait, in case Mr. Routh should require his further services. So Jim waited, and presently Routh came out into the passage. Jim's private opinion of Stewart Routh's character and disposition has been already stated; of his personal appearance he entertained an equally low one, and much opposed to the general

sentiment. "An ill-looking, down-looking dog, I call him," Jim had said to himself more than once; "more like the Pirate of the Persian Gulf, or the Bandit of Bokarer, I think, than anybody as I knows out of the pictures."

More ill-looking, more down-looking than ever Jim Swain thought Stewart Routh when he spoke to him that morning. His face was colourless, his eyes bloodshot, the glance troubled and wandering, his voice harsh and uneven. He gave Jim a brief order to meet him at the London-bridge railway station the same evening, at a quarter to six. "I shall have a message for you," said Routh. "Be punctual, remember." And then he turned away abruptly and went into his room, shutting the door roughly.

"He ain't in the best of humours, even of his own, and they're none on 'em good," thought Jim, as he turned out of Tokenhouse-yard and took his way westward again, keeping his hand permanently in his pocket this time. A fresh disappointment awaited him at Routh's house. Mrs. Routh had gone out immediately after she had breakfasted. Did she know he wanted to see her? Jim asked. Harris was rather tickled by the question.

"I say," he remarked, "you're getting on, Jim; you'll be as impident as a cock sparrow presently. I didn't happen to tell her; but, if I 'ad, do you think she'd a stayed in to give you the chance?"

"Yes I do; wot's more, I'm sure she would," said Jim, and walked moodily away, leaving Mr. Harris in a fine attitude of surprise upon the threshold. When that functionary finally left off looking after the boy, and shut the door, he did so to the accompaniment of a prolonged whistle.

It was only ten o'clock, and Jim had been told to go to Mr. Dallas's at eleven. The interval troubled him; he could not settle his mind to the pursuit of odd jobs. He did not mind "hanging about," he would hang about Piccadilly till the time came. But when Jim reached the house in which Mr. Felton and Mr. Dallas lodged, he was surprised to find it an object of lively curiosity to a number of persons who were crowding the pavement, notwithstanding the active interference of a policeman, endeavouring to clear a passage for two ladies whose carriage was before the

door, and one of whom was evidently in the deepest distress. Jim plunged at once into the heart of the concourse, and asked a number of eager questions, to which he received simultaneous but contradictory replies.

"He's dead!" "No he isn't." "He's his brother, I tell you; I heard the cook a-tellin' the milk-boy." "He ain't his brother; the old 'un's his uncle; and he's been and murdered his cousin." Such were a few of the sentences Jim caught as his curiosity and anxiety rose to frenzy.

"Wot is it? wot is it? Do tell me. Is anything wrong with Mr. Dallas?" he asked imploringly of the servant who had opened the door to the two ladies (who had at last succeeded in entering the house), and was just about to shut it in the faces of a few scores of anxious inquirers endeavouring to pierce the depths of the hall, and to see through the dining-room doors. "Don't you know me? I was here yesterday. I have been here before. I was to see Mr. Dallas at eleven. Can't I see him? Is he worse?"

The woman did know the boy, and she at once admitted him.

"Come in," she said; "I'll tell you inside. It's a deal worse than his health that's the matter." So Jim vanished into the house, a distinction which, being unattainable by themselves, was regarded with much indignation by the crowd. Temporarily dispersed by the active policeman, they gathered again, hoping the boy would come out, when they might pounce upon and extract information from him. But they waited in vain; the boy did not come out. The carriage still remained at the door, and in about an hour a gentleman of grave and busy aspect issued from the maddeningly mysterious mansion, stepped into the vehicle, and was driven rapidly away. The crowd was not in luck; no one heard the order given to the coachman. Then such silence and desolation as can ever fall on Piccadilly fell upon the scene, and the gay looking, brightly decorated house obstinately hid its secret.

The woman who recognised Jim told him the story of the events which had occurred, in the hall, speaking in a hurried whisper and with much genuine womanly compassion. Jim heard her with a beating heart and shaking limbs. As the boy leaned against the wall, regardless of the damaging properties of his tousled head resting on the spotless paint, he wondered if this was like fainting, and whether he should be able to keep from "going off" like Mr. Dallas.

"We're strangers to Mr. Felton, of course," said the woman; "and it's natural everybody as can should like to keep their troubles to themselves, for it don't do no good tellin' of 'em, and people don't think no more of you; but there's things as can and things as can't be hid, and them as can't has been a takin' place here."

"Yes," said Jim, faintly; for the words he

had heard in the crowd were ringing in his ears; "yes, yes; but tell me——"

"I'll tell you, as plain as I can make it out. Mr. Felton had some letters yesterday—letters as come from America—and there were a carte of his son in 'em; he hasn't seen nor yet heard of him for ever so long; and when Mr. Dallas see the carte he knew as the man was the same as was murdered, and never found out, in the spring."

"Well?" said Jim. "Yes? Go on." The faint feeling was subsiding; he was beginning to understand.

"It were an awful shock for Mr. Dallas to find out as his cousin had been murdered, and to have to break it to the father; and no wonder he fainted over it. Nobody knows how he did it, but there must have been a dreadful scene; for I shouldn't ha' known Mr. Felton from the dead when I went to ask, through their not answering James's knock, whether they was a goin' to have any dinner. He was sittin' in his chair, white and quiet; and Mr. Dallas—he as had been took so bad himself in the beginnin'—he was kneeling on the ground beside him, and I think his arm was round his neck; but I couldn't see his face, for he only put out his hand, and says he, 'No, thank you, Mary; go away for a little, please.' I waited in the passage, but I never heard a word pass between them; and we didn't know whatever could be the matter, for we only knew about the letters after Mr. Dallas had been took up."

"Mr. Dallas took up? They said that outside, but I thought it must be their larks. Wot-ever do you mean? Go on—go on; tell me—quick!"

"It's quite true; no larks at all. It might be about eight or nine, and we was all sittin' down-stairs, a talkin' about the parlours, and a very quick ring comes to the 'all door. James opens it, and in comes two men, very short and business-like, which they must see Mr. Dallas, and can't take no denial. So James goes to the door to ask if Mr. Dallas will see them, but they're too quick for James, and walk in; and in two minutes there's a great to do and explanation, and Mr. Dallas is took up."

"But wot for?—wot had he done?" asked Jim.

"Murdered his cousin, don't I tell you!" said the woman, a little snappishly. "Ain't I a-tellin' of you as plain as I can speak. He'd been and murdered this other gentleman wot nobody knew, in the spring, and then he sets the police a lookin' after his cousin, and just tells them enough to make them know as the other gentleman was him, which they'd never had a notion of before, so they come and took him on suspicion of the murder, and Mr. Felton went away with him. We was all there when they put the handcuffs on him, and his uncle he stopped him in the 'all, as they was goin' to the cab, and says he, 'George, my boy, I do this, that no one may think I'm deceived,' and he

puts his hands on his shoulders and kisses him, as if he was a woman, before us all."

Jim listened, pale and breathless, but quite silent.

"Mr. Felton were out pretty near all night; and when he come 'ome, the gentleman as is here now were with him. He hasn't been to bed at all, and I haven't seen him, but just when I let the lady in, which she's a sweet lookin' creature, and has been cryin' dreadful."

"Let me see Mr. Felton," said Jim, catching the woman by her dress, and speaking with the utmost eagerness and passion, "let me see him. I came to see Mr. Dallas about this business, let me see Mr. Felton."

"You came! why what have you got to do with it?" said the woman; her curiosity vehemently aroused.

"I will tell you all about it," said Jim, adroitly; "you shall hear it all afterwards—a curious story as any one ever had to tell. Mr. Dallas never did it—not he, I know better than that. I can tell Mr. Felton a great deal."

"I must ask if he will see you," said the woman; "if he won't, perhaps the lawyer——"

"No, no, it must be Mr. Felton himself. Let me into the room."

She offered no resistance, and in another minute Jim was in the presence of a group composed of Mr. Felton, a grave gentleman, who looked like a lawyer, a beautiful girl, who was Clare Carruthers, and a plain, clever-looking young woman, who was Clare's cousin, Mrs. Stanhope. The lawyer and Mr. Stanhope were seated by a table, in close conversation, which they carried on in lowered tones. Clare and Mr. Felton stood upon the hearth-rug, the girl's golden head was resting on her companion's shoulder, and she was crying silently, but unrestrained.

"Is he very, very ill?" she had said, a little before Jim entered the room.

"Not seriously so, my dear, and indeed nothing could be more fortunate than that his strength failed him so completely. It gives us time, and I need it, I am so bewildered even yet."

"Did Mr. Lowther say—say that he was not—not brought before the magistrates, not brought into that dreadful place, to-day?" said Clare, her voice hardly audible for her sobs.

"Yes, my dear. Think a little; I could not be here if he had not so much respite. Clare, I am a chief witness; I must be there, you know, to tell them about—about my son——" he paused, and closed his eyes for a few minutes.

"The case was called pro formâ this morning, but Mr. Lowther's partner, his brother, easily procured a delay. George was too ill to appear, but he sent me word that there was nothing seriously wrong."

"Can no one see him?" asked Clare, imploringly. "Oh, Mr. Felton, can no one go to him? Can no one give him any comfort—help him to bear it? Are they so cruel as that, are they so cruel?"

"Hush, dear, it is not cruel; it is right. No one can see him for the present but Mr. Lowther—Mr. James Lowther, who is with him now, I dare say, who will be here this afternoon."

"How can you bear it? how are you ever to bear it?" she said.

"My dear, I must bear it; and I have time before me in which to suffer: this is the time for action. You must help me, Clare, my dear, brave girl. I sent for you for this; I sent for you, at his desire, my child. His last words were, 'My mother, my mother, she is coming home to-morrow.' I told him to be satisfied, she should be kept from the knowledge of all this." He shuddered from head to foot. "Clare, are you strong enough to redeem my promise? Can you hide all that has happened from her? Can you be with her, watching her, keeping a calm face before her? My dear, have you strength for this?"

She lifted her golden head, and looked at him with her innocent fearless eyes.

"I have strength to do anything that he—that George desires, and you think is right."

"Then that is your share of our dreadful task, my dear. God knows it is no light or easy share."

Clare's tears streamed forth again. She nestled closer to him, and whispered:

"Is there no—no hope?"

"None, he replied. "If it had been possible for George to be mistaken, I have had the sight of my own eyes. Clare, they brought me my son's coat! Ay, like Jacob, they brought me my son's coat. My own last gift to him, Clare." His eyes were dry and bright, but their sockets had deepened since the day before, and his voice had the febrile accent of intense grief and passion restrained by a powerful will.

"What George must have suffered!" she said, still in a broken whisper, her tear-stained face upon his breast.

"Ah, yes, it is all dim to me still. Mr. Lowther and I have been searching out the truth all night, but we are still in confusion. Tatlow is coming presently, and you must go away, my dear, you must go home. You have your share to do, and need strength to do it. You shall know all I learn from hour to hour. Mrs. Stanhope, will you—who is this? What brings you here, boy?"

"Sir," stammered Jim, who, though he had the wizened mannish look peculiar to his tribe, was only a boy, and was desperately frightened—"sir, I came to tell you that I know the man as didn't do it, and I know the man as did."

Mr. Felton loosed his hold of Clare, and came forward. Mr. Lowther rose hurriedly from his seat: he did not share the blank, incredulous surprise of Mr. Felton. The two ladies drew near each other.

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Lowther.

Jim told him.

"What are you come for? What——" began Mr. Felton; but Mr. Lowther made a sign to him to be silent, and addressing Jim in a quiet,

friendly voice, took him by the arm and led him to a chair.

"Sit down there, my boy," he said, "and don't be afraid. You must have come here of your own free will, and we do not doubt you have come for a good purpose. You have something important to tell Mr. Felton. You know Mr. Dallas, I think, and I gather from what you said just now that you know what he is accused of." Jim assented by a downcast nod. "There, tell us all about it. Take your time, and don't get frightened." So saying, and giving the boy a reassuring pat upon the shoulder, the lawyer sat down upon a chair opposite to Jim, and spread his hands upon his knees in an attitude of serious, but not stern, attention. The two women looked on in silent suspense, and Mr. Felton, guided by a glance from Mr. Lowther, moved a little to the back of the chair on which Jim was seated.

"Come," said Mr. Lowther, giving him another pat, "we are all anxious to hear what you have got to say. Speak up, my boy."

"Sir," began Jim, "I should like to ask you something first. Is it true, as the gentleman as was murdered was Mr. Dallas's own cousin?"

"Only too true. He was Mr. Felton's son," and the lawyer eyed the unhappy father, as if measuring the strength he could command to bear this new trial. Mr. Felton came to Jim's side, and touched him kindly on the arm.

"Don't be afraid to speak before me," he said. "You may; and don't keep us waiting any longer, my good boy."

Then Jim made a desperate effort, and told his story; told it in his ignorant blundering fashion, told it with circumlocution and hesitation, but never interrupted. Mr. Lowther heard him without a word, and held Mr. Felton and the two women silent by the unspoken counsel of his glance.

"I had done many an odd job at the house in South Molton-street," said the boy, when he had told them a good deal about himself, in a rambling way, "and I knowed Mr. Routh well, but I don't suppose he knowed me; and when I saw him a-lingerin' about the tavern, and a-lookin' in at the winder, he wosn't no stranger to me. Well, he giv' me the letter, and I giv' it to the gentleman. He had a beard as came down in a point, and was sharp with me, but not so sharp as the waiter, as I giv' him his own sauce, and the gentleman laughed, and seemed as if he didn't object to me holdin' of my own; but Mr. Dallas, which I didn't know his name then, he didn't laugh, and he asks the gentleman if there weren't no answer, and the gentleman says no, there weren't none, and somehow I seemed to know as he wanted to spite Mr. Routh. So I felt cur'ous about it, partickler when I see as Mr. Routh looked savage when I came out of the coffee-room and told him there weren't no answer. You must understand," said Jim, who had regained his composure now, and was in the full tide of his discourse, which he addressed exclusively to Mr. Lowther, with the instinctive delicacy which

Harriet Routh had once observed in the neglected boy, "as I was not to say he was there, I were merely to give the note. He giv' me sixpence, and he went away down the Strand. I got a horse-holdin' job just then, and it were a long 'un; and there I was when the two gents came to the door, a-smokin' their cigars, and then the gent as I held his horse took him from me, and I hadn't nothin' better to do than follow them, which I did; for who should I see but Mr. Routh a-skulkin' along the other side of the Strand, as if he wanted to keep 'em in sight without their seein' of him. I follered them, sir, and follered them feelin' as if I was one of them 'ere wild Ingins in the 'Alfpenny 'Alf-hours on a trail, until I follered them to Boyle's billiard-rooms, as I knows it well, and had swep it often on a Sunday mornin'. They went in, and I was tired of hangin' about, and was goin' away, when I see Mr. Routh again; there weren't nobody in the street but him and me. I skulked into a lane, and watched him. I don't know why I watched him, and I don't know how long we was there—I a little way down the lane, and he a saunterin' up and down, and lookin' at the doors and the windows, but never goin' nigh the house. It must ha' been very late when the two gents came out, and I was very tired; but the old woman—that's my aunt, sir—and me had had a row in the mornin', and I thought I'd like to giv' her a fright, and stay out all night, which I haven't often slep in the streets, considerin'."

Jem had ceased to wriggle about on his chair, to twist his cap between his hands, and to shuffle his feet upon the floor. He was nearly as motionless as the listeners, who heard him in breathless silence. By degrees Clare had drawn nearer to Mr. Felton, and she was now standing, her hand in his, her head in its former place upon his shoulder, behind Jim's chair. But the character of the group formed by the two was no longer what it had been; the girl was supporting the man now; the girl was silently nerving him to courage and resolution.

"They came out, sir," the boy continued, "very friendly-like and good humoured, and Mr. Dallas, he were a-laughin', and he shook hands with the other gent, which he called himself Mr. Deane—it were on the note; and he went away whistlin' down the very lane as I was in, passed me close, and never saw me. I saw him, though, quite plain, and I thought, 'You've been winnun', and you likes it,' but still I had my eye on Mr. Routh, and presently I sees him speakin' to the other gent, as was putlin' on his big fur coat, which it had a 'ood to it as I never see one like it afore. I thought they wouldn't be pleasant together, and they wasn't, not to judge by their voices, and I heerd the other gent give a sneerin' kind of a laugh, which were aggravatin'; and soon they walked away together, through the Bar and up Fleet-street, and I follered 'em, for I thought I'd sleep under the dry arch of the bridge, and get

a chance of odd jobs at the early trains in the mornin', which they're profitable if you ain't too tired. They was talkin' and talkin', and the oddest thing was that I knew they was quarrellin', though I couldn't hear a word they said, and I knew the other gent was a-sneerin' and a-aggravatin' of Mr. Routh, and yet they was arm-in-arm all the time like brothers. They went on, and there wasn't a livin' bein' in the street but them and me and an odd p'liceman or so, wot took no notice, only beat their 'ands together and passed by. All on a sudden, when they was near the bridge, and close to all the little narrow streets down there, I gets tired, and don't seem to care about follerin' of 'em; and then, while I'm thinkin' of makin' for the dry arch, I misses of 'em, and they're gone."

The boy stood up now, and his cap fell unheeded on the floor. The embarrassment, the confusion, the vulgarity of his manner were gone; he met the lawyer's piercing gaze unabashed; he lifted his hand and moved it with an expressive gesture.

"It was gettin' light overhead, and I was tired, and my head begin to turn. I sat down in a doorway; there wasn't no one to move me on, and I must ha' fell asleep, for I don't remember any more until I heard something pass by me very quick, quite near me, as near as Mr. Dallas passed me in the lane. I looked up pretty smart, and, sir, it were a man."

"Mr. Routh?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir, it were Mr. Routh. His head were down, and he was goin' as quick as any man could walk, short of runnin', but he did not run. I roused up, and wondered where the other gent was, and then I see a narrow passage a little way off the doorway where I was a settin', leadin' straight to the river. I thought they must ha' turned down there to have their talk out, when I missed them so sudden. I went down the passage, and at the end of it was stones and mud and the river; and there was no one there. But oh, sir!" and here Jim began to tremble and to look nervously round towards Mr. Felton, "there were blood on the edge of the stones, and footsteps in the mud where the water was a-creepin' up, and there was no one there."

A convulsive sob burst from Clare's lips; but Mr. Felton clasped her closer to him, and kept her quiet.

"A dreadful sight—a dreadful discovery," said Mr. Lowther; "but, my boy," and again he touched Jim gently on the arm, "why did you conceal it? Did you not understand the crime that had been committed? Did you not know all that happened afterwards?"

"Sir," said Jim, boldly, but not without an effort, "I was not sure; I thought it might have been a fight, and that ain't murder any-ways. I didn't know as how it had been stabbin' until I see it in Lloyd's Weekly, for I kep' away on purpose."

Here Jim put his hand into his pocket, and drew it out again closed round some object

which he had still a lingering reluctance to show.

"I'll tell you all the truth, sir, though I dare say I must get into trouble. If it hadn't been as I was afraid of gettin' into it, I should ha' spoke before when I see Mrs. Routh, as is a good lady, a-frettin' herself to death, and him a-deceivin' of her. When I was a-lookin' close at the stones and the mud, and the blood upon 'em, which the tide was very nigh upon it afore I came away, I see somethin' nearly stamped into the mud as looked like gold, and I fished it out, and I knew it were somethin' as I had seen hangin' on the other gent's chain, which he was a-twiddlin' on it with his fingers when I giv' him the note in the coffee-room. I fished it out, sir, and I kep' it, and I was afraid to take it to the pawnshop when I heerd as the body was found; and as it were a murder, I was afraid to sell it neither, and I hid it in the wall, and—and," said Jim, speaking with great rapidity and earnestness, "I am glad I've told the truth, for Mr. Dallas's sake, and I'm ready to suffer for it, if I must. Here it is, sir." Then the boy unclosed his hand, and placed in that of Mr. Lowther a locket in the form of a golden egg.

"It opens in the middle," said Jim, "and there's pictures in it: one is Mr. Deane's, and, the other is a lady's. I know where she lives, and I saw Mr. Routh with her on Monday night. Mr. Routh has another, just the same as this, on the outside anyways."

"Do you recognise this trinket?" asked Mr. Lowther of Mr. Felton, who replied:

"I do. It was my son's."

A few minutes of close and anxious consultation between the gentlemen followed, and then Mr. Lowther, telling Jim that he must remain with Mr. Felton until his return, went out, and was driven away in Mrs. Stanhope's carriage. Mr. Felton and the two women treated the boy with kind consideration. In the frightful position in which they were all placed, there was now a prospect of relief, not, indeed, from the tremendous calamity, but from the dreadful danger, and Jim, as the medium through which the hope shone, was very valuable to them. Food was given him, of a quality rare to the street-boy, and he ate it with sufficient appetite. Thus the time passed, until Mr. Lowther returned, accompanied by a small, smart man in a grey suit, who was no other than Mr. Tatlow, and whose first words to Mr. Felton were:

"It's all right, sir. We've got the other warrant."

Then Mr. Felton sent Clare and her cousin away, and Jim, having been cheered and consoled by many a reassuring word and promise from Mr. Felton, whose strength and self-control proved themselves to the utmost on this occasion, underwent a long and searching examination from Mr. Lowther and the self-congratulatory Tatlow.

The afternoon was already advanced, and Mr. Tatlow had gone away and returned again,

when the boy's explanation was concluded, and the plans formed upon it were finally arranged. Then the lawyer's quick eye noticed symptoms of giving way in Mr. Felton. There were many hours of excitement and strain upon the nerves still to be endured, and not yet might he be free to face the grief which was his, pre-eminently his, not yet must he seek solitude, to mourn for his only son. Anguish, fear, and fatigue were setting their mark upon him, but he must not yet have even bodily rest?

"You will not come with us?" said Mr. Lowther.

"No," replied Mr. Felton, with an irrepressible shudder. "I could not see that man before I must."

"You will lie down and rest?"

"Not yet. I will rest to-night. I must see my brother-in-law, who will reach London this evening, and tell him all that has happened."

"Your brother-in-law?"

"Mr. Carruthers, my sister's husband. Much depends on George's mother being kept in ignorance, and Mr. Carruthers must be prepared."

During this short dialogue, Jim had been speaking earnestly to Mr. Tatlow, apparently urging very strongly an earnest appeal. On its cessation, Mr. Tatlow addressed Mr. Lowther.

"He agrees to everything, if one of you gentlemen will write to Mrs. Routh for him. That's it, ain't it?" said he, turning again to Jim.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, with an earnestness of entreaty in his voice and his look which touched the listeners. "If one of you will write to *her*. I don't mean a letter of your own—grand like—for then she mightn't believe it, and she might think as I was paid. I did it for Mr. Dallas, but I don't think as I should have done it if he hadn't been bad to her, and if I hadn't seen her a-dyin' day after day, as courageous as can be, but still a-dyin', and he a-neglectin' of her first and deceivin' of her after."

"She is this man's accomplice," said Mr. Lowther, moodily.

"Perhaps so, to a certain extent," said Mr. Felton; "but she is to be pitied, too. I saw that. I saw a little way into her life at Hom-burg, and, from all George has told me, I would be as little hard with her as possible. He cannot escape us, she cannot shield him; let us hear what the boy wishes to say to her, and then decide. Tell me," he said, kindly, to Jim, "what do you wish to say to this lady?"

"You must understand," said Mr. Tatlow, "that you can't send your letter till we've got him."

"I don't want to, sir," said Jim; "I think as he's runnin' away from her to-night, particular as the lady is gone."

(Mr. Tatlow had ascertained the fact of Mrs. P. Ireton Bridgebridge's departure during his brief absence.)

"He didn't go home last night, and I think

as he's afraid to face her, and is runnin' away to-night."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Lowther, "I will write the letter. You shall tell me what to say, and it shall be sent to her this evening."

So Jim dictated, with infinite difficulty and astonishing slowness, and Mr. Lowther wrote:

"Dear Ma'am. This comes from Jim Swain, as wouldn't like to hurt you, but has to tell at last, because of Mr. Dallas being took for what he didn't do. I wanted to see you to-day, but you was out, and I couldn't, and I come down here and heard of Mr. Dallas being took. You weren't in it, dear ma'am, I'm sure, and so I have told the gentlemen and Mr. Tatlow, which has me in charge at present; but you know it, and that Mr. Dallas did not do it, and Mr. Routh did. I followed them all the night it was done, and I saw Mr. Deane and Mr. Routh going down to the river, and I went down to the river, when one was gone away alive and the other couldn't be found, only his blood on the stones, and I found the gold thing he had on his chain, which the gentleman has it now, and Mr. Routh have the same in a little drawer in the big desk in the parlour. I haven't hid anything, dear ma'am, and Mr. Routh will be took, at six o'clock, at the railway, where he told me to meet him, which so I am to do. I know about a lady, too, which her picture is in the gold thing, and I would have told you about her if I could have seen you to-day. I hope you won't be hurt. I didn't mean to do it to hurt you. I wish I hadn't been so secret so long."

When Jim had formally made his mark, the letter was sealed and directed, and Mr. Lowther took charge of it.

Considerably before the platform of the London-bridge railway station, from which the tidal train for Folkestone was about to start, had received the usual crowd of passengers and their friends, a lady, plainly dressed, and closely veiled, made her unobtrusive appearance upon it. "I am waiting to see a friend off," she had said, as the official at the barrier questioned her, and she attracted no further notice. Slowly and with downcast eyes, and hands which clasped each other closely under her shawl, she walked up and down, keeping close to the wall, and allowing the groups, as they began to form, to form between her and the edge of the platform. Once or twice she unclasped her hands, and lifted her veil, and breathed deeply; then, after one piercing glance, which comprehended every face under the roof within its vision, dropped it again. Once, as she did this, a nursemaid with a child in her arms at the back of the platform noticed her, and said to a fellow-servant,

"That woman's face is enough to frighten one; she looks like death!"

But life was strong in Harriet Routh, and hope was strong in her also, a terrible hope,

indeed, which to any suffering less than hers, would have worn the semblance of despair. A little while now and he would be safe, safe for the present, for the next few hours, which were so all-important. The letter she had written, telling him all she had done, and why, would await him at Amiens, and show him that all his plans were vain, would convince him, at last. The arrangement of his money matters, which he must have made for the flight he contemplated, would avail in the case of this flight which she had imposed upon him. A little more torture, a little more suspense, and something like rest would come. Perhaps she should be able to sleep a little to-night, while he would be speeding through the darkness to safety. Something like a forlorn sense of peace came to her with the anticipation. So she walked up and down, thinking these thoughts, and sometimes lapsing into a mental blank, out of which condition she would come with a start, to go into a kind of vision of the last two days—of the woman she had so completely mastered—of the last time she had seen her husband's face—of the blow he had struck her; but she felt no anger in the remembrance; what did it matter now, in the face of this great crisis? It was strange that she had heard nothing of George, and the fact rendered her only the more eager and apprehensive. He was busy with the investigation, which must end in—what? In that which she had now effectually prevented. So she walked up and down, thinking, and the platform became peopled, and all the fuss and hurry of the departure of the tidal train was around her. Presently, as she reached the end of the platform, and turned, to resume her walk, she saw her husband, coming quickly towards the line of carriages, carrying the small bag which had been sent to him at Tokenhouse-yard in the morning, and which she had packed with reference to this occasion. Rough, indeed, had been not a little surprised by its contents. He came along the platform, the bag in one hand, a letter in the other, looking frowningly round, as though in search of somebody. She shrank back, as much out of sight as possible. Presently, just as he was stepping into a carriage, Jim Swain appeared, and went up to him. A few words passed between them, and then Harriet saw two persons, one of whom was a smart, slightly built man in a grey suit, address him. Straining her eyes with a fixed intensity of gaze which made her brain ache, she looked. He tore the letter in his hand to pieces, with inconceivable quickness, the fragments fluttering to the ground, turned, and with one of his unknown interlocutors on either side, and Jim following—how strange the boy looked, Harriet thought—walked along the platform, passed through the barrier, and was lost to her gaze at the distant entrance.

Harriet stood rooted to the spot. It was not until all the passengers had taken their places, and the train had gone off with a shriek and a pant, that she had the power to move. Then a moan of utter despair burst from her

white lips, and a cold thrill shook her limbs, as she murmured:

"He has been called back on business, and he is lost, utterly lost!"

ODD WATCHES.

FROM the period when men began to wear pocket clocks, as they were at first called, but watches or time-watches, as they were afterwards designated, all sorts of fanciful vagaries were indulged in by the makers and wearers; as if a new shape for a watch were as naturally to be looked for as new fashions in hats or boots, or new modes of dressing viands for the table. Whoever wishes to know all about escapements, movements, chains, pendulums, fuseses, balances, arbors, ratchet-wheels, mainsprings, stops, repeating, going, winding, compensation, jewelling, capping, and so forth, in relation to their peculiarities and first introduction, will find abundant to satisfy him in Mr. Wood's "Curiosities of Clocks and Watches;" but some of the changes in form and mode of watch-achievement may be grouped here.

Early watchmakers, patronising the vegetable kingdom, adopted the forms of fruits and flowers. In the Bernal collection (a rare medley of artistic odds and ends) there was a Nuremberg watch in the shape of a pear, in parcel-gilt silver. Another, shaped like a melon, was made by a Frenchman. It is only one inch and a quarter in diameter, and has a key in form of a melon-leaf. At the South Kensington Museum is a very small apple-shaped watch, about a century old, with a gold enamel case studded with seed pearls. One of the old watches of Nuremberg has the form of an acorn, and is provided with a small wheel-lock pistol, which is supposed to have been used as an alarm. One watch, talked about by the archaeologists, is in the shape of a tulip, with three crystal faces. Another, having the same form, but scarcely an inch in diameter, is so constructed that the leaves or petals of the flower open a little at the bottom of the watch—disclosing a small spring, which, when pressed, pushes up the lid and shows the dial-face.

Mr. Bernal had a watch in which the works were contained within the body of a tiny eagle; the imitative bird opened across the centre, and displayed a richly engraved dial-plate, while the exterior was rendered classical by the story of Jupiter and Ganymede; it might either be worn suspended from the girdle by a ring, or be rested on a table by means of three claws. Ducks have sometimes had a share of watchmakers' attention bestowed upon them—witness a duck-shape watch about two inches and a half long, in the South Kensington Museum, and another in a private collection, in which the feathers of the duck are chased in silver, and the lower half, when opened, exhibits a dial-face decked with jewels.

A whole class of watches were for genera-

tions known as Nuremberg eggs. One, supposed to have belonged to our wise-foolish James the First, is of a flattish egg-shape, the outer case plain, the inner elaborately engraved; the face has a calendar, and wherewithal for showing the moon's age. Another, existing in a private collection, is an egg cut out of a jacinth, with the dial-face visible through the transparent jewel—a very beautiful mode of indulging in these crotchets. In the Dover Museum is a double-cased egg-watch with two movable dials, one for showing the hours of the day in the usual fashion, and the other for the names and days of the month; there are also means for denoting the day of the week and the position of the sun in the zodiac; and—an oddity indeed—the hands go the reverse way from those in ordinary watches, or from right to left, as if the artist's notion of time took a backward direction. In Hollar's set of four engravings of the Four Seasons, a lady is represented in the character of Summer, with an egg-watch suspended from her girdle.

Surely the most dismal of all watches must have been those shaped in the form of a skull or death's head, intended doubtless as mementoes of the fleetness of time and the brevity of man's existence. Many examples of this class are contained in various public and private collections. One of these, small in size, is of silver, and has a ring at the top to suspend it from the girdle; the lower jaw of the skull opens, and there displays the dial-face. Another of the doleful family, made in the seventeenth century, opens at the lower jaw to show what's o'clock, and has inscriptions ("Incertite hora," "Æsterna respice") on the outside. When Diana of Poitiers became mistress to Henry the Second of France, she was a widow; and the courtiers of the sovereign, to ingratiate themselves with the favourite, wore death's-head watches as a kind of complimentary mourning. But the most celebrated death's-head watch, once belonging to Mary Queen of Scots, was that which the royal lady gave to Mary Seaton, her maid of honour, and which afterwards came into the possession of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. It is of silver gilt. The forehead of the skull bears the symbols of death, the scythe, and the hour-glass, placed between a palace and a cottage, to show the impartiality of the grim destroyer; at the back of the skull is Time destroying all things, and at the top of the head are scenes of the Garden of Eden and the Crucifixion. The watch is opened by reversing the skull, placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand, and lifting the jaw by a hinge: this part being enriched by engraved representations of the Holy Family, angels, and shepherds with their flocks. The works of the watch form the brains of the skull, and are within a silver envelope, which acts as a musically-toned bell; while the dial-plate serves as the palate. This very curious work of art, which was made at Blois, is too large to be carried as a pocket watch.

Some of the old watchmakers were remarkably smitten with a taste for astronomy, dealing with the heavenly bodies in a way which modern watches seldom aspire to. There is an oval silver watch by Dupont, with index hands to show the hour of the day, the day of the week, the day of the month, and the age of the moon, while there are other arrangements for denoting something about the constellations; and inside the cover are a sun-dial and a compass. Jean Baptiste Duboule, of Geneva, made a large watch, which denotes the four parts of the day, the hour of the day, the day of the week, the day of the month, the name of the month, the sign of the zodiac, the age of the moon, the phase of the moon, and the four seasons of the year; far too complex probably, to be really reliable as an astronomical guide, seeing that the smallest disarrangement in any little wheel would throw sun, moon, and earth into awful catastrophe. More practicable was a watch made by a Polish peasant, Kuhaiesky, at Warsaw, which denoted the time at different places under different longitudes—a contrivance which we have seen imitated in a modern English watch. One of these mechanical conundrums was found among the loot of the Emperor of China's summer palace at Pekin, when captured by the English; it was of the time of Louis the Sixteenth, and is supposed to have been presented to the Son of the Sun and Moon by that sovereign; it was a telescope enriched with pearls and enamels; but when we are told that "the object-glass is formed of a watch set with pearls," we confess to being puzzled.

Some good people in past times affected the wearing of watches in ways not often adopted just now. Archbishop Parker, in a will drawn up in Latin rather less than three centuries ago, said: "I give to my reverend brother Richard, Bishop of Ely, my stick of Indian cane which hath a watch in the top of it." Several other walking-stick watches are still preserved in collections of bijouterie; while watches in rings are still more common. One of the Electors of Saxony used to have a watch in his saddle. The Earl of Leicester gave to Queen Elizabeth, as a new year's gift, "one armet or shakell of golde, all over fairly garnished with rubyes and dymondes, haveing in the closing thereof a clock,"—that is, having a watch in the clasp. The courtly dames of those times often carried a watch suspended to a chatellaine, with keys, seals, miniatures, brologues, &c. Cruciform watches were much coveted by pious persons, who revered the symbolism embodied in them. One such, about two centuries old, is called a *montre d'Abbesse*, and is supposed to have been made for the lady superior of a religious house; its surface bears numerous scriptural designs in relief. Another, however, which was in the Bernal collection, had quite as much heathenism as scripturalism about it: seeing that it was engraved with figures of Diana and Endymion. Once now and then ladies wore watches in the form of a book, the

cover being pierced to show the hours on the dial.

All sorts of ingenuity were exercised in selecting the materials, forms, and arrangements of watches. They were, as is well known, brought into use as substitutes for the hour-glass which was wont to be carried by professors, judges, and other persons who required easy means of determining the lapse of an hour or any aliquot part of an hour. When the real watch was first introduced there was no metal chain connected with the mainspring, its place being supplied by catgut. A watch of this kind was given by Mary Queen of Scots to an attendant on the night before her execution. Some of the watches were made of crystal, to render the beautiful mechanism of the works visible. Some have had the twelve letters of the maker's or owner's name to do duty for the twelve figures on the dial. Some were pedometer watches, one form of which is still used. Napoleon had one that wound itself up by means of a weighted lever which rose and fell at every step; but those now made are for measuring speed in walking, which can only be useful to those who make regular steps of given length, a known number of which equal a mile. Some are *touch* watches, to be used in the dark or by blind persons. There are twelve projecting studs round the rim of the case; an index hand, at the back, when moved forward, stops at the portion of the hour indicated by the dial; and the index and studs together enable the time to be felt by the fingers.

The attempts to produce sounds of various kinds in a watch have been numerous. The celebrated French maker, Breguet, was famous for repeating watches of this kind; and the sovereigns of Europe were ready enough to give him two or three hundred guineas for one. Of course alarums are more simple, seeing that the mechanism is required merely to ring a bell at some definite and pre-arranged hour in advance. Charles the First kept an alarm watch at his bedside at night; the outer case enclosed two silver bells which struck the hours and quarters. M. Rangouet, a French maker, about a century ago, is credited with the construction of a musical watch, of the common pocket size, which played duets, and the works of which were so nicely adjusted that the musical portion and the time-measuring portion did not interfere with each other. This is far surpassed by a watch, about the size of an egg, constructed by a Russian peasant in the time of the Empress Catherine the Second, and now preserved in the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg. This elaborate work is both a repeating watch and a watch that performs a chant. Inside is a representation of the tomb of Christ, with Roman sentinels on guard. On pressing a spring, a stone rolls away from the tomb, the sentinels fall down, angels appear, holy women enter the sepulchre, and sing the same chant which is still sung in the Russo-Greek church on Easter Eve. A story is told of some missionaries at Tongataboo which

shows that the exhibitors of talking and singing watches are apt to find their own reputation rise and fall with that of the mechanism itself. The real instrument was a cuckoo clock, but it would apply to watches as well. The natives believed that the missionaries' cuckoo clocks were inhabited by a spirit, and regarded them accordingly with reverential awe. One of them, bolder than the rest, picked one of the clocks to pieces to have a peep at the spirit. Of course he could not put it together again; and the fame of the missionaries was damaged when it was found that *they* also were powerless in the matter. There is some mention made of watches which actually talked, emitting articulate sounds in the form of words; but this we deem doubtful. Vocalisation or singing is a very different affair; this can unquestionably be done by pieces of mechanism much smaller than a pocket watch—as the Swiss Nightingale at the last Great Exhibition testified.

One recorded watch was very big—viz. that which was made for the Irish giant, about eighty years ago; the works were very strong, and the watch with the seal and key weighed nearly a pound. Far more numerous, however, have been the tiny watches, marvellous on account of the quantity of mechanism compressed within small spaces. One of these is about the size and shape of an almond. At the first of our Great Exhibitions, the Swiss exhibited a watch only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil-case; it showed hours, minutes, seconds, and the day of the month. An English specimen, the size of a threepenny-piece, was a giant to it. The Annual Register, about a century ago, told of a watch only the fifty-fourth part of an inch in diameter; but this, we suspect, must be a mistake for fifty-four hundredths of an inch—a very different affair. Arnold presented to George the Third an exquisite watch of the size of a silver penny, set in a ring; it consisted of a hundred and twenty separate parts, the whole of which weighed together less than six pennyweights. And so intricate were the works, that Arnold had to make tools himself before he could make the watch. The King was so delighted with the work that he sent Arnold five hundred guineas. When the Czar of Russia heard of this, he offered Arnold a thousand guineas to make a similar one for him; but this the artist refused, determined that his own sovereign's watch should be unique.

No marvel that these compact little pieces of mechanism should sometimes have been regarded, soon after their introduction, as the abodes of spirits of good or evil. Persons much nearer home than Tongataboo have so regarded them. Aubrey tells the following tale of an alleged sorcerer in the time of James the First. "One time being at Home Lacy, in Herefordshire, he happened to leave his watch in the chamber window." The maidens came in to make the bed, and hearing a thing in a case cry 'tick, tick, tick,' presently concluded that that was his devil or familiar, and took it by the string with the tongs, and threw it out of the window

into the moat, to drowne the devill. It so happened that the stringe hung on a sprig of an elder that grew out of the mote, and this confirmed them that 'twas the devill. And so," adds Aubrey, with a tone of satisfaction, "the good old gentleman got his watch again."

Considering the number and smallness of the parts in a watch, the following achievement, as told by Mr. Wood, is remarkable: "From time to time some daring person has climbed the spire (of Salisbury cathedral) to oil the weathercock; a most dangerous feat, as the top of the spire is four hundred and four feet from the ground. It is ascended by ladders for about three-fourths of its height, which are fixed in the spire. A small door then opens, and the adventurer has to climb the rest of his way by a series of irons, something like the handles of flat irons, which are fixed in the stone-work, and by which he is able to make his way to the top to complete his busy work. On one occasion some persons were assembled at the Pheasant, in Salisbury, and were talking about this feat, when a watchmaker, also named Arnold, who was present, offered for a small wager to ascend the spire, to take with him his tools and a watch, to take the watch to pieces on the very top of the spire, to clean it properly, and to bring it down in less than an hour. He accordingly climbed the spire, fixed his back against the stem of the weathercock, completed his task, and descended within the given time."

THREE LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

I.

A CLOUDLESS sky above Nice. The morning breeze has sunk with the sun, now beginning to tinge with gold the sharply defined crags of the Cornice. The air faint with the perfume of orange-flower and violet, jessamine and myrtle; but, above all, the scent of the violet prevails. All is so still that even the feathery olive-leaf scarcely seems to stir. Faintly, very faintly, from below, sound the murmurs of the distant city, mingled with the plashing of the tideless waters. All is peace—all save the human heart. Let us enter this marble palazzo; let us enter reverently, for the Angel of Death is near. On a couch in a darkened room a nation's hope is passing away. Passionate prayers ascend to Heaven for him, fond arms encircle him, but they cannot "stay life's parting wings." The mother's wail over her first-born, the young bride's agonised shriek over her husband, soon tell that all is over. And who is he who rises from his knees, and with blanched lips and trembling hands advances to close the eyes of the dead, and to tenderly kiss the cold lips? One of the mighty ones of the earth, arbiter of the fate of millions, absolute sovereign Czar of all the Russias. Yet he turns, a mere grieving man, to clasp in his arms his dearly loved wife, the bereaved mother of their dead son.

II.

A throng of denizens of many nations are

passing to and fro in the flowery paths of the Bermont gardens, awaiting their turn to take a last look of all that is mortal of the Czarewitch. These gardens are superb, even for Nice, abounding as she does in floral gems. Here, proudly towering over all, stand two gorgeous palm-trees. Hidden under the shade of a weeping-willow, lies a fragrant bed of violets, carpeting the turf with velvety blossoms, while around spreads a perfect wilderness of roses and carnations. Conspicuous among the former, we observe numberless roses of that deep golden hue celebrated in the sparkling sketches of Alphonse Karr. But we are summoned to enter. We ascend a low broad flight of steps, and, crossing a vestibule, pass into a chamber, at the open door of which stand on guard, two sailors belonging to the Russian fleet. The interior of the room is remarkable for its simplicity. On a little camp bed near the centre, lies all that remains of him who but a few short hours ago was the heir to the greatest empire of the earth. The fair young face looks yet more youthful than when in life. In the one hand left outside the white velvet coverlet, is a bunch of lilies; strewn thickly over all are thousands of orange-flowers, blooming and fresh, with the dew still wet on their waxen blossoms. A priest standing on a dais at a short distance off, attired in raiment even more splendid than that worn by the high dignitaries of the Romish Church, reads aloud in the Russian tongue from the Bible. We kneel for a few moments; breathe a prayer for the dead or the living, according to our creeds; and yield place to others.

III.

Floods of summer sunshine (for though it is but early May, in this southern clime the warmth is that of an English July) bathe mountain and valley, rock and sea. We are floating idly on the calm waters of the bay of Villefranche, awaiting the event of the day, the last scene in the sad drama begun in Nice. We are slowly rowing away from the little town or village of Villefranche. Just visible on the right, stand the mimic fortifications of the "Château Smith," an eccentric Englishman's "folly." Towers, battlements, casemates, draw-bridges, portcullis, moats—all manufactured to order; beyond are the grand old works of nature, the purple mountain-chain of the Estrelles, the glowing points of Antibes and St. Tropez, then the Provençal hills again, until their outline melts in the far horizon. On our left is a landscape of bewildering loveliness. Orange and lemon groves, their bright hues softened by the tender greyish green of the olive-trees, clothe the hill-side in undulating waves until they reach the sparkling sea, and dip their branches in it; while high above, towers the Alpine chain and the Tenda, whose summit is still tipped with snow. A little lower, the rugged Turbia, stormed by eternal winds; a little further, the old Roman ruin, the tower of Eza, perched apparently in mid air,

Like an eagle's nest
Hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine ;

while in the distance gleams the castle-crowned rock of Monaco. In a brief space a religious service is ended. Now, slowly and reverently, a bier is raised and borne on the shoulders of eight sailors of the Vladimir, the Russian steam-frigate which is to convey the mortal remains to their native land. A barge is moored alongside the shore ; an ottoman stands in the centre, covered with ample draperies of white satin, over which are showered masses of white roses, lilies, and orange-blossom. The signal is given, the bier quits the soil of France. Hark ! from castle and fort, from land and sea, from English yacht and Italian frigate, from French and Russian war-ships, simultaneously thunders forth the royal salute ; the last honours are paid to the royal dead by the country where his last hours were passed. Gently, almost noiselessly, the mournful bark floats over the calm waters with its burden. The only sounds that break the stillness of the scene are the distant beatings of the muffled drums, the subdued tones of the Dead March, and the dull sullen booming of the minute-guns. Suddenly peal upon our ears the magnificent strains of the Russian hymn, and a second bark slowly approaches ! All eyes are turned in sorrowful sympathy, all heads are uncovered, as the emperor passes, accompanied by his surviving sons.

We moor our boat to a little jetty in the narrowest part of the harbour, and await the solemn spectacle.

A long line of French and Russian troops, with bands playing the funeral march. Then, detachments of the marine of both nations, each accompanied by appropriate music. A battery of French artillery follow, and close the military part of the procession. The funeral car next comes in sight, drawn by eight white horses, caparisoned with crimson velvet and white plumes : the pall held by the mourners on horseback. They are the Emperor Alexander, the Grand Duke, *now* Czarevitch, with his young brothers Vladimir, Alexis, Sergius, and Paul, and the Prince of Denmark, brother to the betrothed of the early dead. The representatives of the nations and the rulers of the old world and the new follow, and the whole is closed by the Russian and French families resident in Nice. Slowly the long cortège winds its way down the hill, and at length reaches the water's brink. Here, a temporary altar has been erected, canopied by a baldacchino of crimson silk and gold. The bier being deposited on the altar, the priests read the burial service. Follow, the dignitaries of the church, the chiefs of the army, the navy, the representatives of the Emperor Napoleon, of the sovereigns of England, Austria, Denmark, Prussia, Spain, of the United States. The Vladimir receives on board, with her yards manned, the bearers and their charge.

As the bier touches the Russian deck, another thundering salute is fired, and so sails to his last home the ill-fated heir of all the Russias.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE GREAT FROST OF 1814.

THAT was a tremendous frost which old chroniclers mention when many of the grim men in mail who were besieging Paris in Edward the Third's time fell from their horses frozen to death. It was reasonably cold in 1402, when the Baltic was frozen firm all the way from Pomerania to Denmark. It was severe in 1544, when all the wine in Flanders had to be sold in blocks. It was pinching sharp in 1594, when the Scheldt bore loaded waggons, and the element of water seemed, by winter's alchemy, transformed to earth. It was a terrible winter when Charles the Tenth, all buff and steel, crossed the Little Belt on the ice, with his cuirassiers, fantassins, artillery, and suttlers' carts, bent on ravaging Denmark with fire and sword.

England, too, has once or twice in nearly every century had her visitations of hard weather. In the reign of James the First, the Thames was frozen, and the men who knew Shakespeare danced round the bonfires and tossed off canary in the drinking-booths. In 1684, the last year of Charles the Second, the frost lasted two months ; forest trees, even oaks, split ; and birds perished in great numbers ; the ice between Southwark and Thames-street was eleven inches thick ; as many as forty coaches plied on the Thames, and the men who had survived the Great Fire and the Plague revelled, drank, and disported to their hearts' content and to the especial enjoyment of worthy gossiping Mr. Pepys. In 1716, George the First's time, our excellent ancestors in cocked-hats enjoyed themselves after their simple-hearted fashion, and roasted oxen whole at a fair on the Thames ; and in 1740 (George the Second) they and their sons had still severer weather, and nine weeks' frost, when the Thames again became a firm highway, and more dances were danced, more oxen were roasted whole, and more handbills were printed in the booths on the ice. In 1789 (in George the Third's reign), the Thames was passable opposite the Custom House for nearly two months ; and in 1795 there was a ten weeks' frost, with only the intermission of one day's thaw.

But the frost of 1814, though lasting nearly sixty days, is perhaps more interesting to us than its predecessors, from the variety of its incidents, the completeness with which they have been recorded, and from its having come into collision with a civilisation so closely resembling our own. Science has not yet discovered to what strange movement southward of the great standing army of polar icebergs we are indebted for these severe seasons, or whether we owe it to conflicts between ærial currents and irregular cycles of telluric influence. The earth moves always at its regulated distance from the

sun, yet now and then comes a winter when the sun seems to have rolled further away from us, and left us to drift northward and freeze up against the pole. That our usual seasons should ever be interrupted by such death-like trances of cold is as difficult to explain as if a healthy man's pulse were every twenty years or so to almost stop for an hour at a time. Science is still short-sighted, and has much to learn. Time will show that these phenomena move also in orbits, and obey fixed laws. When all our old weather sayings have been collected, analysed, codified, and tested by modern experience, we may hope to see some advance made towards more certain knowledge, and a great frost will then perhaps be correctly predicted.

The frost of 1814 began in the usual way. Long spells of cold gusty weather, then a sharper and keener rigour in the air, until, one morning, those who first awoke looked out of door and window and saw the streets and fields shrouded under one vast sheet of snow—treacherously innocent-looking snow. Snow crystallised on every bough and twig; the furrows showed beneath it, only as corpses show under the pall. There was a glare from it that lightened the air. It muffled all sounds. Death stepped silently over it to claim the shepherd dying on the moor, and the pedlar lost in the drift, the benighted beggar-man, and the tired traveller. Like shadows, starvation and famine followed their grizzly king.

A great frost begins half in mischief, by hindering work, stopping traffic, and blocking up coaches; but it ends with deaths in snow and in the flood, perils, dangers, and disasters. An old French marquis (let us say Talleyrand, grandfather of the family of anecdotes) was once asked to describe the pangs of rheumatism as compared with those of gout. "Ma foi," said the old gentleman, with an ineffable shrug, "you know the rack? eh bien. Suppose yourself on it; the pulleys work, the winlass moves, the cords on your wrists and ankles tighten. They screw you as far as you can go—all this you can bear, and still live—et bien, that is the *rheumatism*. Now encore the rack. They give you one screw more—et bien, zat is ze gout." So it is with continuous cold. The roads harden, the rivers glaze, the earth becomes iron, the sky steel; the old and the sick, the luxurious and the delicate, almost think that they can bear no more. Then comes another fortnight's frost, and gives them one screw still. They live, but (those who survive) how they suffer! for England is not prepared to brave suddenly, without appliances and without preparations, the cold of Iceland.

The great frost of 1814 began with trifling incidents—talked of for the moment, and then forgotten before the second fall of snow came. The horse of a postboy on his way to Sydenham from the twopenny post-office in Gerrard-street, Soho, slipped on some ice on Dulwich-common. The nag, frightened by the report of a gun, darted into the fog, and was seen no more until the following morning, when it

calmly trotted up to the door of the Sydenham post-office, soon after daybreak, with the saddle-bags on his back just as they had been placed there in London. Before the public had well digested that accident, it was informed that a pig had been seen gravely floating down the Thames, between the bridges, on a large slab of ice. After repeated squeaks for a pilot, a waterman became the porcine friend in need, who gallantly rescued that navigator, and took him home with all the cordiality possible. On the 17th of January the frost became more stringent, and the news more alarming. One hundred bags of letters had failed to arrive, owing to the blockade of the roads. The mail-coaches from Glasgow, Portpatrick, and Edinburgh, had not reached Carlisle. Three days' mails were due from below Exeter and from Holyhead.

In the mean time, the snowfall in Ireland had been heavy beyond all precedent for fifty years. It was slight the first day; but by the next night the roads were so blocked that only the Galway mail arrived in Dublin; and even the mounted postboys were unable to leave the city. For nearly twenty days, all communication with the interior was cut off. At last, a severe frost frittered away the snow, and, to the delight of all Dublin, one morning several mail-boys rode into that city. In the narrow streets the snow was six feet deep. In Fleet-street a lady was suffocated in a heap of snow close to her own door.

"The distress in that abode of poverty, the Liberty," says an Irish paper, "is excessive. In many streets and lanes the wretched inhabitants are literally blocked up in their houses, and in the attempt to go abroad experience every misery that it is possible to imagine. It is painful to state that the number of deaths there have, within the last few days, been greater than at any other period, unless in the time of the plague. We are informed that eighty funerals occurred last Sunday. This unusual mortality is chiefly to be attributed to the excessive fogs that have prevailed; while, although not more severe than what commonly appear in England, were heavier than any known in Ireland for many years. The fog was entirely confined to Dublin, the country around being completely free." Many families of children were left orphans. The coffin-makers in Cork-street could not make shells fast enough, so that the poor lay unburied for many days before they could be removed to the hospital-field, where the snow lay in some places twenty feet deep over ground that the pick and shovel would hardly excavate. Outbuildings and stables were crushed by weight of snow, and roofs forced in. Some persons were killed by these accidents. On the last day of December, a temporary wooden building, containing Knox's Panorama of Dublin, fell in and buried the picture, which could not be recovered till the thaw released it from the avalanche of snow. For two days in December, the shops in many streets were closed, as no customers could approach them. On January 2, however, the city was gladdened by

the sight of droves of cattle from the country, and the market once more resounded with bellowing oxen and bleating sheep. Food before this had been at famine prices, as the canals had all been closed, and the peat and potato boats prevented from entering Dublin. The alarm and distress were universal, and a rapid thaw was dreaded like the approach of death.

In England the deaths grew more numerous. A paper of January 21 mentions a grazier, of Coltsworth, being found frozen to death between Langford and Upham. He had been thrown from his horse on his way to Marlow, and died of cold before he could recover his fall. The poor fellow had a purse with sixty pounds in his pocket.

The thermometer on the 9th of January stood at seven degrees Fahrenheit, and at Petersham only two degrees. This was the severest cold known in England since 1798, when a glass at Sir George Schuckbury's, in Park-street, was two degrees below zero; at Clapham seven degrees below zero; and at Maidstone eleven or twelve degrees below zero—the lowest ever recorded in this country. At this time people drew all their water from the main-pipes, which, running over, turned the streets into sheets of ice. Parties of men with barrows and shovels patrolled the streets to clear the snow from the roofs, which had become universally leaky. On the 21st, a gentleman drove a pair of bays in a sledge curricule through the City. This was the bright side of the snow; the dark side was shown in the countless labourers thrown out of work, and the extravagant price of coals, meat, and bread. The newspapers, always generously ready to help charity, suggested parochial meetings to collect funds for the poor. The parishes of St. Giles, Cripplegate, had before this nobly given away one thousand bushels of coal.

On the 22nd the London people began to get more anxious about the mails. At this crisis the delays became most unprecedented and alarming. The Edinburgh and Glasgow letters, brought from Barnet in a post-chaise, were six hours passing over eleven miles of road, the guards and attendants having repeatedly to get out and drag the horses out of the drifts. The snow—everywhere three feet deep—was at Finchley, at the side of the road, twenty feet deep. The Aylesbury mails had to be brought on, alternately by carriages, on horseback, and on men's shoulders. The Leeds coach was abandoned on the road, and the mails dragged forty miles across country before any vehicle could be procured. On one day, thirty-three mails, with four hundred letter-bags, failed to arrive at St. Martin's-le-Grand, though the guards had fought with the snow like heroes. The Kent and Essex roads were the only ones passable beyond a few miles from London. The western coaches came to a stop in various places. The Windsor coach was lugged through sixteen feet of snow at Colnbrook by fifty labourers, and then, panic-stricken, stuck fast. In Maidenhead-lane, the

snow had doubled its first depth, and between Twyford and Reading it had drifted into mountains. As to Bagshot-heath, the coachmen refused to attempt its Alpine terrors. Nothing moved on the north road after the Newcastle coach got off the track and fell into a pit eight feet deep—without, however, hurting anybody.

Trembling boots and shuddering ostlers reported that the Exeter and Cheshire mails were lost, every one frozen to death; and there was a flying legend that the Portsmouth Highflyer had jolted down the Devil's Punchbowl. The middle north road was choked near Highgate-hill. At Ivy Bridge, in Devonshire, the snow was fourteen feet deep, and all through the country men were cutting paths and roads.

It was now seriously proposed, as there was no place in London to which the street snow could be carted, to have stoves and boilers in every street in which to melt it. On the 25th of January, the local government in Brighton was loudly praised for its zeal in removing snow and spreading fine gravel on the footpaths; all persons not clearing the pavement before their houses were rigidly fined. Only three of the eight coaches leaving London at nine at night and reaching Brighton at six in the morning arrived in Brighton on the Thursday of this week: the rest were all blockaded at Reigate.

While Lord Ranelagh was astonishing London by dexterous driving in a Lapland sledge, Liverpool was bewailing cold fifteen and even seventeen degrees below freezing point. The markets were not supplied, and the navigation of the Mersey had become difficult and hazardous. At Stamford, the snow was so deep that on the 21st three up coaches—the Highflyer, the Paul Jones, and the Mirror—had to be dug out of the snow. The Glasgow mail was stopped at Baldock, and the Edinburgh at Royston Hills. The roads to Oakham and Uppingham were impassable. At the same date all communication was cut off between Canterbury, the southern coast, and London. The "heavy coaches" from town were stopped at Rochester: Chatham-hill being blocked. The Ayr coach stuck in a wraith near Kilmarnock, and was left there stranded. The rider with the bags from Ayr to Girvan, having had to get his horse dug out of the morass of snow, went on on foot. At Plymouth, twenty inches of snow fell in six hours. The western road was impassable even to horsemen. At Exeter, for one day, the shops were all shut, the very windows being filled up with snow.

All over England the roads were effaced and hardly any landmarks left. Everywhere upon the plain of snow lay moored waggons, carts, and coaches deserted by their masters until the thaw came. On the borders of Warwickshire and Northamptonshire, the snow was of a vast depth. At Dunchurch, the drifts rose to a height of twenty-four feet. The majestic current of the river Trent was frozen for the first time for twenty years, the ice lying

in great ribbed flakes. Near Turriff, on the 16th, the cold reached twenty-eight degrees below freezing point. All communication between Huntingdon and Buntingford ceased about this time, the snow near Godmanchester being ordinarily ten feet deep. The mails to Scotland ceased for several days, to the general inconvenience and alarm. At last, one Sunday, a mail, entirely filled and piled with letters, appeared, dragged by ten horses. The road from Puckeridge to Acreington was cleared by a snow plough of the Earl of Hardwicke's. A paper of this date says:

"Nothing can exceed the exertions of the Post Office in having the roads cleared in all directions, for the conveyance of the mails to and from the capital. Numerous gangs of labourers have been employed on all the great roads to remove the depths of snow, so that a general communication with the capital may be hourly looked for, if there be no further fall. Several accounts have reached us of melancholy accidents that have occurred on account of the severity of the weather. It is apprehended that the loss to farmers of their live stock will be severely felt. A gentleman of Chard has lost above a hundred sheep. Men are employed night and day in digging those animals out of the accumulated heaps under which they are buried."

One day during this cruel weather, a dismounted dragoon on duty on the North Terrace, at Windsor, heard the cries of a person in distress in the fields beyond Eton. On being relieved, he and a comrade went in search of the man, and by dint of making a sort of movable bridge of their cloaks and some hurdles they eventually found a man and his horse who had been sunk in a roadside drift for hours.

A newspaper paragraph of about the end of January is eloquent as to the distress of London. It states that in Lambeth, in two days, one thousand two hundred and sixty-five poor families, comprising four thousand one hundred and seventy-six persons, had been relieved. The period was full of contrasts. While the Earl of Eglington was giving merry curling matches near his castle, Yorkshire mail-coach guards were plunging into the snow with all the dogged courage with which soldiers mount a breach; while London dandies were driving sledges, poor Scotch packmen and Highland shepherds were perishing in the treacherous wraiths.

Lord Sidmouth, getting alarmed at the snow deluge, issued instructions, on the 28th, to the lord mayor, and the lord-lieutenants of counties, to call local meetings of magistrates and employ men to clear the roads. But the great doubt was, whether the circular would ever reach the counties.

Towards the end of this month, the accounts from Dublin grew even more alarming. The stoppage of the food supplies had caused all but a famine. When a man has only potatoes to eat, he has not the stamina wherewith to fast

long. Men, women, children, and horses, were frequently seen to drop dead in the streets. The deaths had increased to eighty a day, and diseases began to break out.

On the 27th, a poor charwoman was found frozen to death in the Highgate road; on the same day, the son of a Westminster tradesman, named Williams, getting on the ice near the shore at Millbank, was carried down the river on a piece that broke off. Many persons saw him and heard him cry for aid; but they could give no help, and he fell off and sank nearly opposite the Penitentiary.

January 29th brought a sudden change; winter, momentarily weary of its tyranny, relaxed its grasp. There came a heavy fall of snow, which suddenly turned to heavy rain, and was the signal for universal floods and inundations. The York and Boston mails were for several hours soaking in Caxton waters, near Huntingdon. Edmonton wash was out, and the road impassable. Seizing its chance, out launched the Exeter coach that had been detained in London several days, and got safely through.

The Frogmore houses were inundated, and at Eton the people removed the furniture from their lower rooms. Then all at once came a stormy south-west wind, and a severe frost slipped its white manacles again upon the rivers. The great roads sheeted with ice became even more impassable than when filled up with several feet of snow. The outcry at the state of the London streets increased in loudness and violence. The local authorities, of course, utterly broke down, as they usually do in all exceptional emergencies. In some places the snow lay in huge frozen hillocks that upset carts; one even upset a mail-coach at the top of the Haymarket, and a gig was overturned by another in Cheapside. It was said that the scavengers would not remove the snow until it was rendered saleable by being impregnated with mud and dung.

The papers of this period are full of curious facts relating to the great frost; not merely natural phenomenon, but incidents showing how much the routine of social events was being disturbed. Persons who had to pay money into Chancery pleaded for a respite owing to their money-letters being delayed by the non-arrival of the mails. Another day it is reported that Mr. Bellamy had given the poor of St. Margaret's several chaldrons of coals from the cellars of the House of Commons, to be replaced in the summer when coals would be at the cheapest. The same day we are told that a quantity of "golden maids," a peculiar sort of fish, had been picked up on Brighton beach and sold at high prices. These fish were blinded by the snow (how, we are not called upon to explain): they are always found in great numbers after heavy falls of snow. Wild swans from Norway had been seen at Boston. Cumberland postmen were reported to have been lost in the drift. Sheep at Stock, in Essex, were found alive "and in good spirits" after a twelve days' burial in the snow. Deer were

discovered dead and buried in the snow at Hampton Court Park; at Bushey, pigs perished in their sties, and bullocks were with difficulty rescued in the fields. The hares from Hampton Court crossed the Thames and took refuge in the grounds of Lord Fitzgerald. Among other curious accidents during this frost we may mention the fact of the horse of a soldier of the Eighteenth Dragoons slipping and throwing his rider near Hilsea. The man's sword, slipping from its scabbard, pierced the head of the trooper and inflicted a mortal wound. The only death on the ice mentioned during this time is that of a toymaker of Millbank, who was drowned while skating on the canal in St. James's Park. Four other persons were rescued by means of ropes and drags.

By the end of January the silent power of the frost had gradually closed in upon the great river that brings the wealth of the world to London. That great artery of the commerce of the four quarters of the globe had ceased to ebb and flow. The systole and diastole of England's heart had for a time stopped. The wonder and delight of the Londoners was unbounded. The fact was at once utilised for pleasure and business. The great frost fair of the old times was revived at Queenhithe and Chiswick, and once more between the bridges meat was cooked and verses were printed. The cold was a good social excuse for the glass, and those who used it made good use of the excuse. The coloured flags of all nations fluttered in the cold air from the roofs of countless booths, where a licence reigned forbidden on shore. The papers described it vividly enough:

"Bands of pandean minstrels, relieved by the dulcet strains of the tin trumpet on all sides, delighted the ear. In the centre of the river a narrow stream defied the power of the frozen region, and marked the path 'where once the current ran.' This interruption, however, so far from impeding the gambols of the day, increased the sport, and added to the profit of the stewards of the scene. A few small planks in some cases, and an old boat or two in others, with the simple addition of Charon's fare, kept the communication entire, and enlivened the pastime. In some parts of the stream, where the width of unfrozen water admitted it, boats completely bent for sail, with their full equipment, attracted the heedless throng. In these were placed food for the hungry, and for the thirsty relief; gin and gingerbread, with other cordials, were here on sale at a moderate price. 'Ubi mel, ibi apes.' The crowd poured towards this magnetic point with extraordinary avidity. Men, women, and children were often seen in one promiscuous heap, although it was impossible not to feel anxious to afford every opportunity of cheering by playful pastime the nipping severity of the weather; yet we cannot disengage our mind from the hazardous consequences of such an exhibition as we are now noticing. Between the bridges the river is now entirely covered, not with a regular even frozen surface, but with an incongruous accumulation

of icy fragments and congealed piled snow, which, during the partial thaw, was disengaged up the river and floated downwards; this having been interrupted by the intervention of the bridges, and partially re-united by the frost of the last two or three days, has completely covered the surface of the water. It is yet extremely dangerous, and was in many places last night set in motion by the influx of the tide, and carried with extreme velocity against the piers of the bridges. Some waterman, more foolhardy than others, ventured to cross opposite Temple-gardens, and nearly lost his life in the attempt." While the crowd danced and blew trumpets, sprang rattles, drank gin, and ate ginger-bread, scientific men disputed whether the ice rose and fell in one solid mass with the ebb and flow, or whether it remained steady at the greatest flood height and bore its own weight in suspension during the ebb. In the mean time, dandies from Bond-street and the Row, sporting men from Tattersall's, soldiers from Knightsbridge, graziers from Smithfield, and ladies from everywhere, crowded the noisy shows on the ice bridge opposite Queenhithe, where the centre of the fair was. It was one long carnival, and everybody went to see it.

At last the thaw came. The rain fell, and the wind blew, and the river broke from its prison, eager to see again its mighty and innumerable ships and its brave lovers, the seamen. Poor people waking that night (February 7) heard the rain pelt at the windows, and the wind shout down the chimney-pots, and thanked God that the hard time of dear bread and no work was over. The great snow-drifts melted at the stern call of the sou'-west wind, and the great shroud was drawn back from the face of nature, waking from her long death-like trance. This change also, Death followed silently. Many perished in the floods in Lincolnshire. Even the frost fair had nearly been fatal to a few of its lingering frequenters. Nine men were left on the ice in a booth, to guard it for the proprietor, Mr. Lawrence, of the Feathers public-house, Timber-street, Queenhithe. He left it safe at nine, not fearing the thaw, and took with him all the spirits and other liquors, except a pint of gin, which he gave the men to drink. At two in the morning the sleeping custodians were awakened by a movement in the ice, which was breaking up and dashing against the bridges. They ran out and found themselves, in the darkness, sweeping, with the speed of the rapids, towards Blackfriars-bridge, against which their ice-raft was about to dash. While they were staring, horror-stricken, their fire caught the booth and it broke into a flame. The men with great difficulty leaped into a lighter which, broken from its moorings, was drifting past; the next moment, that too crashed against the bridge and went to pieces. Again the men threw themselves into the water, clung to the bridge, and saved their lives just as they were at the last point of exhaustion.

The Isle of Ely was almost entirely under

water, as late as the 23rd of February. Trees and houses were alone visible, emerging as from a vast sea. Cattle were drowned, and haystacks floated off. All the low lands west of Lincoln, and those towards Gainsborough, were submerged for several thousand acres. The fierce and swollen current swept down a new bridge at Boultham, the river Witham breaking its banks. The river at Wisbeach rising eight feet, it required tremendous efforts to save the bridge from the packs of floating ice. For two days, gangs of men and an ice-boat with eighteen horses were incessantly at work. The old wooden bridge over the Trent at Markham, near Newark, a well-known nuisance on the great north road, gave way, just after the heavily laden Worksop and Manchester waggon had passed over it.

By degrees the inundations subsided and the snow melted, showing once more the black earth and the keen green blades of young corn. Even the great mountains of ice and congealed snow that had been carted into Moorfields, and had given it the passing name of "New Iceland," melted too; and so, with its bursts of pleasure and its many tragedies of sorrow, passed away the great frost of 1814.

MOVING (DIORAMIC) EXPERIENCES.

THE diorama is a demesne that seems to be strictly preserved for the virtuous and good. Those for whom the gaudy sensualities of the theatre are interdicted may here be entertained with the mild and harmless joys of an instructive diorama. At the doors going in, we may see the quality of the guests—benevolent-looking elderly men, dry virgins, a clergyman or two, and portly mammas with a good deal on their minds, who have brought the governess and all their young family. There is a crowd, and extraordinary eagerness to get in, though there, alas! often proves to be too much room. For these moral shows address themselves only to a limited area; though the limited area does not come forward so handsomely as it should do. Among such audiences there is a more resentful and jealous feeling about points of disagreement between them to the entertainment, such as not commencing—returning money and the like; the umbrellas and sticks, it may be remarked, are made more use of—I mean in the way of creating noise—and the word "Shame!" is uttered from the back benches with more burning indignation. How often on the first night, say, of the Grand Moving Diorama of the Tonga Islands, when there has been a long delay, and something fatally wrong in the gasworks of the little town has prevented the despairing exhibitor from doing much more than show dim pictures, and transformations that miscarried dreadfully, how often have we not seen a bald head and glassy spectacles rise out of the Cimmerian gloom to which the character of the show inevitably consigns its audiences, and in what seems sepulchral accents address

us on our wrongs. We learn by our excellent weekly organ—not the one we hear in our place of worship—that this is Mr. Laycock, our "worthy" fellow-citizen, who has been for years a resident. He thinks we have been treated badly—outrageously; in fact, in the whole course of his long residence at Dunmaelary—then umbrellas and sticks give a round—he never recollected an audience—a highly intelligent and respectable audience (sticks and umbrellas again)—treated with such disrespect. What they had seen that night was a *miserable* and inefficient thing—a wretched imposture and *take-in* (sticks again). The poor showman is always helpless, and from his "stand," where he had been in such luxuriant language describing the beauties of foreign lands, excitedly defends himself, to cries of "No, no," and umbrella interruptions. It was not his fault. He had arrived late "in their town." He had been up all night ("Return the money"). It was the fault of their gasworks (groans), and he would mention names. Yes, of Mr. John Cokeleigh, the secretary ("Shame"), who assured him (great interruption at this unworthy attempt to defame the absent).

A really good diorama is a really high treat, and for the young an entertainment second only to the pantomime. Parents should encourage this feeling, instead of serving out those little sugar-plums, which are so precious to a child, as if they were dangerous and forbidden fruit, which might corrupt the morals and corrupt the soul. These joys are always made to hang awfully in the balance—on the turn of a feather-weight, as it were—by well-meaning but injudicious parents.

Alas! do I not recal Mr. Blackstone, our daily tutor, a steady, conscientious, poor, intellectual "navvy," who was reading nominally "for orders," but, as it proved, for a miserable curacy, which he still holds, and I believe *will* hold, till he reaches sixty. This excellent man kept a mother and sisters "on me and a few more boys," that is to say, by coming for two hours each day on tutorship. Mr. Blackstone kept a little judgment-book with surprising neatness, in which are entries which scored down, with awful rigidity, Latin, bene; Greek, satis; French, medi. This volume was submitted every evening at dinner to the proper authority, and by its testimony we were used according to our deserts, and, it may be added, with the result which the rare instinct of the Lord Hamlet anticipated on using people after their deserts. During this course of instruction, it came to pass that the famous Diorama of the North Pole arrived in our city. It had indeed been looked for very wistfully and for a long time, and its name and description displayed on walls in blue and white stalaetite letters, apparently hanging from the caves of houses, stimulated curiosity. Indeed, I had the happiness of seeing the North Pole actually *arrive*, not as it might be present to romantic eyes, all illuminated from behind, and in a state

of transparent gorgeousness, but in a studied privacy and all packed close in great rolls. Later, I found my way up the deserted stair of the "rooms" where the North Pole had taken up its residence, and, awe-struck, peeped into the great darkened chamber where it reposed with mysterious stillness. There was a delightful perfume of gas, and the rows of seats stretched away far back, all deserted. The North Pole, shrouded in green baize, rose up gauntly, as if it were wrapping itself close in a cloak, and did not wish to be seen. A hammer began to knock behind, and I withdrew hurriedly. Somehow, that grand *déshabille* by day left almost as mysterious, though not so gay, an impression as the night view. But to return to Mr. Blackstone. Latterly, rather an awkward run of "satis" and "medis" had set in, and the pupil at that evening's inspection of the books had been warned and remonstrated. With that rather gloomy view which is always taken of a child's failings, he had been warned that he was entering on a course that would bring him early "to a bad end," if not "to the gallows." This awful warning, though the connexion of this dreadful exit with the "satis," &c., was but imperfectly seen, always sank deep, and the terrors of the "drop" and a public execution sometimes disturbed youthful dreams. But, however, just on the arrival of the North Pole it was unfortunate that this tendency towards a disgraceful end should have set in. For the very presence of this pleasing distraction unnerved the student. It was determined that an early day should be fixed when the family should go, as it were, en masse, and have their minds improved by the spectacle of what the Arctic navigators had done. To the idle apprentice who was under Mr. Blackstone's care, it was sternly intimated that unless he promptly mended, and took the other path which did *not* lead to the gallows, he should be made an example of. This awful penalty was enough from sheer nervousness to bring about failure, and when the day fixed for the North Pole came round, Mr. Blackstone said "it was with much pain that he was compelled to give the worst mark in his power for Greek, namely, 'malè !' "

At this terrible blow all fortitude gave way, and, with a piteous appeal to tutorial mercy, it was "blubbered" out what a stake was depending on his decision, and that not only was the North Pole hopelessly lost for ever, but *that worse might follow*. Blackstone was a good soul at heart, and I recal his walking up and down the room in sincere distress as he listened to the sad story. He was a conscientious man, and when he began, "You see what you are coming to, by the course of *systematic* idleness you have entered on," and when, too, he began to give warnings of the danger of such a course, with an indistinct allusion to the gallows, it was plain there was hope. After a good deal of sarcasm and anger, and even abuse, I recal his sitting down with his penknife and neatly—he did everything neatly

—scratching out the dreadful "malè." But his conscience would only suffer him to substitute a "vix medi," a description which, in truth, did not differ much, but which had not the naked horror of the other. I could have embraced his knees. And yet suspicion was excited by this erasure, most unjustly, and but little faith was put in the protestations of the accused; for his eagerness to be present at the show was known, and he was only cleared by the friendly testimony of an expert as to handwriting.

That North Pole was very delightful. It seems to me now to be mostly ships in various positions, and very "spiky" icebergs. The daring navigators, Captain Back and others, always appeared in full uniform. They had all our sympathy. The most exciting scene was the capture of the whale, as it was called, though it scarcely amounted to a capture. When the finny monster had struck out with his tail and sent the boat and crew all into the air, a dreadful spectacle of terror and confusion, which caused a sensation among the audience, exhibited by rustling and motion in the dark, an unpleasantness, however, quickly removed by the humour of our lecturer, who, in his comic way, says, "As this is a process which happens on an average about once in the week, the sailors get quite accustomed to this ducking, and consider it rather fun than otherwise, as it saves them the trouble of *taking a bath*." This drollery convulses us, and the youthful mind thinks what it would give to have such wit. Not less delightful was the scene where the seals were playing together on the vast and snowy-white shore, with the great "hicebergs" (so our lecturer had a tendency to phrase it) in the distance, and the two ships all frozen up. We had music all through, as the canvas moved on. And when our lecturer dwelt on the maternal affection of the wounded seal which was struggling to save its offspring, and declined to escape into the water, Mr. George Harker, the admired tenor (but invisible behind the green baize), gave us, with great feeling and effect—was it the ballad of "Let me kiss him for his Mother"?

Only a few years ago, when the intrepid navigators, McClintock and others, were exciting public attention, a new panorama of their perils and wanderings was brought out. Faithful to the old loves of childhood, I repaired to the show; but presently begun to rub my eyes. It seemed like an old dream coming back. The boat in the air, the wounded seal, and the navigators themselves, in full uniform, treating with the Esquimaux—all this was familiar. But I rather resented the pointing out of the chief navigator "in the foreground" as the intrepid Sir Leopold, for he was the very one who had been pointed to as the intrepid Captain Back.

Not less welcome in these old days was the ingenious representation of Mr. Green the intrepid aeronaut's voyage in his great balloon "Nas sau." There was a dramatic air about all *that*. The view of gardens, crowded with spectators

in very bright dresses (illuminated from behind), and with faces all expressive of delight and wonder, and the balloon in the middle—a practicable balloon, *not* attached to the canvas. We could see it swaying as the men strove to hold it. I remember the describer's words to this hour: "At last, all being now ready, Mr. Green, the intrepid aeronaut, and his companion entered the car, and having taken farewell of his friends, gave the signal to cast off, and in a moment the balloon rapidly ascended." At the same time cheerful music behind the baize, "The Roast Beef of Old England," I think, struck up, and the garden, wondering spectators, trees, all went *down* rapidly, the balloon remaining stationary. The effect was most ingeniously produced. I never shall forget the interest with which that voyage was followed. We had the clouds, the stars, the darkened welkin, all moving slowly by (to music). The crossing of the Channel by night, and the rising of the sun—wonderful effect! Plenty of rich fiery streaking well laid on. Then the Continent, and terra firma again; and how ingeniously was a difficulty got rid of. Necessarily, the countries we were to see from Mr. Green's car could only be under faint bird's-eye condition, and "so many thousand feet above the level of the sea," which would make everything rather indistinct and unsatisfactory. We therefore took advantage of the interval between the first and second parts to get rid of our large balloon which blocked up the centre of the canvas, and changed it for a tiny one, which was put away high in the air, in its proper place, where it took up no room, and did quite as well as the other. However, at the close of the performance, when we had travelled over everything, and wished to see Mr. Green coming down, we took back our large balloon, and were very glad to see it again, and the wondering faces of the Germans.

There is one scene which the dioramic world seems inclined not willingly to let die. At least it somehow thrusts itself without any regard to decent dioramic fitness upon every kind of diorama indiscriminately. Any student will know at once that I allude to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This seems to have a sort of fascination for the painters. I never knew a single show that had not this church "lugged in" head and shoulders, or rather porch and pillars, either at the beginning or at the end. I am afraid this is from no spirit of piety or veneration, but simply from the favourable opening the church presents for changing from a daylight view to a gorgeous "night effect." They know, too, that the good are among the audience in strong force, and that is touching the true chord. We know by heart the clumpy Byzantine pillars and the Moorish arches, and the stairs down to the right, and the round globes of white light lamps burning, and the men in turbans kneeling.

Suddenly we hear the harmonium behind, and

the voices of Mr. George Harker, the admired tenor, and Miss Edith Williams, the (also) admired soprano, attuning their admired voices together in a very slow hymn; and gradually the whole changes to midnight, with a crypt lit up with countless lamps and countless worshippers. A dazing and dazzling spectacle, the umbrellas of the good and pious becoming deafening in their approbation. Taken as an old friend, that I have seen in every town in the kingdom, I have an affection for this crypt and its transformation; but still I know every stone in it by heart. Where was it that I saw the DIORAMA OF IRELAND, with "national harps and altars," "national songs and watchwords," "national dances and measures," all in great green letters, made out of staggering round towers and ruined abbeys?—appropriate songs and dances by Miss Biddy Magrath. Where but in an Irish town rather towards the north. I recal the lecturer, a very solemn man, who preached a good deal as the canvas moved on to music—it is a law that canvas *can* only move to music; and a city with bridges, &c., and a river would slowly pass on, and stop short when it was finally developed. Our lecturer would say, sadly, as if he were breaking a death, "*LIM-ER-ICK!* the city of the vier-lated te-reaty!" The result of this announcement in the northern town was a burst of hisses, with a counter-demonstration from the back benches. The grand scene, however, was when a bright and gay town came on, and was introduced as "*DERRY, THE MAIDEN CITY!*" Then there was terrific applause, and even cheers, with a counter-demonstration from the back. It will be conceived that this state of things did not conduce at all to the success of the diorama, and it was very shortly withdrawn from its native land, and exhibited to more indifferent spectators. And yet Miss Magrath's exertions, both in singing and dancing, were exceedingly arch, and deserved a better fate.

The lecturers are always delightful. What were they—I always think while waiting for the green baize to be drawn—*before* they took to this profession? Is it a lucrative profession?—by the way, it certainly must be a limited one. How he must get at last absolutely to loathe the thing he described, and yet he always looks at it as he speaks with an air of affection; but in his heart of hearts he *must* loathe it, or be dead to all human feelings and repugnances. For only consider the "day performance" at two—the night one at eight. Yet he always seems to deliver it with an air of novelty, and an air of wisdom, too, and morality, which is not of the pulpit or forum, but simply dioramic. It is only when he descends to jests and joking that he loses our respect. A little story of his goes an immense way, especially anything touching on love or courtship. "There," he says, speaking of the prairies, "the vast rolling plains are covered with a rank lugsurious and rich ver-joor. There we can see the solitary wigwam, with

the squaw preparing the family kettle, unencumbered by their babies. They have an excellent way in the prairies of dealing with troublesome appendages. Every child is made up into a sort of case or bandage, as depicted in the foreground of the scene. When they are busy, they simply hang them on a tree to be out of the way." Every father and mother laughs heartily, and with delight, at this humorous stroke. Perhaps the pleasantest of the whole round was a certain diorama that called itself "The Grand Tour," and which carried out the little fiction of its visitors being "excursionists," and taken over every leading city on the Continent. We were supposed to take our tickets, "first-class," at London-bridge, embarked in a practicable steamer at St. Katharine's Wharf, with its rigging all neatly cut out, so that, as we began to move—or rather, as the many thousand square feet of canvas began to move—we saw the Tower of London, and various objects of interest along the river passing us by. The steamer was uncommonly good indeed, and actually gave delicate people present quite an uncomfortable feeling. Presently all the objects of interest had gone by, and we were out at sea, with fine effects by moonlight, fine effects by blood-red sunrise, and then we were landed, and saw every city that was worth visiting. Against one little "effect" some of our "excursionists"—among the more elderly—made indignant protest. When we were passing through Switzerland and came to Chamounix, where there had been a prodigal expenditure of white paint and a great saving in other colours, and found ourselves at the foot of the great mountain—I forget how many thousand feet above the level of the sea, but we were told to a fraction—our lecturer warmed into enthusiasm, and burst out into the lines :

Mont Blanc, the monarch of mountains,
In his robe of snow, &c.

But the greatest danger that menaces us is what our lecturer calls the "have-a-launch," which must be a very serious thing indeed. "Often 'ole villages may be reposing in peaceful tranquillity, the inhabitants fast locked in slumber, when suddenly, without a note of preparation"—Exactly, that is what such of us as have nerves object to—a startling crash produced behind the baize—a scream among the audience—and the smiling village before us is buried in a mass of snow—white paint. It is the "have-a-launch." This is the grand coup of the whole. Why does the music take the shape of the mournful Dead March in Saul?

Yet even dioramas have the elements of decay. Sometimes they light on a dull and indifferent town, and get involved in debt and difficulty. The excursions can't pay their own expenses. I once saw a diorama of the Susquehanna, covering many thousand square feet of canvas, and showing the whole progress of that noble river, sold actually for no more than five pounds. I

was strongly tempted, as the biddings rested at that figure. It would be something to say *you had* bought a panorama once in your life.

A POST-OFFICE CASE.

I SUPPOSE that those well-meaning, weak-minded people who are just now reviving the old exploded nonsense about the wickedness of any duty being performed on Sunday in the Post-office would have been horrified indeed if they could have looked into a certain room in St. Martin's-le-Grand about two o'clock on a Sunday afternoon in May, 1865. For there was duty being performed there at that time, and no mistake, and some of the first men in the service were engaged in its performance. I'm not speaking of myself when I say this, though I was there amongst others. I had been to church, and was holding my little girl by the hand and answering her, to the best of my power, one of those odd sorts of questions that children will ask about the sermon and the service, when, as we turned the corner of the road (I live in a suburban district), I saw a Hansom cab, with the horse very hot and very blown, standing at my garden gate, and I turned to my wife, who was following close behind with my eldest boy, and said to her, "Off again!" I had only arrived at home on Friday night from a trial at Lancaster, where I had had the pleasure of convicting one of the greatest scoundrels that ever disgraced our service, and I should not have minded a little rest, but the Hansom cab gave me the first hint of being wanted, and when the door was opened, and I saw one of the detectives whom we retain in our employ sitting in my little hall, I knew my fate. "Wanted, Scotcher?" said I to the detective. "Wanted immediate, sir?" said Scotcher, "and it's a buster this time, and no mistake." So I had my portmanteau, which I always keep ready packed, put into the cab, and I said good-bye to the wife, and drove off with Scotcher in the Hansom to St. Martin's. You know that building, I know, sir, but you've only seen it when it has been thronged with hundreds of people all intent on getting through an immensity of work in a limited time. You've no conception what it is when empty, how your footfall reverberates through the long passages and the vast halls and the big rooms, and how the very fact of your knowing how lively it can be renders the dullness and the silence oppressive and intolerable. Scotcher and I, admitted by a private pass key, clanked through the long passages until we reached the private room of the Head of the Missing Letter Branch, where he, one of the secretaries, and two or three of the inferior officers, were assembled in conclave, and then I learned what had taken place.

It appears that after business hours on the previous day (business closes at one o'clock on Saturdays), the officer who is left in charge of the building to transact any pressing business that may arise, and who is officially styled the "clerk

in waiting," received the following telegram from the postmaster of Waterbridge: "A number of money-order advices of large amount passed through the office last night, from Higher Brickey. From communication just received from the sub-postmaster, it does not appear that any such were issued by him. I fear something wrong has taken place. They were all addressed to branch offices in London. One is believed to be the Minories, and one in Peckham district." Acting upon the very vague information received in this telegram, the clerk in waiting ascertained in the course of Saturday that Higher Brickey money orders to the extent of one hundred pounds had been cashed in the course of the morning at the money-order offices in the Minories and at the Eastern District offices. No further information could be obtained that evening. Before the following morning (Sunday) the following telegram was received from Waterbridge: "Send to the secretary immediately. Five hundred money orders and advices were taken from the sub-postmaster of Higher Brickey, on Friday, by a man calling himself an inspector of the Post-office. At least fifty were used on that day, and will involve a loss of one thousand pounds, as the advices all appeared to be made out for ten pounds each. Caution should at once be sent to all the money-order offices in the London district. The remitter's name appeared to be Grieve."

This was startling intelligence indeed, and on the receipt of it, the clerk in waiting at once sent off for the assistant-secretary and the head of the missing-letter branch, and despatched Sergeant Scotcher for me. When we were all assembled we had a hurried consultation, woke up a semi-vinous, semi-somnolent printer who had a small hand-machine in a neighbouring court, and made him set up and work off a lot of caution notices for despatch to the various postmasters and letter-receivers by the night and morning mails, sent out and secured a staff of clerks to fold and envelope these notices, and took the following measures to ascertain the extent of the frauds and to prevent any repetition of it extending, and to ensure the capture of the offender if such repetition were attempted.

The money-order accounts of the London branch receivers (four hundred in number), which had come in by the last despatch of Saturday night were opened and examined, and in them were found, in all, fifty-seven orders for ten pounds each, purporting to be of Higher Brickey issue, which had been cashed on Saturday at twelve money-order offices in the east of London. It was then ascertained, by inquiry of these receivers, that two persons, one a short dark man, the other a tall fair man, had been concerned in the presentation of these orders; that the dark man had visited some and the fair man other offices, that at the money-order office in Limehouse they had been seen in company under the following circumstances. The fair man, in the first instance, went alone to the receiving-office in Limehouse,

and presented five Higher Brickey money-orders for ten pounds each; the letter-receiver had but thirty pounds in hand, and therefore stated that he could cash three only of the orders, but that he would apply to the chief office for funds to cash the remainder. The fair man, after some conversation, took the thirty pounds for three of the orders and went away, but returned almost immediately with the dark man, who had in his hand a further bundle of money-orders drawn on another office (the business of which had been transferred to the Limehouse office), for which he demanded payment. As the receiver was unable, for the reasons before given, to cash any more orders, the dark man abused him violently, and the altercation which ensued was so warm and noisy as to draw a crowd round the office. At length the receiver said he would send a telegram to the chief office for funds, and if the man would call at four in the afternoon they should be paid. On this they left him, and never returned. Stupid fools they were to do this, for from this very Limehouse receiver we obtained what afterwards proved to be a tolerably accurate description of the two men, and we also obtained the numbers of several Bank of England notes which had been paid to them. So far, so good. But the postmaster of Waterbridge having stated that three hundred money-orders had been stolen, of which, as we knew, but fifty-seven had been cashed, it seemed reasonable to suppose that further attempts to cash some of the remaining orders would be made early on Monday morning. So with a view to defeat any such attempts, the principal postmasters throughout the kingdom were instructed forthwith to detain any person who should present money-orders of Higher Brickey issue, and to despatch similar instructions to their sub-postmasters. A force of sorters and letter-carriers was despatched to every money-order office in London with similar instructions.

The carrying out of these arrangements occupied us nearly the whole of Sunday night, but they were so effectually completed by an early hour on Monday morning, that any person who had then presented a Higher Brickey money order at any money-order office would assuredly have been detained; indeed, the holder of a genuine Higher Brickey order was pounced upon by our people at Birmingham, and detained at the office until the postmaster had received instructions to let him go. No attempt was, however, made to utter any more of the forged orders, although, as we ascertained early on Monday morning, thirty-three forged advices of such orders were lying at six money-order offices in the east of London. Before the close of Monday it became evident that the perpetrators of the fraud, alarmed probably by the offer of the Limehouse clerk to telegraph for funds, had made up their minds to rest contented, for a time at least, with the plunder which they had obtained. As, however, it seemed by no means improbable that they would, in a little time, attempt to pass off some of the stolen orders on

tradesmen in exchange for goods, we had some cautionary notices framed, and distributed by the agency of the police, in which London tradesmen were warned that any money order which purported to be of Higher Brickey issue must be regarded as forged, and that the person presenting it must be detained.

Precautions taken, it now became necessary to take steps for the detection of the offenders. From a report which we received from the postmaster of Waterbridge, on the morning of Monday, the 15th of May, we derived some information as to the mode in which the money orders had been obtained from the post-office at Higher Brickey, and from the same source we obtained a description of the man who had thus obtained the orders, and of a confederate who waited for him at Waterbridge, whose description tallied closely with the description of the two men who had cashed the orders in London. A little communication with the police superintendent at the Great Western (we know every man in the force worth knowing, whether in public or private service), and a little cross-examination of the night porters, enabled us to trace the arrival of these two men at Paddington, from Waterbridge, on the morning of Saturday, the 13th of May. But though we thus found reason to suppose that the offenders were only two in number, were located in London, and would ultimately be found in London, it still seemed desirable that the search for them should be commenced in Higher Brickey and Waterbridge. It appeared probable that the men must have been induced to select a place so little known as Higher Brickey for the scene of their operations by some motive personal to themselves—by previous knowledge, for instance, of the place or of the sub-postmaster—and it was reasonable to expect that we should ascertain by inquiry on the spot, first, these motives for the selection of Higher Brickey, and thence by whom the fraud had been committed. So, with my mind filled with all the facts, so far as we knew them, and with certain ideas of how to work them, I went down to Waterbridge, and when I returned I was enabled to lay before the heads of the department the following statement:

On the evening of Thursday, the 11th of May, two men, the one short and dark, the other tall and fair, arrived in Waterbridge from Lowbridge, where, during the day, they had endeavoured, without success, to obtain a fly to convey them to Higher Brickey. They had been drinking rather freely in Lowbridge, and had become loquacious and incautious. On arriving in Waterbridge, they went to the Commercial Hotel, where the fair man remained for the night. The dark man, after asking the boots of the Commercial whether Mrs. Dean still kept the White Hart, and being answered in the affirmative, went to the White Hart and engaged a bed for the night. In the course of the evening he inquired of the attendants for more than one old inhabitant of Waterbridge, and he made special inquiry after one Anne Love, who had been, as he said, a servant to

his father. Later in the evening he went out and sought out two women of the town, whom he accosted as old acquaintances, but they did not recognise him, so to one of them he introduced himself as "Harry Morris," asking her, at the same time, not to mention that she had seen him. Before he went to bed he gave orders that a gig should be in readiness next morning at nine o'clock to take him to Higher Brickey. But on the following morning he had slept off his liquor, and was much less communicative; and when he set out for Higher Brickey, in the gig, he cautiously avoided the principal street, and took a circuitous route through by-lanes. After calling at a shop in Bannington, a village through which he passed, and purchasing a sheet of blotting-paper and a chamois leather, he drove to the post-office at Higher Brickey, accosted the sub-postmaster by name, and desired to be shown into a private room, and declared himself to be an inspector from the General Post-office in London. He had come down, he said, specially to investigate circumstances connected with the loss of several letters which had been posted at this office, and taking some red-tape-tied documents from his bag, he read, or pretended to read, complaints from several gentlemen who actually lived in the neighbourhood, and from a Mr. Hamilton, of Camden Town, who, he said, had already written to the sub-postmaster. Denying the imputations of the resident gentry, the sub-postmaster was compelled to confess that he had been in correspondence with Mr. Hamilton (I ascertained afterwards that Mr. Hamilton was Morris himself, who had entered into correspondence with the official for the purpose of making himself acquainted with his writing, and practising a forgery of his signature), and the "gentleman from London," after severely rating the unfortunate man, told him that he should "institute a test," and that for the purposes of this test the postmaster must attend to his orders for a week.

The postmaster demurred at first, but, impressed by the accurate official knowledge of the inspector from London, and awed by his demeanour, finally consented to do his bidding. The inspector then asked the postmaster at what time the night mail would be despatched, and, on learning the hour, stated he should be present to see the mail made up, and that, meanwhile, he should prepare a "test letter" on which he should require the postmaster to place a private mark for future identification, for despatch by that mail. Then, producing another bundle of papers from his black bag, he began to question the postmaster as to the nature and extent of his money-order business, and on learning that on an average about fifteen orders per week were issued, he said that under the existing system the disparity between the numbers of orders issued at small offices and the numbers issued at such offices as Liverpool and Manchester caused much inconvenience to the chief office, where all the numbers were registered by machinery, that an important alteration was about

to be made, and that he had been instructed to take from the postmaster his stock of blank orders and notices, and leave him no more than would suffice until the 16th of May, when the alteration would take effect. He thus obtained from the postmaster one complete book, containing two hundred money orders and advices, and one hundred orders and advices from another book. The complete book, he said, would be at once forwarded by him to London, but it would be necessary that the postmaster should affix the dated stamp of his office to those orders and advices, with a view to cancel them, and to mark the date on which they were removed from Higher Brickey. The postmaster did so accordingly.

Having thus obtained the orders and advices, the gentleman from London informed the postmaster that he was going on to pursue his inquiries at a neighbouring office, and that he should return in the evening with the test-letter, which he should himself place in the mail-bag, and that, until his arrival, no other letters were to be placed in that bag. I found out he never went to any other office, but drove off to a tavern called the Castle of Comfort, a few miles off, in a quiet out-of-the-way spot, where he occupied himself in filling up the orders and advices. He came back to Higher Brickey at the appointed time to see the mail made up, brought his test letter with him, and made the postmaster keep his door shut, and serve any of the public that applied through a little sliding panel, such as you have often seen in country offices. He had tremendous luck, too, this gentleman from London, for the poor postmaster was constantly called away to serve the public with stamps and to answer inquiries, and on one occasion had to rush out and seize the pretended inspector's horse, which was frightened at the passing of a volunteer band. During these temporary absences of the postmaster, the inspector no doubt contrived to slip the advices into the bag, and possibly to stamp each lot on the back. He then saw the mail off, and on bidding the postmaster farewell, announced his intention of keeping a sharp eye on the mail-cart driver in front of him. On reaching Waterbridge, he was joined by the tall fair man who had been waiting about at the different inns all day, and they both started for London together.

It was of course plain enough that the dark man was the prime mover in the affair, that he did all the work that required clever handling, and that the fair man was a mere common thief—he had “let out” a little when the drink was in him—but that the dark man was of a much higher order than a mere “magsman.” So the first thing to do was to find out who the dark man was. There was a little humpy ostler at the White Hart, a cunning little chap, who had taken a great deal of notice of this dark man. It was from him I learned that the stranger had asked after Anne Love, and mentioned that she had lived as servant with his father; and it was through him that I was brought face to face

with Anne Love, then married and doing well. She had only been in three situations before she got married, she said, and only in one where there had been sons in the family. Where was that? That was at Morris's. (I felt I was hot on the scent then, for my dark friend had told one of the women that he was “Harry Morris.”) How many sons were there at Morris's? Two; one of them went to Australia, and the other was put in prison for robbing the Post-office. For robbing the Post-office! The man, without a doubt—out of prison, and trying his old game again! I had to get back to London as quickly as possible; but, before I left Waterbridge, I gathered certain particulars of his history from some people who corresponded with Morris's parents, who had fallen into poverty and left Waterbridge for London; and I identified my dark friend with Harry Morris, who was a clerk in the Waterbridge post-office, but was dismissed for irregular and dissolute conduct in the year 1849. In '51 he contrived to steal the Waterbridge mail-bag from the railway platform, which projected about three feet over the plane of the railway, by hiding under the platform, and hooking off the bags when the mail messenger was looking another way. Morris was a green hand then, for he tried to pass off some notes, which proved part of the plunder, himself, and he was given into custody at Bristol, tried at Taunton in the spring of '52, and sentenced to ten years' penal. He got his ticket of leave in '56, but was trapped again for uttering base coin, and had nine months for the new offence, and to work out the remainder of his original sentence. During his second term of imprisonment he sustained some injury, and lost the sight of one of his eyes. If I had any doubt of his identity, this settled it, as the daughter of the sub-postmaster at Higher Brickey had told me the dark man had a marked peculiarity in his right eye.

I came back to town with all this information, and it was decided that the first thing to be done was to watch the house in which Morris's parents lived. That was a job for the police, and they were communicated with; and as it happened that Morris's parents were desirous of letting an unfurnished room in their house, the police were told to find a trustworthy woman to take it and furnish it, to be very friendly with the old people, and to be always ready with an open bottle of gin, if either of them should step up-stairs for a chat. The plan answered well. The trustworthy woman was as sharp as a needle; old Mrs. Morris was as reticent as a sieve. The gin-and-water was always on the table, and within a very few days we ascertained that Morris had written to his mother, enclosing her some postage stamps, giving her a fictitious account of his proceedings, and asking her to address her reply to “J. Henry, Post-office, Edgeware-road.” As ill-luck would have it, there are two post-offices in the Edgeware-road, and though the detectives were told to remain one at one office, the other at the other, after a day or two they went jointly to the office at

which the letter for Morris was lying, and left the other office unprotected. On the evening of Thursday, the 25th of May, Morris sent to the post-office at which the letter and the detectives were *not* waiting for him, and asked for the letter. The receiver, instead of attempting to detain him, contented himself with looking through two or three bundles of letters, and stating that he had no such letter, but that it would probably be found at the other post-office in the Edgeware-road. Morris, on learning this, went away, saying he would call at the other office, but instead of doing so he sent, the next morning, his accomplice, the tall fair man, who, after receiving the letter, was followed by the detectives and taken into custody, just one fortnight after the date of his visit to Waterbridge. If anything had been wanting to prove that the pretended inspector who visited Higher Brickey was no other than Henry Morris, formerly a clerk in the Waterbridge post-office, the capture of the inspector's confederate, with a letter from the mother of Morris to her son, would have settled the question.

The tall fair man, who was called "Needle Tommy"—but who called himself John Wilson—was tried, and got ten years' penal; and, as his trial was in the papers, there was little doubt that Morris would read of it, would not again venture to communicate with his mother, and would attempt to escape from London. To prevent his escape, we sent a description of him to every metropolitan railway station, to every important junction station within fifty miles of London, to every seaport, and to every large provincial town. We ascertained that not only was his eye affected, but that he was distinguishable by a congenital contraction of the little finger of his left hand. We obtained his photograph from the police authorities, and three hundred copies of that photograph were distributed amongst the principal officers in town and country, and amongst the inspectors and ticket-takers at the principal railway stations. We sent detectives to Epsom, Ascot, and Hampton races, and a watch was kept at every theatre, music-hall, and dancing-saloon in London.

And all to no purpose. The police were wonderfully active, but not very perspicuous. One-eyed men were being taken up all over the country, it not being taken into account that the little fingers of their left hands were all straight, and that in no other respect did they answer the description of Morris. A one-eyed man on Newhaven pier, walking to the Dieppe boat, had to answer many questions before he was permitted to embark. A one-eyed Jew fruiterer, going to Margate for a holiday, spent his evening in the station-house instead of at the Tivoli Gardens, until he satisfied the authorities. From Walsall and Chelmsford, from Newcastle-on-Tyne and from Horsemenonger-lane Jail, we received information that Morris was arrested, but investigation cleared up the story, and Morris was still at large. How to get him? how to get him? We were all fairly

done, when a brilliant thought came across me, and we acted on it at once.

When Morris was in prison at Woking, he wrote to a "Mr. Naylor, 3B, Suffolk-street, Middlesex Hospital," and represented Naylor to be his brother. We knew very well that this was false, and concluded that Naylor must have been a prison companion of Morris's, and we therefore thought it probable that if we could find Naylor we should find Morris. So I went to the dead-letter office, where there are hundreds of photographs taken out of letters which could not be delivered for want of address or other cause, and I picked out one of a prettyish, fastish-looking girl, and I enclosed it in a letter, which ran thus:

"Captain Flash, of our place, will call on you in a few days. The Rosebud wants you to give him the enclosed, and ask him to write to her at the old place. Yours, J. Murray."

This letter was addressed to Naylor, was registered, and given to a letter-carrier with instructions not to part with it until he got a receipt from Naylor himself. Within twenty-four hours, the man brought back Naylor's receipt and an accurate description of Naylor himself. We told the detectives of this, and if they had done as they were told we should have had Morris and Naylor together; but they will *not* take a hint, and so my little game was for a time—only for the time, mind—of no use.

But we got him at last. On the 29th of June, nine days after the delivery of the registered letter to Naylor, the solicitor to the post-office in Dublin telegraphed to the effect that Morris and two other men, after obtaining goods from Dublin tradesmen in exchange for forged money orders of Higher Brickey issue, had been arrested at Malahide, near Dublin. From further reports of the case, it appeared that on the morning of the 28th of June Morris visited the shops of three of the principal mercers in Dublin, and selected at each shop goods to the value of about twenty-five pounds. The tradesmen were one and all charmed with his politeness. He appeared, they said, to have very good taste and a thorough knowledge of the value of the articles he selected, but, with the modesty which is always inseparable from true genius, he expressed doubts as to his own powers of selection, and said that he would leave the choice to the tradesmen, in the conviction that any article which he purchased of firms so eminent must be of the best quality. When he had made his purchases, he, in each case, desired that the goods might be retained for him until the evening, when he would call and pay for them. He also asked in each case to be directed to the post-office. He returned in the evening to each shop, and made profuse apologies for being after his time. He had been detained, he said, at dinner by some friends whose hospitality was overwhelming. He had also been quite put out by the discovery that the Money-order Office in Dublin closed at four o'clock. In England much more accommodation was given to the public. He had relied upon

finding the post-office in Dublin open, as he had intended to cash some money orders there; but he must now ask that these orders might be taken in payment for the goods which he had purchased, and that he might have the balance in cash. His story was so plausible and good, that from these three tradesmen he got about seventy-five pounds in goods and seventy-five pounds in money.

You would have thought that that would have contented him for the time, but they are cormorants, these fellows, and always come to grief by overreaching. That same evening, in fact before his second visit to Repps and Grodynapp's, one of the mercers' shops, Morris and two other men went to a public-house and called for some sherry. They got it, and liked it so much that they offered to buy a dozen if the landlord would change a money-order for ten pound. The landlord, who was rather staggered at hearing his sherry praised, made some difficulty with regard to the money order, on which Morris offered him a sovereign to cash the order. This roused the landlord's suspicions at once, and he declined. The three men shortly afterwards left the public-house, and Morris went to complete his purchase at the shop of Repps and Grodynapp. But, unfortunately for him, it happened that a young man in the employ of Repps and Grodynapp was drinking at the bar of the public-house where Morris attempted to pass off the money order on the landlord, and heard all that went on. As he entered his employer's shop, he was met by the cashier, who told him he had just done an excellent stroke of business, having sold goods to the amount of twenty-five pounds, and having been paid for them with money orders to the value of fifty pounds, so that he had been compelled to pay the balance to the purchaser in cash. He added, that the porter was just then in the act of putting the goods on the car for the purchaser. On learning this, the first young man went to look at the purchaser, and found him to be no other than the man who had just attempted to pass off a money order at the public-house. He communicated what *he* knew to the cashier, and they both thought it so suspicious that they followed the man from place to place in Dublin, and hence to Malahide, where, after communication with the post-office solicitor, they had them arrested. On Morris was found the stamp with which the forged money orders had been stamped, and which had been formed by packing loose types in a piece of brass tube, and securing them in their places with sealing-wax. The permanent stamp merely contained the words "Higher Brick," but the thieves were supplied with loose types for the dates.

The two men who were with Morris called

themselves Chesterfield and Martin. In Chesterfield's pocket was found a chamois leather (probably that which Morris had purchased) and a bottle of printer's ink. On the leather were impressions of the loose types which had been used to complete the stamped impressions on the money-orders, and Chesterfield was thus clearly connected with the fraud. There was more difficulty about Martin. He had been seen to drink with the other two men, and to assist in carrying their trunks; but he declared they had employed him, and that he had never seen them before. His story was so far a plausible one, that the magistrate before whom they were taken was disposed to discharge him; but, fortunately, at this juncture the registered letter which we had caused to be delivered to Naylor nine days before was found in the pocket of Martin's coat. The Dublin solicitor could not tell what to make of the letter, but, thinking it might furnish us with a clue to the rest of the gang, sent me a copy, and of course I at once perceived that we had caught Naylor as well as Morris. I accordingly went over to Dublin, taking with me the letter-carrier who had delivered the registered letter to Naylor, and a constable who knew Naylor, and these two men identified Martin as Naylor without hesitation.

They were tried at the September assizes, convicted, and sentenced, Morris to twenty years', Naylor to ten, and the third man to six years' penal servitude. I believe care has been taken to prevent Mr. Morris coming out before the expiration of his time. He was certainly one of the most cunning and most daring thieves that the Post-office had ever to contend against.

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[PRICE 2d.]

BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," &c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XVI. STRONG AS DEATH.

UNSPEAKABLE terror laid its paralysing grasp upon Harriet; upon her heart, which ceased, it seemed to her, to beat; upon her limbs, which refused to obey the impulse of her will. Alone she stood upon the platform, long after the train had disappeared, and thought failed her with the power of movement; a blank fell upon her. A porter addressed her, but she stared stupidly in his face, and made no reply.

"The lady's ill," the man said to another. "I had better take her to the waiting-room, and fetch a cab. If you'll come this way, ma'an——"

Then Harriet's faculties awoke with a start. "No, thank you," she said; "I must get home." And she walked swiftly and steadily away. Two of the superior officials were talking together close to the door through which she had to pass, and she heard one of them say:

"Very quietly done, if it was so; and I'm pretty sure it was; I couldn't be mistaken in Tatlow."

The words conveyed no meaning, no alarm to Harriet. She went on, and out into the crowded street. She walked a long way before she felt that she could bear the restraint, the sitting still implied by driving in any vehicle. But when she reached Tokenhouse-yard, and found that nothing was known there of Routh, that no message had been received from him since he had left that evening, she got into a cab and went home. No news there, no message, no letter. Nothing for her to do but wait, to wait as patiently as she could, while the servants speculated upon the queer state of affairs, commented upon "master's" absence on the preceding night, and hoped he had not "bolted"—a proceeding which they understood was not uncommon in the case of gentlemen of Routh's anomalous and dim profession. Nothing for her to do but to wait, nothing but the hardest of all tasks, the most agonising of all sufferings. And this was the night which was to have brought her, with utter despair for herself,

rest. Rest of body, which she had never so sorely needed, and had never felt so impossible of attainment. Her iron strength and endurance were gone now. Her whole frame ached, her nerves thrilled like the strings of a musical instrument, a terrible interior distraction and hurry came over her at intervals, and seemed to sweep away her consciousness of reality without deadening her sense of suffering. She did not now wonder whether she was going mad; since she had known the very, very worst of her own fate, that fear had entirely left her. She wondered now whether she was dying. Wondered, with some curiosity, but no fear; wondered, with a vague feeling of the strangeness of the irruption of utter nothingness, into such a chaos of suffering and dread as life had become to her. There would be rest, but not the consciousness of it; she would no more exist. A little while ago she would have shrunk from that, because love remained to her; but now—if she could but know the worst, know the truth, know that he could not be saved, or that he was safe, she would not care how soon she ceased to be one of the facts of the universe. *She* had never mattered much; she did not much matter now. But these thoughts crossed her mind vaguely and rarely; for the most part it was abandoned to the tumultuous agony of her ignorance and suspense. Still no letter, no message. The time wore on, and it was nine o'clock when Harriet heard a ring at the door, and a man's voice asking to see Mrs. Routh. It was not a voice she knew; and even while she eagerly hoped the man might have come to her from Routh, she trembled at the thought that he might be the bearer of a communication from George Dallas, for whose silence she had been thankful, but unable to account.

The man was a clerk from Mr. Lowther's office, and his errand was to deliver to Mrs. Routh a letter, "on very important business," he said, which he had directions to give into her own hands. He executed his commission, retired promptly, and Harriet was left alone to find the solution of all her doubts, the termination of all her suspense, in Jim Swain's letter.

The approaches to the Mansion House police-court, and the precincts of the court itself, were densely crowded. All sorts of rumours

prevailed respecting the reported discovery of the mystery which had perplexed the police and the public in the spring. The arrest of two persons at different places, and the reports, garbled, exaggerated, and distorted as they were, of the circumstances which had led to the discovery which directed suspicion towards the second of the two accused persons, had keenly excited the public curiosity. The proceedings of the coroner's inquest upon the body of the unknown man had been raked up and read with avidity; and the oozing out of even the smallest particulars relative to the two prisoners was eagerly watched for by the greedy crowd. Curiosity and expectation were obliged to satisfy themselves for the nonce with the proceedings in the case of Stewart Routh. George Dallas was unable to appear; since the previous day his illness had materially increased, and the official medical report pronounced it to be brain fever. Unconscious of the tremendous danger in which he stood, oblivious even of the frightful discovery which had struck him so heavy a blow, George Dallas lay, under suspicion of a dreadful crime, in prison-ward, and under prison watch and care. So attention and curiosity centred themselves in Stewart Routh, and the wildest stories were propagated, the wildest conjectures ran riot.

The prisoner had been brought up, with the customary formalities, at an early hour, and the examination, which was likely to last some time, had begun, when Mr. Felton, who was in the court with Mr. Carruthers, pressed that gentleman's arm, and whispered:

"Look there! To the left, just under the window. Do you see her?"

"I see a woman—yes," replied Mr. Carruthers.

"His wife," said Mr. Felton, in a tone of compassionate amazement. It was his wife. Thus Routh and Harriet found themselves face to face again. As the prisoner's eye, shifting restlessly around him, seeing curious faces, full of avidity, but not one ray of compassion, fell upon her, every trace of colour faded out of his cheek, and he drew one deep, gasping breath. Had she betrayed him? He should soon know; the story about to be told would soon enlighten him. Did he really think she had done so? Did he really believe it for one minute? No. He had tried, in the blind fury of his rage, when he found himself trapped, balked, hopelessly in the power of the law, and the game utterly up—when, in the loneliness of the night, he had brooded savagely over the hopes he had entertained, over the dazzling pictures his fancy had painted, then, he had tried to accuse her, he had hated and execrated her, and tried to accuse her. But in vain; villain as he was, he was not a fool, and his common sense forbade the success of the attempt. And now, when he saw her, her from whom he had last parted with a cruel blow, and a word that was more cruel, it was as though all his past life looked out at him through her woeful blue eyes. Awfully it looked at him, and held him fascinated, even to a brief oblivion

of the scene around him. She had raised her veil, not quite off her face, but so that he could see her distinctly, and when he looked at her, her lips parted, in a vain heroic attempt to smile. But they only quivered and closed again, and she knew it, and drew the veil closely round her face, and sat thenceforth, her head falling forward upon her breast, her figure quite motionless.

The ordinary business of the place and the occasion went on, intensified in interest to the spectators by the presence of the murdered man's father, in the sensational character of a witness. Harriet's relation to the prisoner was not divined by the public, and so she passed unnoticed.

Jim Swain was, of course, the chief witness, and he told his story with clearness and directness, though he was evidently and deeply affected by the sight of Harriet, whom his quick eye instantly recognised. She took no notice; she did not change her position, or raise her veil as the examination of the boy proceeded, as minute by minute she heard and felt the last chance, the last faint hope of escape, slip away, and the terrible certainty of doom become clearer and more imminent. She heard and saw the boy—whose story contained the destruction of hope and life, showed her the utter futility of all the plans they had concocted, of all the precautions they had taken; showed her that while they had fenced themselves from the danger without, the unsuspected ruin was close beside them, always near—wholly unmoved. It had come, it had happened; all was over, it did not matter how. There was no room for anger, no power of surprise or curiosity left in his mind. As the golden locket was produced, and the identity of the portrait with that of the murdered man was sworn to, a kind of vision came to her. She saw the bright spring morning once more, and the lonely bridge; she saw the river with the early sunlight upon it; she saw herself leaning over the parapet and looking into the water, as the parcel she had carried thither with careful haste sank into the depth and was hidden. She saw herself returning homeward, the dangerous link in the evidence destroyed, passing by the archway, where a boy lay, whom she had pitied, even then, in her own great and terrible anguish. If anything could be strange now, it would be strange to remember what he then had in his possession, to render all her precaution vain. But she could not feel it so, or think about it; all things were alike to her henceforth, there was no strangeness or familiarity in them for evermore. Occasionally, for a minute, the place she was in seemed to grow unreal to her, and to fade; the next, she took up the full sense of the words which were being spoken, and every face in the crowd, every detail of the building, every accident of the scene, seemed to strike upon her brain through her eyes. She never looked at Jim, but she saw him distinctly; she saw also the look with which Routh regarded him.

That look was murderous. As the boy's story

made his motives evident, as it exposed the fallacious nature of the security on which Routh had built, as it made him see how true had been Harriet's prevision, how wise her counsel—though he hated her all the more bitterly as the knowledge grew more and more irresistible—the murderous impulse rose to fury within him. Standing there a prisoner, helpless, and certain of condemnation, for he never had a doubt of that, the chain he had helped to forge by his counsel to Dallas was too strong to be broken; he would have taken two more lives if he had had the power and the chance—the boy's, and that accursed woman's. Not his wife's, not Harriet's; he knew now, he saw now, she had not brought him to this. But the other, the other, who had tempted him and lured him; who had defeated him, ruined him, and escaped. He knew her shallow character and her cold heart, and his fierce, vindictive, passionate, sensual nature was stirred by horrid pangs of fury and powerless hate as he thought of her—of the triumphant beauty which he had so coveted, of the wealth he had so nearly clutched—triumphant, and happy, and powerful still, while he—he——! Already the bitterness and blackness of death were upon him.

And the boy! So powerful, even now, was the egotism of the man's nature, that he winced under the pain of the defeat the boy had inflicted upon him—winced under the defeat while he trembled at the destruction. He had kept him near him, under his hand, that if the need should arise he might use him as an instrument for the ruin of George Dallas, and so had provided for his own ruin. The active hate and persistent plan of another could not have worked more surely against him than he had himself wrought, and the sense of the boy's instrumentality became unbearably degrading to him, wounding him where he was most vulnerable.

Thus all black and evil passions raged in his heart; and as his wife looked in his face, she read them there as in a printed book, and once again the feeling of last night came over her, of the strangeness of a sudden cessation to all this, and also something like a dreary satisfaction in the knowledge that it was within her power and his to bid it all cease—to have done with it.

Looking at him, and thinking this, if the strange dream of her mind may be called thought, the curiosity of the crowd began to anger her a little. What was the dead man to them, the nameless stranger, that they should care for the discovery—that they should come here to see the agony of another man, destined, like the first, to die? The popular instinct filled her with loathing, but only momentarily; she forgot to think of it the next minute, and the vagueness came again, the film and the dimness, and again the acute distinctness of sound, the intensity of vision.

It was over at length. The prisoner was committed for trial. As he was removed with the celerity usual on such occasions, Harriet made a slight sign to the solicitor acting for Routh—a sign evidently preconcerted, for he approached

the magistrate, and addressed him in a low voice. The reply was favourable to his request, and he, in his turn, signed to Harriet, who left her place and came to where he was standing. He placed her in the box, and she stood there firmly, having bowed to the magistrate, who addressed her:

"You are the prisoner's wife?"

"I am."

"You wish to speak to me?"

"I wish to ask your permission to see my husband before he is removed."

"You may do so. Take care of the lady."

This to one of the officials. The tone of the magistrate's reply to Harriet was compassionate, though he spoke briefly; and he looked intently at her as she bowed again and turned meekly away. He has said, since then, that he never saw supreme despair in any face before.

"You have not much time," the policeman said, not unkindly, who conducted her to the lock-up cell where Routh was. She made no answer, but went in, and the door was locked behind her. He was sitting on a bench exactly in front of the door, and the moment she passed it her eyes met his. Fury and gloom were lowering upon his face; he looked up sullenly at her, but did not speak. She stood by the door, leaning against it, and said, in a low tone:

"I have but a little time, they tell me. I am come to learn your will. It was agreed between us, once, that if the worst came, I should supply you with the means of disposing of your fate. I remembered that agreement, and I have brought you *this*."

She put her hand to her bosom, and took out of her dress a small phial. It contained prussic acid, and was sealed and stoppered with glass.

He started and groaned, but did not yet speak.

"The worst *has* come," she said. "I do not say you ought not to face it out, still I only do as you once desired me to do in such a case. The decision is with yourself. This is my only opportunity of obeying you, and I do so."

"The worst has come," he said, in a hoarse voice, not in the least like his own; "you are sure the worst has come? He said it was a bad case, a very bad case. Yes, the worst has come."

Her hand was stretched out, the phial in it. He made no attempt to take it from her. She held it still, and spoke again:

"I have very little time. You will be searched presently, they tell me, and this will be found, probably. I have obeyed you to the last, as from the beginning."

"There's no chance—you are quite sure there is no chance?"

"I am quite sure there is no chance. I have always known, if this happened, there could be no chance."

He muttered something under his breath.

"I do not hear you," she said. "You are

reproaching me, I dare say, but it is not worth while. If you make no use of this, you will have time to reproach me as much as you like. If you do make use of it, reproach is past, with time and life. Have you decided?"

"No," he said; "give it to me. If I use it, it must be very soon—if not, never."

She laid the phial on the bench beside him, and he took it up, and placed it in his breast-pocket. She did not touch him, but when she had laid the phial down, stepped back, and leaned against the door.

"Is there anything you want to know—anything I can tell you?" she asked. "Again, my time is very short."

"No," he said; "if I make up my mind to go through this, I shall know all I want; if I don't, I need not know anything."

"Just so," she said, quietly. He looked on the ground, she looked at him.

"Harriet," he said, suddenly, "I am sorry, I—"

"Hush," she said, flushing scarlet for one brief moment, and putting out her hand. "No more. All is over, and done with. The past is dead, and I am dead with it. Not a word of me."

"But if—if—" he touched his coat-pocket. "I must first know what is to become of you."

"Must you?" she said, and the faintest possible alteration came in her voice—a little, little softening, and a slight touch of surprise. "I think you might have known that I shall live until I know you are no longer living."

"Sorry to interrupt you, ma'am," said the policeman who had brought Harriet to the cell, unlocking the door with sharp suddenness—"very sorry, I'm sure; but—"

"I am quite ready," said Harriet; and, as Routh started up, she turned, and was outside the door in an instant. Two policemen were in the passage; at the door through which she had been led from the court, Routh's solicitor was standing. He took her arm in his, and brought her away through a private entrance. They did not speak till she was in the street, where she saw, at a little distance, a crowd collected to watch the exit of the prison van. He called a cab.

"Where to?"

"My house."

"I will go with you."

"No, thank you. Indeed, I would rather go alone."

"I shall see you this evening."

She bent her head in reply.

When she was seated in the cab she put out her hand to him, and as she leaned forward he saw her awful face.

"God help you, Mrs. Routh," he said, with intense pity. Then she said, in a clear low voice, whose tone he remembers, as he remembers the face, these words:

"There is no God. If there were, there could be no such men as he, and no such women as I."

When she was a short distance from the

police-court, and beyond the solicitor's sight, she called to the driver from the window that she had changed her purpose, and desired to be set down at St. Paul's Churchyard.

The arrival of the prison van at Newgate excited the usual sensation which it produces among the public who congregate in the neighbourhood of the prison to see it discharge its wretched contents. The majority of this crowd were, as usual, of the dangerous classes, and it would have afforded matter of speculation to the curious in such things to look at their faces and calculate, according to the indices there given, how many of the number would one day take a personal part in a spectacle similar to that at which they were gazing with curiosity, which renewed itself daily. On this occasion the sentiment prevalent on the outside of the grim fortress of crime was shared in an unusual degree by the officials, and general, not criminal, inhabitants. Not that a supposed murderer's arrival was any novelty at Newgate, but that the supposed murderer in the present instance was not of the class among which society ordinarily recruits its murderers, and the circumstances both of the crime and of its discovery were exceptional. Thus, when the gate by which the prisoners were to be admitted unclosed, the yard was full of spectators.

Four prisoners were committed that day: a burglar and his assistant; a merchant's clerk who had managed a forgery so remarkably cleverly that it needed only not to have been found out, to have been a stroke of brilliant genius; and Stewart Routh. The door was opened, the group of spectators gathered around. First the burglar, a wiry little man, more like the tailor of real life than the conventional hero of the centre-bit and the jemmy. Next, his assistant, an individual of jovial appearance, tempered with responsibility, like a popular president of school feasts, or the leader of a village choir. Thirdly, the forger, remarkable for nothing in his appearance except its abjectness of fright and bewilderment. These had emerged from the darksome recesses of the hideous caravan, the first and no slight instalment of their punishment, and had been received with comparative indifference. A passing glance was all that was accorded to them by the spectators waiting the appearance of the "gentleman" who was in such very serious "trouble."

But the gentleman did not follow his temporary associates, though the policeman in attendance held the door open, and called to him to "come on." Then he stepped into the van and up to the compartment in which Routh had been placed. After an elapse of a full minute he emerged, and addressing the lookers-on generally, he said:

"There's something queer the matter with him, and I think he's dead!"

A stir and confusion among the crowd, and the governor called for. A matter of fact turnkey advances, saying, in a business-like tone:

"Haul him out, and let's see."

They do haul him out, and they do see. His face is rather bluish in colour, and his eyes are open, but his hands are clenched, and his tongue is rigid. And he is quite dead. So there is a great sensation around the prison, the senseless figure is carried into the yard, and the gate is promptly shut, the rumour spreads through the crowd, trying to find clinks which do not exist, and to hear sounds inaudible, that the "murder" case is disposed of, the prisoner having tried, condemned, and executed himself. And, though the incident is highly sensational, the general feeling is disappointment.

A woman, plainly dressed and closely veiled, who has been lingering about the street for some time, and was there when the van arrived, has seen the figure lifted from the van, and has heard the rumour. But she waits a little while longer, until a policeman comes out of a side-entrance, and while some eager inquirers, chiefly women, question him, and he tells them it is quite true, the man committed for trial for the riverside murder is really dead, she stands by and listens. Then she draws her shawl closely round her, and shivers, and goes away. After she has taken a few steps, she falters and sways a little, but she leans against the wall, her hands pressed upon her breast, quietly, attracting no attention, until she has regained her composure and her breath, and then goes on, along the street, and so out into Holborn.

"She has not been seen or heard of, at his chambers or at home," said Mr. Carruthers to Mr. Felton, late that evening. "Nothing is known of her. They say she has no friends; I could not find out from the servants that she has a single acquaintance even to whose house she could have gone."

Mr. Felton was infinitely distressed by this news which Mr. Carruthers, whose active benevolence, guided by the judgment of others, knew no bounds, brought to his brother-in-law, who was at length exhausted, and unable to rise. They had heard early in the afternoon of the death of Routh, and had at once been aroused to the warmest compassion for Harriet Clare, having left the unconscious Mrs. Carruthers tranquilly asleep, had gone to Mr. Felton's lodgings, and was there when her uncle came in with his report.

"Laura has no suspicion?" asked Mr. Felton.

"Not the slightest. She has no notion that you and George are not still in Paris. I must say Clare is an admirable girl to keep a secret and play a part."

Clare blushed a little at her uncle's praise.

"What is to be done now about this unfortunate woman? She must be found. Apart from every other consideration, George would be infinitely distressed if any harm came to her."

"I really don't know," said Mr. Carruthers. "There seems to be no clue to her probable movements, and—Come in." This was in answer to a knock at the door.

Jim Swain came in, his face full of eagerness:

"Have you found her, sir? Is she at home? Does she know?"

"No, Jim," said Mr. Felton, "she's not at home, and no one knows anything of her."

"Sir," exclaimed Jim—"miss, I'm sure she's somewhere about the prison. Has any one thought of lookin' for her there? She'd go there, sir and miss—she'd go there. Take me with you, and let us go and look for her. I daren't go alone; she wouldn't listen to me, she wouldn't look at me; but I'm sure she's there."

"Uncle," said Clare, earnestly, "I am sure he is right—I feel sure he is right. Pray go; take one of the servants and him. The carriage is waiting for me; take it and go."

Mr. Carruthers did as she desired. It was wonderful to see the change that had come over him with the awakening of his better nature. He had always been energetic, and now he forgot to be pompous and self-engrossed.

The streets in the dismal quarter of the prison were comparatively silent and empty when Mr. Carruthers called to the coachman to stop, and got out of the carriage, Jim descending from the box, and they began their dismal search. It was not prolonged or difficult.

They found her sitting on the ground, supported by the prison wall, which she had contrived to reach by creeping under the strong barrier of iron spikes which protects the prison on the side which turns its external wall to the street. There, fenced in by the terrible bristling barrier, she lay, in an angle where there was little resort of footsteps and but dim light—a corner in which the tired wayfarer might rest, unquestioned, for a little, by either the policeman or the passer-by. And no more tired wayfarer had ever sat down to rest, even in the pitiless London streets, than the woman who had wandered about until the friendly night had fallen, and had then come there to die, and have done with it.

They took her to her own home, and when they removed her shawl a slip of paper, on which George Dallas's name was written, was found pinned to the front of her dress. It contained these words:

"The boy's story is true. I did not keep the diamonds taken out of the studs. I sold them when you sold your mother's. I was always sorry you ever knew us.

"H. ROUTH."

* * * * *

George Dallas is in New York with Mr. Felton, who is winding-up all his affairs, with a view to a permanent residence in England. Jim Swain, whose education includes the art of writing now, is attached to the personal service of Mr. Dallas, who is understood to be his uncle's heir.

Miss Carruthers is at Poynings, not to be tempted by London and its pleasures; but the absence of the young and beautiful heiress is

not so deeply deplored by "society" as it would be, were it not generally known that she is engaged.

THE END OF "BLACK SHEEP."

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARMIES.

For some months past I have seldom taken up a newspaper in which the defects of, and the proposed reforms in, our army have not been discussed. The overworking of the line regiments, the difficulty of finding recruits, the expenses of our military prisons, the casualties caused by death, desertion, and men taking their discharges, are all perpetually discussed in print for the public enlightenment. May I have my say respecting some of these matters?

You ask what my knowledge is, and where I have gained it? I served as a commissioned officer in the English army for fifteen years; I have been quartered in Europe, Asia, and Africa; my soldiering experiences were about equally divided between infantry and cavalry; and since I left the army I have mixed more with military men, and have lived more in military camps and barracks, than ninety-nine civilians out of a hundred. Nor is it only English troops that I have seen in the field. In Algeria and the Crimea I have seen the bravery of Frenchmen under fire; I have seen soldiers of the same country face all the difficulties of campaigning in Syria; and I have worn the fez and the single-breasted frock-coat uniform of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan. Thus in three different armies, and with three different peoples, I have seen what may be done, what can be done, and what ought to be done in making brave men into good soldiers, and I may hold myself entitled—my name being known to the conductors of this journal—to come forward with my opinion respecting the military questions which are now agitated in England.

In the "REPORT OF THE RECRUITING COMMISSION," which terminated its labours some three months ago, and in the "Appendix" to that report, there is a great deal of very valuable information, showing to what great perfection the art of "how not to do it" may be carried in military matters. Take two illustrative facts. The first is, that we pay nearly half a million more than the French for our army estimates, and for this sum have an army less than half the strength of our neighbours—we being without a reserve force, whereas the French have one hundred and fifty thousand—and their cavalry and artillery horses bear the proportion to ours of a hundred and five to fourteen.* The second is, that what through desertions, deaths, discharges, soldiers being invalidated, and other causes, we lose and have to renew about an eighth of our army—rather more than less—every year; in other words, that we expend

every eight years an army of nearly two hundred thousand men, and have no reserve force from which to fill up the casualties in our ranks!

Surely this state of things cannot be rightly understood by the English public. We pay fourteen million pounds sterling for an army which in every respect, save that of personal courage and obedience to orders, is far behind the land forces of every country in Europe, and which is wasted in bad climates, thrown away in tropical countries, and generally used up as if it were worth nothing. Is there no help for this? Schemes are not wanting to remedy the evils under which we groan, but which we bear with, year after year. The columns of the Times, Post, Daily News, Telegraph, and Globe bear witness to this. But in my opinion all these are more or less useless, if only on the ground that they neither renew the foundations of the building, nor remove the old house, but endeavour to change the walls of the edifice without taking off the roof. Our army does not require a piecemeal reorganisation: we have had enough, and to spare, of that. What it really wants, and what alone will be of any real service to it, is an entire change of its whole system; and before we reform what concerns the rank and file, we should alter almost all that affects the officers. It is impossible to have an effective army unless you secure good officers, and so long as the present system of appointment and promotion is maintained, it is impossible to have good officers. I will illustrate what I mean in a few words, and by an anecdote for the truth of which I vouch.

The officers of the English army may be divided into two great classes, although there are no doubt several subdivisions. These are the purchasing and the non-purchasing, the rich and the poor, the men who have money and those who have none. It may be said that a similar distinction might be drawn among the members of any profession—the navy, the law, the church, medicine, even literature. Granted; but in all these callings poverty is no hindrance to the advancement of a man clever at his work, and although a private fortune is always an exceedingly pleasant adjunct to whatever an individual may earn or gain, it does not advance him to the higher posts in his profession. If the Lords of the Admiralty wish to promote a lieutenant to commander, or a commander to post-captain, they do not first inquire what amount of balance there is to his credit at Coutts's or Drummond's. When a barrister is called within the bar, or when from the silk gown he is promoted to the ermine, a want of coin would not prove an obstacle to his advancement. The graduate whose papers are en règle, and whose testimonials are satisfactory, is not called upon to deposit a sum of money with the bishop's agents before he can have holy orders conferred upon him. The medical man is not obliged to pay several hundred pounds for his diploma; nor does the editor of any magazine or newspaper, before he accepts an article, inquire whether the writer keeps a

* See also No. 241, vol. x., page 352.

banking account. But in the army not only this, but much worse than this, is done. Not only are appointments entirely dependent on certain comparatively large sums of money, but all subsequent promotion is a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Of the working of this, few civilians—or, at any rate, those who have not near relatives in the army—can be aware, else the system which has been so long the disgrace and hindrance to all real reform of the profession could certainly not be allowed to continue, as it does, part and parcel of our military law.

Let us suppose that Mr. Smith wishes to put his son into the army, and that he has interest enough to obtain an appointment for him.

In due time the lad must pass an examination for what is called “a direct commission,” which means that he has got his nomination without having to go to the Military College. If he passes—and, judged by the average educational standard of the day, the examination is by no means difficult—his commission is not gazetted, he does not become an officer in the army, until he has paid four hundred and fifty pounds into the hands of the regimental agents. This seems objectionable enough as a rule, but what follows is much worse. When he had passed another examination, and is eligible by seniority for a lieutenancy in the corps as his next step, if he can pay a further sum of two hundred and fifty pounds—making in all seven hundred pounds—he is promoted, but if not, the next below him—provided *he* has the sum required—passes over his head, and so on down to the junior ensign, who, if he had the requisite sum of money, and none of his seniors had, would be promoted over them all. It is the same when Smith junior becomes senior among lieutenants, and wishes to purchase his captaincy.* If he have the money, he obtains his promotion; if he have not, he must remain where he is. Nor is there any difference up to the command of regiments inclusive. If there be—as frequently happens—two majors in the same corps, and the senior of the two cannot purchase, the junior passes over his head, and becomes lieutenant-colonel; he then commands the man by whom he was previously commanded, and becomes the senior to him whose junior he was before. In short, as in order to rise at the bar a gift of speaking well is required, or to get on as a solicitor a knowledge of law is requisite, or to attain naval distinction it is essential to be conversant with navigation, so the one absolute *sine qua non*, without which it is impossible ever to obtain promotion, in the English army is *money*. The late General Havelock was twenty-four years a subaltern, because he could not purchase the rank of captain; had he been able to pay one thousand eight hundred pounds, he would have been a general officer while he was yet, com-

paratively speaking, a young man. The late Lord Clyde was on the point of giving up the service when a major, because he had not the money to purchase, and because promotion without purchase appeared utterly hopeless. Fortunately, a friend lent him the amount required, and he was able, as we know, to push his way to the very front rank of his profession. But a still more striking instance of the manner in which the purchase system works, was brought prominently before me when I served in the army.

In the regiment to which I belonged, there were two young officers who had passed out of Sandhurst on the same day: the one being named senior to the other in the corps, as he had passed out of the college before his companion. The junior was the son of a gentleman who had some means; the senior was the orphan of an old officer, and had nothing but his pay to depend upon. It is nearly thirty years since those two gentlemen entered the service, and both have proved themselves good and gallant soldiers; but *money*—which in the English army is another name for merit—helped the one, but could not help the other. After long years of weary waiting, the senior found himself, not long ago, promoted to an unattached majority without purchase. If by any lucky chance he be able to pay, in order to be put upon full pay again, he may, perhaps, during the next twenty years, become a major-general. But his former college companion—his former junior, who has always had money enough to purchase promotion, pay for exchanges, and work the only oracle which in the English army leads to advancement—has been for some years a full colonel commanding a regiment, and must ere long be promoted to the rank of major-general. It is but a few years since those two officers found themselves at the same up-country station in India. The one—he who had passed out of Sandhurst first of the two—was in command of a company of his regiment, and his pay and Indian allowances amounted to about forty pounds per month; the other, the junior, a full colonel commanding the station, drew one hundred and seventy pounds per month. I don't say that the senior, who could not purchase, was a better officer than the other who was able to purchase, but I am certain he was not a worse one. They were both excellent soldiers and honourable gentlemen, and any army in the world might be proud of them.

It may be asked what has the system of promotion by purchase to do with the difficulties of obtaining recruits for the ranks of the English army? I reply, everything. So long as it exists, no young man will ever enlist in the ranks with the hope of obtaining promotion to a commission, for he must know that, even if he were fortunate enough to be made an ensign, the purchase system would effectually prevent his getting a step higher, unless some good fairy left him a few thousand pounds. And so long as we put an insurmountable obstacle in the way of promotion being obtained by those who

* Very few weeks ago, the *sixth* lieutenant in a heavy dragoon regiment purchased his captaincy over his five seniors.

enter the service through the barrack-room door, so long shall we have to depend upon the "roughs" of our large towns, and the least intelligent of our yokels, to fill our ranks; precisely so long shall we be obliged to maintain many expensive military prison establishments. In the French army there are certain educational and professional tests, and, to such soldiers as pass them, promotion to the rank of officer is merely a question of time. With us it is wholly different. An officer might be the best soldier in theory as well as practice throughout his regiment, but unless he had the money with which to purchase his next step, he must remain where he is, for his advance is an utter impossibility, save in the very exceptional case in which he should happen to be senior of his rank, and an officer of the rank above him died. The great majority of our officers do not remain long enough in the service to be good soldiers. Knowing that promotion can only be decided by their banker's book, they feel that to give themselves trouble to acquire professional knowledge would be but to throw it away. It is true that in order to pass from ensign to lieutenant, and from lieutenant to captain, they are obliged to pass certain examinations; but these are far from difficult to get through, and even when once passed, the ordeal is of no avail whatever unless the candidate for promotion has a certain sum at his command. With money—say about six thousand pounds, or six thousand five hundred pounds in the case of infantry, and from ten thousand pounds to twelve thousand pounds in the case of cavalry—an officer of ordinary gentleman-like behaviour, and with ability enough to get through the very easy examinations required of him, may reckon with tolerable certainty on commanding a regiment in sixteen or eighteen years; but if he have no money with which to purchase, he will find himself at the end of a quarter of a century among the junior captains of his corps. Poor men do sometimes—very, very, rarely—get to the top of the tree, but only in quite exceptional cases which prove the rule. Of all who have attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the English army, not one in fifty has obtained it without purchase.

And, as if the regulations of the service were not enough to prevent poor men from getting on in the army, the custom of the service has made it almost obligatory to pay nearly double the regulation price for all promotion, and, in some cases, very much more than double. Thus the "regulation" price of a captain's commission in the cavalry, is one thousand eight hundred pounds, and in infantry the same, this sum including all that has been paid for the previous steps. But, in the former branch of the service, the rank is never obtained for less than six thousand pounds, or even six thousand five hundred pounds, and in the latter the same commission costs from two thousand four hundred pounds to three thousand pounds. If an officer who is first for purchase in his regiment declare that he is either unable or unwilling to

pay more than the "regulation" sum for his promotion, he is looked upon by his companions as the blackest of black sheep, and is cut by them, on the plea that he stops the promotion of the corps. Nor is the accusation untrue in fact, however unjust in spirit. For, if an officer who wants to sell out finds that his successor will only pay the "regulation" price for the step, he has nothing to do but to go to an army agent, who quickly finds out some regiment in which the full price asked for the commission will be given, and into this corps the retiring officer exchanges and then sells out, thus depriving his old corps of the promotion which his retirement would have caused. And yet it will hardly be believed that, although this systematic paying of immense sums for promotion is perfectly well known at the Horse Guards, it is strictly against the "Queen's Regulation for the Army" and the "Mutiny Act." In fact, by the latter code, any officer who pays, no matter how small a sum, more than the regulation price for his commission, is guilty of misdemeanour, and might be punished, both by the civil and the military law of the land!

This buying, selling, and bartering, go on through all ranks, from the ensign or cornet to the lieutenant-colonel. "However came *you* to command a regiment?" asked a gentleman of an old schoolfellow, whom he knew to be very far from clever. "Because," said the other, "my aunt left me six thousand pounds, and that was enough for me to purchase my steps." If an officer behave himself tolerably well, if he be able to pass two very easy examinations, and if he have a certain amount of money, his reaching the top of the tree is merely a question of time. But, if he possess the two former qualifications and not the latter, he might as well be the worst officer in the English army. Is it likely—is it possible—that under such a system we can ever expect a respectable class of young men to enter our ranks as private soldiers? If gentlemen, with interest enough to obtain commissions, have before them such prospects as these, what chance can those have who, before they even attain the junior commissioned grade, have to work their way up from the ranks?

In the French army, nothing is more common than officers who have risen from private soldiers, and who obtain the rank of captain while yet quite young men—when still under thirty years of age. The reason is, that whenever a young man of good education enlists in the ranks, and can pass certain examinations, he is promoted by degrees—he is kept a certain time in every grade, but still his promotion is pretty quick—to a commission, and thus others of his class are encouraged to enter the army. There are no direct commissions, and there are only two ways of obtaining commissions in the French service. The one is by the Military College of St. Cyr, to enter which a strict examination is required, and the candidate must be over fourteen and under sixteen. At this institution he remains three years, during which he goes

through a complete course of military instruction, and then, after another examination, passes out of college a sub-lieutenant, and is appointed to either cavalry or infantry, according to the arm of the service for which his superiors believe him to be best qualified. The only other road which leads to a commission is the barrack-room. A young man who has not interest enough to get into St. Cyr, or who may have been there, and failed in his final examination, enlists as what is called in France a volunteer; that is, he enters the army of his own free will, and not as a conscript. The novitiate and the trials he has to go through are severe, for he is treated as any other recruit might be. He has, however, one advantage; the men of his company or squadron are sure to treat him with civility, and among them he is pretty sure to find some belonging to his own rank in life. There are schools and schoolmasters attached to his regiment, in which he may greatly improve his education. Once he has obtained the rank of corporal—for which a most difficult examination has to be passed—he is allowed, if he wish, to go to the college at St. Cyr: provided always that he can pass the requisite ordeal for matriculation. Should he do so, he may qualify in two years for the rank of sub-lieutenant, and, if he can get through the passing-out examination, he leaves college as an officer. Should he not wish, or not feel qualified, to go to college, he can remain with his corps, and work his way from corporal to sergeant, from sergeant to sergeant-major (corresponding with our colour-sergeants or troop sergeant-majors), and from sergeant-major to adjutant. There is one adjutant to each battalion of infantry, and one to every two squadrons of cavalry, corresponding in rank to our regimental sergeant-majors.

In all these various steps he has examinations to pass, but at the end of them his commission as sub-lieutenant is sure. After he has got this step, his promotion, and that of his brother-officers who have entered the corps as youths from the military college, work in exactly the same way. Two-thirds of all nominations to the grades higher than sub-lieutenant, are by selection, and one-third by seniority. The French military authorities hold, and not without reason as it seems to me, that if all promotion were by seniority—as is the case in our artillery, engineers, marines, and Indian army—it would be unfair to the state, as government would be obliged to take the oldest officer for a command, no matter what his qualifications might be; on the other hand, they hold it but just that seniority should have certain rights, and therefore every officer can by seniority alone work his way to the rank of captain, but no further. In France, all the majors—or *chefs d'escadrons*, as they are called in the French cavalry—command battalions or squadrons, over which they have entire control, and for such responsible posts it is thought that officers ought to be selected, as in our navy post-captains and commanders are selected.

How exceedingly well the system works we all know; for, as I hope to show in a future paper, there is no such good organisation as in a French regiment, unless it be in an English man-of-war. From among the captains the majors are selected; from the majors, the lieutenant-colonels; from the lieutenant-colonels, the colonels; and the result is that seldom or never does the military machinery get out of repair, and that the eternal patchwork which we see in our own army—that making of new rules and framing of fresh military “warrants,” which appear only to be issued in order that they may be quickly repealed in a few weeks and others issued, and which are so common in our service that our commanding officers and adjutants get utterly bewildered—is quite unknown among the French. In the French army there is a rule for everything, and everything is ruled. Everybody knows his place and his duties; although the regulations are most minute, they are not intricate, so every officer, non-commissioned officer, and soldier, is required to have a perfect and thorough knowledge of them. Without such knowledge, no student at the military college can hope to be made sub-lieutenant, and no private soldier can be promoted to be corporal. The consequences are, that go where he will, or be placed under any circumstances that can be imagined, the French soldier is always at home, and always knows what to do, and how to do it.

I never was more struck with the immense difference that exists in this respect between the armies of the two countries, than by chance in about the year 1857 or 1858. I happened to be in Alexandria when a small party of English soldiers—about thirty—under the command of an officer, arrived there on their way to India. They had literally nothing to do in the way of getting themselves transported over to Suez, for, as one of the transit officials told me, the correspondence respecting the advent of this little body of men—that is, the letters, reports, orders, counter-orders, and what not, received from England about them—would have filled a good-sized wheelbarrow. From the admiral at Malta, from the War Office in London, from the adjutant-general and quarter-master-general in London, from like officials at Calcutta, from consuls, vice-consuls, and consuls-general, heaps of large official letters were received about these men. From the moment the steamer conveying them was signalled as entering Alexandria, until they were safely put on board the steamer at Suez—a period of about forty-eight hours—everything that they could possibly want—to eat, to drink, or to wear—was provided for these men, even to the very carriage of their great-coats, to say nothing of boxes. And yet a more helpless—hopelessly helpless—set of fellows, from the officer down to the youngest soldier, it never was my lot to see in any part of the world. They went about Alexandria in a kind of bewildered maze, doing exactly what they ought not to have done, and

leaving undone exactly what they ought to have done. They were like so many big children who had lost their way; it was only when under the protection of some of the railway or other officials, that they looked like creatures with ordinary gleams of intelligence. They were in every possible respect as utterly helpless and useless as it is possible for men to be.

Not long afterwards, I happened to be at Beyrout, on the coast of Syria, when the first party of French soldiers, forming part of the French army of occupation ordered to Syria to protect the Christians, arrived. The detachment did not consist of more than thirty or thirty-five men, all belonging to the "intendence," or commissariat department; and with them was an officer of the same branch. To look at the men, and to watch the matter-of-business way in which they set to work, any one would have supposed that their whole time of service had been passed in expeditions to Syria. Their special duty was to prepare and collect stores and provisions for the force of six thousand men which was to follow them a fortnight later, and also to land and house a vast quantity of hospital "comforts," and what I may term, for want of a better word, "grocery rations"—coffee, sugar, brandy, tobacco, and so forth—for the use of the troops coming after them. It was wonderful to see these men. They had never in their lives been in the country; but in two days they landed everything without the least assistance; in a week they had contracted with the Arabs for mutton, beef, vegetables, firewood, forage, barley, and whatever the country afforded in the way of supplies. A few days afterwards, and slaughter-houses were established, bakehouses erected, and quarters for the various departmental offices hired. So complete were all their arrangements, that when, exactly fifteen days after their advent, General de Beaufort, with two brigades of infantry, four squadrons of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery, arrived, everything was ready for their reception; and, the moment they had pitched their tents, these troops found every necessary, and even every comfort, as ready as if they had formed their camp within twenty miles of Paris.

Why should such an enormous difference exist between the men of the two armies? Have we not in our ranks, men quite as intelligent as the French? Unquestionably; but whereas in the army of our neighbours there is a well-considered, well-digested rule for everything, and a code of regulations to which the men may refer for guidance under every possible circumstance, in our service matters are crudely left to chance and Providence. We have so many rules, regulations, and warrants, that have been made, altered, amended, re-altered, repealed, re-promulgated, that uncertainty, perplexity, and mystification are the blind guides. When an English army has been about a year in the field, it generally, but not always, finds out the right way of feeding its troops, caring for its horses, and nursing its sick. Wherever

a French army goes, it takes its thoroughly understood system with it, and is at home and efficient instantly.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

FIESCHI AND THE INTERNAL MACHINE.

DURING the last week of the July of 1835, France was full of vague but deep and universal apprehensions. On the 28th of July, the fifth anniversary of the revolution of 1830, Louis Philippe, then growing rapidly more despotic and less popular, was to review the National Guard of the Seine and the troops of the garrison of Paris.

Saint Pelagie prison was full of republican prisoners. A band of nearly one hundred Lyonese conspirators, among whom Reverchon was conspicuous, had lately defended themselves before the Peers at the Luxembourg with boldness and eloquence. Mademoiselle Lenormand, the fashionable prophetess, had predicted a political catastrophe about this time. There is a heat and oppression in the air before thunder, and also before the outburst of political volcanoes: signs which alarm the thoughtful. The Duchess of Berry's friends were suspected of a wish to remove the wily king. Letters from Hamburg, Berlin, Coblenz, Aix, Chambéry, Turin, spoke vaguely of mysterious murmurs of danger. Now it was an ambuscade on the road to Neuilly, then an explosive machine opposite the Ambigu-Comique theatre. Houses were searched, arrests made. The bourgeois dreaded the public anniversary of the Three Days, yet they scarcely knew why. It was generally supposed that the Luxembourg trials had driven the more violent republicans into a howling frenzy that must terminate in some insane act of violence. Ministers were anxious; the mouchards (spies) were restlessly watchful; M. Thiers adjured the king to be on his guard; the queen, Amelia, besought him not to face the danger. The king, cool in judgment, unimaginative, crafty, bold, brave, and self-willed, turned a deaf ear to all these random rumours, and bantered those who tried to arouse his fears.

On the 28th, the citizen king positively refused to allow any alteration in the place where the review was to be held. He was affable and chatty as usual, did not manifest the slightest apprehension, nor ordered any precaution to be taken; but it was secretly resolved to guard and surround him as if he had been going into an engagement. The only words that Louis Philippe uttered, alluding to the review, were on the night before, when postponing some work which one of his librarians wished him to supervise. He said:

"To-morrow—at least if I am not killed."

Long impunity had given the king a belief in the futility of conspiracies. The Duke of Orleans shared deeply in the general apprehension, and said to General Baudrand, his first aide-de-camp:

"General, they threaten to fire at us. My brothers and I will keep constantly near the king, and make a rampart for him with our

bodies. You and the other officers of the cortège, on your part, on the least movement must draw close and cover his majesty."

Even that brave scarred old veteran, Marshal Mortier, the Duke of Treviso, was nervous. Mortier had been in the retreat from Russia, and, indeed, in all the great battles of the Revolution and the Empire, and, having passed through rains of fire and hailstorms of bullets, had forgotten what fear meant; but still the rumours roused him. Although the old soldier's health was so bad that only five months before he had been obliged to surrender the presidency of the council, he resisted all the prayers and supplications of his family, and determined to attend the anniversary review.

"Yes," he said, with the old fix-bayonet look—"yes, I shall go. I am a big man, perhaps I shall cover the king."

There is no doubt that these alarms arose from a consciousness of the feelings of the people. You heard the rumours at the marble tables of the cafés, and round the rough deal slabs in the poorest wine-shops. In 1833, there had been émeutes at Grenoble, Lyons, Châlons, Marseilles, and at a dozen places. In 1834, two thousand persons were seized or chased out of France, one hundred and sixty-four political prisoners tried, and four thousand witnesses examined. The press dreaded more chains; justice was interfered with. The prudence of the king in his foreign relations the old Napoleon party maliciously construed into neglect of the dignity and glory of France. Tolerant and wise men thought the king too indiscriminate in his efforts to defend his power from revolutionists. He swept into his lawyers' net every sort of opponent. He treated his enemies as if they had been God's enemies. There were fears that Justice was not merely to wear the bandage, but also to have her eyes put out. The press was to be gagged and throttled off from truth; there were rumours that the king was going to raise a body-guard, and so defy the bourgeois soldiers, who had burnt powder bravely for him before Charles the Tenth turned his back on Paris. There was no true liberty, then, after all the fighting for it. King Stork had unseated King Log.

The July morning came; the sky was blue and burning, the heat was striking fiercely on the walls of the Tuileries, and the paving-stones of the boulevards, and the leaves of the trees in the Luxembourg gardens, were languid with the heat. The quick sharp "tam-tam" of the drums of the National Guard sounded everywhere in the soldierly city, from the Place of the Bastille to the Arc de l'Etoile. The measured tramp of infantry was heard in the Rue St. Honoré and round the Bonse; behind the Madeleine and past the Louvre the lines of bayonets flashed and glittered; everywhere there was marching. The cavalry, too, were coming through the barriers; children laughed and clapped their hands; grisettes and bonnes smiled and showed their white teeth; old soldiers drew themselves up stiffly, and assumed a critical air, now and then perhaps passing their hands across their eyes with joy and pride when a son or a nephew

(décoré) marched or rode past among the "Première Légère" or the Cuirassiers, and nodded shako or helmet to them as they passed. The men of Austerlitz, the men of Marengo, were there, looking at the youths of the last revolution, and brown-faced striplings fresh from Algiers.

There were many blanks in the ranks of the National Guard, and that indicated mischief and dislike. That keen observer, M. Louis Blanc, says: "The city was alarmed and weighed down, and on every face there was a sort of half-defiant apathy. People were silent and sullen."

At half-past ten the mockery of the festival to celebrate a restoration of liberty had begun. As the king passed through the gate of the Tuileries, the grenadiers threw their muskets forward, and presented arms, stiff as statues of iron. The king bowed, and bowed, and still rode on bowing, to encourage the scanty cheering. The staff was brilliant. The king was followed by his three sons, the Dukes of Orleans, Nemours, and Joinville, close to, and watchful of, their father. Then came old Marshal Mortier, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, against whom steel and lead had been powerless for sixty years. He, too, looked on the alert, and watched the populace and the blouses suspiciously, ready to throw himself before the king, on whom he wasted his devotion. There were three other marshals rode near him—Count Lobau, the Marquis Maison, Minister of War, and the Count Molitor.

The National Guards were cold and silent. About half-past twelve the cortège reached the boulevard of the Temple. An immense crowd of every age and both sexes crowded the roadways and the alleys, and filled every window. The poorer the district the more eager and numerous the crowd. Opposite the Jardin Turc, the space being large, the mob was enormous, and many well-dressed women filled the terrace.

At that moment, M. Bock, a grenadier of the first battalion of the 8th legion, advanced from the ranks to present a petition. The 8th legion occupied the space between the Rue du Temple and the Rue Saint Ronge, the 7th legion having been just marched from there to face the Château d'Eau.

M. Laborde, the king's aide-de-camp, put out his hand and received the petition. The king was just passing a tree opposite the last of a block of buildings adjoining a two-storied café. There was nothing remarkable about the house; it was a small mean strip of building, three stories high, with a dirty awning over the bottom shop, which was the lowest order of cabaret. The last window but one had the usual Parisian outside shutters, and the top windows were open, with a dingy Venetian blind trailing out and held up from within half a foot of the bottom. The interior of such a house one could easily imagine. Two men in blouses drinking glasses of inky wine, a grisette and her mother busy at slop-work, above them some grimy gunsmith in swarthy attire filing and scraping, busy by himself, or with some cheery comrade, too industrious even to throw up the blind and look out.

All at once from no one knows where, comes

a sound like a badly executed volley, mingled with a sort of muffled report. In a moment there is a terrible gap in the king's escort, and there arise cries of rage and terror, for the boulevard is strewn with dead and dying men and horses. Men have fallen behind and round the king, but he and his sons are unhurt. In the lane facing the house, and under the terrace of the Turkish Garden, a rain of shot had in the same way cut a path through the crowd.

The excitement was almost maddening. The spectators and the National Guards flew in all directions, as if an ambuscade battery had opened upon them and was about to fire again. A whirlwind of fear swept the boulevard. Had the earth opened, or fire fallen from heaven? No one knew what had happened. But there lay the heap of torn and bleeding men, and there was the waft of smoke still drifting from the fatal window where the blind was lifted for air. Lenormand had been right after all; the popular terror had some foundation. This was the blow that was threatened. And what was to follow? In a moment the more resolute men, the soldiers especially, who are accustomed to any suddenness of death, threw themselves upon the door of No. 50, from whose top window the smoke still kept breaking out in thick whiffs.

The king was unhurt, all but a graze on the forehead from a bullet. The mane of his horse had also been skimmed by a shot. The horse, starting, had struck the king's arm against the head of the Duc de Nemour's horse, and for a moment Louis thought that he was hit. The horses of the two princes, who rode forward eager for their father's safety, were also grazed; but he relieved their anxiety by a few words. Then with one look of deep grief at the carnage around him, the king rode forward, reassuring the National Guards by his presence and his words.

When the crowd of soldiers and citizens went to raise the wounded, they found forty-two persons had been struck and nineteen mortally wounded. The nineteen included the following: Poor old Marshal Mortier, sixty-seven years old, struck by a ball that had penetrated his left ear, traversed the muscles of his neck, and fractured his second cervical vertebra; Marquis Lachasse de Verigny, aged sixty, struck in the head by the bullet, and his horse killed by five balls in the neck; the marquis died that night. Colonel Raffé, of the gendarmerie of the Seine, aged fifty-six; he expired in the night. Count Oscar de Villette, captain of artillery, thirty-four years old; skull fractured by two slugs. Rieussec, a lieutenant-colonel of the 8th legion of National Guards—a great sportsman and proprietor of a horse-breeding establishment at Virolflay; killed by three bullets. Labrousse, seventy-two years old, a tax collector of the 7th arrondissement, struck in the right arm and abdomen; died two days after. Léger, mathematical instrument maker, and grenadier of the 8th legion; Benettet, ebony carver, and grenadier of the 8th legion; killed on the spot. Prudhomme, marble cutter, and sergeant of grenadiers; dead.

Ricard, wine merchant and grenadier; dead. Brunot and Inglar, weavers; dead. Ardouin, a journalist; dead. Madame Ledernet; shot in the thigh. Madame Briosne; four wounds in the thighs. Madame Langeray, a workwoman, mother of four children, one of whom was in her arms when she fell dead. Rose Alison, a servant; wounded in the thigh. Louise Josephine Remy, a little girl of fourteen, dead. Leclerc, an apprentice of thirteen years old, died a month afterwards.

The twenty-three wounded consisted of five superior officers, eight National Guards, five workmen, three children, and five women; there were all ages and all classes, generals and bakers, a chef d'escadron and a dyer, the son of a mayor and a street gamin; a lady fell beside her dying husband and dead sister; there were wounds of every kind, in the breast and on the head, thighs and feet, hands and mouth. A hair-breadth of difference in the elevation of the ambuscade battery, and more than two hundred persons would have been mowed down by that storm of slugs and bullets; a second sooner, and the king must have fallen, riddled by shots.

Before the wounded and the dead could be removed to the hospital of St. Louis or the neighbouring houses, No. 50 had been surrounded by a crowd of enraged and shouting men, commissaries of police, police agents, National Guards, and maddened citizens. All the doors were at once blocked up by the crowd; the ground floor and the first floor, where M. Durant's wine-shop was, was ransacked and searched in every part. M. Jacquemin, a commissary of the police, was the first to ascend to the third floor. A kick or two of his foot, and the barricaded door fell in, and M. Jacquemin and three Municipal Guards, seven or eight National Guards, and M. Bessas Lamégie, mayor of the 10th arrondissement, rushed in. The first two rooms were empty; in the third, which was thick with smoke, they found at the open window a rough framework, like a clumsy table with the top removed; in this had been screwed twenty-five gun-barrels; some of these were split and shattered, almost all displaced by the terrible explosion. On the right-hand side was a fireplace, in which blazed a fire of straw and wood. The police, suspecting some trap in a fire too large for a garret on a hot July day, at once scattered and put out the fagots.

As the men's eyes grew accustomed to the thick sulphurous smoke oozing from hell itself as it seemed to their excited minds, they saw that the room was empty, but that there were smears of fresh blood on the wall. On the floor, near the door, lay a pierced grey hat, with pieces of torn gun-barrel near it. All at once M. Jacquemin, crying "They are here," springs on a door in the wall facing the window, but it proved to be only a large cupboard containing some straw and a mattress. Returning through the two rooms, the soldiers and police found on the left hand a small kitchen, with a window looking out upon the court-yard. Here also there was a hat pierced with fragments of gun-barrels, and there were prints of fresh blood. There is a ladder in one corner, and a trap-door in the ceiling. This

monster of evil, this last embodiment of Satan, must be there. M. Jacquemin is mounting the ladder, when Corporal Dautrep, of the Municipal Guard, draws him back.

"If they are there," he says, "I am armed."

He mounts with sword drawn and pistol ready. His comrades wait impatiently for his cry for help; but there is nothing there but a portmanteau that has held gun-barrels, a hammer, a flask basket, and a sealed letter. Just then, a soldier, looking out at the window, finds a rope hanging down into the court below. It is covered, in places, with blood, and the police at once feel sure that the assassins have escaped in that direction.

Whilst all this was going on, Daudin, a sharp officer, who had run into the court of the fatal Maison Travaux with some men of his brigade, hears Lefèvre, one of his police agents, crying:

"I see a man dropping from a rope into the next court."

Lefèvre and a comrade named Devillers instantly climbed on to the roof of the shed that looked into the next yard, while Daudin went round by another door to the door of the Café des Milles Colannes, next door, when he was arrested by mistake, and led off to the Château d'Eau. In the mean time, the two agents had come upon a short stoutly built man, staggering from a dreadful gaping wound in his temple, and trying, with both hands, to press back the blood that was gushing down over his eyes. He could make no resistance, and was at once led to the Château d'Eau with bayonets held to his breast.

They found on him six francs fifty centimes, a packet of gunpowder, a knife with a horn handle, a pair of green spectacles, a watch, and a life-preserver made of cord and weighted with lead. In the confusion of numerous arrests, the man contrived unobserved to throw a poignard with a silver handle under a camp-bed. Taken back to the room where the infernal machine was, and examined before M. Gisquet, the prefect of police, the procureur-general, the king's procureur, and the commissaries of police, the man explained by signs that he was the assassin, and confessed that his name was Girard, the name found on some receipts for rent which had been discovered to belong to him. He was then handed over to Dr. Marjolin and Dr. Ollivier d'Angers, and, about two o'clock, taken to the Conciergerie.

The indignation at the hideous fanaticism, the bloodthirsty vanity, of such a patriot as Girard, and all who instigated or aided him, was deep and heartfelt. The people felt that the king represented, however imperfectly, peace, order, and prosperity, and that without him anarchy and murder must reign supreme. The National Guards, who that very morning had been so cold and silent, were now loud and enthusiastic in their cheers, and as the king rode mournfully back to the Tuileries, shakos waved on thousands of bayonets, and the "Vive le Roi!" ran deafening from street to street.

The Bourbonists, who had declared that the

Duke de Berry died 'stabbed by Guizot and Decaze's liberal ideas, were now told that the Duchess de Berry's party had incited this murder. Party spirit, often dishonest, was now atrociously so. Each party tried by every mean and dishonourable shift to throw the odium of the crime upon its adversaries. In a letter to Marshal Lobau, the king spoke ominously of the murder:

"Frenchmen," the king wrote, "the National Guard and the army are mourning; French families are sorrowing. A frightful spectacle has lacerated every heart. An old warrior, an old friend, spared by the fire of a hundred battles, has fallen by my side, struck by the blows that the assassin destined for me. In their desire to reach me, they have immolated glory, honour, and patriotism, peaceful citizens, women, and children; yes, Paris has seen her best blood shed in the same spot and on the same day on which it was poured five years ago to maintain the laws of the country." The very day of the attempt the Chamber of Peers was organised as a court of justice to try the conspirators, under the presidency of Baron Pasquier.

Girard was twice examined the day of the massacre, first at No. 50, then in the Conciergerie. At first faint and bleeding, he could only feebly hold up his fingers in reply to the questions. He implied that he was alone in the plot; that he had been for weeks making the infernal machine; that it was his own idea alone. He then fell back fainting; no more could at that time be got out of him. In the evening, bandaged and slightly stronger, he confessed that he had had accomplices, but declared that he alone held the blind up and fired the train. He was a republican. The agony of his wounds then compelled the doctors to forbid the wretch being tortured by further questions. The next morning the man was better, and could speak. He said his name was Joseph Francis Girard, and his wife and child were at Lodève, near Montpellier. He was thirty-nine years of age. The judge representing the enormity of the crime, Girard cried, with broken words:

"I am an unfortunate man. I am miserable. I can hope for nothing. I may render a service. We shall see. I regret what I have done. I may perhaps stop something. I will name no one. I will sell no one. My crime has been too much for my reason." He confessed that the newspapers had excited him to the crime. He spoke of the émeutes in the Rue Transnanain and at Lyons.

It was still doubtful whether Girard had really had accomplices. One man declared he had seen three persons at the window, and others imagined they saw conspirators escaping over the roof towards the Rue des Fosses du Temple. The portmanteau that contained the gun-barrels was the great clue upon which the police relied. It had been brought to Girard three or four days before the crime, and Girard said it came from his wife, and contained linen and brandy. A waterman at the cabriolet stand in the Rue Vendôme had carried it from the corner of the Rue Charlot to No. 50 in the Temple boule-

ward. It was a wooden trunk, four feet long, covered with a black skin, and very heavy. A commissioner was also found who, on the morning of the 28th of July, had brought the trunk back from No. 5 to the Place Vendôme. The cabman he had ordered to drive to the Place Maubert; but on the way he changed the order to the Place aux Veaux, near the Port aux Tuiles. A cooper's boy had helped him to put the box on his shoulder, and he walked towards the Rue Saint Victor. There the clue was lost, for Girard himself refused to say where he had taken the trunk; but it was discovered that he had taken the trunk to a marble-worker named Nolland, No. 13, Rue de Poissy. Girard, whom he had only seen once, came to him with the trunk, telling him if it was not sent for in an hour not to give it up without an order from M. Morey, a harness-maker, No. 23, Rue St. Victor, who came for it.

Here was another clue. Nolland, taken to the Rue Croulebarbe, pointed to No. 10, at the corner of the Rue du Chant de l'Alouette. The scent got hotter. The people there remembered Nolland's friend, a Corsican, named Fieschi, a short man, with brown beard and hair, and a southern pronunciation. He had lived an infamous life with a woman named Petit, who had a young daughter with one eye, since living in the Salpêtrière. He had been the terror of the place, and used to boast of an infamous condemnation before a military tribunal. The judge's eyes sparkled. This was the man. Nolland, being taken to the prison, at once recognised Girard as his old neighbour of the Rue Croulebarbe. Morey's porter identified the fourth story in No. 11 in the Rue du Long Pont as the place to which he had taken the trunk. The police found there a young girl with one eye, named Nina Lassave, Fieschi's last mistress. The trunk was found in the room; she had just written on a scrap of paper her intention of killing herself, Morey having deserted her after giving her sixty francs to go to Lyons and hide herself. The trunk had contained Fieschi's clothes and account-books, which she had pawned. The gun-barrels were identified as rejected government barrels, purchased from M. Bury, a gunsmith in No. 58, Rue de l'Arbre Sec, and a pupil in the Temple testified to Girard and Morey buying the trunk found at Nina Lassave's. A woman, who had been with Nina to the review, declared that she returned trembling and distracted with grief, hearing that the murderer was killed.

On the 5th of August, Nina confessed the whole. On the 26th, she went to see her hideous lover, and found him at work at some machine, as she thought, in the ordinary way of his trade. Fieschi told her not to come to Paris during the fêtes, as there would be disturbances; and, if she came, he said he would not receive her. His manner seemed altered, and he looked careworn. She, however, went the next day, and the porter told her that Fieschi was then shut up with his uncle, an old gentleman (Morey), and they had given orders that she would see no one. Some minutes after, she

saw Morey and Fieschi sitting together drinking beer under the tent of a café. Fieschi, then more gloomy than ever, came up and told her he could not receive her.

The next day, feeling sure the fire had come from Fieschi's window at No. 50, she lost her head, feeling sure that her only friend was dead; and, packing up her few things at the Salpêtrière, returned to Paris to see the friends whom Fieschi had told her to consult on emergencies. She first called on Pepin, a grocer, No. 1, Faubourg St. Antoine. Not finding him at home, she went, all in tears, to Morey, who said to her:

"Well, what is the matter? It was Fieschi, then, who fired the thing? Is he dead?" He afterwards, however, owned that he had been with Fieschi on the Monday, and then took the girl to a small wine-shop outside the Barrière du Trône to talk to her more privately.

Nina said: "What a dreadful thing—so many victims! They say General Mortier was so good."

"He was canaille, like the rest."

"It was cruel to kill fifty persons to get at one. I, who am only a woman, if I had wished to kill Louis Philippe, should have taken two pistols, and, after having fired with one, I should have shot myself with the other."

"Hush! We shan't lose by waiting; and he'll give up his body-guard. Fieschi is an imbecile; he would load three of the guns himself, and it is just those that burst. I urged him to load his pistols. He ought to have blown out his brains. He is only a braggart. He went and told in several places that something was going to happen on the day of the review; that was wrong."

"But how did Fieschi, who was no engineer, construct a machine like that?"

"It was I who traced the plan. I have only just torn it up, or I would show it you. The guns were placed in such a way that they could not miss; but Fieschi fired too late."

On his way to dinner outside the barrier, Morey had stopped at a paper manufacturer's to return a passport to a man named Bescher which Fieschi had borrowed. Coming back, Morey stopped at the corner of a wall to throw away a bag of bullets he had in his pocket.

Pepin, the grocer, was found in his shirt only, hidden in a concealed cupboard at Magny. He had with him two blouses for disguise, nine hundred and forty francs, and a volume of the works of St. Just. Pepin had already been under accusation for having, in 1832, permitted the insurgents to fire from his windows in the faubourg at the troops. The police also arrested Victor Boireau, a tinman and a member of the dangerous society of the Rights of Man. It was he who, on one of Pepin's horses, had trotted and galloped past No. 5, in order that Fieschi and Morey might regulate the level of the gun-barrels. Bescher, a bookbinder, who had lent his passport to Fieschi, was also arrested.

The trial took place before the Court of Peers, under the presidency of M. Pasquier, on the 30th of January. So great was the interest excited in Paris that applications were made to

the grand referendary for seventeen thousand five hundred tickets. Fieschi, now the blood was washed off and the plaister and poultices removed, appeared a short muscular man, with a high narrow forehead, hollow eyes, livid face, and thin pointed nose. His Corsican face gave him a diabolical likeness to a degraded Napoleon. His black hair was cut very short and shaved over the left temple, where the wound had exposed the brain; a second wound had gashed his left eyebrow; a third splinter had ripped the left corner of his mouth, and gave it a sardonic grinning expression. His left eye was closed, and seemed lower than the other. His little eyes were quick as those of a rat, and much hidden by the brows. This monster of bloodthirsty vanity, calling itself patriotism, wore a black satin waistcoat and a black cravat. He took snuff perpetually, and kept arranging a portfolio of papers with gay and smiling alacrity. He was never still a moment, constantly rising up, sitting down, or turning his head from this side to that. He shook hands with his counsel, offered snuff to his guards, and seemed piqued at their refusal. He assumed the air of a great man, whose actions, though mistaken, had been in pursuit of a grand idea.

Morey, an old man on the point of dying from a terrible disease, had a calm fearless manner, and was treated with consistent respect by Fieschi, whose death, however, he had no doubt planned by overloading three of the barrels. Pepin, a mild, talkative, weak man, looked pale and miserably apprehensive. Bescher was careless; Boireau, a very young man, energetic, eloquent, and assured.

Fieschi, in some vague hopes of being received as evidence, confessed, in the course of the trial, the whole progress of the crime. It was a plan struck out by Morey as early as 1824. It was originally a mere soldier's scheme.

"I said to myself one day, 'If I was in a fortress with five hundred men, and an epidemic came and carried off half of them, could I defend the place with a few people left?' I had then an idea of mounting ninety muskets in a row. With that, thought I, I can destroy a whole regiment with a few men. Morey's wife saw me at it, and told Morey, who came and asked me, what it was. I replied, a machine that could demolish Charles the Tenth and all his family. It was too complicated, however, being ranged in batteries, and made for flint locks. I explained it to Morey, and he said, 'That would do very well for Louis Philippe.' He put the model in his pocket, but did not say what he should do with it."

It was then arranged between Pepin, Morey, and Fieschi, and the expense of the whole plot coldly and carefully estimated at five hundred francs. They met one day, after dinner, at Pepin's appointment, in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, to make experiments as to the best way of firing trains of powder. Afraid of being seen there, they went up into the vineyards. Morey drew out his "pear" (small powder-horn), and spread the powder. Pepin struck a light that went out. Fieschi then lighted the powder

in the middle, and his comrades seeing the good effect, cried at once, "Ça va bien!" "And certainly no way is quicker and sharper than that," added the witness. They afterwards drank together at a restaurant at the *Barrière de Montreuil*. The sums advanced to Fieschi were found in Pepin's books entered as paid to "the Dauber," as Fieschi was nicknamed from his griminess at his first interview with Madame Pepin. Boireau lent tools to pierce the touch-holes of two of the barrels. Morey had regretted he had not money enough to carry out another project. He had wanted to hire a house next the Chamber of Deputies, and blow up the king and the princes the day of the opening of the Chambers. He also said (he was a celebrated leader at shooting-matches) that if he once got the king at the end of his gun, he'd take good care not to miss him.

Fieschi especially insisted on his not being a mere hired assassin.

"No," he said; "I worked, I gained my bread even while I was about to make this attempt. I shall pass in the eyes of the world as a great criminal, not as an assassin. I do not deserve the name of assassin. An assassin is the man who kills to get money, but I—I am a great criminal—un grand coupable. I declare that I received nothing from anybody. They shall never say that I am a stabber. I had goods from Pepin, but I paid for them; they were only sugar and trifles."

Fieschi met the Prince de Rohan also at Pepin's, who came, as Pepin said, to discuss some new machine for decorticating vegetables, but more probably for political purposes.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th when Morey arrived with the powder and bullets. The guns were loaded for the most part by Morey. The mounting and loading took up till after six. Morey then went out, keeping his handkerchief to his mouth. He also took off his July decoration, and turned his back to people as much as possible to prevent being recognised. The barrels that burst were found to have been loaded with intervals purposely left between the powder and the bullets, so that they might explode and Fieschi be destroyed. At eleven o'clock that night, after leaving Boireau and his experiment of riding past, Fieschi went home and tried to sleep, vexed and alarmed at Pepin's disclosures to Boireau.

The next morning very early Fieschi went to a young Corsican, named Sorba, to ask him to be his second in a duel. It was only a pretext to obtain society; for Sorba was too young, and he dared not confide his fears to him. M. Sorba, who evidently knew of the plot, said to him:

"You have an unlucky hand."

At half-past nine Fieschi met Boireau again on the boulevards. Boireau left the friends with whom he was, and said to Fieschi:

"We are all ready. You go to your work; we shall be at our posts."

Fieschi then met Morey on the Rue Basse du Rempart. Morey proposed, after all was demolished, to destroy the telegraphs, to set fire to the barns in the banlieue, and to attack

the National Guard when they came to put out the fires. Morey said that when the government was once free, the world would be happy, and the nation rich. Small fortunes were to be left alone; but when a man had a million, all beyond three hundred thousand francs were to be thrown into the national funds. Pepin clapped him on the back, and said, "Mon brave, you shall be recompensed." But Fieschi replied, the government was not to be shut up in a snuff-box. There would be civil wars, and all he wished was to win glory at the head of one hundred or two hundred men and chase the stranger from the Rhine, and drive off the Cossacks, who were jealous of France. Pepin then declared that the heads of all supporters of monarchy must roll along the streets like paving-stones.

On the 15th of February, the seventeenth audience, the court brought a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners but Bescher, who was acquitted; Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin were condemned to death; Boireau to twenty years' detention, and to be for the rest of his life under the surveillance of the police. Morey heard his sentence with calm indifference, Pepin with assurances of his innocence, Fieschi with vain and verbose assurances of repentance.

He had become a lion of the day, and keenly relished the popularity he had acquired so dearly. Even the peers applauded some of his sallies. With distorted face and sardonic smile he watched eagerly for his moments of recrimination or self-assertion.

The antecedents of Fieschi were soon unravelled. He was a Corsican of Genoese extraction, born at Murato in 1790. His father, a condemned criminal, had died in voluntary exile. One of the assassin's brothers fell at Wagram; his only sister was blind. A second brother, born dumb, was so heart-broken with grief at the news of Fieschi's crime that he remained two whole days without taking food.

Giuseppe Fieschi was originally a goatherd, but, being quick and adventurous, soon left Corsica, enlisted in a regiment of light infantry at Naples, and, displaying much zeal and courage, became regimental staff-sergeant by the time he was nineteen. Entering Murat's Guards, he distinguished himself by great courage in the campaigns of 1812 and 1814, and won the decoration of the Two Sicilies. In 1815, Fieschi deserted to the Austrians, and his information, it is said, contributed to his old master's defeat at Tolentino. When Murat was at Vescovato, Fieschi rejoined him, and was sent on important secret service to Naples. His reports encouraged Murat to his rash and fatal expedition. On landing at Pizzo, Fieschi requested leave to go first and reconnoitre, and a very short time after Murat was shot down by the gendarmes of Monteleone.

Traitor or not, the man did not thrive. He returned to Corsica a beggar, to wrangle with his brother-in-law for a share of the fraternal heritage. Unable to obtain even a sou, Fieschi took the law into his own hands, and, like a

true Corsican moss-trooper, drove off a cow belonging to his brother and sold it openly in the market-place. Brought before a magistrate, he produced forged papers to prove his right, and was in consequence arrested and sent to Bastia. Here he escaped to the mountains by leaping from a window twenty feet from the ground.

In 1816, when only twenty-six years old, Fieschi was condemned to ten years' imprisonment at Embrun, and to police supervision for life. At Embrun he learnt the trade of a cloth-maker; and when he was released, breaking the ban, he went to Lodève, and practised his trade. From there he went to the royal manufactory at Villelouve, conducting himself there well, and with a pretence of religion. Coming to Paris, he obtained help from his old commander, and became porter at a newspaper office, and a spy of the police.

He lived at this period with his mistress, Laurence Petit, who kept a students' table-d'hôte; but he finally seduced her daughter, Nina Lassave, then quite a child, and led a life so dissolute and so disgraceful that the police dismissed him. It was at this time that he sought help of Morey, and described himself as wretched as the dog that looks for food at a street corner. Most men, he afterwards said, in such misery, must have gone mad or thrown themselves out of window. It was in this poverty and despair that men like Morey took advantage of his cunning, recklessness, and inordinate vanity. The government observing that a sort of boastful gratitude was a leading point in his character, persuaded him to disclose the plot to his old benefactor, M. Ladvoat.

The king, in acknowledgment, forgave Fieschi the parricide's penalty of wearing a black veil on the scaffold, and walking to the guillotine with bare feet. While he was undergoing the toilette, he merely said:

"Is it not heart-breaking that I should be the first executed for political causes since 1830? I would have rather remained on the field at Beresina."

Pepin was cruelly bound in the camisole. While his hair was being cut off, he said to Fieschi,

"I am your victim."

Fieschi was going to reply, but his confessor stopped him. Fieschi then threw himself at Pepin's feet and begged him to tell the whole as truth, he had done, that he might appear before God without fear.

Pepin heaved a sigh and replied, "No, I can say nothing. I will not compromise fathers of families."

As for Morey he was so weak that he had to be lifted on to the scaffold; but he said calmly, "It is not courage I want, but legs."

The scaffold had only been erected at a quarter before seven; at a quarter past eight the execution took place in the Place de Jacques, before a vast crowd that filled every avenue. Pepin was calm and resigned, and declared his innocence to the last. "Since I must die, I will die. I have nothing more to say," he replied to the

police agent, who, while he was being strapped to the plank, still urged him to confessions. He died first.

Morey then ascended, calm and imperturbable; the plank went down, the old man's neck was clipped by the lunette—a second head rolled into the sawdust.

Fieschi said to the people that he had told the truth, and died without fear. Fieschi left his head to Nina Lassave, in order that she might benefit by the sale of plaster casts taken from it. The doctor who had healed Fieschi's wounds opened the skull to see how the cure had operated. The poor girl Nina was hired a few days after as *dame du comptoir* in the *Café de la Renaissance*, in the *Place de la Bourse*. There, in flame-coloured satin and with rich ornaments in her hair, the miserable creature sat, at a salary of one thousand francs a month.

The *café* was daily thronged by unfeeling idlers, who launched at her cruel sarcasms, reproaches, and disgusting ribaldry, until Nina often fainted, and was carried out of the room. When she returned and resumed her seat, she used to pathetically entreat that sport might not be made of her misfortunes. She is described as a rather pretty mild one-eyed girl, with a vulgar expression, and with two fingers eaten off her right hand by scrofula.

The massive oak frame of the infernal machine, with its split gun-barrels may still be seen at *Madame Tassaud's*, that indefatigable old lady having instantly pounced on the relic of a remarkable crime.

The infernal machine was not an original thought of Fieschi's, for, in the year 1789, a watchmaker named Brillon, being expelled from the *Arquebusiers' Company* at *Senlis*, determined on revenge. He fired a train of gun-barrels at the procession as it passed his window, shot a man who broke into his barricaded room, and then blew up the house with all who were in it. The only man who escaped was the soldier who tried to drag him out, and he had twenty wounds, an eye knocked out, and a kneecap broken.

METAPHOR AND ALLEGORY.

METAPHOR is essentially the language of the poet. Allegory is a twin-sister. They are the *Leah* and *Rachel* of holy writ.

About the hour,

As I believe, when *Venus* from the east
First lighten'd on the mountain—she whose orb
Seems always glowing with the fire of love,
A lady young and beautiful, I dream'd,
Was passing o'er a lea; and as she came,
Methought I saw her, ever and anon,
Bending to cull the flowers; and thus she sang:
"Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,
That I am *Leah*: for my brow to weave
A garland, these fair hands unwearied ply.
To please me at the crystal mirror, here
I deck me. But my sister *Rachel*, she
Before her glass abides the livelong day,
Her radiant eyes beholding, charm'd no less

Than I with this delightful task—her joy
In contemplation, as in labour mine."

Leah, the daughter of *Laban*, *Jacob's* first wife, represents active life; she wreathes a chaplet of flowers as a recompense for good works on earth. Her sister *Rachel*, *Jacob's* second wife, represents a life of contemplation. The mirror she looks into is that of knowledge.

In metaphor, *Ossian* stands foremost amongst our own poets. German and Italian poets are rich in metaphor. *Schiller* is a master-hand. The last lines of "*The Power of Song*," and the opening lines of "*Woman's Worth*," are amongst the finest specimens extant. The following, also by *Schiller*, is graceful:

"This day five thousand years ago, *Jupiter* feasted the immortal gods on the *Olympian Mount*. As they sat down to the festive board, the right of precedence was contested by three daughters of *Jupiter*. *VIRTUE* claimed precedence of *LOVE*; *Love* refused to yield the place to *Virtue*, and *FRIENDSHIP* claimed a higher seat than either. All heaven took an interest in the contention, and the claimants approached the throne of *Saturn*.

"There is but one claim to distinction in *Olympus*," said the son of *Chronos*, "and but one law to judge the gods. The highest seat is due to her who has contributed most to the happiness of man."

"The victory is mine!" said *Love*, in a voice of triumph. "My sister *Virtue* cannot grant her favourites a greater reward than me; and as to the happiness I give to man, let *Jupiter* and all the immortal gods here present answer for me."

"And how long do thy joys last?" said *Virtue*, with an earnest voice. "Whomsoever I cover with my invulnerable shield, may laugh at *Fate*, to whom even the immortals pay homage. If thou callest the gods to witness, I can do the same. The son of *Saturn* is mortal as soon as *Virtue* leaves him."

Friendship stood aloof and was silent. "And thou, my daughter; hast not thou a word to say?" said *Jupiter*. "What canst thou offer to thy favourites?"

"Nothing of the sort," said the goddess, and she wiped a tear from her blushing cheek. "When they are happy they forget me; in sorrow they seek comfort from me."

"Be reconciled, my children," said the father of the gods: "this is the noblest quarrel it has ever been my lot to decide. Neither of you has lost. My daughter *Virtue* will teach constancy to *Love*; and *Love* will not smile on mortal unless *Virtue* bid her do so. *Friendship* will embrace you both, and be the pledge of your lasting union."

In his great poem *The Artists*, *Schiller* compares the life of a man to an arch; that is to say, to an imperfect portion of a circle which is continued through the night of the tomb to complete the circle. The young moon is such an arch; the remainder of the circle is not visible. He places two youths side by side, the one with a lighted torch, the other with his torch extinguished. He compares the former to that por-

tion of the moon which is light, and the latter with that part which is in darkness. The ancients represented Death as a youth of as beautiful a shape and countenance as his brother Life. Shelley, in the opening lines of *Queen Mab*, beautifully develops the same idea. Ossian, speaking of a man at death's door, says: "Death stood behind him like the dark side of the moon behind its silver horn."

The riddles in *Turandot* afford another specimen of Schiller's metaphorical power.

Theodore Körner's ode to, or rather dialogue with, his sword is a fine piece of metaphorical writing. The sword is his bride. The ode was written a few hours before he fell in battle.

"My sword, my only treasure!
What would thy glance of pleasure?
It makes thy master glow
To see thee gleaming sq."

The sword replies:

"A patriot warrior rears me,
And that it is that cheers me;
It makes me glad to be
The falchion of the free."
* * * *

"Then, with a soldier's kisses,
Partake your bridal blisses;
Woe may the wretch betide
Who e'er deserts his bride!

"What joy, when sparks are flashing,
From hostile helmets crashing!
In steely light to shine,
Such joy, my bride, is thine."

"Hurrah!"

Michael Angelo was a poet as well as a sculptor. His lines on the death of Dante are metaphorical:

He from the world into the blind abyss
Descended, and beheld the realms of woe;
Then to the seat of everlasting bliss
And God's own throne, led by his thought sublime,
Alive he soar'd, and to our nether clime
Bringing a steady light, to us below
Reveal'd the secrets of Eternity.

As we proceed through this metaphorical land, we feel as if walking along the lovely banks of a limpid gushing stream. Metaphors spring up like flowers on every side.

Dante is rich in metaphor; Petrarch not so much; Ariosto is vigorous, but the palm is with Torquato Tasso.

Dante's sonnet upon the death of Beatrice,

A lady young, compassionate, and fair,
is rich in metaphor. He himself explains the sonnet in the *Vita Nuova*.

"Suffering from a severe attack of illness," he says, "confined to my bed—so weak that I could scarcely move a limb—on the ninth day, my sufferings being almost intolerable, my thoughts turned to my lady. And while thus occupied with her idea, they fell to this consideration: How slender is the thread of life! I felt how fragile it was; and although my reason was not affected, I began to weep internally at so much misery, and, drawing a deep sigh, I said to myself, 'It is but too true that some day the most gentle Beatrice must die.' And

this idea gave me so much pain, that I closed my eyes, and my imagination began to wander. I fancied I beheld the faces of women with dishevelled hair, who said to me, 'Thou also must die.' Other faces then appeared, ghastly and horrible to behold, and they exclaimed, 'Thou art dead!' And thus my brain wandered, and I knew not where I was; and I fancied I beheld other female figures flitting past me, their long locks streaming in the wind, weeping and wonderfully sad; and methought that the sun grew dark, that the stars appeared of a colour that made me suppose they were weeping, and that there were mighty earthquakes. And greatly marvelling at all I beheld, and much stricken with fear, I thought a friend came and said to me: 'Knowest thou not that thy admirable lady has left this earth?' Then I began to weep bitterly; and it was not only in imagination that I wept, but I wept veritable tears with my eyes. I fancied I cast my looks towards heaven, and there I beheld a host of angels ascending, bearing before them a snow-white cloud, singing glorious hymns of rejoicing, Hosanna to the Most High. Then I felt that my heart, which was overflowing with love, said to me: 'It is true that our dear lady is dead.' I then, it seemed, arose to behold the body that had contained so noble and so beautiful a soul. And so powerful was my wandering imagination, that I beheld the inanimate corpse, a white veil having been thrown over her features. There was such an expression of sweet humility and repose upon her countenance, that it seemed to say, 'I am about to enter the realms of peace.' Such then became my desire to accompany her, that I invoked death, and exclaimed: 'Most kind Death, come to me, and be not unkind; for thou must needs be gentle, having been in such company. Come then to me, for much do I desire thee. Seest thou not that I already bear thy colours?' And when I had seen all the sad rites performed which are paid unto the dead, I found myself again in my chamber, when I fancied I looked towards heaven; and so strong was my imagination, that, shedding tears, I exclaimed aloud with my own natural voice: 'O beautiful spirit, how happy is he who beholds thee!' And as I said this with an expression of deep anguish, and invoked Death, a gentle girl, who was standing at my bedside, thinking that I wept on account of the bodily pain I was suffering, wept from pity; other women, who were attending me as nurses, thinking that her lamentations had caused me to weep, told her—who was nearly allied to me by blood—to leave me, and came to awake me, perceiving that I was dreaming: 'Awake,' they said, 'and be comforted.' In the act of exclaiming, 'O Beatrice, blessed art thou,' I awoke; I opened my eyes, and found it was a dream."

The opening verses of the twenty-fourth canto of the *Inferno* afford a beautiful example of metaphorical poetry:

In the year's early nonage, when the sun
Tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,
And now towards equal day the nights recede;

Whereas the rime upon the earth puts on
Her dazzling sister's image, but not long
Her milder sway endures; then riseth up
The village hind, whom fails his wintry store
And looking out beholds the plain around
All whiten'd, whence impatiently he smites
His thighs, and to his hut returning,
There paces to and fro, wailing his lot.

Dante's description of Satan is terrible :

That emperor, who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice
Stood forth; and I in stature am more like
A giant than the giants are his arms;
Mark now how great that whole must be, which
suits
With such a part. If he were beautiful
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him
May all our misery flow. Oh, what a sight!
How passing strange it seem'd when I did spy
Upon his head three faces: one in front
Of hue vermilion; the other two with this
Midway each shoulder join'd and at the crest;
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd; the left
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings, enormous as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had they,
But were in texture like a bat; and there
He flapped 't' th' air, that from him issued still
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd,
Bruised as with ponderous engine; so that three
Were in this guise tormented.

The description of Beatrice, metaphorical as it is, teems with love :

I have beheld, ere now, at break of day,
The eastern clime all roseate; and the sky
Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene
And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists
Attemper'd, at his rising, that the eye
Long while endured the sight; thus, in a cloud
Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose,
And down within and outside of the car
Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreath'd,
A virgin in my view appeared, beneath
Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame,
And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
Had from her presence felt no shuddering dread,
Albeit my eyes discern'd her not, there moved
A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within me.

The sun is thus sublimely described by Dante :

The great minister
Of Nature, that upon the world imprints
The virtue of the heaven, and doles out
Time for us with his beam.

The Morgante Maggiore of Pulci is rich in metaphor; the same may be said of the Orlando Innamorato of Bojardo; but we must leave Angelica, "that lucid oriental star," and the Court of Charlemagne; passing the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, the Amadis of Gaul of Bernardo Tasso, we enter the Armidian gardens of Torquato. We are in the realm of love, metaphor, and allegory.

Here is not a bad metaphor of the pouting lip of a young lady :

That lip, which (like the rose that morn with dew
Has largely fed), so moist, so sweetly swells;
That lip approaches thus, by Cupid's spells,
To tempt to kiss, and still that kiss renew.
But, oh! ye lovers, though so fair its hue,
Fly far away—for in these flowery cells,
'Mid those sweet roses, Love, the serpent, dwells,
And should you kiss, you bid to peace adieu.
I, too, was snared; I, too, believed that bliss
Lived on a rosy lip; I, too, believed
Its nectar sweetness rapture would impart;
But, ah! I found, like Tantalus, deceived,
That nought remains behind the empty kiss,
But Love's fell poison rankling to the heart.

The angel Gabriel, sent on a special mission to Godfrey, is a fine metaphor :

He clothes his heavenly form with ether light,
And makes it visible to human sight;
In shape and limbs like one of earthly race,
But brightly shining with celestial grace:
A youth he seemed, in manhood's ripening years,
On the smooth cheek when first the dawn appears;
Refulgent rays his beauteous locks enfold;
White are his nimble wings, and edged with gold,
With these through winds and clouds he cuts his way,
Flies o'er the land, and skims along the sea.
Thus stood th' angelic power prepared for flight,
Then instant darted from th' empyreal height;
Direct to Lebanon his course he bent,
There closed his plumes, and made his first descent;
Thence, with new speed, his airy wings he steer'd,
Till now in sight Tortosa's plains appeared."

Here is a metaphor of a coquette. It is the description of Armida, sent to create dissension in the Christian camp :

New ringlets from the flowing winds amid
The native curls of her resplendent hair;
Her eye is fixed in self-reserve, and bid
Are all Love's treasures with a miser's care;
The rival roses upon cheeks more fair
Than morning light, their mingling tints dispose;
But on her lips, from which the amorous air
Of paradise exhales, the crimson rose
Its sole and simple bloom in modest beauty
throws.

The description of Rinaldo reminds us forcibly of Shakespeare's description in Henry the Fourth:

I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury.

Tasso compares Erminia to a beautiful flower. By the right of conquest she had become the slave of Tancred :

But he received her as some sacred flower,
Nor harm'd her shrinking leaves; midst outrage
keen,
Pure and inviolate was her virgin bower;
And her he caused to be attended, e'en
Amidst her ruined realms, as an unquestioned
queen.

The description of the Christian camp at night is a grand conception; Erminia attempts to see her lover :

On high were the clear stars; the gentle hours
Walk'd cloudless through the galaxy of space,
And the calm moon rose, lighting up the flowers
With frost of living pearl: like her in grace.
Th' enamour'd maid from her illumined face
Reflected light where'er she chanced to rove,
And made the silent spirit of the place,
The hills, the melancholy moon above,
And the dumb valleys round, familiars of her love.

Argantes, preparing for the combat, is compared to a comet:

As with its bloody locks let loose in air,
Horribly bright, the comet shows whose shine
Plagues the parch'd world, whose looks the nations
scared,
Before whose face states change and powers decline,
To purple tyrants all an inauspicious sign.

Tasso thus describes the Deity. The metaphor is fine. The battle is raging fiercely before the walls of Jerusalem:

His eyes, meanwhile, where hot the battle burn'd,
From his empyreal seat the King of Glory turn'd.
There he abides; there, full of truth and love,
Creates, adorns, and governs all that be.

High o'er this narrow-bounded world, above
The reach of reason and of sense, there He
Presides from all to all Eternity,
Sublime on solemn throne, unbuilt with hands,
Three Lights in One! whilst in mock ministry,
Beneath his feet, with Fate and Nature stands
Motion, and He whose glass weighs out her golden
sands.

With Place and Fortune, who, like magic dust,
The glory, gold, and power of things below,
Tosses and whirls in her capricious gust,
Reckless of human joy and human woe:
There He in splendour shrouds himself from show,
Which not even holiest eyes unshaded see;
And round about Him, in a glorious bow,
Millions of happy souls keep jubilee—
Equals alike in bliss, though differing in degree.

Tasso is peculiarly felicitous in his description of angelic messengers. In the first canto, the flight of Gabriel is very beautiful; that of the archangel Michael is equally fine. He receives his instructions from the Almighty to Godfrey, and starts on his mission.

This said, the wing'd archangel low inclined
In reverend awe before th' Almighty's throne;
Then spread his golden pinions on the wind,
And, swifter than all thought, away is flown.
He pass'd the regions which the blessed own
For their peculiar home, a glorious sphere
Of fire and splendour; next the milder zone
Of whitest crystal; and the circles clear
Which gemmed with stars whirls round and charms
his tuneful ear.

To left, distinct in influence and in phase,
He sees bright Jove and frigid Saturn roll;
And those five other errant fires, whose maze
Of motion some angelic spark of soul
Directs with truth unerring to the goal:
Through fields of endless sunshine he arrives,
Where thunders, winds, and showers from pole to
pole

Waste and renew, as each for mastery strives,
Green earth, that fades to bloom, and to decay re-
vives.

The horror of the storm, the shadowy glooms
With his immortal fans he shakes away;
The splendour falling from his face illumines
Night with a sunshine luminous as day;
So after rain in April or in May,
The sun in colours fine of every hue,
Prints the moist clouds green, crimson, gold, and
grey;
Cleaving the liquid sky's calm bosom blue,
So shines a shooting-star in momentary view.

The Christians have the best of it. The retreat of Soliman after a sortie is a grand metaphor:

As from the nightly fold the wolf pursued
Flies to the shelter of the friendly wood;
Though fill'd with carnage, still he thirsts for more,
And licks his ravenous jaws impure with gore;
So fled the Soltan from the field.

Clorinda's death is another beautiful metaphor:

A lovely paleness o'er her features flew,
As violets mix'd with lilies blend their hue.

One of the nymphs in Armida's garden sings thus:

Behold how lovely blooms the vernal rose,
When scarce the leaves her early bud disclose
When half unwrapt, and half to view reveal'd.
* * *

Then crop the morning rose, the time improve,
And while to love 'tis given, indulge in love.

The storming of Jerusalem is graphic:

Now all the conquering bands, opposed no more,
Swarm o'er the walls, and through the portals pour,
The thirsty sword now rages far and wide,
Death stalks with Grief and Terror at his side.

We might quote many more, but our metaphorical bouquet would be too large.

VENETIAN TALES.

THE three following stories are really Venetian, being part of a collection made by George Widter and Adam Wolf, two travelling Germans, who noted down the talk of old women and girls in the more obscure villages in the Venetian territory about twenty-five years ago, and recently published them in a periodical review devoted to certain branches of literary archæology.*

To the learned in popular stories such tales are chiefly interesting, so far as they furnish material for that species of archæological investigation in which the connexion between various nations is sought in the resemblance that exists between their traditions. Our choice in making known the three following tales has, on the other hand, been determined by the fact that there is about them something different from the stories within the reach of the ordinary reader, although the erudite will find in them points of contact with many traditions of Germany. We should observe that though we have told the stories in our own way, instead of

* Jahrbuch für Romanische und Englische Literatur.

simply translating them, we have not modified the incidents in the slightest particular.

I.

Once upon a time lived a mighty king, who had a lovely wife, but no children. The deficiency vexed him to such a degree as to force from him a declaration that, if the Evil One himself gave him a son, the bantling should be right welcome. Shortly after the utterance of this conditional promise he was honoured with a visit by a distinguished foreigner, whom he entertained hospitably in his castle. In the course of conversation, the lack of an heir to the throne was mentioned, and the stranger made a most liberal offer, saying that the king should have two children within the course of a year, if he would present him with one.

Finding that no reasonable objection could be made to this proposal, the king closed with it at once, and before a twelvemonth had passed his queen had blessed him with a pair of twins, a boy and girl, both as beautiful as the day. He was so highly delighted, that the contract he had made nearly faded from his mind. However, before another twelvemonth was gone his memory was refreshed by a visit from the stranger, who asked which of the children he was to have? The king, with a dismal face, made the awkward confession that he would rather not part with either. The boy was necessary as heir to the throne, and the girl was her mother's pet; so what was to be done? The stranger—who, of course, was the Evil One, but who clearly made good the proverb, which states that he is not so black as he is painted—was touched by the king's solicitations, and told him that he would let him have both the children for five years longer. At the end of that period, he would assuredly return.

On rolled the five years, and back came the stranger, to find the king more unwilling than ever. Hard words were spoken on both sides, till at last a compromise was effected. The stranger was not to return until the girl had completed her sixteenth year, and the king was then to give her up without resistance.

Years glided dismally away, and the father's spirits became lower and lower as he approached the sixteenth anniversary of his daughter's birthday. His increasing melancholy attracted the notice of his son, a youth of singular precocity, who did his best to learn the truth, but failed in every attempt. At last the boy be-thought himself of his tutor: a priest of imminent piety: who, as soon as he had heard his pupil's report, at once proceeded to the royal sufferer.

"I have sold my daughter to the —," was the brief but pregnant confession of the melancholy king.

The priest was not courtier enough to dissemble his opinion that transactions of this kind were highly improper; but he comforted the mourner with the assurance that the case was not quite hopeless. If he only knew the exact time at which the hateful visitor was expected, he

would be on the spot and prove a match for all the mysterious strangers in the world.

The specified birthday arrived, and so did the visitor: but he found the priest at the princess's chamber door, clad in all the insignia of his holy office. He durst not enter the room. An altercation ensued, which ended in the retreat of the enemy: not, however, without a declaration that he would bide his time.

As long as the worthy priest lived, the girl was well protected, and thrived exceedingly; but when at the end of two years he died, she fell sick, and did not long survive him. While on her death-bed, she entreated her father not to bury her at once, but to allow her to lie for a week in the church, under a strict guard. With this wish the king complied, and the princess was laid on a magnificent bier erected in the church, while a sentinel was placed at the door.

On the very first midnight, a frightful event occurred. The princess, starting from her coffin, shrieked aloud: "Where is my abominable father?" and without more ado seized on the sentinel and tore him to pieces. In the morning the church door was open, the princess was quiet in her coffin, and the remains of the sentinel lay scattered in various directions. Intelligence of these awful facts spread far and wide, and a second sentinel was not easily to be obtained. Lots, however, were cast for the appointment of a person to fill up the undesirable vacancy, and the victim thus selected was a young soldier who was in the habit of paying his devotions every evening to an image of the Holy Virgin. After fervently praying, he set off for the church, and met on his way an old woman, who, asking the cause of his melancholy, and learning the danger with which he was menaced, urged him to present himself at the altar of the Madonna when he had entered the church, and to close the rail behind him.

With this advice he complied, and when midnight arrived the princess again raised herself from the coffin. "Four-and-twenty hours have passed," she said, "since I have drunk human blood. Where is my abominable father, that I may tear him to pieces for his dastardly promise?" Again she raged about the church; but, not perceiving the sentinel, returned to her coffin without doing further harm.

The sentinel was terribly frightened, but the king, convinced that he had got the right man in the right place, persuaded him to keep guard another night. Again the young man performed his habitual devotions, and again he met the old woman. The incidents that now occurred were nearly identical with those of the previous night, only the indicated spot of refuge was the confessional, and the deceased princess was more violent than before. It may be taken as a general rule that, in the popular stories of all nations, the second of three adventures is generally as similar as possible to the first.

The king found some difficulty in persuading the young man to perform the awful duty of guarding the princess for a third night; but his entreaties, and still more his representation that the safety of a soul was at stake, ultimately pre-

vailed. On his way to the church, after he had prayed with unwonted fervour to his protectress, he met, not the old woman, but a stately lady, who went with him into the building, and told him to hold in his left hand a bottle of mixture which she gave him, to take the monstenance from the tabernacle, and hold it in his right hand, and thus armed to sit down close to the high altar. She also warned him of the novel circumstances for which he was to be prepared.

After the departure of the stately lady, the sentinel awaited the signal of the midnight hour in great uneasiness. At the last stroke of the clock the princess again arose, with fire darting from her eyes and mouth, cursing her father more bitterly than ever, and seeking with increased violence a victim for her wrath. Presently four men made their appearance, who seized her violently, and standing two on each side of the church, tossed her backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock. At the end of this strange performance, they spread a carpet over the altar-steps, and, flinging the princess upon it, were about to chop her to pieces with a huge sword. Warned that the time for action was now come, the sentinel flung the monstenance, containing the Host, at the impious four, and they all vanished, leaving the princess gasping at his feet.

Folding the carpet, the sentinel laid the princess gently upon it, and touched her with the contents of the bottle till she fell into a profound sleep. On the following morning the king found his daughter and her guardian, neither of them awake. Causing them to be raised gently, he had them conveyed in a four-horse carriage to his palace, where he assigned to each a separate apartment. Scarcely had the princess awoke, when she called for her father and mother, who were anxiously watching at the foot of her bed, and expressed her delight that, after her long and heavy sufferings, she could once more embrace them. Next, she called for her deliverer, vowing that she would have no other husband.

On that very day the princess and the sentinel were married; and in grateful remembrance of their deliverance from peril, the image of the Madonna was placed on the altar of the chapel in the royal palace.

II.

An old man was once blessed with a gawky son, who united within himself the by no means incompatible qualities of tallness of stature and unwillingness to work. Tired of seeing him do nothing, the old man put to him the plain question: "Will you work on your own account, or will you go to service?" The latter of the two alternatives was accepted by the son; and the father told him that if the Evil One himself consented to engage him, he (the father) would feel perfectly satisfied.

One fine day, off they both went together in quest of a suitable place, and met on the road a person of singularly gentleman-like appearance, who inquiring the object of their journey, obtained a correct answer.

"I want a porter," said the gentleman, "and this young chap looks stout and hearty. What wages shall you want, my lad?"

"Threepence-halfpenny a year," was the modest reply.

"Nay, you shall have tenpence, and very little to do," returned the generous stranger. "Your only duty will be to open and shut the door, and woe betide you if you peep in!"

The situation was accepted, and the young porter was surprised to observe that although numbers of people, many of them high in station, and even his own grandfather, went in at the door at which he stood, nobody ever came out of it. At last he guessed the quality of his master; and when a year had passed, he gave notice that he was about to leave. The gentleman, knowing that he would have to look out for another porter, was very unwilling to let him go, and endeavoured to change his purpose by showing him a large chest full of gold, and telling him he might take out as much as he pleased. The porter, however, would have neither more nor less than his due; and, taking the tenpence agreed upon, stalked merrily off, and did not stop until he came to a poor man who solicited alms.

"Take twopence-halfpenny," said the man of property, "then I shall have twopence left for tobacco, twopence-halfpenny for bread, and threepence for wine." A second beggar received the same pittance as the first, which reduced the prospects of the philanthropist to three-ha'porth of tobacco, and bread to an equal amount, and two-pennyworth of wine. A third beggar, relieved to the same extent, caused the tobacco to be struck off the list; the remaining twopence-halfpenny, mentally appropriated to the purchase of bread, was soon bestowed upon a fourth mendicant, who received the usual donation, the donor remarking at the same time that he would henceforth be relieved from the trouble of calculation. When a fifth beggar appeared, the man of charity could only inform him that there were no effects, and that most probably he himself would become a beggar in his turn. Delighted with the obviously good disposition of the penniless lover of mankind, the mendicant declared that he stood in no need of his bounty, but, on the contrary, would bestow on him any three gifts he pleased to name.

The late porter at first fancied that the beggar was joking; but, being assured to the contrary, he chose, as desirable gifts, a gun that would never miss its mark, a fiddle which would make everybody dance, and a sack into which every one would be compelled to leap at the command of its owner.

Enriched with his new property, the young porter proceeded on his journey till he saw a bird, which was flying high above his head, and would, he thought, serve as a satisfactory test of his gun. But as he was about to fire, two friars came up to him, and laughed at his attempt to make a musket do the work of a cannon: one of them offering to jump into the adjoining thicket, clad in Adam's earliest

costume, and pick up the bird if the marksman succeeded in bringing it down. Down came the bird indeed; and the friar, who had undertaken to pick it up, faithfully kept his promise; whereupon the marksman took up his fiddle, and forced the two ascetics to dance. The one who had remained in the road did not fare so ill; but his brother in the thicket tore nearly all the flesh from his bones.

Both, as might be expected, were highly incensed, and informed the police of the nearest town, that a dangerous magician was practising his tricks in the neighbourhood. As soon, therefore, as the ex-porter of the Evil One showed his face within the walls, he was summoned before the commissary, and contrived to wait on that important functionary exactly at dinner-time.

The commissary was grumpy. "Stop till I have done my dinner," said he.

"That I will, certainly," said the courteous vagabond; "and to make the meal more agreeable, I will accompany it with a little music." Accordingly he struck up a tune, which made not only the commissary, his wife, his children, his maid-servant, his usher, and his cat, but even the tables and chairs, the plates and dishes, join in a lively dance.

"Go to the devil!" was the first ejaculation of the commissary when he had recovered sufficient breath to say anything: whereupon the adventurer once more set off and went his way, till he met his old master.

"Jump into the sack," he cried, opening wide the untempting receptacle, and with this command the Evil One was forced to comply. The sack, with its precious contents, he took to the nearest smithy, informing the master of the establishment that he wanted him to hammer out a lot of iron.

"Take it out, and I will go to work at once," said the smith.

"No; I want to have it hammered in the sack."

"Do you? Then I have only to tell you that I don't choose to hammer out what I can't see."

Without wasting more words, the adventurer took up his fiddle, and fiddled the smith and all his workmen into compliance.

"Will you hammer now?"

"Yes," answered the smith, "if Old Nick himself is in the sack."

"That," returned the young fellow, "is actually the case."

"Pity you did not say so at once!" retorted the smith. "I would have gone to work without making any fuss, and a world of trouble would have been saved. However, here goes."

The blows of the sledge-hammer having been bestowed with sufficient liberality, the crest-fallen fiend was liberated from the sack. The expression of his countenance was by no means agreeable, and he warned his former porter that, if he had an opportunity of repaying him, it would not be thrown away.

Elated with his last success, the adventurer again set off, and met a pretty peasant girl, by

whom he was not a little smitten. He asked her to become his companion on his travels, and, on meeting with a refusal, told her that she would be forced to accompany him, whether she liked it or not. The reply to this assertion was a sound box on the ear, which incensed the adventurer so greatly that he not only opened his sack and wrathfully told the offender to leap into it, but closed it with so much haste that her head emerged from the orifice, and she could call lustily for assistance. Off he ran as fast as he could, with the sack on his shoulder, and the shouting head sticking out of it; but he was now so hotly pursued by the peasants, who were attracted by the noise, that he threw down his burden and betook himself to his gun.

By shooting down one of his pursuers, he was soon ahead of them all, and succeeded in reaching a village in safety, though out of breath. Here he met an old woman in tatters, and asked her to procure him, if she could, a night's lodging. Answering that she was willing to do so, she led him into a majestic palace, the rooms of which were all brilliantly lighted, while in the grand hall a table was superbly laid out, though not a person was to be seen. The solitude was just to his taste. He was heartily pleased to regale himself with the dainty viands and choice wines, and then to rest in a bed, which he found in a small ante-room.

Waking at midnight, he saw the great hall filled with gentlemen, clad in cloaks and huge periwigs, who danced about with solemn faces, until at last they vanished, and he then found himself in a sea of fire. "I must get out of this," he exclaimed, and as a troop of cavalry passed through the hall, he leaped out of bed upon a horse that had no rider. The animal dissolved beneath him, and he sank down, down, down, till he reached the gate at which he had stood as porter, little more than a year before, and which was now opened to him by his successor.

III.

At Cogolo, a village at the foot of the mountains, a new church had been built, which, though otherwise admired, was found too large for the old steeple. A meeting was accordingly held on the subject, and the very natural proposal was made that the old steeple should be pulled down and a new one erected in its stead. This plan the villagers regarded as too expensive, and they accordingly listened to the following speech, gravely delivered by the schoolmaster:

"Men of Cogolo. If you wish your steeple to be larger, feed it liberally, and I will answer for its increase in bulk. Only look at our priest. He came to us in skinny condition, and you see what a portly man he is now. It stands to reason that what is good for the priest must be good for the church likewise."

Moved by this discourse, the villagers brought together their whole domestic store of sausages, and hung them all round the steeple to its very summit, making the venerable pile of masonry look more like the establishment of a pork-butcher conducted on a colossal scale than a portion of a sacred edifice.

Those who suppose that the schoolmaster was a blockhead like the rest, are mistaken. He was very ill paid, and his scheme was contrived to supply the deficiencies of his salary. At nightfall he proceeded to the church, and, under the shelter of darkness, removed the top-most row of sausages, leaving a portion of the masonry uncovered. The peasants, who assembled in the morning to ascertain the result of their liberality, were in ecstasies.

"Look!" cried one, "the steeple has already begun to eat, and it has grown a good span above the sausages already!"

The bare part of the masonry was again covered by the peasants with a fresh supply of sausages, and was again uncovered by the schoolmaster; and the two operations were repeated for several days and nights in succession, sides of bacon being contributed when the sausages were exhausted. Having sufficiently stocked his cellar with savoury provisions, the schoolmaster at last addressed the villagers thus:

"Men of Cogolo. You perceive that the steeple increases in height, but not in breadth. Now, if it grows any taller, it will perhaps prove to be too high for its foundation, or may even be blown down by the wind."

So the steeple was fed no more, and the villagers remarked with pride their brilliant success in supplying bacon and sausages as a substitute for bricks and mortar.

We would call particular attention to the second story; for though nothing can be more common than the incident of the three gifts, there is something extraordinary in the manner in which ordinary materials are strung together here. Generally the lucky man acquires his gifts in consequence of his humanity to some poor old woman, or his kindness to some imperilled member of the brute creation; and rises to the summit of courtly eminence by a dexterous use of his strangely acquired powers. Be charitable to man and tender with dumb animals, and even in this world you will probably attain your reward. Such is the simple moral of scores of fairy tales, whether told in the primitive form proper to the German peasant, or dressed in courtly fashion by some Countess d'Aulnois; and it is a curious fact that, in ages when even a bare suspicion that there is any wrong in "cruelty to animals" appears scarcely to have entered the minds of serious thinkers, tales that seem expressly directed against this particular species of cruelty were current among the least cultivated portion of the community. Extreme democrats may perhaps deduce from this fact the hypothesis that the lower orders are more humane than their betters; but our researches, such as they are, by no means lead us to the conviction that, in the days when bear-baiting was patronised by royalty and aristocracy, bull-baiting and sports of a similar nature were viewed with repugnance by the mob of either town or country. We would

rather infer that the moral in favour of kindness towards brutes, points to an Eastern origin for most of these stories, and that they reflect a sentiment which finds its strongest expression in some of the eccentricities of Brahmanism and Buddhism, and culminates in the religious adoration of living monkeys.

Now, in the second of the three Venetian stories no moral of this simple kind is to be found. The principal person becomes the devil's porter, merely in consequence of a hasty word dropped by his father; but he no sooner discovers the nature of his situation than he abandons it in disgust, and the most liberal offer on the part of his infernal master cannot induce him to retain it. He is, therefore, not originally bad; but, on the contrary, his first act is to divide his scanty earnings among a number of mendicants: an act which, in stories of an ordinary stamp, would have ensured his perfect felicity. But here the gifts which reward his benevolence, instead of being instruments of good, are productive of evil. No sooner does he possess them, than his whole nature is changed, and he enters upon a course of cruelty and oppression. Though the story does not say so, it seems to us that the beggars are themselves successive incarnations of the Evil One, who thus lures his former servant to eternal perdition. The fiddle, the gun, and the sack, lead to the commission of one crime after another, and the moral is directed against the danger of possessing supernatural powers. Herein it is the same as that of the Faust and Der Freischütz legends, though the machinery is that of the common fairy tale. Nay, the incident of the bird shot when scarcely visible, exactly corresponds with the exploit of the huntsman in the plot of Weber's opera.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I. A DRIVE IN HAMMERHAM.

A BRIGHT September sun was shining over the great midland town of Hammerham. Every dingy brick and grey flagstone reflected back an oven-like heat. The shining brass plates on the shop-fronts and office-doors dazzled the spectator's eyes like so many burning-glasses, and polished bell-handles and brazen knockers were hot enough to scorch any ungloved fingers that might be applied to them. Notwithstanding the heat and the glare, however, the streets of Hammerham had been thronged from an early hour in the morning by people of all ranks and classes; and the pavement of the principal thoroughfares was polished by the tread of innumerable feet.

Hammerham was (and is) a great working town. Its tall chimneys puffed forth their clouds of smoke into the upper air as usual; the clang and whirr of wheels had not ceased; and the long rows of factory windows (conventionally called there "shop" windows) still trembled and vibrated to the metallic pulse of machinery. But a stranger, who should have stood at the central point of the town, where several principal streets converge towards the spot on which stand some of its chief public buildings, might have fancied that the busy hives of labour had been emptied of their occupants, and that men, women, and children had unanimously taken holiday and abandoned their toils for the day. Though it was now late in the afternoon, crowds still lingered, with the inexplicable patience that belongs to an assemblage of idle people, outside the wooden barriers erected opposite to the principal entrance of a large building, from the open windows of which rich waves of sound rolled forth into the still autumn air. It was the last day of the great Music Meeting at Hammerham, and the concluding chorus of Handel's Messiah was being sung in presence of a densely packed audience, which filled the spacious hall from floor to ceiling. In their appointed sequence the various instruments and voices took up the noble theme of the final fugue, succeeding each other with an irresistible force and majesty that left an im-

pression on the mind of power and vastness, such as is made by an Atlantic tide rolling grandly in upon some western shore. Peal after peal of harmony shook the air. Higher and higher rose the soaring voices. Fuller and fuller swelled the tones of the instruments until they all met and blended in the massive final chords with an overwhelming volume of sound, through which the mighty pulse of the great organ throbbed tumultuously. There was a moment's silence, then a long-continued hurricane of applause, and the Music Meeting was over. And now the long line of carriages in waiting began to move, and the policemen on duty in the roadway waved their white-gloved hands to bewildered coachmen, and shouted hoarse injunctions to them to "move on," or to "pull up there," or to "keep the line." Behind the barriers erected to prevent the pressure of the crowd from obstructing the approaches to the hall, a sudden movement took place also. The closely packed multitude, who had been standing there for several hours without any symptom of impatience, all at once appeared to be possessed with an overpowering sense of the value of time, and an unanimous desire to get away from the spot without losing an instant. They consequently hustled, pushed, and struggled; the stronger making their way through the throng by dint of ruthless elbowing and foot-crushing, while the weaker or more timid (a category which in a Hammerham crowd by no means includes a majority of women) were driven hither and thither, wavering and staggering, and uttering loud remonstrances against the roughness of their neighbours, but all equally intent on getting away with the greatest possible speed.

A sudden check to the movement of the front ranks of the crowd forced those behind back upon the barriers, at the moment when a lame man, holding by the hand a little girl of some nine or ten years old, made a dart across the roadway from the hall, and endeavoured to dive under the horizontal timbers. He had succeeded in getting just within the paling, dragging the little girl after him, when he was met by the receding wave of crowd, and the child, forcibly separated from him by the pressure, was pushed back into the road, and fell under the wheels of a handsome carriage drawn by two spirited horses.

A cry of horror rose from all who saw the

little creature drop. The coachman pulled up with all the force he could, nearly throwing his horses on their haunches, but he was unable to stop them before one of the front wheels had passed over the child, who lay motionless, close to the hoofs of the plunging and frightened beasts.

A young gentleman instantly sprang down from the box, but before he could reach the child, she had been lifted up in the strong arms of a stalwart policeman, who held her with great gentleness, though in a sort of cool official manner, devoid of any excitement whatsoever.

"Good God!" exclaimed the young gentleman, making his way through the throng, "I hope it's nothing serious. She's—she's not killed, is she?"

For the child's face was still as marble, and almost as white. It was a pretty little face, with delicate features and a mass of thick gold-brown curls falling back from the forehead, as she lay with her head drooping over the policeman's shoulder.

"No, no, sir," rejoined the man who held her. "Not killed certainly. She has fainted away. She'd best be took to the hospital at once. A doctor 'ud soon say whether there's any bones broke or not."

Meanwhile the lame man, who had been separated from the child in the crowd, and had been vainly seeking for her, perceived nothing of the accident until he heard the pitying exclamations of the bystanders, and saw the little white face raised up above the crowd. He turned and made for the spot where the child was, with frantic haste, limping along at a surprising speed, and making his way through the thickest of the throng, which opened for him to pass, as though informed by some mysterious means that the child who had been run over belonged to him. He arrived in time to hear the policeman's recommendation. "No!" he panted, speaking in a thick voice, and labouring painfully for breath. "No, never! Take her home. Give her to me. She shall not go to the hospital. Corda, Corda, my pretty one! My poor darling!"

Then turning to the late occupant of the carriage, the lame man shook his fist in his face with a frightful oath, and cried frantically that he had murdered the child, and should be brought to justice. And then he fell to moaning and whimpering over the impassive little face that lay still and piteous on the policeman's dark-blue breast.

"Come," said the constable, sternly, "none o' that. The accident's nobody's fault but yours, for leaving a little child like that in such a crowd. I seen the 'ole affair. If the coachman hadn't have pulled up when he did, she'd have been cut in two by the wheels. If you won't let her go to the hospital, you'd better take her home at once and send for a doctor, instead of blubbering and blustering here."

"I am deeply distressed," said the young gentleman, whom the lame man had assailed with such fury, "I am deeply distressed that the accident should have happened; though I

cannot think my man to blame. He was not driving carelessly, and the poor little thing was thrown almost under the wheels. But if you will tell me your address, I will put her into the carriage and have her driven home quickly and smoothly."

"Oh yes, yes; let me get out, pray, and put the child in my place," said a sweet trembling voice. The young girl to whom the voice belonged leaned eagerly forward, and made as though she would have opened the carriage door. Two other ladies sat within the vehicle; one, a hard-featured, richly dressed young woman, sat very quiet, and observant of the scene; the other had thrown herself back in her seat, and put up a pair of daintily gloved hands so as to conceal her face.

The lame man looked from one to another in a helpless way, seeming to be divided between anger against the occupants of the carriage, and apprehension for his daughter. But the policeman, with a muttered expression of his opinion that enough time had been wasted in "jaw," settled the matter by lifting the still insensible child into the carriage, and laying her on the cushions, with her head resting on the lap of the young girl who had spoken. "Now," said he, with a highly disapproving glance at the child's father, "look sharp and tell the gentleman's coachman where to drive; and move on there, will you? You're stoppin' all the line. With those words the guardian of public security resumed his post amidst plunging horses and rolling wheels, directing the confusion with imperturbable self-possession.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the lady who had hidden her face, revealing, as she removed her hands, a countenance of striking beauty; "good Heavens, Penny, what are they doing? Jackson is positively driving off. And this unfortunate but dreadful child! Suppose she should die here! Oh, it's too terrible. Where is Clement? What shall we do?"

"Don't be a fool," rejoined the elder lady, dryly. "Of course Jackson must drive off. We couldn't stay there all day. I suppose they have told him where the child's home is. Some back slum, no doubt. I don't understand why they could not have put her into a cab. But it's one of Clem's ideas."

She spoke with a hard repulsive manner, and her small steel-bright eyes and projecting chin were not pleasant to look upon. Nevertheless, she bent forward and spread her handkerchief over the little curly head that lay bare to the scorching sunshine.

The young girl on whose knees the child rested looked up with eyes full of tears. She was a very young girl, not more, apparently, than sixteen years of age, and she was trembling and pale. "Oh, poor little dear," she said, softly. "Is she not a sweet-looking little creature, Miss Charlewood? Look at her poor pretty curls all soiled with dust. Oh, I do hope she is not seriously hurt."

The carriage had now got clear of the crush of other vehicles, and the coachman was urging

his horses on at a smart pace. Suddenly the beautiful young lady stood up in the carriage, balancing herself with difficulty, and exclaimed, imperiously, "Jackson. Stop! stop! Do you hear me? Where are you taking us to? Penny, do you see this? We're getting into a frightful neighbourhood. Stop this moment, Jackson."

The man touched his hat, and glanced down over his shoulder into the carriage, but without slackening speed.

"I beg pardon, Miss Augusta," he said, "but Mr. Clement ordered me to drive as quick as possible to No. 23, New Bridge-street. Him and the lame party went round about the short way, to fetch Doctor Brett. We shall be there in a moment, miss."

He spoke to the handsome lady, but looked appealingly towards that other lady whom the young girl had addressed as Miss Charlewood.

"It's quite right, Jackson," said the latter, sharply. "There's my brother with the child's father and Mr. Brett at a door on the left-hand side of the way. Pull up, man. Where are your eyes? I could see the number, 23, half a mile off."

In truth, the little steel-bright eyes looked as if they had considerable seeing power. When the carriage stopped, the lame man, shaking violently, and in a state of uncontrollable excitement, came forward to lift out his little girl. But the surgeon put him gently aside, and took the light form in his own arms. The child's eyelids quivered, and she uttered a faint moan. "Merciful Heaven!" cried Miss Augusta, putting her fingers into her ears and closing her eyes tightly. "This is too dreadful." And she remained motionless, shutting out sight and sound as much as possible.

"I suppose we can't do any good here, Clem?" said Miss Charlewood, with an impatient shrug.

"No; none whatever. You had better drive home at once. My mother will be getting uneasy."

"Won't you come with us?"

"I will only wait to hear Brett's report. That lame man, the father, is too scared to be of much use. It is a thousand pities that he didn't let her go to the hospital. If anything happened to myself, it is where I would beg to be taken to."

"Do you think, Mr. Charlewood, it is a very bad accident?" asked the young girl who had held the child. The tears were running down her face, and she was still trembling very much.

"I hope not. I trust not," he answered, advancing to the door of the carriage; "but I will bring you a true report presently. You are going to lunch with our people, are you not? Home, Jackson!"

"Really," said Miss Charlewood, when the carriage had quitted the stones, and was rolling smoothly along a suburban road, bordered by handsome villas, "really, I must appear a horrid monster beside you two sensitive young ladies.

Mabel's sensibilities have quite overcome her, and Augusta is only just not fainting."

The young girl whom she called Mabel coloured deeply, and hastily dried her wet eyes.

"I'm very sorry, Penelope, that my nerves are not made of cast iron, like yours," retorted the fair Augusta, languidly; "but I confess I have a horror of scenes, and I cannot help it. It is far from pleasant to be so sensitive as I am, I assure you; but I should hardly suppose that *you* found it very agreeable to have to penetrate into that abominable den. Ugh! I felt quite sick."

"Abominable den? Oh, New Bridge-street. Ah! it is coaly."

"Coaly! And the canal full of dead cats and dogs! And the filthy people! And the foul smells! I should not be at all surprised if I were to have a fever. It was most inconsiderate of Clement to make us go to such a place in a broiling heat like this."

"Yes; and most inconsiderate and selfish in the little girl," returned Miss Charlewood, "not to choose a cool day on which to get herself run over. But here we are at home, and here is mamma flattening her nose against the dining-room window. I suppose *her* sensitiveness will take the form of scolding us all round for having caused her paroxysms of anxiety by our delay. Jump out, Mabel, my dear, I shall put you in the van."

CHAPTER II. THE CHARLEWOODS.

THE Charlewoods were rich people. Very rich people, even in that rich town. The firm of Gandy and Charlewood, great builders and contractors, was known all over the world. Gandy had ceased to exist (at least, so far as the business was concerned) years ago, having been bought out by the junior partner; but his name had never been cancelled from the firm. Since his day, the tide of affairs had set steadily in favour of old Luke Charlewood, and had carried him on to fortune. He had been a very, very poor man once, his father having been an Irish labourer under a bricklayer; and there were those who professed to remember Luke himself, with a hod on his shoulder, working hard for eighteenpence a day. Fiction or fact, however, those days were long ago, and were unknown to, or forgotten by, nearly all who now came into communication with the wealthy Mr. Charlewood. Such reminiscences as I speak of were usually uttered in public-house parlours of very humble pretensions, where the poorer sort of tradesmen or artisans congregated on Saturday evenings, to smoke and drink, and discuss the state of the body politic, or the affairs of their neighbours. The distinction which unfortunately exists between theory and practice was frequently exemplified at these gatherings in a very striking manner; it being observable that those persons who had proved to be the most incompetent and unsuccessful in their own conduct of life, were ready, at a moment's notice, with infallible methods for the improvement and

correction of the rest of the world, from kings and cabinet ministers downward. Certain it is that, when all accounts were balanceed, no man could bring any more specific accusation against Luke Charlewood than that he had been poor and now was rich, and that from being rich he had always grown still richer. He had lived single to a much later period in life than is common in the class whence he sprang, and he was already a thriving man when he married the daughter of a prosperous timber-merchant, with whom he had business relations. His wife had borne him many children, but they lost several in early infancy, and, at the time when this story opens, their family consisted of two sons and two daughters. Penelope, aged twenty-seven, was the eldest of these; her brother, Clement, was a year and a half younger; and the remaining two, Walter and Augusta, were aged respectively seventeen and twenty.

Clement had for some time taken an active share in his father's business, and during the past year the style and title of the great firm had been changed to Charlewood and Son; though it continued to be known and spoken of as Gandy and Charlewood. Clement Charlewood threw all the strength of a strong character into his daily pursuits. The vastness of the operations undertaken by the firm, and the wide and various portions of the civilised—nay, for that matter, and uncivilised—world, over which they extended, had to the young man's imagination an element of wonder and grandeur which redeemed them in his mind from mere hard prosaic money-grinding. He would have said to others, and even perhaps to himself, that no human being ever existed who more heartily despised the unpractical and romantic than he. Nevertheless, Clement Charlewood had his ideal. Such a standard of inflexible and spotless integrity, unwearying industry, and enlightened progress, as he carried in his mind, no business house in Hammerham or elsewhere had ever reached.

The youngest son, Walter, the spoiled idol and darling of his mother, was as frivolous, vain, and idle, as his brother was earnest, proud, and energetic. The lad was not without some lovable qualities, having, at times, impulses of generosity, and a womanish emotional kind of tenderness. But he had been humoured, petted, and flattered, until nearly all that was good in him was hidden under a mass of selfishness. Of the two daughters, Penelope and Augusta, the reader has already seen somewhat.

The house this family inhabited was a handsome and luxurious one. A substantial red-brick mansion, dating from the reign of Queen Anne, and surrounded by gardens. If the house had been a little further from the road, and the lodge a little further from the house, the general effect of the approach would have been better. But the house, when first built, had been surrounded by wide meadows, stretching far beyond the garden fence. The modern increase of Hammerham, and the spread of

wealth, had occasioned a mushroom growth of villa residences all around the old mansion. The soil, plentifully manured with bright new coin of the realm, had brought forth an abundant crop of fantastic dwellings. There were stucco houses, stone houses, timber houses, brick houses, iron houses. Houses built in the Italian style, the Swiss style, the French style, the Chinese style. Châteaux and pagodas, campaniles and châteaux, bearing much such resemblance to the original edifices they professed to imitate, as the animals in a toy Noah's Ark bear to real live beasts, birds, and fishes. One generally knew what they were meant for, as one generally can distinguish the scarlet lion from the orange tiger in the toy box. But there was a class of houses (the Hammerham people were fond of designating them as Elizabethian cottages) which proved a snare and a pitfall to the unwary stranger; so frequent was their tendency to run into the pagoda on the one hand, and the Swiss cow-house on the other. To none of these varieties, however, did the dwelling of the Charlewoods belong. It was known as Bramley Manor, and was, as has been said, a fine substantial family mansion, boasting a long terrace walk shaded by noble old elm-trees, on the garden side of the house. The elms and the terrace-walk could scarcely have been had, ready-made, for money. But, assuredly, few things were wanting within or without Bramley Manor, that money *could* purchase. The gardens were cultivated with exquisite skill and care; the hothouses were filled with choice and rare plants; the stables with costly horses. Every latest patented improvement in the way of household comfort or luxury which Hammerham produced from its thousand dingy resounding workshops, found a place in Bramley Manor.

Indeed, its interior brightness and splendour harmonised but little with the quaint sobriety of its outward aspect, which, save for the mellowing touch of time, and the plate-glass that glittered in the long narrow easements, was but little altered from that which it originally wore a century and a half ago. There was only one apartment that seemed properly to belong, by the antique fashion of it, to the old house. This was the dining-room, a somewhat low-pitched but spacious room, lined with a very finely carved oak wainscot. Before Mr. Charlewood's time this had been barbarously covered with a thick coating of whitewash, picked out with blue. But that had now been removed, and the dark wood was again revealed in all its sombre richness. Mrs. Charlewood, indeed, complained that no amount of wax candles could light up her dining-room, and that, do what she would, it remained gloomy. But then Mrs. Charlewood had no sense of the picturesque, and would, in her heart, have preferred the whitewash picked out with blue—if only she might have been permitted to add plenty of gilding.

It was in this room that the good lady had been standing, flattening her nose against the window, as Penelope had remarked, and looking out

anxiously for her children's return from the Music Meeting. As the carriage stopped, she came hurrying and panting into the entrance hall, her gold and scarlet head-dress trembling, and the thick folds of her black satin dress sweeping over the marble floor, and raising quite a little simoom in the still sultry air. Mrs. Charlewood had once been pretty, with a pink and white face of irregular outline, and a soft though scanty crop of light hair. She had now grown immensely stout, and the blush roses on her cheeks had deepened and widened into crimson peonies. But she still affected a little languishing lachrymose manner, which, to say truth, was less suited to her present matronly appearance than it had been to the delicate prettiness and drooping curls of her maiden days.

"Where in 'Eaven's name have you been?" she cried. "What 'as detained you?"

Mrs. Charlewood could scarcely be said to drop her *h's*, for she had a peculiar habit of making a determined pause before words beginning with that ill-used consonant, as though to call attention to the fact of her ignoring it altogether. In short, there was the same distinction between her omission of the aspirate and other people's, as exists between simply overlooking a friend in the street and cutting him dead. Mrs. Charlewood cut her *h's* dead.

"The oratorio must have been over an hour ago, at least," continued the good lady, "for I saw the carriages coming up from town by dozens."

"We have been to New Bridge-street, mamma. An uncomfortable little girl tumbled under our wheels. But suppose we impart all particulars over luncheon? We have brought you Mabel Earnshaw quite exhausted with excitement; and I profess myself hungry, with an utterly uninteresting and common-place appetite."

Mrs. Charlewood kissed her young guest, and led the way into the dining-room. She would have liked to put many more questions, and to have had her curiosity gratified without delay. But, in truth, she stood very considerably in awe of her eldest daughter, and thought it wise to wait with outward patience until it should please Penelope to speak. Augusta had pleaded fatigue, and had retired to her own room, there to partake of a very substantial cold collation. She was averse to taking her meals with the rest of the family, always excepting dinner, which was a form and a ceremony, and admitted of a brilliant toilet.

"Well, Mabel," said Mrs. Charlewood, when they were seated at table, "I 'ope you enjoyed the concert? Penelope don't seem inclined to give me any news, so I must look to you to do it, my dear."

"It was very fine," answered Mabel, "and I am very much obliged to you all for giving me such a great pleasure. I hope you don't think me ungrateful, Mrs. Charlewood, but the accident drove away the impression of the music for a time."

Then Miss Charlewood, being restored with meat and wine, unlocked her lips, and began to relate the story of the little girl. She was in the midst of her recital, when Clement entered, having evidently hastened. Mrs. Charlewood assailed him with a torrent of questions. She had a great respect for her son, but she was not afraid of him. She had an instinctive knowledge that Clement would never permit himself the sharp speeches at his mother's expense which Penelope ruthlessly indulged in.

Mabel Earnshaw sat silent, listening earnestly to what he told them. She was not a beautiful girl, except in so far as the first fresh bloom of healthy youth is beautiful; but her face was full of intellect, and capable of a singular expression of concentration. Her forehead was wide and well developed, and her eyes of a changing grey, shaded by short thick dark lashes. These eyes, bright and liquid, though not especially large, made the chief charm of her face. But it was in the mouth that all its characteristic expression lay. It was a delicately cut, sensitive mouth, but with a capacity for locking itself into a fixed frozen scorn, that changed and aged the whole countenance. The soft lips, when smiling or speaking, were flexible and tender, but once shut, they conveyed in some indefinable way a strange indomitable power of silence. They were not locked now, however, but slightly parted, as she listened to Clement's news of the little girl, and the bright eyes, full of candour, were raised with an entire absence of self-consciousness to the speaker's face.

"I am heartily glad to be able to say that there is nothing serious to be apprehended," said Clement. "The collar-bone is broken, but Brett assures me that she will be as well as ever in a few weeks."

"Poor little thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood. "But, dear me, how careless to take a little girl like that out in such a crowd, and him a lame man, too. But there! Those kind of people have no more forethought than anything."

"What is the kind of these people, Clem?" asked Miss Charlewood. "The child had not the usual look of a New Bridge-street aboriginal."

"No, indeed," Mabel eagerly struck in; "I have never seen a more refined little face."

"Well," said Clement, "I believe the man is a fiddler. He had been to the hall to speak to some of the musicians, he told me. He's a shiftless, scampish kind of fellow, I fancy. Altogether, he impressed me unfavourably."

"But he seemed very fond of the child," said Mabel.

"Oh yes; fond of the child; no doubt. He blew me up furiously at first, and said I had murdered her."

"New Bridge-street," said Mrs. Charlewood, musingly. "Law! Why that's a very wretched neighbourhood. Down by the canal. I know just where it is, because I remember very well——"

Mrs. Charlewood's reminiscences—which re-

lated to her childish days when she lived in her father's house on the canal wharf, and played see-saw on a stack of fragrant pine planks in the timber-yard—were cut short by her catching Penelope's glittering eye fixed upon her in decided disapproval. The poor lady stopped in some confusion, and added abruptly, "I mean to say, I've always understood it was a 'orrid part of the town."

"Yes," said Miss Charlewood, "you should have seen Augusta's horror at having only to drive through it. I wonder *why* people live in New Bridge-street!"

"I scarcely think you do wonder, Penny," said her brother. "They live there because they can't afford to live in a better place."

"But then," said Mabel, timidly, "if these people are so poor, will they be able to—I mean, won't this accident be a—a terrible expense to them?"

"Oh, I don't think they are in destitution. The father—he told me his name is Trescott—has a weekly engagement to play in the orchestra of the theatre."

At the word Mrs. Charlewood raised her eyebrows and shut her eyes, shaking her head slightly from side to side, and uttering a stifled moan, under cover of which demonstration Clement added hurriedly, in a low voice, meant only for Mabel's ear, "I have begged Brett to pay her every attention, and have desired the woman with whom they lodge to see that she wants for nothing. You know I feel in a measure responsible, though really the accident was in no way Jackson's fault."

"It is very good of you," said Mabel, softly.

Mrs. Charlewood, finding that Clement had been saying something that she could not catch, stopped midway in another moan, and opened her eyes. "Ah, dear me!" she said. "What a sad thing! How dreadful for the little girl to be mixed up with such people. Think, only think, of her poor soul."

"No doubt that is the thing to do, mamma," remarked her eldest daughter; "but I think Clement has been so absurd as to think of her poor body first. Perhaps one *might* be weak enough to like that best, oneself, if one's collar-bone were broken."

She had partly heard, and wholly understood, Clement's whispered speech. Few things said or done in Penelope Charlewood's presence escaped her observation.

Mabel rose and drew the light cape of her simple muslin dress round her shoulders. "You're not going, my dear?" said Mrs. Charlewood.

"Not going, Mabel?" echoed Penelope.

Mabel was a great favourite at Bramley Manor. Even Miss Charlewood had been known on several occasions to speak with unalloyed praise of Mabel Earnshaw. None the less did she make sharp stinging speeches to her face. But these Miss Charlewood lavished on friend and foe with absolute impartiality.

"Yes, if you please, Mrs. Charlewood," said

Mabel. "I promised mamma to go home directly after lunch."

"Oh, but, my dear, we'll send and tell your mamma, if you'll stay. Mr. Charlewood will be disappointed not to see you when he comes in."

"Thank you, but I don't think he will care very much," said Mabel, smiling. "Besides, I promised."

"Never mind——" Mrs. Charlewood was beginning; but Penelope interrupted her.

"Never mind, mamma? I'm astonished at you. A promise is a promise. Think of Mabel's poor soul!" Whereupon Mrs. Charlewood said no further word.

"If you don't mind walking, I will see you to your own door, Miss Earnshaw," said Clement, rising too. "I have business that will take me to Fitzhenry's-road."

So Miss Earnshaw went her way accompanied by Mr. Clement Charlewood. They passed out of the hall door together on to the drive, and Penelope, watching them from the dining-room, heard through the open window Mabel's sweet voice saying, as she shyly took Clement's offered arm: "Don't you think Christian charity is a very, very rare thing, Mr. Charlewood?"

THE FIFTH OF MARCH IN DUBLIN.

I HAD been absent from Dublin on leave, during the whole month of February. When I left the city, on the 27th of January, the Fenian conspiracy would have seemed to an ordinary observer utterly collapsed. Arrests were occasionally made, but were chiefly confined to Americanised Celts. If these men had been born in Ireland, the soil and climate of America had a strange effect upon their constitution. They were tall, pale-faced, and bearded—in every respect presenting the appearance of the genuine article. My duty brought me into contact with many of these prisoners, and I found that for one who came from New York, three came from Massachusetts. They seemed to me to court arrest, for they were singularly rude and insolent, swaggering through the streets, jostling the passers-by, and walking at a rapid pace three or four abreast when the footpath was crowded during the fashionable hours for promenading or shopping. I remarked that several wore large stars of silver on their left breasts: ugly ornaments enough; for they were, in all respects, like pieces of block tin. All had hats, a compound between the "pot hat" and the "Jerry." All, too, had loose overcoats of different shades of grey.

When many were seen together, it became plain that their dress was a kind of uniform. Nothing was found upon these men when searched. Documents they would not carry; revolvers and ammunition were thrown into the river before the police could seize them at the quays. On the American Celts money was found in abundance; the street-rowdies of

Dublin and the importations from the slums of manufacturing towns in England seldom had a shilling. The latter were miserable, stunted, woebegone creatures, with a mischievous cast of countenance not usual with the Americans. Now and then the police discovered pikes, swords, belts, revolvers, and rifles—never many together—hidden behind shutters, between beds and mattresses, or under the flooring. Secret information had led the detectives to their hiding-places, and it was surmised by many that the information was given by the leaders of the plot themselves. They knew that every seizure would be magnified tenfold, and made notorious through the public press. Thus the discontented and seditious would believe that the conspirators were at work, and preparing for a rise. The majority, however, believed that Fenianism was merely a gigantic swindle, intended to procure money for the leaders. From the first, the authorities, especially those connected with the military service, thought differently. The public did not know what information or proof the government might possess; but while all was in profound peace around them, they saw the government urgently pressing forward military preparations, as if a formidable foe were at hand. All were puzzled, and not a few blamed the authorities for creating alarm in the minds of women or timid persons by vain and unnecessary precautions.

Such was the state of things when I left Dublin, and it did seem strange to me that, if danger were really imminent, "leave" should have been freely given. In my retreat I heard of the fiasco at Cahirciveen, and the curious movement on Chester; but my newspaper was always three days late, and was read, I verily believe, by every person in the village before it was allowed to come to me. There were Fenians, as I afterwards found, in my neighbourhood, and accident taught me that the maid-servant in my lodgings was enlisted in the plot. A secluded glen some distance from my home was a favourite haunt of mine, but I found that whenever I strolled out in that direction, she placed a candle in an upper room, the window of which could be seen from the glen. I noticed the light, but did not discover that it was a signal until informed by the constabulary on the night before I left.

I was sitting at breakfast on the morning of the 5th of March, wondering whether all my friends had forgotten me, seeing that I received no letters, when a jaunting-car was driven up before my window, and a boy handed me a telegram. It was very brief, containing an order for my instant return to Dublin and my post. I felt that "something was up," and, telling the carman to wait, made my hurried preparations. While I was wrapping a rug about my legs, the servant-girl, looking piercingly at me, inquired: "Have they kept their word?" As I hesitated, not knowing what answer to give, she inquired again: "Are the boys up in Dublin? They said they would rise to-

day." "Indeed?" said I. "You know much more than I do." As I dashed down the road leading to the station, I noticed that a loose pile of straw at the head of the glen had been fired, and now sent up into the clear air a rolling column of white smoke. In ten minutes similar smoke signals were seen on seven hillocks stretching round and past the glen, and then I believed that there really was "something up."

I travelled to town by the Great Southern and Western Railway in a third-class carriage. I wished to hear the talk of the country people. I counted nine young athletic fellows in the carriage; they were all singularly silent. We took in few additional passengers until the train reached successively Straffan, Celbridge, Lucan, and Cloudalkin. At the last two places passengers became so numerous that accommodation could not be provided for them. There was evidently an understanding between many of the young peasants and two American Celts who got in at Celbridge. The moment these men entered, every pipe was put out. They had with them a stout deal box about twenty inches long and sixteen deep, braced at the corners with iron, and evidently of great weight.

There was no confusion or crowding at the terminus. I noticed that three men stepped out from among the carriages and cabs, and addressed a very brief sentence to the two Americans who had travelled with us. The young men regularly "fell in" and marched rather than walked down the quays. Suddenly they broke up into twos and threes, and disappeared rapidly up the lanes leading to Thomas and James-street. Three hours afterwards, I recognised five of them at Tallaght.

Coming down the north side of the quays, here and there scarcely seen—for the gas was peculiarly dim—I saw policemen wearing swords standing in sixes together with their backs against shop shutters. They looked like a black wall. Further on, a group of boys, youths, and men would be formed around one person in the centre, and, after receiving brief directions from him, also broke up into twos and threes and passed rapidly down the quay.

I saw one group in process of formation. A man stood motionless in the centre of the pathway, near Arran Quay Chapel. He beat the pavement with his iron-shod heel, as if to warm his feet. Almost immediately, were heard at a distance similar triple heatings of the feet, and in an incredibly short time a group of at least thirty formed in a circle, with their faces turned towards an individual in the centre—to break up in twos or threes almost as soon as formed. I counted thirty-one of these groups from the railway terminus to Sackville-street. But here there was a continuous stream of men and boys passing rapidly over Carlisle Bridge. For the most part they were the gamins of the city—horse-holders, sweepers of shop doors, ragged nondescripts, pickpockets. Pale-

faced slouching men, smelling strongly of whisky and tobacco, appeared among the ruck. Now and then an American Celt could be seen to hail a cab, into which three and sometimes five persons would enter. The faces were all turned one way, and the town seemed to be disgorging all its rabble. I could compare the stampede to nothing but the rush of people to witness a fire. Not a word was spoken, and though very large numbers poured out of Dublin together, there was not the slightest disturbance or confusion. I followed the moving stream up Westmoreland-street, past the college in whose vast front not a light was to be seen, through Grafton-street, up Stephen's-green, and Harcourt-street. There I left them, and hurried home. I expected to find explicit orders awaiting me.

Along the route taken by the multitude, the cigar-shops, oyster-stalls, and gin-palaces were open as usual. In my own street every house was lighted up, and a large ball was being given in Harcourt-street. No chain was placed across my own hall-door, and my servant, in answer to my inquiries, replied, as coolly as if it were a matter of no importance, that "the Fenians had riz." In the parlour all were at "high tea." A blazing fire shone out gloriously, and a joyful welcome was given me. Short space was there for rest or warmth. A long envelope was handed to me, and in five minutes I left my home *alone*, to move with the Fenians up to a certain point. They had risen, and it was believed that they intended, when collected in numbers sufficiently great, to pour down upon the wealthiest portion of the city, and plunder there.

I found that the greater portion of the mass began to move slowly in the neighbourhood of Rathmines: a suburb consisting mainly of a single street of fine houses inhabited by the higher orders of the middle class. This street is three-quarters of a mile long, with a very wide footpath on either side. At the extremity furthest from the city, it opens out into a spacious triangular place, at the two opposite angles of which two roads branch out: one leading to Rathgar, Roundtown, and Rathfarnham: the other, though an irregular line of buildings, to Palmerston-fields, which are skirted by the river Dodder, here exceedingly picturesque. There are some very fine old trees in the neighbourhood; and in a magnificent field surrounded by wood the multitude gathered. I think, however, that from the first many of the Fenians passed on rapidly, crossed a bridge over the Dodder, and made for the rendezvous at Tallaght, a village fully four miles to the right. As far as I could judge, there were at no time more than between six and seven hundred persons assembled at Palmerston-fields, of whom four-fifths were youths not over eighteen years of age, weaklings, and with a dissipated air. There were two carts: both containing arms, as we subsequently found. For some time the mass moved about without any apparent object, and I understood they were waiting for some one to

lead them. The Rathmines police-office is close to the triangular space, and from this the little garrison of eight men hovered on the skirts of the Fenians, now and then arresting individuals. Suddenly, and without a word, this mass of Fenians broke up: some proceeded at a rapid pace towards Tallaght, but fully half the number, already tired of the enterprise and alarmed by discovering that they were really required to fight, poured back into the city, flinging away the arms they had received. They found that the police were searching all persons passing into Dublin whose appearance was suspicious; consequently, they determined to rid themselves of proofs of complicity with the rising. The night wore on, raw and cold, with a drizzling of sleet and rain. The romantic apprentices shuddered at a four miles' march to Tallaght over an undulating country.

By this time the alarm had spread. Cavalry from Portobello, and infantry from other barracks, were on the rear of those stepping out for Tallaght. The cavalry did not proceed very rapidly; for, I believe, it was designed by the authorities to allow the mass to meet at Tallaght. The metropolitan police, whom I have spoken of as standing in sixes by the shop shutters, had now united into a very formidable body of tall strong men, and they moved after the insurgents as rapidly as the cavalry. They marched silent as death, each man fully able to deal with half a dozen Fenians. Tired and worn out by my long travel, I stepped into a friend's house to obtain some momentary refreshment, but after a little rest I mounted my friend's car, and arrived at Tallaght before the great event of the night occurred.

The lower order of Irish use the phrase, "Tallaght-hill talk," to express boasts and menaces without power to enforce them. From the hill you can look down upon Dublin, "the city of the black pool;" and on a summer's day or moonlight night the panorama is magnificent. St. Patrick's cathedral stands out grandly, with its lofty steeple, and spire, and flying buttress. A scout placed on Tallaght-hill could ascertain, without difficulty, every military movement in Dublin. I do not know the plans of the Fenians, but I think they expected large reinforcements to meet them at Tallaght from the counties of Meath, Wicklow, Wexford, and Kildare, and when all were combined, to pour down upon that part of Dublin which, from their eyrie, they saw to be least protected. Lord Strathnairn, however, was too quick for them, and while he and his strong force of infantry and cavalry were marching to cut off the approaches to the city, he had directed a portion of the 48th Regiment to move from the Curragh by the Southern and Western Railway, to leave the train at Celbridge station, and cut off the rear of the insurgents.

But, before the military had reached the Fenians, the latter were cowed and beaten. The tactics of the leaders were to attack police-

stations, with their little garrison of from six to eight men. The constabulary barracks are nothing more than ordinary houses, usually one of a number, and in no way distinguished from the rest. The police barrack at Tallaght is a weak building, incapable of resisting determined assailants. On the night of the 5th of March there were fourteen constabulary in the barrack, when an excited messenger gave information that the Fenians had risen and were marching on the Tallaght road. Almost at the same moment the sound of a very large number of advancing men was heard. The inspector who commanded the constabulary ordered his men to move out and face the enemy. These could be heard and seen advancing like an irregular moving wall. It seemed as if the earth had risen five or six feet high, and were pressing forwards. When the constabulary challenged the crowd, no reply was given. Some order was issued to the insurgents, and then a volley came from the rebel ranks, irregular and scattered, but the light of the rifles pointed out the insurgents to the constabulary. These had knelt down, and the insurgents' fire passed over them without wounding a man. Then the constabulary delivered their fire, all together, like one shot. There was silence for an instant, then terrific yells rent the air, and screams of men in agony. The insurgents recoiled and broke at once. I can compare their breaking up to nothing but that of a "school" of mackerel. They ran everywhere, jostling, impeding, fighting each other, in anxiety to escape. You could hear the pike-staves and revolvers falling on the ground, as they were thrown away in the panic.

The dark mass melted away, but on the ground lay two dying men: one clutching at the gravel, and screaming out, "O men! O men!" The other was desperately wounded, and insensible. Two others were found next morning. They had been thrown into a ditch to die. The bullets of the constabulary did their work well; no one can tell how many were "hurt badly" by that one volley. I know there have been several clandestine burials and unhonoured graves; and I believe that there are still many sorely mangled lying in outhouses, a terror to their friends.

During the remainder of the night, or rather in the dark morning, the insurgents, who had fled to Tallaght-hill, slipped off by ditches, hedge-rows, and mountain-torrent beds. When light dawned, there were not more than three hundred men and boys together, the most timid of the lot, who had feared even to attempt escape. The military captured with ease one hundred and eighty-six of these miserable wretches, half dead with fear, and utterly worn out with hunger and fatigue. They were marched into Dublin, and "paraded" in the Castle yard. Some begged for water, others for a morsel of bread; many threw themselves down on the flags to get a moment's rest. A more dismal and disgusting spectacle was never seen. There my duty ended. I had not found

the man I was ordered to seek out, though he was at Tallaght-hill. How and where I found him I may tell hereafter.

BEAUX AND BELLES.

MEN of any ambition are so fond of titles. We have known eccentric folk who have christened their children Lord Arthur, or Sir Thomas, thinking thereby to secure to their progeny a legal title, through the church if not through the state. An American, who purchased in Leicester-square a countship for five pounds, was so proud of the distinction, that he boasted he would defend his right to it at the expense of his life. Titles, too, have been given in sport, and in some instances have even been bestowed by kings and queens. Skill in archery was even held deserving of public honour, though only exercised as an amusement. In a pamphlet edited by Sir William Wood (who was knighted on account of his proficiency in the toxophilite's art), published in the seventeenth century, and entitled *The Bowmen's Glory*; or, *Archery Revived*, we have an account of the many signal favours vouchsafed to archers and archery by Henry the Eighth, King James, and Charles the First. William Wood was marshal or captain of the Regiment of Archers attached to the Artillery Company. There was, also, a Society of Finsbury Archers. Even as late as Charles the Second, the crown showed favour to archers. In honour of Katherine, the queen consort, the marshal of the society wore a badge of silver with the circumscription "*Reginæ Katherinæ Sagitarii*," and the arms of England impaled with those of Portugal. The device upon it was that of an archer drawing a bow, in relief. This ornament, which weighed 25 oz. 5 dwts., was presented to him by the contribution of Sir Edward Hungerford and others. It covered the whole breast of the archer, as he is represented in a very scarce old print in *Harding's Biographical Mirror*, 1795. A handsome cap and leathers grace the archer's head, while in his right hand he holds his bâton of office.

A curious monument was erected to the memory of Sir William Wood, in the church of St. James, Clerkenwell, by the Toxophilite Society. Here is the inscription:

Sir William Wood lies very near this stone,
In's time in Archery Excell'd by none.
Few were his Equals. And this noble Art
Has suffered now in the most tender part.
Long did he live the honour of the Bow,
And his Long life to that alone did owe.
But how can Art secure? or what can save
Extreme old age from an appointed grave?
Surviving Archers must his Losse lament,
And in respect bestow'd this monument:
Where whistling arrows did his worth proclaim,
And Eterniz'd his memory and name.

His reputation did not make Wood vain; for in his book on archery we only meet with two references to himself. He describes a grand procession

of archers through London, as follows: "First came two ensigs before the marshal of the field, the marshal (himself) being clad in green velvet and satin, with a truncheon in his hand: then followed him forty foresters, appalled all in green, every one bearing a bow and four shafts by their side, with horns at their backs, which they winded as they went along, &c. Next five *swallowtruters*, strangely appalled, with green hose down to the small of their legs, with strange caps agreeable, bearing on their necks long swords, which seemed very stearn in countenance. These five green men were prepared by Mr. Wood, who, being continual ranger, did both express his name and beautifie the show. His badge also bare a fair shield, upon which stood this sentence, 'More ways than one to the Wood.'" The beau thus attired lived until he was eighty-two, and his funeral was attended with archers' honours; the regiment of which he was captain was present, and three flights of whistling arrows—having a pile of horn, and which in their passage through the air produced a loud whistling noise—being discharged over his grave.

Health and long life were thought to attend on the practice of the art. Latimer, in one of his sermons, gives judgment in favour of this opinion. "In my time," says he, "my poor father was as delighted to teach me to shoot as to learn any other thing, and so, I think, other men did their children; he taught me how to draw, how to lay my body and my bow, and not to draw with strength of arm as other nations do, but with strength of body. I had my bow brought me according to my age and strength: as I increased in them, so my bows were made bigger and bigger, for men shall never shoot well except they be brought up to it. It is a goodly art, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended as physic."

It was the law of the land, in the reign of Edward the Fourth, that every Englishman, whatever his station, the clergy and judges alone excepted, should own a bow his own height, and kept always ready for use, and also provide for his sons' practising the art from the age of seven. Butts were ordered to be erected in every township, where the inhabitants were to shoot up and down, every Sunday and feast-day, under the penalty of one halfpenny. Thus we have Newington Butts in London, St. Augustine's Butts at Bristol; and many unenclosed meadows in the vicinity of our smaller provincial towns still retain the appellation of the "Butt Fields." Thither the lordly baron sent his feudal vassals; thither came the squire, the independent franklyn, the wealthy yeoman, the rude peasant, the unwashed artisan. All formed one gathering, of which, in populous districts, the numbers were so considerable that, after the first season, the grass seldom grew around these public marks. The art, however, declined before the reign of Henry the Seventh; who found it necessary to forbid the use of the cross-bow, which was growing into favour, and threatening to supersede its old conqueror, and

his successor fined its owner ten pounds. Nevertheless, the art lacked no encouragement, for not only was Henry the Eighth fond of the exercise, but his brother Arthur was even famous for his skill. At a celebrated shooting-match which was contested at Windsor, the bluff monarch conferred on several persons who distinguished themselves with the long bow titles after the places they came from. Thus there were the Duke of Shoreditch, and the Marquises of Islington, Hoxton, Shacklewell. In 1583, a grand shooting-match was held under the direction of the "Duke of Shoreditch, who was captain of the London archers," assisted by his several officers, the marquises aforesaid. Charles the First appointed two special constables to enforce the practice of archery. During the civil war the art died out. It is true that Charles the Second had his keeper of the bows, but the office was a sinecure. Yet, in 1682, there was a most magnificent cavalcade, at which Charles the Second was present, and which was succeeded by an entertainment given by the Finsbury archers, on which occasion the old titles of Duke of Shoreditch, Marquis of Islington, and other places, were bestowed upon the most worthy. There is a mock heroic poem by Sir William D'Avenant referring to these Finsbury sports, and to the shooting-matches between the attorneys and proctors. Take a citation:

Each with solemn oath agree
To meet in fields of Finsburie,
With loynes in canvas bow case tyde,
Where arrowes stick with mickle pride,
With hats pin'd up and bow in hand,
All day most fiercely there they stand,
Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clymme,
Sol sets for fear they'll shoot at him.

There were also the Clerkenwell archers, who patronised the Sir John Oldcastle Tavern in Coldbath-fields, in the eighteenth century.

Even at the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were some persons sufficiently enthusiastic to propose a jubilee in honour of Roger Ascham, the famous tutor of Queen Elizabeth, who wrote a treatise on Archery. The scheme was proposed by a metropolitan society of archers; and it was to have been carried out in a manner similar to the Shakespeare jubilee celebrated by Garrick at Stratford-on-Avon. The idea was abandoned because the place of Ascham's birth could not be ascertained. Bow meetings were then, and for some time after, frequent in summer.

There was, about thirty or forty years since, a society called "The Woodmen of the Forest of Arden," the members of which are credited with having first introduced our fair countrywomen to the practice of the bow, as a suitable and healthful recreation. The beaux of the day—men of fashion and position—they were enabled to dictate and set an example since followed. Female archery became common, and public breakfasts furnished abundant opportunity. At these the company shot what are technically called "games," eleven being the decisive num-

ber. The arrows counted according to their position in the target. A shot in the gold circle counted nine; the red, seven; the inner white, five; the black, three; the outer white, one. Fines of half-a-crown were paid by the losers, the amount being appropriated to the support of a Sunday school. The girls of the charity attended these archery meetings, attired in dresses of grass-green.

The fair sex, in ancient times, were permitted the use of the cross-bow, and Queen Elizabeth is known to have wielded this weapon. It was within the hollow of the Cadenham oak, a tree of enormous girth, that her majesty was accustomed to take her stand, and aim her shafts at many a fair-headed buëk which the foresters' had, according to previous directions, windlassed towards the spot. The sylvan recesses of Crowdray Park were once witnesses to the adroitness of our virgin queen and her friend Lady Desmond, who is praised by the journals for her courtly policy. "Many a noble stag," they say, "returned to his lair, on the day of the hunting-match, unscathed by the feathered shafts of the countess, less from want of skill than fear of displeasing her royal mistress. The triumph of a successful arrow would have been dearly purchased, by perpetual exile from the sunshine of England's court, to the dreary wilds of Connaught."

Shakespeare has expressed his own sentiments when he makes Justice Shallow lament the death of Old Double. "He drew a good bow—and dead! He shot a fine shot. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! why, he would have clapped into the clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and a fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see." In Shakespeare's estimation, archery was the source and basis of our national greatness. For more than six centuries its professors had displayed courage, discipline, strength, skill, and superiority. Their adversaries fled at their approach; they had but to appear and achieve a bloodless victory. Secured in their position by an ingenious mode of fortification—the means of which each man carried with him—the English archer defied the fiercest charges of the steel-clad chivalry of the middle ages. The French, in particular, suffered much from them, and composed a mass in their own defence, praying "Ab Anglicorum nos defende jaculis!" (From the arrows of the English defend us, O Lord!)

The extreme range of a flight shaft, when discharged from an ancient bow, was four hundred yards, or a quarter of a mile. In the southern parts of the kingdom, our modern archers usually place their targets one hundred yards apart. In northern counties they shoot twenty yards further, or "the sixteen-rood length." A bow commonly used by a strong man for these distances will cast an arrow three hundred paces if required. Modern toxophilites, however, differ from their forefathers in the size and strength of their bows, and

the length of the arrow. For the latter, the measure of three feet is no longer adhered to. Our ancestors employed arrows for various purposes, as well as for those of warfare. They were sometimes discharged at night with flaming combustible matter attached to them, as signals, like the modern rocket, and sometimes were used for the conveyance of letters. Archery is now-a-days extensively encouraged among us as the means of innocent amusement. Thus we have the toxophilites in Regent's Park, and great archery meetings at the Crystal Palace, every summer. Similar meetings of beaux and belles, for bow and arrow matches, have been lately common in all the counties of England.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE WRECK OF THE HALSEWELL, EAST INDIAMAN.

THE Halsewell (seven hundred and fifty-eight tons burthen, and one of the finest ships in the service), having been taken up by the directors of the East India Company for a third voyage to Coastland Bay, dropped down the river on the 16th of November, 1785, in a perfect condition—her men able and willing, her commander, Captain Richard Pierce, a worthy man of distinguished ability, and her officers persons of unquestioned skill and experience. She completed her lading at Gravesend, and took in her passengers, many of them ladies, at the Hope. They came on board smiling or tearful; there was waving of hands and handkerchiefs as the great floating town moved on; she soon swept grandly round the Two Forelands, and, that night, the white cliffs of Kent faded down in the moonlight. It was Sunday, when the dawn of the new year saw the great winged vessel pass through the Downs with a good wind; and the next morning she lay in a calm off Dunnose, the great headland of the Isle of Wight.

On Monday, the 2nd of January, 1786, at three in the afternoon, a breeze sprang up from the south, when they ran in shore to land the pilot; but very thick weather coming on in the evening, and the wind baffling, at nine they were obliged to anchor in eighteen-fathom water, and furlled their top-sails, but could not furl their courses, the snow falling thick, and freezing as it fell. On Tuesday, the 3rd, at four in the morning, a strong gale came on from east-north-east, and, the ship driving, they were obliged to cut their cables and run off to sea. At noon, they spoke with a brig bound to Dublin; and having put their pilot aboard her, bore down Channel immediately. At eight in the evening, the wind freshening and coming round to the southward, they reefed a few sails.

The weather grew worse; rough, wild, and threatening. At ten that night there was a raging gale from the south, and they were obliged to carry a press of sail to keep off the

Hampshire shore. About this time the hawse-plugs were washed in, and the hawse-bags carried off, which caused a great shipping of heavy seas on the gun-deck. Already the vessel had been hit hard, a leak sprung, and five feet of water in the hold. The pumps were instantly set to work, they clued the maintop-sail aft, hauled up the mainsail, and battled hard, but in vain, to furl both.

On Wednesday, the 4th, at two in the morning, they endeavoured to wear the ship, but without success; and judging it necessary to cut away the mizen-mast, it was immediately done, and a second fruitless attempt made to wear the ship; the ship having now seven feet of water in her hold, and gaining fast on the pumps, it was thought expedient, for their preservation, to cut away the main-mast, the vessel appearing to be in immediate danger of foundering. In the fall of the mast, Jonathan Newton, coxswain, and four men either fell or were drawn by the wreck overboard and drowned. By eight in the morning, however, the wreck was cleared, and the ship got before the wind, in which position she was kept about two hours. During this time the pumps cleared the ship of two feet of water in the hold, and the ship's head was brought to the eastward with the foresail only. At ten in the morning the wind abated considerably; but the ship, still labouring extremely, rolled the foretopmast over on the larboard side, and in the fall the wreck went through the foresail and tore it to pieces.

What a terrible change since Sunday! and now only Wednesday; the two masts gone, the chief sails destroyed, the men worn out with working at the pumps, the hold half full, the women paralysed with terror, the officers stern, grave, and silent, the brave ship reeling and staggering under the blows of the great waves, a dangerous shore near, and hope lessening every moment. At eleven in the forenoon the wind came to the westward, and, the weather clearing up, the Hampshire coasts were distinguishable. They now bent another foresail, erected a jury main-mast, and set a top-gallant-sail for a mainsail, under which sail they bore up for Portsmouth, and employed the remainder of the day in getting up a jury mizen-mast. On Thursday, the 5th, at two in the morning, the wind came to the southward, blew fresh, and the weather was very thick. At noon, the stony peninsula of Portland and the shingle ridge of the Chesil Bank were seen, distant two or three leagues. At eight at night it blew a strong gale at south, and the lights on the Portland Bill were seen bearing north-west, distant four or five leagues. They then wore the ship, and got her head to the westward; but, finding they lost ground on that tack, they wore her again, and kept stretching on to the east. The Dorsetshire coast was now scooping away to their right, with its dark limestone cliffs and huge ramparts ribbed with rich ochrous colours. Captain Pierce tried hard to weather the wavy chalk buttresses of Peverel Point, and run to anchor

near Poole, in Studland Bay, under the shelter of Standfast Point and "Harry and his Wife." But this too failed. At eleven at night it cleared, and they saw St. Alban's Head. Then, indeed, they knew that certain destruction awaited the vessel if it could not be stopped from running full butt on the ruthless buttresses of Portland. St. Alban's Head being a mile and a half to the leeward of them, they took in sail, and let go the small bower-anchor, which brought up the ship at a whole cable; she rode for about an hour, but then drove; they then let go the sheet-anchor, and wore away a whole cable; the ship rode for about two hours longer, then she drove again. Poor ship! will it go to pieces in Deadman's Bay, or will it drive upon the Shambles—that dreadful shoal, which is paved with the bones of sailors? How many brave Dorsetshire men, sitting calmly round the fire at Osmington, Kimeridge, or Preston, or indeed in any of the snug villages nestled among the cliffs, were this night talking about the storm, but little thinking of the two hundred and forty poor creatures that were being borne hopelessly on to their terrible death!

As the storm still continued with unabating violence, and the vessel would soon be on the rocks, no anchor holding, every sail torn away, the masts gone, the hold filling fast, the sailors hopeless and cowed, the women paralysed or hysterical with fear, the officers silent and desponding, the captain sent for Mr. Henry Meriton, the chief officer, and, shut in the cabin, consulted him as to the probability of saving the lives of the crew and passengers. The chief officer shook his head; they were driving fast on the shore, and must expect every moment to strike. The sea and wind could no longer be baffled; they must have their prey. They talked of the boats, but instantly agreed that in such a sea they could not be lowered; still, in case they could be made serviceable in the coming crisis, it was resolved to reserve the long-boat for the officers and the ladies, and orders were instantly given to that effect.

About two in the morning of Friday, the sixth day from leaving the Downs, Mr. Meriton again sat with the captain in the cuddy. The two men looked at each other, and read despair in each other's eyes. The captain's heart was bleeding for his daughters, who were amongst the passengers. He earnestly asks the chief officer if any means can be devised for saving them: for himself he does not care—but the children. Mr. Meriton keeps back his tears with a brave effort, but does not answer for a moment. He then says, in a low voice, that it is, he fears, impossible that any of them can be saved by even the greatest efforts. All they can do is to trust to God, and wait for daylight. The father makes no reply, but raises his hands to heaven in silent supplication and agony.

It was at that very moment the ship struck on the Seacombe rocks with such tremendous violence that the captain and chief officer were thrown up till they touched the deck which roofed the cuddy, and the moment after there came a

piercing shriek of horror that ran through the whole ship. The sailors, who, conscious of their inevitable fate, had latterly grown idle and hopeless, and had hidden themselves in their hammocks, leaving the toil of the pumps to the officers and soldiers, who, in their ignorance, remaining more hopeful, had been unceasingly active and assiduous, now poured on deck, though it had been hitherto found impossible to keep them there. Tossing their arms, screaming prayers, or crying for help, they ran to and fro like madmen, eager enough now to struggle for their lives.

It was too late; the ship began to beat upon the rocks, then bulged and fell helpless, with her broadside towards the shore. Directly she struck, a number of the sailors swarmed up the ensign-staff, expecting her to break up every moment in that seething sea. Mr. Meriton shouted to those frightened wretches all to come to the side of the ship that lay lowest on the rocks, and, one by one, to seize the first opportunity of escape that might offer.

By this time all the passengers and most of the officers had crowded into the round-house, the men, bravely and heroically forgetting their own danger, endeavouring to console the ladies by hopes and assurances, and by promises not to forsake them, buoying each other up by the possibilities of safety and by the promises of religion: at least, they could die together. Some wept passionately, and fought, as it were, with death; fathers embraced their daughters silently, and prepared to die, clinging to those they loved as if to ward them from the blow. Mr. Meriton and other cool brave men still kept their courage, and did not flinch even at the frightful danger that was impending. The chief officer, indeed, assured the women that he believed firmly the ship would hold together till the morning. They must be on shore somewhere near St. Aldhelm's Head; when light came, the fishermen and quarrymen would run to their help, and they would all be saved. Captain Pierce, while his daughters clung to him, was able to smile at a lad who was loud in his exclamations of terror.

The Halsewell had struck on the Dorsetshire coast, near Seacombe, in the island of Purbeck, between Peverel and St. Aldhelm's Head. The cliffs there are of vast height, and almost perpendicular, so steep that scarcely a seagull can alight on its ledges, or fern or ivy grow, except at the base, where the rock has been quarried by nature into a small cavern, ten or twelve yards deep, and of the breadth of a large ship. The side of this cave was steep and difficult of access, and the bottom strewn with sharp uneven rocks that have fallen from above; it was at the mouth of this rude cave the wreck of the shattered vessel lay stretched like a stranded whale, offering a broadside to the sea-washed chasm. In the pitchy darkness neither cavern nor cliff could be seen, and the shock of death was the first real warning to the people of the Halsewell that their hour had come.

Mr. Meriton, still cheering the women by

hopes of safety, on returning to the round-house found about fifty persons assembled there. He cut several wax candles into pieces, and stuck them in various parts of the round-house, and also lighted up all the lanterns he could find. Observing the ladies to be parched and exhausted, he kindly brought a basket of oranges, and prevailed on some of them to suck the juice.

The sides of the ship were giving way, the deck was lifting. The poor Halsewell could not hold together long. Mr. Meriton tried to go forward and look out, but to his horror saw the vessel was already separated in the middle, and that the fore-part had changed its position and lay rather further out to sea. There was not a moment to be lost. The next great wave, and the vessel might be swallowed up, with all that were upon it. To use Mr. Meriton's own words, he "at once determined to follow the example of the soldiers and crew, who were now quitting the ship in numbers, and making their way to a shore of which they knew not the horrors."

Among other measures adopted to favour these attempts, the ensign-staff had been unshipped, and attempted to be laid from the ship's side to some of the rocks, but without success, for it had snapped to pieces before it reached them. However, by the light of a lantern, which a seaman of the name of Burmister handed through the skylight of the round-house to the deck, Mr. Meriton discovered a spar, which appeared to be laid from the ship's side to the rocks, and on that spar he determined to attempt his escape. He accordingly laid himself down on it, and thrust himself forward, but soon found that the spar had no communication with the rock. He reached the end of it, and then slipped off, receiving a very violent bruise in his fall; before he could recover his legs, he was washed off by the surge, in which he supported himself by swimming, till the returning waves dashed him against the back part of the cavern, when he laid hold of a small piece of the rock, but was so benumbed that he was on the point of quitting it, when a seaman, who had already gained a footing, extended his hand, and assisted him till he could secure himself on a little piece of the rock, from which he clambered to a shelf still higher, till he was out of the reach of the surf.

On board the ship, soon after Mr. Meriton left the round-house, the captain asked what was become of him, and Mr. Rogers, the third mate, replied that he was gone on the deck to see what could be done. After this, a heavy sea breaking over the ship, the ladies exclaimed, "Oh! poor, poor Meriton! he is drowned; if he had only stayed with us, he would have been safe;" and they all, particularly Miss Mary Pierce, expressed great concern at the apprehension of his loss. On this occasion Mr. Rogers offered to go and call to Mr. Meriton, but this was opposed by the ladies, from an apprehension that he might share the same fate. At this time the sea, breaking in at the fore-part of the ship, reached as far as the mainmast. Captain Pierce gave Mr. Rogers a nod; they took a lamp and went together into the

stern gallery. After viewing the rocks for some time, Captain Pierce asked Mr. Rogers if he thought there was any possibility of saving the girls, to which the latter replied, he "feared there was not," for they could then only discover the black face of the perpendicular rock, and not the cavern which afforded shelter to those who escaped.

The sea continuing to break in very fast, Mr. McManus, a midshipman, and Mr. Schütz, a passenger, asked Mr. Rogers what they could do to escape. He replied, "Follow me!" They then all went into the stern gallery, from thence by the weather upper gallery, from there by the upper quarter gallery up on the poop. Whilst they were waiting, a heavy sea struck the round-house, which began to give way. They heard the ladies shriek at intervals, as if the water had reached them; the noise of the sea at other times drowning their voices. Mr. Brimer, the fifth mate, followed Mr. Rogers to the poop, where they remained together about five minutes, when, on the coming on of the last-mentioned sea, they jointly seized a henceop, and the same wave which they apprehended proved fatal to some of those who remained behind happily carried Brimer and his companion to the rock, on which they were dashed with such violence as to be miserably bruised and hurt. On this rock were twenty-seven men; it was now low water, and as they were convinced that upon the flowing of the tide they must all be washed off, many of them attempted to get to the back or sides of the cavern out of the rush of the returning sea. In this attempt scarce more than six, besides Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, succeeded; of the remainder, some shared the fate which they had apprehended, and the others perished in their efforts to get into the cavern. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer both, however, reached the cavern and scrambled by the rock, on the narrow shelves of which they fixed themselves. Mr. Rogers got so near to his friend Mr. Meriton as to exchange congratulations with him; but he was prevented from joining him by at least twenty men who were between them, neither of whom could move without immediate peril of his life. At the time Rogers reached this station of possible safety, his strength was so nearly exhausted that, had the struggle continued a few minutes longer, he must have been lost. Many of the men and petty officers who had reached the shelf below had fallen back in trying to scale the upper rock. They were still ignorant of where they were, whether close to the land or in an inaccessible place. Cold, half naked, wet with snow and rain, and chilled by the perpetual breaking of the spray, huddled on a ledge only fit for sea-birds to rest upon, death seemed only postponed. They could yet discern a looming mass of the ship, and began to pray in their deep pity for the helpless women, that it might still hold together till the morning. They sat there, huddled together in their misery, shuddering at every sea that broke over the vessel.

The cruel end came at last. A very few

minutes after Mr. Rogers reached the rock, there rose a horrible piercing shriek from the sea, louder and longer than any yet heard, and rendered shriller by a preponderance of women's voices: the round-house had gone. Then came a lull and silence, except from the exulting winds and the triumphant waves: the wreck had disappeared for ever.

Many of those men who had gained the cavern, as the night wore on became faint with fatigue and hunger, bruised by the rocks, buffeted and tormented by the wind, then let go their grasp and fell headlong on to the rocks or into the surf below, perishing at the very feet of their friends, who could clearly hear their dying groans or their "gulping exclamations" for pity and for help. Whose turn was to come next?

At length, after the bitterest three hours ever spent, cold day broke, but it came only to show the full horror and danger of their place of refuge. There in the cold grey of a January morning rose a limestone wall some two hundred feet above their heads in tier upon tier of huge blocks; strings of ivy, where cables were wanted; tufts of fern and heather, where even the stone-chat could not rest. Even now they must perish; for even had the country-people been roused by the guns of distress that they had kept firing for many hours before the wreck, and the sound of which had been borne away by the storm, they still could not be seen from above, as they were engulfed in a cavern which lay under the cliff, nor did any part of the wreck remain to point out their possible refuge. No ropes could be thrown them there; no boat could live in the sea still raging; no vessel would be likely to be passing so soon after such a storm. They had only been saved, it seemed, to suffer a still more cruel death than those who had gone down.

The only hope was indeed a desperate one; it was to creep along the side of the cavern to its outward extremity, and on a ledge scarcely as broad as a man's hand to turn the corner and endeavour to clamber up the almost perpendicular precipice, whose summit was near two hundred feet from the base. In this desperate effort some succeeded, whilst others, trembling with terror, and their strength exhausted by mental and bodily fatigue, lost their precarious footing, and perished. The first brave men who gained the summit of the cliff were two daring and sure-footed climbers—the cook and James Thompson, a quartermaster. By their own exertions they made their way to the summit, and the moment they reached it, hastened to the nearest house, and made known the situation of their fellow-sufferers. The house at which they first arrived was Eastington, the present habitation of Mr. Garland, steward or agent to the proprietors of the Purbeck quarries, who immediately, with the most zealous humanity, got together the workmen under his direction. Ropes were procured with all possible despatch, and every precaution taken. Mr. Meriton had almost reached the edge of the

precipice. A soldier, who preceded him, had his feet on a small projecting rock or stone; on the same stone Mr. Meriton had fastened his hands to help his progress. At this critical moment the quarrymen arrived. Seeing a man so nearly within their reach, they dropped a rope to him, of which he immediately laid hold; and in a vigorous effort to avail himself of this advantage, he loosened the stone on which he stood, which, giving way, Mr. Meriton must have been precipitated to the bottom. The rope was providentially lowered to him at the instant, he seized it as he was in the act of falling, and was safely drawn to the summit. The fate of Mr. Brimer was peculiarly severe. This gentleman, who had only been married nine days before the ship sailed, to the daughter of Captain Norman, of the Royal Navy, in which service Mr. Brimer was a lieutenant, was now on a voyage to visit an uncle at Madras. He came on shore with Mr. Rogers, and a rope was thrown to him, but he was either so cold or so agitated that he did not fasten the rope round his body securely. He fell when half way up, and was instantly dashed to pieces.

As the day advanced and more quarrymen arrived, many of the survivors crawled to the extremities of the cavern so as to be seen from above. The Purbeck quarrymen, strong-limbed, broad-chested fellows, accustomed to ply crowbar and pickaxe, were all half sailors and accustomed to handle ropes. They were as resolute to save as the storm had been to destroy. From the top of the cliff to the cavern was at least a hundred feet, and there was an overhanging ledge at the top projecting about eight feet. Ten of the brave Dorsetshire men formed in a line, two and two, the last two standing on the very edge of the beetling precipice, from whence they let down a rope with a noose as far as the cavern. A rope was tied round each man, and then passed up and secured by a strong iron bar fixed in the ground above. A rope, also strongly secured, passed between each pair, by which they might hold and secure their balance. The wind blowing hard often drove the noosed rope under the rock and into the cavern, where the sufferers could reach it without risking their lives by climbing round the cliff. Whoever first laid hold of it instantly put the noose round his waist, under his arms, and was drawn up with great care and skill. But the poor fellows left were half naked, hat-less, barefooted, worn out with six days' toil at the pumps, exhausted from want of food, depressed by sorrow, chilled by the sleet, and drenched with the sea. Many of them had not strength enough left for the dangerous ascent, where strong hand and firm foot were often wanted to fend off from sharp projections, to cling to bushes, or to avoid rough edges where the rope might fret or cut. The sick and old, the weakly, the old men, the boys, for the most part, perished, unable to reach the rope, or too eager to clutch it; many fell backwards, screaming, down the tremendous height, and were either dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks below, or

crushed upon the shingle and licked off by the next roll of hungry surf.

One poor drummer-boy was washed off the cave, the counter seas dragged him beyond the breakers, into whose foam he could never again struggle. Further and further the poor boy was drawn slowly out to sea, where, bravely swimming, he continued to battle for his life in sight of his pitying messmates and comrades, crying for help until he sank for ever. One by one the half-dead men were drawn up the cliff, till only one was left. This man, a soldier named William Trenton, remained in that doleful place of refuge, waves leaping at him, and hunger and cold tormenting him, till the morning of the next day, exposed to another long day's cold and hunger, and the poignancy of extreme fear. The remains of the wreck were no longer visible among the rocks, but jagged spars and broken planks were still to be seen floating near the shore as far as the eye could reach. Even as late as ten o'clock on the Friday morning a sheep could be seen buffeting with the waves.

The survivors, pale, bruised, and exhausted, were treated with the greatest tenderness and hospitality by the gentlemen living near Seacombe. Indeed, from Weymouth to Corfe Castle, no farm-house but was ready to throw open its doors to the poor men just snatched from the jaws of death. The officers, mustering the seamen and soldiers at Mr. Garland's house, called their names, and found them to amount to only seventy-four out of two hundred and forty that had left the Downs. The ship's books and papers being lost, the names of some of the seamen and petty officers were never known correctly.

Of the two hundred and forty, about seventy reached the rocks, and afterwards, in the terror, darkness, and confusion, either lost their footing or were washed off from the edge of the cavern. Fifty or more sank, together with the captain and ladies, when the round-house gave way, and the after-part of the ship went to pieces. Two or three perished while being drawn up; and a black servant expired in a few hours after he was taken to a neighbouring house. Many were so bruised as to remain for a long time in a dangerous state. On Saturday morning, Mr. Meriton and Mr. Rogers, being supplied with money by Mr. Garland, started for London to carry the melancholy news to the India House. On their way, they took care to inform the magistrates of every town they passed through, in order to disarm suspicion, that a band of shipwrecked seamen would soon follow them.

The two messengers arrived in town the next day, and went straight to the India House. The directors instantly sent their thanks to Mr. Garland, and a handsome sum to the brave quarrymen of Purbeck. The seamen had also money given them to support them till they could get a new ship, and start forth to fresh perils. On their weary tramp up to London, they met with great kindness at Blandford, where the master of the

Crown Inn gave them a dinner and half-a crown each to help them on their way.

Mr. Meriton and Mr. Rogers, the two principal officers of the Halsewell, were staunch friends; they had only twenty-five days before returned from a long and painful voyage in the Pigot, having been among the few who had survived a great mortality with which that vessel had been visited. Captain Pierce stood very high in the confidence of the Company for his professional skill, good sense, and probity. His daughters were beautiful, amiable, and clever girls. He left six other children.

Sir George L. Staunton and his wife had a narrow escape of perishing in the Halsewell. Sir George, who had been Lord Macartney's favourite secretary during the conclusion of a treaty with Tippoo Sahib, was about to return to India, and had actually taken berths on board the unlucky vessel, when the announcement of Lord Macartney's immediate return to England induced him to delay his own and his wife's departure.

Travellers who visit the Dorsetshire coast, to sketch the red rocks of Studland Bay, or the stony valley of Durlston Head, on some calm summer evening when the transparent green wave washes over the shingle pebbles and turns them for a moment to lumps of emerald, will suddenly, as they round the murmuring shore by Winspit and Dancing-ledge Quarry, come upon a row of humble, tranquil, grassy mounds. Those mounds mark the graves of the crew and passengers of the unfortunate Halsewell, East Idiaman, and that lonely spot is Seacombe Vale.

LUCIFER-BOX MAKING.

"Giv' herself airs she has, ever since she got up in the world through 'aving her little girl put in the newspapers, which it offended her rarely, though she's got beef and red port-wine every day through it, all the same. What call was there to pick out her little girl indeed, and kick up a fuss about her making three gross o' match-boxes a day, and she got a mother of her own? Why, that child working there is younger than what she is, and ain't got no parents at all, and she'd make her six or seven gross a day if she were put to it. Wot's three gross to make a fuss about, that's what I say, and wot 'ave the newspapers got to do with it at all?"

We are in the centre of a lucifer-box manufactory in Bethnal-green, and the speaker is indignant at popular sympathy having been roused for what she considers a very common-place bit of business. That children should toil unceasingly from an age when they ought to be in their cradles, is to her one of the inevitable conditions of existence; and though unable to impugn its truthfulness, she condemns as mawkish a statement recently put forward by a local clergyman concerning the infant daughter of one of her neighbours and friends.

Up a dark passage and a darker stair—where the heavy balustrades and deep-set glassless

windows speak of comforts long since fled—and we are in two garrets, one opening into the other, and both thronged with labourers busily at work. We have passed huge blocks of wood on the first landing, of the size and shape of those strewn about shipwrights' shops and dockyards, and now walk into an atmosphere redolent of deal-shavings, sulphur, and dye. Boys and girls, some mere infants, others sturdy striplings, and all busily at work, are in every available corner, planing, stamping, cutting out, pasting, folding into box-shapes, and in other ways converting wood into the neat and slender cases we buy filled with lucifer matches, at a halfpenny and a penny each. Two stout youths at the window are rapidly dashing off thin sections from a block of wood; children pick these up as they fall, sort them, and hand them to other children, who ply machines and crease the slips into the folds requisite for converting them into boxes. This done, the master workman, who is at once employer and fellow-labourer, dips their ends in magenta-coloured dye, and hands them to his wife in the adjoining garret. She sits at a long table, where girls of all ages paste on the paper coverings, bend the slips into shape, and turn the finished box upon the floor. Fingers and the paste-brush are alone used at this stage.

"Friday is our busiest day, because, you see, we send in on the Saturday to receive the week's money, and often have to make up a goodish quantity when there's a pressure. Me and the eight girls, you see, have turned out as many as ninety gross between Friday and Saturday morning. Oh, no, they don't go away on the Friday night—that wouldn't do at all. They stay here, and work on, while I sit on the floor and never get up or go to bed until I've tied all up in bundles of a gross each. Yes, it's hard work enough, but not fit to put in the newspapers"—a constantly recurring grievance this—"let alone make a stir about one little girl, when there's hundreds would do more work and is worse off than wot she is. Our regular hours for the boys you see in the other shop is eight to eight, which makes with dinner and tea-time about ten hours a day. Here, in my room, they work according to pressure, and pretty close we have to keep to it, there's no denying. What's the dye for? Well, it gives a finish to the boxes, and makes 'em look worth more money for the shops. The people we work for, were the first to introduce it, and the boxes you see are the best of their kind. Threepence a gross we pay for making, and as there's not more labour in these than the commoner sorts, it ain't so bad. One hundred and forty-four boxes folded, pasted, and shaped for threepence? Ay, and a good deal less too, I can tell you. Twopence-farthing and twopence-halfpenny is the regular price for the cheaper sorts you'll see, when you visit the houses where they're bein' made. My master and me ain't got no family of our own, so we call these girls and boys our children, and, though they've to work hard, they're well off compared to hundreds of others."

"We never drink nothing but tea in working time," struck in the male chief here; "but when work's over, I take my three, or perhaps my four, pints of beer, and enjoy 'em, I can tell you. Reform demonstration bill on the wall? Well, I don't bother my head about politics; but they sent the poster here, and I just stuck it where you see (winking), to help to keep the roof up. No, I didn't jine in it, not I. If I go away, there's thirty people loses a day's work, and that ain't the sort of reform they'd fancy, you may be sure."

This match-box maker is a jovial aristocrat in his way. A hale healthy-looking man of forty, he looks as ruddy and strong as if his days were spent in farming or at the sea-side. Besides making up boxes on the premises, he sends out the creased slips of wood and the paper labels to women and children who work at home; he acts, in short, as middle man between the dealer and the labourers. "About twopence a gross sticks to 'em when all's done," he says, pleasantly, when asked as to his profits. A brazier full of coke stands in the centre of the garret where the women are at work, and a strong sulphureous odour permeates the place. "We're obliged to keep it where it is, for drying, don't yer see? But the smell's bad at times, so we keep both windows open, and have lots of nice fresh air." We are in Bethnal-green, remember, with a view of the house-tops of Spitalfields, and are looking out upon dingy broken-roof trees, smoked-dried pigeon-traps, dirt, and desolation. The "fresh air" has been eddying round stale fish-curing establishments, close confined homes, has apparently looked in at a gasworks, and burrowed among the district drains. Yet the people look tolerably well, and as, according to our host's own estimate, he sometimes clears as much as ninety twopences, or fifteen shillings, in the twenty-four hours, he at least is comfortably off.

The home workers, who make up the materials he sends them, are a very different class. The head of the household may be a dock-labourer, or a street-hawker, or a dustman, or, as was the case at a home we visited later in the day, "a hayband-gatherer" (that is, a man who lives by collecting the haybands thrown away at markets and stables, and selling them to chairmakers as stuffing). His earnings are precarious, and are never more than enough to pay the rent and provide a moiety of the family bread. The wife and children have to work or starve. Match-box making and bead-working are their regular employments, but though the latter is slightly better paid, the demand for it varies with the fashion, while for the former there is a more regular and constant supply of work.

Accompanied by an experienced district visitor and a friend well acquainted with the locality, we proceed to visit a few of the "hundreds of children who do more work and are worse off" than the poor little infant whose case has been so eloquently and successfully brought before the public. First, to a little sentry-box of a room up the back stairs of a crazy teue-

ment hard by. Here, the figure huddled on the bed, with head bound up, is so ghastly and unlife-like, that we start back to avoid intruding upon what seems the chamber of death. Three children are standing at the table, and work on unremittingly. Heads are uplifted for a moment as our guide opens the door, but only to resume their steadfast gaze upon the paper, chips, and paste being deftly converted into boxes by the little hands. On being silently beckoned in, we find the mass of rags has assumed shape, and is a woman, but so weird and wan and haggard as to remind us of Haydon's picture of Lazarus in his grave-clothes. Swaying to and fro from sheer debility, and with dull heavy eyes, which wander purposelessly everywhere, the figure essays to speak, and, with many a pant and suppressed groan, gives us her little history.

"Bad pains in limbs, and chest so hard like, that I can't help the children as I ought, and they don't get on so fast in consequence. When I'm on the ground, to pick up and sort as quickly as they put together, we can, by never stopping, turn out our eight gross a day. Twopence halfpenny a gross is what we get, and find our own paste and string. Five farthings'-worth of flour, which is half a pound, will make enough paste for seven gross of boxes, if you're careful; but there's waste now that I lay here, and I can't cut the labels even, though I keep the paper and scissors by my side" (showing them moaningly) "to turn to directly the pain leaves me for a little. We have to tie the boxes up in bundles after they're made, and the hemp for doing this comes heavy out of what we earn. A penn'orth of hemp will tie up twenty-one gross of boxes, and then there's the sending of 'em home, which takes time and prevents work. Ah! It makes a terrible difference my not being on the ground; for the children often can't get on, and there's time and money lost."

This speech is not given consecutively as written, but with constant stoppages for breath, and from pain, through all of which the three children go on methodically pasting down. Neither the unwonted presence of strangers nor their mother's suffering breaks this monotonous labour for a moment. When spoken to, they reply in a listless fashion, as if mere talk were a profligate expenditure of time.

Five different articles are used to make up the match-box. Two slender shavings of wood, one each for its inner and outer part; one label of coloured paper for the half containing the lucifers; one printed label bearing the dealer's names for the outer box; a square piece of sand-paper to strike the matches on the bottom. The wood is ready creased by the machine-work we saw in the garret factory; the paper lies in sheets like undivided postage labels, upon the squalid bed; the sand-paper is on the floor in long strips of the width requisite to go lengthwise on the boxes, but these require snipping into pieces of their width. The manipulation of this sand-paper is the most painful part of the work. The rough surface cuts the children's

fingers, and leaves them raw and bleeding, much as if the cuticle were rubbed off with a file; for each bit of sand-paper is smoothed and patted down by hand, and many hours of this work produce their inevitable effect. "Drying the boxes thoroughly, sir, is another trouble; for we've to spread them out on the floor all night, and the wet paste makes the place damp, and if the boxes ain't quite dry they won't pay us for them when we send them in." It is needless to describe the place. A squalid little hole, where the bed takes up one-third of the flooring space; a table, two chairs, half a dozen of the commonest utensils, and a few cheap pictures on the walls, make up the living, sleeping, and working home of this confirmed invalid and her three children. For bedding, are discoloured unexplainable rags; athwart the bed, suspended from a string, hang fragments of clothes, the use of which can scarcely be distinguished. It is difficult to advance a step without crunching match-boxes under foot; and when our party of three all stand inside the door, it is impossible to turn round or stir. The ages of the three girls seem to range from three or four to twelve, but this is a point on which guessing is hazardous, so wan and stunted are they. Elsewhere we put searching questions, and have truthful answers in return. But in the presence of the apparently dying figure on the bed this is impossible. There was such an obvious wish to do the honours of the miserable little home, and to give strangers the information they sought, that we listened patiently to the story told with so much difficulty and pain; but it would have been cruel to prolong the trial, so on the poor speaker sinking back exhausted we bid the little toilers good day, and set out again upon our prescribed round. Let us say at once that this was the most painful visit made throughout the day. Poverty, dire, bitter, crushing, we saw in sad abundance; invalids too ill to work, infants, with the business cares of men and women, acting as bread-winners for a family, were plentiful enough; lives where one long struggle with starvation, misery, and disease is the rule, were revealed; but we never seemed to stand so nearly in the presence of Death as here. In the antithesis between the poor woman's state and her plaint concerning farthings'-worth of flour and hemp, and her inability to cut out labels, there was something inexpressibly shocking.

A smiling brunette, wretchedly attired, but healthy and cheerful, is passing the door as we come out. On her arm she carries a bulky parcel of light goods. In a West-end thoroughfare she would be an apprentice carrying home fancy millinery, caps, bonnets, or what not. Here, her bundle consists of match-boxes, and matches-boxes only. "Nine gross of 'em, sir, I'm just taking home, when I shall get the money and paper and material for making more. Make a good many a day? Oh yes, sir, and could make more, only trade's dreadful slack, and there's such a lot at it; that's where it is. Well, I don't know the number of where

I live, and that's the truth; but it's the last house but one on the right, and glad to see you, Mrs. Jones"—a curtsy here to the district visitor—"as you allers know, ma'am, don't you?" All this, with a bright alacrity, an absence of fawning, or of making out a case for pity, very refreshing.

Following our guide, we are soon in another interior devoted to the one calling. A larger room this, with more evidences of comfort, greater adornment, and where the squalid air of bitter poverty is less apparent.

"Mother is ill in bed in the corner, with pains in her limbs, and is hard of hearing as well, so we just get on the best we can without her. Four of us work, me and my two little brothers and my sister" (the speaker is a good-looking girl of nineteen, who smiles and dimples through her begrimed face as if to prove unconsciously that innate cheerfulness is more than a match for worldly ills); "and if we work very hard indeed, we can make our fourteen gross in a day. Well, of course that means beginning at seven in the morning and sticking to it till ten at night; but it ain't so bad considerin', you know, and there's many worse off than what we are, of course. Father's a sawyer, but his work's been very slack, and there's not much doing anywheres, so far as I know. Wouldn't it be better for me to go out to service? Perhaps it would" (hesitation), "only I don't know much about a house, you see, only having been at home. Yes, I'd be willing to try; and if girls are wanted, as you say, ma'am, and you could get me a place, I'd be very glad."

The mother in bed in the corner moves restlessly, but takes no part in this conversation, and the children go on converting paper and wood into boxes unmoved. Here, however, all we see (for the sick mother covers her head in the scanty bed-clothes) look well and hearty; and though, on being pressed, the fourteen gross turns out to be rather a theoretical than a practical standard of a day's work, the little labourers look contented and comparatively happy. The portraits of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, and of a huge turkey-cock, like an inflamed beadle, adorn the mantelshelf; but match-boxes formed and unformed, are the principal furniture of the room.

Crossing the road, we are next in a little cellar room, which is literally crammed. The husband is out, selling hearth-stones. A puny sickly infant is asleep on the bed; the mother and married daughter, herself a mother, a little boy, and a neighbour, are cutting and pasting and shaping for dear life. There is wonderful uniformity in the statistics furnished us. In this house they can, by sticking steadily at it, make eight gross of boxes a day; prices as before, twopence-halfpenny a gross. The extra trouble given by the labels provided being of thinner paper than usual, the difficulty of drying the work before sending in, owing to want of space, the dislike the sturdy urehin of ten has to Sunday-school, and the terrible decrease in

the demand for hearth-stones, are all told cheerily and without a syllable of even implied murmuring. Here, there is a slight variation in manufacture, for the dealers prescribe pink linings for their match-boxes, and this involves a sixth item for cutting out and fastening, and a proportionate expenditure of time. The working tinman's, a few doors lower down, is a completely different place. Here the whole house is occupied by one family; the wife helps the husband by soldering down his work, and the business or box-making is left to the children. The eldest girl, who looks twelve, and is sixteen, is the chief of the department. The youngest, who "will be three the 7th of next month," is an active member of the staff, and has worked regularly for more than a year.

"Five shillings and sixpence we pay a week for our house, and we've no call to complain of our landlady. The noise of my husband's trade made it difficult for us to keep in apartments, for it's hammer, hammer, hammer, much as you hear it now, all day long; so we've had to take this house, which suits us very well, all things considered. No, sir, I've never no time to help at box-making myself; but when I do get five minutes from the sawdewing, I just tell 'em to allers put their best work in, and they'll never want a job, and they've as much as they can do. Twopence-halfpenny a gross is what we get, the regular price; but then, you see, making 'em, as we do, with the inside part as perfect as t'other, it's just like two boxes in one; or twenty-four dozen boxes, as you may say, for twopence-halfpenny. It's littery work too, very littery, and our landlady didn't want us to do it at all, on account of fire; but that, as we told her, that wouldn't do nohow, if she wanted her rent regular; so we're as careful as we can be. When I worked at the match-box trade myself, which was before I learnt sawdewing, and when it was my only way of earning money, the round boxes used to be my sort. You'll remember them, I dare say. You could just get your two fingers into the round, and they paid fourpence a gross for making them. I'd be very glad if they'd come into fashion again, for I got pretty quick at it, and could turn out a gross in a hour, which weren't so very bad, and my girl there would soon pick it up, I know. It would be better for her to go out to service, I don't dispute that; but she's very useful to us, you see, and we couldn't spare her easily. That other one, who's bin in the 'orspital twice, she'd be a better one to go out, for she likes fresh people, and isn't shy; but, however, ma'am, if you say you could get Annie a place at once, I'll talk it over with her father, and let you know. I don't want to stand in her way, not I, if she'd like to go. We've four rooms in this house, sir, and, to tell you the truth, it ain't hardly enough, for we've seven children, though we've lost one, through a lady at Bow taking a fancy to her, and taking her off our hands. My husband's work takes up a lot of room, you see, let alone the match-making; but, however, we're better off than a good many, and mustn't cry out. No,

we'd no cholera here, sir. They had it very bad a few doors lower down; but the gentleman from the Board of Health said our house was kept cleaner and more wholesome than many, and perhaps that helped to keep us free. He ordered them to put us dust-heaps up in the yard; but, Lord! they've done 'em so badly that they ain't no use. Very good water supply, sir, now, since some other gentlemen came round and inquired into it, though our tap's out of order just at this time; but, when it's right, we've as much water as we can use."

Another home of one small room. Husband a dustman, out with his cart; wife daily expecting an addition to the family; little boys and girls all busily at work. "Fourpence each every time they fill a cart, the three of 'em, that's what dustman's pay is; but then they often don't fill more than three carts a day, sometimes much less, and that makes it shockin' uncertain."

At every house we have visited there have been cheery allusions to a tea given on the preceding Monday at the Bedford Institution to match-box makers under fourteen years of age. The quantity of cake eaten, and of tea drunk, has been a fertile topic for jocosity, and we have diplomatically availed ourselves of an obvious disposition to connect our call with the treat enjoyed—with which, we regret to add, we had nothing whatever to do. Here a bright lad of ten, who blushed and grinned merrily over his pasting at the reminiscence, was on the point of losing the feast for want of a pair of trousers and a waistcoat to appear in, when, presto, a kind gentleman sent him a shilling, with which the father purchased both, and in which the lad worked proudly now. "My husband's asthma has been a good deal better, thank you, ma'am, since he went into the workhouse infirmary; but these cold winds tell upon him, and the dust trade's bad for that complaint, you see." A whispered colloquy between my companions and the speaker concerning a certain "bag," which contains baby linen, and is lent on application from an admirable institution close by, described in a previous number of this journal,* and but for which there would often be no provision for infants newly born, and we pass to a room a few streets off, where one young woman and a little girl are at work. The boxes here are for the Liverpool market, are more fragile, and less profitable to make. "Twopence a gross is all we get, and the two of us can't make more than six gross a day, do what we will," is cheerfully told us: the child continuing her work, and warning off some other children who peep in at the door, with a quaint wise look, which sits strangely on her pretty little face. "My husband's a hayband-gatherer for chair-stuffing, but he don't do very well at it, and this little girl ain't ours, but a niece of mine I'm bringing up."

Another room in the same street, where the mistress is ill in bed in a sort of cupboard to the

* See NUMBER SEVEN, BROWN'S LANE, vol. xii., p. 304.

rear, where the husband is out hawking looking-glasses obtained on "sale or return" from the manufacturers, and by means of which he earns six, seven, and sometimes eight shillings a week. The children are taking boxes home, the fire is out, and as the invalid tells her ailments to the district visitor, want of nourishment is as easily discernible in her feeble tremulous voice, as if we had been told in so many words of her lack of food.

These are a few of the cases to be seen in a day's walk. The experience they give might have been multiplied indefinitely. Right and left, in front and rear, of the border line between Spital-fields and Bethnal-green upon which we stood, is a seething mass of hopeless, hopeless poverty. Such work as we have seen is the means of life to thousands upon thousands of women and children. In one of the homes left undescribed, one baby of a year and ten months old was busily labouring away with its brothers and sisters, and contributing its quota of exertion with the rest. In White-street, a regular labour-market for boys and girls is held on Monday and Tuesday morning, from eight to ten A.M., and here children of all ages may be hired by the week or month. Domestic service is, however, so distasteful to these people, that, though servants are wanted in the district as elsewhere, there is much the usual difficulty in obtaining them.

In every case when a situation was suggested for the young women whom we saw box-making, the reply was evasive; and a few months ago good and remunerative situations were refused under the following circumstances. One Saturday, a poor woman was visited at her home by some benevolent gentlemen who interested themselves in the sanitary arrangements of the district. The cholera was then at its height, and on calling on the same woman the next Monday, they found she had died, and had been buried, in the few hours which had intervened since they found her alive and well. She left a large family. As her three eldest girls were fit for service, comfortable places were found for them, but refused. Argument and remonstrance were ineffectual, and pictures of the discomforts and laboriousness of match-box making were met by, "It's only just play for the fingers, sir." This is a fair example of the views and opinions of many of the girls we have seen. They accept their poverty bravely; take gladly any help proffered; but ignorantly prefer the privations and misery of their present life to what they hold to be the restrictions and drawbacks of domestic service. The married women are tied to their homes, and, spurred by stern hard necessity, the children take to work much as those in more favoured walks do to play. "The child I buried was only two years and five months, and he'd been at box-making a good six months," said the dustman's wife, "and they take to it as natural as sitting down to a meal."

Not the least suggestive part of what we saw was the wholesome and positively jolly look of many of the boys and girls. There was, as we

have endeavoured to show, abundant evidence of sickness and sorrow; there were plenty of wan faces and stunted frames; but there were also many rosy-cheeked lads and lasses, who were chirruping over their toil as merrily and as heartily as any plough-boy whistling for want of thought. When a wretched mother is accused of "givin' herself airs" because her infant daughter's miserable condition has become known, we seem to have in rough rude fashion the public opinion of this poverty-weighted place. That children should never see green fields or flowers, should never have a toy, never enjoy the innocent amusements appropriate to their age, is sad enough. Human nature, however, is happily so constituted, that harmless fun and healthy laughter may be extracted from the most barren materials; and among the underfed, over-worked, ill-clad, women and children we visited, were as bright eyes and as ready smiles, and at least as much honest hearty cheerful helpful contentment as can be found among their brothers and sisters who have not learnt sympathy through suffering, and to whom hunger and destitution have been things to read about, not taste.

THE LIVELY JENNY.

WHEN, after a long and proper probation, I was fairly set up and married to my Fanny—a fine bold girl that liked me, I believe, as much as I liked her—we sensibly agreed that, instead of setting up housekeeping—furniture and such inconveniences—we should suit ourselves with a house that was infinitely more to our taste. Fanny had been born and bred on the north-west coast of Ireland, beside the breakers of the Atlantic. She was a handsome clever creature, with a classical and reflective face—a born sailor, whom it was pleasant, when our dainty guests were growing green and uncomfortable, to see sitting on the deck, with rising colour, welcoming the stiff breezes.

I had done a good deal in coast-sailing, and *was* to have been put into the navy (but wasn't, which is a long story); so, instead of going through the anxieties of selecting a new and plasterly house, with furniture that was to prove prematurely infirm and crippled, we read the one thought in each other's eyes—a yacht! It was spring. Such a thing was soon "picked up." It was a nautical friend living near Leamington that "looked out" for the yacht for us—a man of large experience and with an eye for a "good cut of a thing." After a time he "picked up" our little craft—the very thing for us, and a dead bargain besides—a tight handy little schooner, a good sea-boat that shook the waves from her like a spirited horse, easily handled, thirty tons, roomy below, airy, large for that tonnage, and built of mahogany. She cost us only three hundred pounds, was reckoned a dead bargain, and was called *The Lively Jenny*. It was a joyful morning when we learned that she was lying in Kingstown harbour, having

come in at midnight. The news was brought in by the new skipper himself, whom I and Fanny went down to the parlour to meet as if he were an ambassador, which he was, from The Lively Jenny.

Now, if we were to have a treasure in our yacht, we were to have a far more important one in our skipper. He had been picked up also—by the sheerest good luck. Our nautical friend had written in the most extravagant terms of his merits. He had known Clarke from a boy: a finer sailor never stepped a deck; as steady as a rock, sober as a judge, as moral as an apostle. "I have an interest in the man," he wrote, "as I know all about him and what he has gone through. I look on this as a much greater piece of luck than lighting on The Lively Jenny."

And this paragon was now in the parlour! We almost felt, Fanny and I, that we were scarcely virtuous company enough for him. There he was now, and we started. Clarke was a man of about thirty, good-looking and sailor-like—that is, would have been good-looking but for a very disagreeable long inflamed scar that ran slanting from his forehead over his eye to his ear. It was raw and unpleasant altogether. He had a cold steady measured way of talking, and, as he spoke, looked out cautiously at us with the eye that was under the scar. But there could be no mistake about his testimonials, and he was, on the best authority, a treasure. Fanny did not relish his look at all. She much preferred Dan, a young "salt" from her own wild coast, who was "off the estate," and who was to be our other sailor. It was about him that Clarke first spoke.

"I brought over a very steady man," he said, "that I have known myself for years, and can be depended on. A man with some religion in him, which," he added, smiling—a not very pleasant smile—"is not usual among us sailors. I could go on excellently with him."

"Oh, we have got Dan," said Fanny. "We could not do without Dan!"

"Of course it is with you, ma'am; but it is right to tell you this Dan came off to us last night when we had moored, and I could see plainly he had been drinking."

Fanny coloured up. "You must have mistaken. We all know Dan from a child. He never was drunk in his life. We can't have any one else."

Clarke bowed. Then we gave him all sorts of directions, and let him go.

"I don't like that man at all, for all his good character," said Fanny, wisely. "And then to go and slander poor Dan!"

"I don't relish him extravagantly," I said, doubtfully; "but character, my dear, is everything aboard ship."

"Aboard ship," said she, laughing. "That sounds charming!"

We were to sail in two days, and certainly we almost at once found the merits of our skipper; for by his quiet forethought and measured energy he did wonders—got in stores, the yacht fitted, and what not.

"You see, my dear," I said, "those are the sterling qualities that pass show. Dan is a little too impulsive, and not half so practical." A word now about Dan.

Dan was a sort of foster-brother of Fanny's, that used to row her on the Atlantic, "no less," fit up daring little skiffs, with sails and all complete, to make a bold voyage across to a distant island. He was a handsome, strong, bold, dashing young fellow, only one-and-twenty, and could swim like a fish. He always called her "Miss Fanny," though corrected again and again. The only mystery was that of the "drink," which puzzled us, for we had never even heard a suspicion of such a thing. Fanny shook her head.

"I could explain it," she said.

"Ah!" said I, "you don't know, dear. These sea towns—young fellows fall into temptations."

We were to go on a coasting cruise. First to Falmouth, then Cowes, and finally on to Cherbourg; leave the yacht under shelter of the famous breakwater ("she will be very snug there," we both said, speaking of her cozily, as if she were a baby), and we ourselves would run up to Paris. We could not have too much of the sea. Two sailors only and a boy, and myself, as good as another, and Fanny very nearly—she only wanted strength—as good as a fourth. Early at six o'clock on a fine morning we went down by that pleasant little strip of sea-coast railway that winds like a ribbon from Dublin to Kingstown, found a fresh breeze, a blue sea, and The Lively Jenny fluttering her sails impatiently, as if they were the laces and lappets of her cap. We took up our moorings in a moment, and flew out steadily to sea.

We were in great delight with our new "house." She sailed charmingly, lay over on her side in the true yacht attitude, and made the water hiss as she shot through it. We were as compact, as snug, and even elegant as could be conceived. Below were two charming little rooms, perfect boudoirs, one a little saloon for dining. It was full of "lockers" and pigeon-holes for keeping all sorts of things; and it was with particular delight that we discovered, as you went down-stairs, a sort of sliding panel on each side, which unclosed and discovered a large shelf, known to the men as "the sail-room," only think! but which, on an emergency, could be turned into an elegant and commodious sleeping apartment. Dinner on the swing-table was the most charming of meals, and full of slippery excitement.

On the morning of the second day, when there was not much of a breeze, I noticed our skipper seated on the "after" portion of the bowsprit, reading. It was Fanny called my attention to this. Dan was walking up and down contemptuously. From curiosity, I went up to see what book it was, and found it to be The Confessions of B. B. Rudge, Esq., with some of his Letters.

"Why, who on earth is Rudge?" I asked.

Clarke stood up respectfully.

"Rudge, sir," said he, "was a common fire-

man on an engine, who took to drinking and was reclaimed. He tells the whole story there; and afterwards he became not only an apostle of temperance, but a minister, preaching and winning souls to Christ."

"Oh, *that's* what he was," I said, I am afraid with marked disgust in my face; for that sort of thing is well enough ashore, but doesn't fit handy on a sailor. I came and told Fanny.

"Canting creature," said Fanny.

I observed, too, that Dan and he had very little conversation.

That night, about eleven, was a lovely moon-light night. Fanny had just gone down. I went "for'ard"—not forward—towards the "fo'castle," not fore-castle, as the vulgarities and land-lubbers say. I talked with Clarke about the course; we then fell off to other things, and I saw what a good sailor he was. He told me more about B. B. Rudge and himself.

"He did a great deal for me, sir, that man," he said. "You wouldn't have taken me, sir, if you had seen me as Mr. Rudge first saw me." (I was amused at this notion; for as it was, *after* Mr. Rudge had seen him, I was very near *not* taking him.) "You can little conceive, sir, what a wretch I was. Drunken, depraved, abandoned in every sense. It was in a vile drunken quarrel I got *this*, sir," and he pointed to his ugly scar. "It nearly killed me, and I lay for weeks between life and death; until that good and gracious man came and raised me up."

"Of course you mean in the spiritual sense," I said, with a sort of sneer.

"Quite right, sir," he said, calmly. "And I owe to him more than to my father." Then he said, "This was his last voyage that he would make, thanks to his own exertions."

"And to B. B. Rudge?"

"Yes, sir. In fact, he wishes me to join his ministry; and after this voyage there is a young girl who has grace, at Falmouth, where we are now going, who would be content to take her lot with me."

"Is *she* a brand plucked, too?" I could not help asking. But he gave a look of reproach which the scar made savage. "I am only joking," I said, hastily.

"I am sure she is a very good girl, and all that."

Fanny, when I reported this conversation, was in a little rage.

"What an old hypocrite! I am so sorry we shipped him."

"Canting, whining creature," I said; "poor Dan will have a fine time of it."

We got to Falmouth, and went ashore. But the wind suddenly fell, and it looked as if there was to be a change in the weather. We determined to run up to London, which we did. We there met pleasant friends, who insisted on doing us, &c., and so a very pleasant week went by in next to no time. Then we went down to our craft, and found the drum up. It was only a stiff breeze, so we determined to put out to sea at once. But there was a great change in our skipper. Dan was

on board, riotous with spirits, singing and whistling; Clarke was ashore. When he came, we both noticed a great alteration. His composed serenity was gone. He was doggedly moody, and his eyes glared. He did not speak to Dan, who told us that they had had a quarrel ashore. Both Fanny and I remarked this, and I noticed Clarke following Dan with lowering brow and dark suspicious eyes, as he walked past him on the deck. The evening was very fine, the drum was down, and we promised ourselves a charming voyage to Cherbourg, our destination, and then hey for Paris!

Before we started, Fanny had got it all out of Dan. There was a young woman in the case—in fact, *the* young woman at Falmouth, a nice, fresh, gay girl, not at all "serious," though our friend wished to make her so.

"It 'ud have been a pity, marn," said Dan, "to have handed the likes of her over to psalm singing for the rest of her life. And faix I just talked to her a little *quietly*, quietly, and put the come-thur on her, or she put it on herself, but at the end she gave the cowl'd shoulder to my frind Johnny Calvin there! Sorry a hand or part I had in it, wittin'ly, marm, or knowin'ly."

"You did quite right, Dan," said my Fanny, with enthusiasm.

It was on deck when Clarke came to me.

"Don't go for a day or two yet, sir," he said, gloomily. "Take my advice; there is bad weather coming on."

"It don't look much like it," I said, pleasantly.

"I know these things, sir," he said. "There'll be a storm before morning."

"Ah, what are ye talking of," said Dan, laughing. "Don't be *humbuggin'* the masther." There was a twinkle in his eye as he spoke. "D'ye want another sight at little Susan?"

The ferocious look the other gave him shocked me and Fanny. I saw the reason *now*. "We go to-night," I said, firmly; "get up the moorings."

We got out to sea. The night was very fine. It came to ten, eleven, and midnight. Then Fanny went down.

"Well, Clarke," I said, "what d'ye say now?—or have you forgotten Susan by this time?"

There was another black look of ferocity, and his eyes wandering to Dan, who was at the fore-castle—"fo'castle," I mean—looking out, dancing from one foot to the other, and whistling St. Patrick's Day.

"He will have to account to Heaven for what he has done. She was a good girl, and would have made me a good wife, and worked to save souls with me. Now she will be lost and go after vanity. God forgive him."

"In short, *not* plucked from the burning. Now, look here, Clarke; I must speak to you seriously. In the first place, I must ask you to drop that jargon of yours, which is all very well in its way and on shore, but here you know—in short, it don't fit a British seaman."

"I should have thought, sir, with the dangers of the seas, and the heavens, and

the tempests overhead, that a seaman had more need of it than any one. Why, who knows how much we shall want of prayer before the night is done, and this frail plank——"

"Oh, come," I said, "I don't pay my sailors to preach to me. Of course, I don't object to prayer and piety. It depends on the *sincerity*, my friend. You see, I hate cant. Now, I have observed that your heart is full of animosity to that young man there. I see it in your really ferocious looks."

"I dare say, sir," he said, humbly; "and it is what I do feel at moments when the Lord withdraws his strength. I have naturally a vile, wicked temper, full of the most frightful passions. But I wrestle with it, thank the Lord. I forgive him; that is, I try to forgive him. And I struggle with my own vile nature. In a day I shall have all subdued, and look on him as a brother in sin, though he has done me a *cruel* injury—ah, yes, sir, a cruel injury. Do you see that cloud there, sir? There is something coming. We had better get all tight."

I walked away and went to tell Fanny, who was reading in the little cabin to a swinging lamp. "A regular Heep," I said. "A Uriah of the first water. He has been 'swaddling' on a tub there for the last quarter of an hour."

Fanny said, gravely, "I wish we were rid of him. I am sure he is a dangerous man, and may do some mischief."

"I tell you what, Fan," I said, seriously, "I think so too; and when we get to Cherbourg, I shall just speak quietly to him, and look out for another hand, and send him home, Fan."

But now, almost as we were speaking, a gale had arisen, and our little bark, without notice of any kind, had given a sort of vindictive "shy," as if she wanted to "throw" her riders. For a second the sea had become like a mass of black molten iron, and was rolling in huge waves. In another moment we were rushing through the waters with a stiff hissing sound, and every spar and sail cracked and clattered. The sky had grown black also. It seemed as if a thunderbolt was to come on us.

Clarke came to me. "We can stand under but little canvas," he said. "The worst has not come as yet. We shall have the hand of the Almighty strong upon us to-night."

It grew darker and darker, and the storm increased. Our boat was reeling and tumbling, lurching violently, as if she wanted to go down head-foremost, then rocking and rolling from side to side, as if she wished to dash our sides in. Fanny's face appeared above the companion-ladder a little anxious; but still perhaps enjoying the gale. She recollected her own native coast.

"This is not the worst," said Clarke, coming to me again; "not for an hour yet. There will be sad work to-night on the ocean. All the better for men who have clear consciences, and have done no wrong to their fellows;" and by a flash of lightning I saw one of his vindictive glances flash also towards Dan. That young fellow had been doing wonders—climbing to set

free the sail which had got fixed, hanging on like a cat, being here, there, and everywhere, making everything "tight."

"He gives us no jargon," I said to Fanny, who, like a brave girl, was up on deck, "but considers doing his duty the best way of praying."

But "Heep" was right. The worst had not come. Crack! There went a spar and sail, blown through as if it had been so much paper. Great seas came pouring in upon deck; yet Fanny would not go below, though it was next to impossible to keep one's feet securely. At times our bows were half under water. It was an awful night. Suddenly we saw, through the darkness, a faint red light and two other lights.

"A steamer," said Clarke. "We must only keep by her. It will be something; and, unless this is a strong boat——"

I was very near getting out some of my Shakespear in a most indignant burst, and saying to him, "Out upon ye, ye owls! Nothing but songs of death!" but restrained myself. At that moment snap went our jib, with an explosion like that of a small cannon. The two men ran forward to "clear away." There was a great lurch, a half cry from Fanny, who was standing half down on the stairs. I ran to her.

"Oh!" she said, in an agony. "Did you see? Quick—quick! Save him! That wretch! I saw him do it! Oh, poor, poor Dan——"

I knew at once what she meant, and rushed to the bows, where I met Clarke coming to me. I could not see his face.

"Oh!" he said, in a low thick voice. "He is gone—gone overboard, poor wretch—and with all his sins on his head!"

I could not speak for a second.

"Put the vessel about—quick!" I said. "I shall save him."

"Save him!" said he, almost contemptuously. "That is beyond us. The Almighty may do something for him. Why, do you know how far behind the poor wretch is now? I suppose three miles."

"Put her about!" I said, furiously. "This is too infamous!"

"You will sink us!" the villain said. "If we turn a hair's breadth from this course, we are lost!"

"Put her about!" I said. And the boy at the helm did so. But Clarke was right; for, as her head came round, a tremendous sea came tumbling over her with the force of a discharge of stones from a mountain. There was a sound like a smash. I thought we were "gone" at that moment; and for a moment more our little boat was quite stunned. She recovered herself slowly. We found our bulwarks a heap of laths. Uriah was right. We saw it would not do. Poor Dan!

"Go aft," I said to him sternly, but in a voice that trembled.

He did so calmly. Fanny and I held a hurried consultation. Of course, now, nothing could be done until the storm abated, if it *was* to abate for us. We could not do without such help as

he could give us. So, until we reached Cherbourg, if we ever *did* reach it, we should dissemble. This was the only thing to be done; though Fanny was for no such temporising.

"I cannot look or speak to the wretch. To think that we are shut up here with a——"

She covered her face.

I went to him. "What do you think now?"

I said, forcing myself to speak calmly.

"Another hour," he said, "if we pull through *that*, there might be a change. That poor wretch," he went on, "what a judgment! I knew I might leave my case to the Lord. Yet poor Dan, my heart bleeds for him, and I do *repent*——" He stopped. "We should leave our case in the hands of Him who rules the storm. There! I declare, there is a break yonder!"

That long and dreadful night at last came to an end. Morning broke at last. But though the storm broke at last, the wind had not gone down; through the whole day we had to go before it, and were blown on steadily. Clarke was, it must be said, admirable in regulating our vessel. Indeed, we owed our safety to his skill. But Fanny, in the daylight, now kept below. She could not bear to look upon him. It made her shudder to speak of him. We beat about the whole day, and towards evening the wind began to fall, though the waves remained very high; and then we saw land, and a little port with arms stretching out, as if made of basket-work. Clarke came to me.

"Dieppe, sir," he said. "We shall be all safe ashore in half an hour. And let our first thing be to think of thanksgiving to the Almighty, who has literally and truly plucked us this night from the jaws of death!"

I was confounded at the ruffian's coolness. "And poor Dan," I said, with my eye on him, "what had he done that he should not share in this benefit?"

"Ah, sir!" he said, "those are the unseen mysteries. Poor Dan! though he injured me, from my soul I forgive him. I do indeed." And he turned up the whites of his eyes to heaven, with a look of piety that was really appalling.

"As for going ashore," I said, "that shall be seen. You stay in the boat. You mustn't stir. These are my orders, and I *shall* be obeyed;" and I touched a revolver that I had placed in my belt. "I am prepared, you see, to enforce what I wish."

"With all my heart," he said, without the least surprise, and walked forwards very carelessly.

Here was the wicker-work pier at last, with the great mariner's crucifix looking out to sea, and some women in caps and red petticoats. With what delight we saw land again! We got within the wicker-work pier, came round a corner, and saw the little town. There we dropped anchor. As I walked up the wet and battened decks

(our poor little elegant craft was now all beaten, bruised, maimed, and draggled), my eye fell on a black rag lying in a pool of water. I picked it up; it was a black silk handkerchief, now a mere ribbon. It was torn. I put it carefully by. Poor Dan! He had made a struggle: at any rate, it would be some evidence.

There was a boat coming out to us with the custom-house people aboard. So Fanny, fresh and as brilliant as if she had not passed through such a night, called out to me. In another moment she gave a cry. "Look! look!" she said. A deeper voice near said devoutly, "God! God be praised!" I did look, and I declare if there was not our brave fellow Dan standing up in the boat, waving a new glazed French hat!

He had leaped on board in a moment. "Where's Clarke?" he cried.

I caught hold of him. "Restrain yourself," I said. "Justice will——"

He caught Clarke by both hands, which he shook again and again. "You did your best for me, indeed you did; and if that stupid handkerchief had only held, you'd have got me aboard again. You very nigh did it. Ah, sir! He was nigh killed himself. And do you know, Clarke, I was thinkin' all the time, when the wather was pouring in gallons into my mouth, that I had not done so well by you as to desave it."

We listened, wondering. He then told us how he had struggled with the waves, and "had the life all but bate out of him." When he was driven up against the steamer we had near us, he had just strength to give a cry, and they had got him on board with infinite difficulty.

I must say Fanny and I were a little ashamed. However, we had not committed ourselves in any way, except so far as my proceedings with the revolver, which must have seemed a little curious. But we made it up to him in many ways, and Dan made it up to him in his own way; for he never went back to Falmouth again, and in a very short time Dan's residence there and its effects were quite forgotten, and matters came back to the old happy footing. In short, all ended well and happily, and for many years he and Dan sailed with us in that well-known, tight, and excellent sea-boat, The Lively Jenny.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER III. THE SAXELBYS.

MABEL EARNSHAW's mother had married a second time. Her present husband, Mabel's step-father, was a Mr. Saxelby; and by him she had one child, a little boy of three years old. Mr. Saxelby was chief clerk—he said secretary—to the flourishing company which supplied Hammerham with gas. He was a very thoroughly efficient clerk, and had risen to his present position in the company's employ, through various gradations, until he had come to be a very much trusted and influential personage in nearly all their transactions. He earned a good salary, and, some people thought, had saved money; others maintained that he lived fully up to his income. He had met Mrs. Earnshaw—then a very pretty widow—at a Welsh watering-place, some five years before the date of my story. She was living as companion to a very cross and disagreeable old lady, who combined those attributes with remarkably strong and uncompromising low-church views on religion. She tortured poor, meek, weak, pretty Mrs. Earnshaw with her temper, and frightened her with her doctrine. So when Mr. Saxelby—then a staid bachelor of two-and-forty—fell in love with and proposed to her, the poor woman was grateful to him in proportion to the joy she felt at the idea of escaping from her present lot, and accepted him without hesitation. Her little girl was staying with some relatives of her late father. Very little was ever said about these relatives after Mrs. Earnshaw's second marriage; but Mr. Saxelby at once sent for the child, and had her to live in his own house. He behaved well to Mabel on the whole, and was a kind husband to her mother. But between him and his step-daughter much sympathy was impossible. Benjamin Saxelby's character was rigid, his intellect narrow, his education very limited. His was the intolerant ignorance which is so hopeless to deal with, because it can conceive nothing beyond the circumscribed range within its ken, and takes its own horizon for the boundary of the universe. He had a standard of duty, to which—in justice it must be said—

he conscientiously endeavoured to adhere. But unfortunately, this included very few qualities that are calculated to call forth strong attachment. And it was beyond Mr. Saxelby's mental possibilities to perceive that when Mabel's moral measurement failed to coincide accurately with his standard, it was occasionally because she was above, and not below, it. His wife's weaker and more plastic nature accommodated itself more easily to his opinions and prejudices. Besides, all the love of which he was capable was given to her and to her boy. And if there exist any natures in which real love does not awaken an answering affection, Mrs. Saxelby's was not one of them. She was very grateful, very gentle, very humble, and a little selfish, with the soft selfishness that springs from weakness and indolence. Mabel was tenderly attached to her mother, towards whom she assumed at times a sort of protecting air; but she cherished a secret worship for her dead father's memory: crediting him with many more high and noble qualities than he had ever possessed, and clinging passionately to those who belonged to his blood. Mabel had been too young to form any real estimate of her father's character, for he died when she was but six years old. But she had thought of him, and spoken of him, until she persuaded herself that she retained a vivid remembrance of her dead parent.

The Saxelby household was by no means an unhappy one. Mabel had too much sweetness of nature and clearness of mind to grudge her mother the happiness and comfort she derived from her second marriage. And when the baby-brother arrived, she took the little fellow into her warm young heart, and loved him with a rich abundance of sisterly affection. There was one point, and one only, on which Mabel felt any bitterness or resentment towards her step-father, and this point they both tacitly agreed to avoid. The grievance which rankled in Mabel's mind arose from the mode in which she had been withdrawn from the protection of her father's relatives; and the absolute prohibition which Mr. Saxelby commanded his wife to lay on her holding any communication with them, from the time she left their roof for his. Mabel had been a little girl of eleven at the period of her mother's second marriage, and the five years that had since passed had served to obliterate from her mind in a great degree the im-

pressions of the time spent in her aunt's family. Still she preserved an affectionate remembrance of those tabooed relatives, and had made many high, though rather vague, resolves to seek them out, and renew her old loving intercourse with them, at that distant and constantly receding epoch, which I presume we have all of us pictured to ourselves once upon a time, and which Mabel naively characterised as "the time when I shall be able to do as I like."

The Saxelbys' social position in Hammerham was immensely inferior to that of the Charlewoods; and yet the two families were on very intimate terms. Benjamin Saxelby and Luke Charlewood had known each other as men of business for years; Mr. Charlewood being, in fact, one of the principal directors of the gas company, whose shareholders had collectively a right to call Mr. Saxelby their servant. But it was not until after his marriage that the latter had crossed the threshold of Bramley Manor. Augusta Charlewood was just completing her education at the school to which Mabel's step-father sent her, when the little girl arrived there as a new pupil. And Augusta Charlewood had taken a fit of romantic affection for her schoolfellow. (Augusta Charlewood was rather prone to take fits of romantic affection. But it is only fair to add that they did not last long.) However, an invitation given and accepted for Mabel to pass some holiday weeks at Bramley Manor, led to an acquaintance between the Charlewoods and Mabel's mother and step-father. And the Hammerham millionnaires were not long in discovering that, whatever might be said of Mr. Saxelby, his wife bore the unmistakable stamp of gentle breeding; and that the gloss of their spick-and-span gentility ran no risk of being tarnished by her society. Augusta's short-lived enthusiasm for that "dear, sweet, clever Mabel," had cooled very considerably long ago, but the young girl had ingratiated herself thoroughly with all the other members of the family, and was treated almost like a pet child of the house.

"Don't you think Christian charity is a very, very rare thing, Mr. Charlewood? I don't mean charity in giving. *That* is not uncommon. But charity in speaking and thinking?"

She always felt a little shy with Clement Charlewood, of whose judgment and sense she had formed a very high opinion. And then he was habitually so grave and reserved, that she had never been able to become on the same terms of easy intimacy with him as with the rest of the family. She even had an idea that he did not particularly like her, although he was invariably kind and courteous. "I know he looks upon me as a silly little schoolgirl," said Mabel to herself.

"Without going further into your definition of charity, Miss Earnshaw, would you mind telling me, in plain words, what unkind speaking you so resent?"

She coloured deeply, but answered with firmness, "I think it was uncharitable to say that the little girl's soul was in peril only because

her father plays in the orchestra of the theatre. I believe very good people may belong to theatres."

The young man glanced down at the flushed girlish face by his side in undisguised astonishment.

"They *may*, certainly, I suppose," he said, slowly. "But forgive me for remarking that you are too young and too in—inexperienced to know much about it."

"Of course I'm young," said Mabel, making the damaging admission in all humility, "but, for all that, I do believe—I do know, that there are good people in theatres."

They had arrived at her home as she said the words, and, without waiting for a reply, she pushed open the garden gate and ran lightly up the path to the house.

The Saxelbys lived in what the agent, who let it, called a "cottage horny." It was a square low house built of light yellow bricks, with long French windows opening to the ground; and it had a pretty bright space of flower-garden in front, separated from the road by one of the thick neatly clipped box hedges for which the suburbs of Hammerham are famous. There was a wooden verandah, painted a very bright green, running round the house; and a very beautiful jessamine twined round the slender pillars that supported the verandah, and filled the air with the delicate perfume of its creamy star-shaped flowers. At the back there was a long narrow stretch of velvet grass, enclosed between walls covered with fruit-trees. Altogether, Jessamine Cottage, FitzHenry's-road, was a very pleasant peaceful English-looking residence. And Mrs. Saxelby had contrived to give to its interior arrangements an air of elegance which was wanting to the gaudy splendour of Bramley Manor.

Mabel stopped on the threshold of the glass door that gave access to the little entrance hall, and said with her hand on the bell,

"You'll come in and see mamma, Mr. Charlewood?"

He hesitated. But she seemed to take his compliance for granted; for as soon as the neat maid-servant had opened the door, she passed in, saying without turning her head, "This way, please, Mr. Charlewood. Mamma will be in the morning-room, I know."

So Clement followed her, and found himself unannounced in Mrs. Saxelby's presence. That lady was sitting in a small room looking on to the lawn; and the light chintz-patterned muslin dress she wore harmonised perfectly with the freshness and simplicity of her surroundings. The walls of the little sitting-room were covered with a pale brown paper, touched sparingly with gold. The carpet was also light brown; and the window-curtains were of spotless white muslin. There was not an article in the room that could, strictly speaking, be called ornamental, except an abundance of flowers. And yet, as Clement Charlewood paused for an instant at the door, and looked at the sober-tinted room, with its green background seen through

the open window, and the delicate feminine figure that rose quietly to welcome him, he was struck by the beauty and harmony of the picture, and made an involuntary comparison in his mind between it and his mother's drawing-room at Bramley Manor, which was by no means favourable to the latter.

Mrs. Saxelby was a still pretty woman, with a fair smooth skin, and aquiline profile. She held out her hand with a gracious smile in greeting to Clement.

Mabel threw off her bonnet, and, kneeling at her mother's side, began to tell of the accident, and how frightened they had all been at first, and how kindly Mr. Charlewood had given orders for the poor child's comfort. "Oh, mamma," she cried, winding up her somewhat confused recital, "she was such a sweet-looking little creature. I should so like—if I might—to call and ask if I could do anything for her."

"Really," said Clement, quickly, "you mustn't think of it. It wouldn't do at all." Then, checking himself, he turned to Mrs. Saxelby with a half apologetic manner. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Saxelby," he said; "but I assure you the place is not the sort of place for Miss Earnshaw to visit, nor are the people the sort of people for Miss Earnshaw to come in contact with. She could do them no good. I will answer for every necessary care being taken of the little girl."

"Dear Mabel is apt to be a little impulsive," said Mrs. Saxelby, stroking her daughter's hair.

"Mamma, the child's father, Mr. Trescott, is a musician who plays in the orchestra of the theatre," said Mabel, in a low distinct tone.

There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Saxelby's netting had fallen from her hand on to the floor, and had apparently become entangled, for she stooped over it for some seconds without speaking. "How can you persist, Mabel?" she said, still busy with her netting. "You know Mr. Saxelby wouldn't hear of it."

Mabel rose from her knees. "I think it would be right to go and see if I could do the little girl any good," she said, "and I don't suppose, mamma, that *you* think her father must be wicked because he plays in a theatre." With that she locked her lips into a peculiarly scornful curve, which they had a natural capacity for quickly assuming, and walked out of the open French window into the garden without a glance at Clement.

"I'm afraid," he said, following with his eyes the flutter of Mabel's dress as she slowly paced down the long narrow grass-plot—"I'm afraid Miss Earnshaw is a little displeased with me for venturing to oppose her philanthropic intentions."

"Oh, you must not take offence at her manner, Mr. Charlewood. She is but a child. I shall give her a lecture by-and-by."

"Offence! No indeed. I admire the generous feeling that prompts her. But do you know, Mrs. Saxelby, she seems to me to have some particular tenderness for these theatre people."

How singularly unmanageable Mrs. Saxelby's netting was this afternoon! It had again got itself into a condition which necessitated her stooping over it.

Clement lingered a little, hat in hand. "I must be going," he said, with a glance towards the garden. "Will you say good-bye for me to Miss Earnshaw? and," he added with a smile, "beg her not to think me altogether wanting in Christian charity."

But, as he spoke, Mabel returned, and, going up to him, quietly held out her hand. "Good-bye," she said, "and thank you once more."

"Don't thank me, please, but tell me you forgive me."

"I forgive you," she said, with naïve gravity, "because you do not know any better."

"You are tremendously uncompromising, Miss Earnshaw," but I am glad to be forgiven by you on any terms. Good-bye. And trust me the pretty little girl shall be well looked after."

"Mamma," said Mabel, when the sound of Clement Charlewood's footsteps had died away along the quiet road, "don't be angry with me. But I cannot bear to hear those things said without protest. It seems like—like bearing false witness."

Her mother drew the girl's head down, and kissed her silently. The autumn twilight seemed to have filled the room all at once, and she could not see Mabel's face distinctly, but, as she pressed her lips against her child's soft cheek, she felt that it was wet with tears.

CHAPTER IV. NUMBER TWENTY-THREE, NEW BRIDGE-STREET.

"I'm so thirsty."

Poor little Corda Trescott had said these words in a weak plaintive voice four or five times one night before a tall bony woman, who was sitting at the head of the child's bed, roused herself. The woman's gown was dirty, and her sandy hair was rough and unkempt, and she wore it twisted into a meagre wisp, and fastened with a big imitation tortoiseshell comb at the back of her head. She had a glaring red glass brooch at her throat, but no collar; gilt earrings in her ears; and held in her unwashed hands a soiled number of some red-hot romance which was then in course of publication for the sum of one halfpenny weekly.

This was Mrs. Hutchins, the landlady of the house in which the Trescotts lodged, and to whose care the child was necessarily confided during her father's nightly absence at the theatre.

Mr. Hutchins was a hard-working carpenter who earned decent wages. And as they were a childless couple, and as Mrs. Hutchins's domestic duties were consequently not of a nature to absorb her whole time and attention, she was in the habit of letting the two rooms on her first floor and a garret at the top of the house.

More than a week had passed since the accident, and little Corda Trescott was mending

rapidly, though she was still weak and helpless. True to his promise to Mabel, and prompted, besides, by a kindly interest in the child, Clement Charlewood had sent to the house such comforts and delicacies as might reasonably be supposed to be beyond the culinary skill of Mrs. Hutchins, and he had called himself at No. 23, New Bridge-street, when business brought him into the neighbourhood. This was not seldom, for there were busy wharves and counting-houses in close proximity to its squalid dwellings, and not a little of the gold that glittered profusely in the suburban villas of Hammerham was dug out of these dingy mines.

On one or two occasions when Clement paid a hasty visit to the little invalid he had heard from an upper chamber the sound of a violin played with remarkable skill and power. Clement had a great love of music, and some knowledge of it. Hammerham people, indeed, mostly pride themselves on their musical knowledge. He was struck by the unexpected finish of style of the unseen player, and asked Corda if it were her father? But the child had answered, "No. Papa can't play like that, though it was papa who first taught Alfred." Alfred, she explained, was her brother. Alfred was a very clever brother, and she was very fond of Alfred. He had a fine tone; didn't Mr. Charlewood think so? Papa said Alfred had a fine tone. Papa said Alfred ought to make a great player. Only—and here Corda's voice was lowered confidentially, and she looked very serious—only he *wouldn't* practise. Not regularly, that was to say. Sometimes he would take a fit of industry, and practise ten hours a day for a week. But he had promised *her* that he would work steadily, and she was in daily expectation of his beginning to do so in earnest. Did he, then, do nothing for his living? Oh yes; Alfred was engaged sometimes in the orchestra of the theatre when any extra help was required. He was engaged just now, for an opera company was performing at the theatre, and Alfred could take a first violin, whilst papa could only play second. But papa was very clever too. Mr. Charlewood mustn't suppose it was not very difficult indeed to play a good second.

"I'm so thirsty, Mrs. Hutchins."

The little voice came faintly once more out of the poor bed, and the bright feverish eyes looked wistfully at a great earthenware pitcher standing on the mantelpiece.

"Goodness sake, Cordelia," ejaculated Mrs. Hutchins, petulantly, "I hear you. You've said so ten times in a minute." Then glancing at the patient face on the pillow, her heart was softened, and she got up and poured out a mugful of barley-water from the great pitcher. Approaching the bed, she held the mug to the child's lips while she swallowed a deep draught.

"Ah—h—h! That's good, ain't it?" said Mrs. Hutchins, sympathetically drawing a long breath. Then she smoothed the child's hair back from her heated forehead with a not ungentle hand. But Corda shrank from its touch;

for her senses, always delicate in their perceptions, even to fastidiousness, were far from being blunted by illness. And it must be confessed that, without being extraordinarily dainty, one might have taken exception to Mrs. Hutchins's hand. But, fortunately, the good lady perceived nothing of the child's shrinking, by reason of her having plunged again into the perils which encompassed "Rosalba of Naples; or, the Priest, the Page, and the Penitent."

"I wonder," said little Corda, after a pause, restlessly turning her hot head on the pillow, "I wonder what o'clock it is?"

Mrs. Hutchins followed Rosalba of Naples into the "deepest dungeon below the castle keep," and heard the massive doors locked on her with a "fatal clash," before she answered shortly, "Dunno, I'm sure."

"Because papa said he would come straight home after he had done. It's 'Lucia,' to-night. 'Lucia' isn't a long opera. I should think he'd be back by eleven; shouldn't you, Mrs. Hutchins?"

Rosalba, having by this time got her body half way through the narrow loophole looking on to the moat (preparatory to escaping by means of a rope ladder supplied by the page), the situation was too critical to admit of Mrs. Hutchins's having a scrap of attention to spare. So she vaguely murmured, "All right, my dear."

Down in the kitchen a clock was ticking loudly, and some shrill crickets kept up a piercing chorus on the hearth. Black-beetles, fortunately, are silent creatures, or they might have contributed a formidable addition to the noises that fretted the sick child's nerves. Waiting, waiting, waiting! How long the time seemed! Would her father never come home? Suddenly it occurred to her to turn the importunate ticking of the kitchen clock to account. She knew that there were sixty seconds in a minute, and sixty minutes in an hour. She would count the time by the beats of the clock, and that would make it pass quicker. Her father must be home by eleven. She guessed it to be about ten, now. So, she would count for an hour; and at the end of it papa would be here. Tick-tack, tick-tack, one, two, three, four—two, three—one, two—and the small slight fingers that had been tapping on the coverlet relaxed, and were still. The eyelids quivered, drooped, and closed over the lustrous hazel eyes. The breath came regularly from between the parted lips—little Corda was fast asleep.

Almost at the same moment Rosalba succeeded, after various desperate struggles, in wriggling through the loophole, and getting a fair hold of the rope ladder. While she was still "poised with one fairy foot upon its topmost round," the number came to an abrupt termination.

"Lord bless us!" cried Mrs. Hutchins, impatiently, "to think of its leaving off at that there interestin' pint! It's like as if they done it a' purpose."

Laying down the story, she refreshed herself with a copious draught from the earthen pitcher.

"Very good barley-water," said Mrs. Hutchins, "though it might ha' been better for a sup o' sherry in it. I s'pose they dussn't put it, 'cos of fever. Uncommon kind of young Charlewood to be so attentive to Cordelia, and send things a'most every day. I never knowed the family was renounced"—Mrs. Hutchins probably meant renowned—"for troubling themselves too much about other folk's wants. Old Luke's a hard old file. That's about what *he* is."

Mrs. Hutchins pursued her meditations half aloud before an oval looking-glass hanging over the chimney-piece, which so defied all the recognised laws of gravity and perspective in the reflected image of the room which it presented, as to cause an instant sensation of seasickness in any unaccustomed beholder.

"Ah! she's a nice little creetur," Mrs. Hutchins went on, "but spiled. Trescott's too uppish by half. I can't think why them sort of people should give themselves airs. But they mostly do. Young Alfred's the flower of the flock, for *my* money. He do so remind me of Sir Leonardo Gonzaga of the Sable Plume. Just the pictur of Leonardo he is, accordin' to my fancy. Only he's younger, and his hair ain't quite coal-black; and he don't flash so continual with his eyes, as Leonardo do."

Mrs. Hutchins was beginning to doze, with her arms folded on the table, and her hair in dangerous proximity to the flame of the candle, when the turning of a latch-key in the house door, and the sound of voices, roused her. She jumped up with a start, and hurried down-stairs, arriving in the kitchen as Mr. Trescott and his son, a lad of eighteen, entered it. Each carried in his hand one of those queer coffin-shaped boxes known as violin cases. The dress of both was poor. But while the father's attire made no pretence of smartness, but expressed a sort of resigned and conscious shabbiness, the son's was indicative in twenty ways of an attempt at fashion and rakishness. Alfred Trescott was a remarkably handsome young fellow. His hair was allowed to grow long, and was put carelessly behind his ears, in foreign fashion. His pale face and regular features were illumined by a pair of magnificent dark eyes, shaded by long lashes that many a reigning belle might have envied. These eyelashes gave a look of almost feminine softness to the eyes beneath them. But when you met their gaze full—which was not often, for they shifted restlessly from moment to moment—you perceived that there was nothing soft in the expression of the eyes themselves, but, on the contrary, a sinister watchful look, that seemed to hint at mingled ferocity and deceit.

"How's Corda?" asked Mr. Trescott, limping into the kitchen.

"Ah, how's the poor little kid?" said Alfred.

"Well, she's asleep now, Mr. Trescott. I've a' been with her all the blessed evening," said

Mrs. Hutchins, assuming (somewhat unnecessarily) an air of fatigue and exhaustion. "And Hutchins, he's been in bed these two hours. So be so good as not to make no more noise than you can help on going up-stairs, Mr. Alfred; for Hutchins he has to be up at his work by five to-morrow, and if he don't get his rest reg'lar he's good for nothing."

"All serene, Mrs. H.," rejoined Alfred, carelessly; and he proceeded to strike a match wherewith to light a short scientifically blackened pipe, which he drew from his pocket.

"Alf," said his father, speaking in jerks, and with a nervous twitching manner, "I wish you wouldn't smoke now; your tobacco is fearfully strong, and the smell of it penetrates all through the house. I know Corda doesn't like it, and I don't believe it's good for her."

"Does she say so?" asked Alf, poking out, with the unburnt end of his lucifer-match, a straggling black-beetle left behind by its retreating comrades in a chink of the hearth-stone.

"Say so? Of course not. What does she ever say, with herself for its subject? But you might have a little consideration for her in her feverish state, without her entreating it."

"Ah!" returned the young man, coolly taking a long slow pull at the black pipe, "just so. Only, you have heard from Mrs. H. that Corda is fast asleep; consequently, sir, this baccy will please me and do her no harm."

While Mrs. Hutchins spread the supper-table in the untidy kitchen, setting forth cold meat, bread, and beer, Mr. Trescott took a candle and stole softly up-stairs to the room where Corda lay still sleeping. Shading the light with his hand, he stood by the bedside, and watched for a minute or two the sweet delicate face flushed with slumber, and the gold-brown curls tossed in disorder over the coarse pillow. Some sense of her father's silent presence must have awakened the child, for though he neither spoke nor moved, she opened her eyes, and held out her arms to embrace him with a little gasp of pleasure.

"Papa!"

"My pet," said Mr. Trescott, "I have disturbed you."

"No, papa. I haven't been asleep a single minute. I was counting the clock, and that made me drowsy."

"Counting the clock, Corda?"

Mr. Trescott's face twitched as with some painful thought, and he limped uneasily once or twice up and down the room. "I'm afraid, my little one," he said, coming back to the bed, "I am terribly afraid that you are unhappy whilst I am out. What can I do, Corda? I *must* go."

"I know, papa."

"Isn't that woman kind and attentive to you when I am away?"

"Quite kind, papa. She gives me a drink, and moves me in bed whenever I ask her. I don't want her to talk to me. It don't amuse me, papa. I would rather lie and think."

"Well, don't think, but sleep now, Corda. You'll soon be strong again, and able to go out with me."

"Does—does Alf know I'm awake?" asked the child, wistfully.

"I think not, my darling. Mrs. Hutchins said you were asleep when we came in."

"Do you think he would mind coming to kiss me and say 'good night,' if he did know I was awake, papa?"

Mr. Trescott went to the head of the stairs and called to his son. "Your sister wants to say good night to you."

After a minute's pause, Alfred, muttering something which perhaps it was as well that the pipe between his teeth rendered unintelligible, came slowly up the stairs.

"Well, young 'un," he said, bending over his sister, "what's the latest intelligence? How are the breakages progressing?"

"Oh, my bone's coming all mended, Alf. Mr. Brett said so," answered Corda, smiling up into his face. Then, as he stooped to kiss her, the strong odour of the tobacco made her turn her head away with a little choking cough.

"What the deuce is up now?" asked Alfred, dropping the hand she had put into his.

"I couldn't help coughing a little, Alf dear. You smell of smoke so."

"It's a way I have, child, when I've been smoking. That's not a very brilliant discovery of yours."

He spoke in a dry sullen tone, and was turning to go, when his sister caught his sleeve and drew him to her.

"I know you can't help it, dear. And I don't mind it a bit, generally. Not a bit," she added, with a quiet old-fashioned air of experienced wisdom, "except when you do it too much for your health. Excess—si—sive" (Corda found the long word a little unmanageable, but surmounted the difficulty with dignity), "excessive smoking is very injurious indeed to young people, Mr. Brett says."

Alfred's ill humour was not proof against the child's caressing touch, nor the earnest loving look in the clear eyes she raised to his.

"Mr. Brett's an old woman," he replied, with a laugh. "You may tell him I say so. There, there! Never mind. Don't look shocked! As to you, you're an old woman too—the most respectably venerable party going—and I'll turn over your words of wisdom in my mind. Good night, pussy-cat!"

"Thank you, Alf dear!" returned Corda. For pussy-cat was her brother's highest term of endearment. She listened to the retreating footsteps of her father and brother as they resounded on the uncarpeted stairs, and turned her head on her pillow to sleep, with a grateful smile on her face.

"The young 'un's getting on like a house a-fire," said Alfred, when he and his father were seated at their supper, and Mrs. Hutchins had retired to bed. "It won't be long now before she's all right again."

"I don't know," returned his father. "I

don't know. She's delicate, and will need care for a long time to come. Still, she is much better, certainly."

"It's been a jolly expensive game, this," remarked Alfred. "I hope she don't mean to get run over often."

"Good God, Alfred!" ejaculated Mr. Trescott. "Why do you talk in that way? I suppose you do, in your heart, care for your sister!"

"Care for her? You know I care for her. She's a first-rate little article is poor pussy-cat. All the same, I take the liberty of repeating that this accident has been a jolly expensive game."

"Mr. Charlewood has made himself responsible for the doctor's bill," said Trescott, contemplating the dirty tablecloth, and crumbling a piece of bread in his fingers.

"Damn Mr. Charlewood," said Alfred, fiercely. "What the devil should we take his charity for? A purse-proud upstart. I'm sick of Mr. Charlewood."

"Charity? Who spoke of charity? He says he considers himself responsible, and so do I. If any serious injury had happened to Corda I'd have made him smart for it."

"Bosh!" responded the son, briefly.

"What I say may or may not be bosh, but I'll tell you what *is* bosh, and that is your giving yourself airs to Charlewood whenever you come across him. I know, as well as you do, that he's like all these Hammerham people—that he thinks money is the be-all and the end-all of creation—and that he has no more notion of the respect due to Art and Artists than one of his father's navvies. But he has been kind—yes, he *has* been kind—to Corda, and why quarrel with him?"

"I don't want to quarrel with him," said the young man, rising and taking up a tin candlestick, wherein about an inch of attenuated tallow candle was embedded in a thick roll of newspaper. "I don't want to, and I don't mean to quarrel with him, if he keeps a civil tongue in his head. But let him beware of such impertinent nonsense as inquiring if I'm industrious—faugh!—and if I mean to follow music as a profession, and if I wouldn't like some regular employment. He shall not come the high and mighty over me, a confounded hodman!"

Forgetful or unmindful of Mrs. Hutchins's caution, Alfred Trescott tramped noisily up to his bedchamber at the top of the house, where the deep snores of Mr. Hutchins in the adjoining room would have sufficed to assure him (had he felt any anxiety on the subject) that his landlord was enjoying that repose which awaits the just man, especially after twelve hours' hard work.

Mr. Trescott sat for nearly an hour brooding by himself in the dreary kitchen. He did not utter his cogitations aloud; but the latter portion of them, put into words, might have run somewhat after this fashion: "I cannot think who it is that young girl reminds me of. Her face was familiar to me when I first saw her

in the carriage; and to-day, when she saw me in the street, and stopped me to ask how Corda was, I could not get rid of the impression that I had known her long ago. Well, it don't much matter. It's pretty clear I never *have* seen her. As to long ago, why, she wasn't born long ago."

And then Mr. Treseott also betook himself to his rest, and Number Twenty-three, New Bridge-street, Hammerham, was wrapped in slumber.

IN A FRENCH BARRACK-YARD.

FRENCH regiments do not consist, as most of ours do, of one battalion from seven hundred to nine hundred strong; but of three battalions, each of which is divided into eight companies, having a complete organisation in itself. The cadre, or staff, of each company never varies. It consists of a captain, a lieutenant, a sub-lieutenant, a sergeant-major, four sergeants, and four corporals. But the strength of the company itself depends upon circumstances. The weakest companies which existed in the days of Louis Philippe, numbered as low as fifty-six; the companies were strongest during the Crimean war; when, at one time, they numbered two hundred men each. Thus a French regiment is elastic, and may be increased or diminished in strength without any augmentation of officers in the first case, or placing of them upon half-pay in the second, as we are obliged to do in the English army. A regiment which I saw much of, numbered about one hundred men in every company, so that each battalion was eight hundred strong; and the three battalions formed a regiment of two thousand four hundred men, quite a force of itself, and fully equal in numbers to a brigade of infantry in the English army.

This, the French, formation of regiments is superior to our plan of having every battalion a distinct corps, and is more economical to the public. These three battalions had for their field-officers one colonel, who commanded, and was responsible for the whole regiment; one lieutenant-colonel, who, as the name of his rank implies, took the place of the colonel in the absence of the latter, and assisted him in every way—the chief's other self. Below these there were the three commandants, or chefs de bataillon—whom we call majors—each having the entire supervision and command of his own battalion, and responsible to the colonel for its discipline, just as each captain commanded and was entirely responsible for the discipline of his company. This was the number of field-officers required for a regiment of two thousand four hundred men, which might have been augmented in time of need to four thousand, without any increase of officers. In the English army, instead of one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, and three majors, we require, for three battalions, three colonels,* three lieutenant-colonels, and six

majors; so that in an army of one hundred and fifty thousand or two hundred thousand men, the expenses of our system is very much greater than those of the French. Our infantry of the line consists of about a hundred and forty battalions. The field-officers of this force comprise a hundred and forty colonels, the same number of lieutenant-colonels, and two hundred and eighty majors. But if our regiments were increased, or amalgamated into corps of three battalions each, we should require only about forty-seven colonels, the same number of lieutenant-colonels, and a hundred and forty majors; saving the pay and allowances of nearly two-thirds of the colonels, the same number of lieutenant-colonels, and of half the majors we now employ, to say nothing of two-thirds of our paymasters, quartermasters, and regimental bands. It is therefore not to be wondered at if, as I brought to public notice in this periodical some years ago,* the French pay half a million sterling less than we do, for four times our number of men and seven times our number of horses.

The French have some corps which consist of a single battalion. The Chasseurs à Pied and the Chasseurs Indigènes, or Turcos, are thought to be more handy in small than in large bodies. But they have neither colonels nor lieutenant-colonels. They are not called regiments, but battalions, and have but a single chief de battalion, or major, to command them. With us they would each have a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and two majors—four field-officers.

This mode of forming regiments keeps in readiness, always fit for duty, a much larger body of men movable at a moment's notice. Every military man must know how much quicker and easier—with how very much less pen, ink, and paper—say ninety men, under one captain, and belonging to one company, can be moved than three detachments of thirty men each, from three distinct corps, and under three different officers. It is the same with larger bodies of men. The deputy adjutant-general or the deputy quartermaster-general of any military district could move a battalion of nine hundred men with about a third of the trouble than it would take to get three detachments of three hundred men each, from three different corps, under way. The reason is obvious to all who have served. In the same battalion, or regiment, the men are under the same command, are governed by the same discipline, and have but one leader to look to. The French therefore make their corps as large as is consistent with the supervision of the one superior officer, the colonel of the regiment. In the field, the advantages of their system over ours are immense. If we wanted, say, two thousand five hundred men to go on service, we should have to club together three distinct corps, form them into a brigade, appoint a brigadier-general, a brigade-major, and make sundry other temporary appointments. The three regiments may be

* In our army the colonel's office is a sinecure, with heavy pay.

* See MILITARY MISMANAGEMENT, vol. x., page 352.

individually excellent in their respective ways, but they take time to work together as one brigade. But the French have this done to their hand. When one of their regiments goes on service, it is as complete as an English brigade; and although as handy as a battalion, it has the strength of three battalions. On some occasions, when a French regiment goes abroad, the companies of the two first battalions are made as strong as possible, and the third battalion, with all the weakly men, remains at home under its own major, and serves as a *dépôt*. This great advantage does away at once with the whole system of *dépôt* battalions, which have proved very expensive in our army.

Our neighbours hold that an officer, although an excellent captain, may be unsuited for the work of major; the more so, as, with them, an officer of the latter rank has real and defined duties, which is not the case in our army. In the same way, a very good major may not have the qualities requisite to be a lieutenant-colonel; or an excellent officer of the latter rank may be wanting in what is looked for from the colonel of a corps. That their plan works well, I am quite convinced from all I saw. The colonels of their regiments have very great power, and very little—if any—interference from the higher authorities. The colonel of a French regiment is supreme over the discipline of his men. He can, under certain rules, make and unmake the non-commissioned officers, according to his own will, without the intervention of any court-martial; and he can put any officer under arrest, as a punishment, for a period extending from ten days to a month. In fact, in his whole power of managing his corps, he is like nothing so much as the captain of an English line-of-battle ship. French soldiers always struck me as having a great deal of affinity to English sailors. They are exceedingly strict on duty; but, once the rifle is put aside, they are treated more like rational beings, and less like grown-up children, than our soldiers are. They are taught to depend more upon themselves, and so long as they are clean in their barracks-rooms and persons, and the cooking of their food goes on properly, their officers do not worry them with petty details of discipline, such as buttoned up jackets for dinner, and the like.

I was anxious to find out how the French system of promotion worked, and was invited to be present at the examination of some four or five private soldiers who were candidates for the rank of corporal. Two corporals in the corps had been promoted, and a competitive examination was to take place among those anxious for promotion. I was told that any soldier who has passed through his drill, and has become what, in the English army, we term "a duty man," may put his name down as a candidate for the rank of corporal; from those who have been longest down on the list the colonel selects those who may compete at the examination whenever a vacancy occurs. These candidates must have

a certificate from the superintendent of the regimental school—who is a subaltern officer of the regiment, but whose promotion goes on all the same—that they can read well, write a good hand, write from dictation, and that they are acquainted with arithmetic up to the rule of three included. The examination, which takes place before the colonel, is very strict indeed, but is purely professional. From the way of making the soldiers' soup, up to what a corporal should do in action if all his superiors should happen to be killed, no subject whatever is left untouched upon. French officers say that, the examination for the rank of corporal once passed, subsequent promotion to a commission is simply a question of time. Of this I am certain:—that among the many English subalterns I have known during my fifteen years' military career in our own service, there is not one who could answer all the questions put to the corporals whom I saw examined, as well as even the unsuccessful candidates did. Touching the providing of food, the cooking of food; the manner in which, under various imaginary circumstances, the corporal or other leader of a party should behave on picket, upon advanced or rear guard, before an enemy; the best way of keeping the enemy at bay until the main body of the troops could be alarmed; the most handy makeshifts in mending clothes, boots, pouches, belts, and other articles of military equipment in the field; the embarkation and disembarkation of troops, and the packing of arms when soldiers proceed on ship-board for foreign service; I say, touching all these various topics, the intelligence displayed by these young men, and the evidence which their words and manner gave that they belonged to the higher ranks of life, surprised me. Their self-respect, the pride they took in their profession, their anxiety to attain the first step in the ladder of promotion, were most remarkable. There are, of course, many inferior men in the ranks of the French army, but I was told that what I may call the intelligent class numbered not less than from ten to fifteen per cent of the whole barrack-room. No wonder that the expression "common soldier" has no equivalent in the French idiom. Of the five or six who were examined, the colonel of the regiment told me he would promulgate in the next day's order of the day the names of the two successful candidates; but, as he said, laughing, "they all do so well, that I am generally puzzled as to whom to award the prize of promotion. However, as the unsuccessful are allowed to compete again, and as often as they like, they generally end by obtaining the coveted stripes on their arms, sooner or later." In the French army there are no "acting" or "lance" sergeants or corporals, as is the case in our service; a soldier is *bon à fide* of the rank he works in. From corporal upwards there is no examination. To the rank of sergeants, the colonel promotes by choice, or selection. The period which the candidates for promotion passes as a corporal is considered quite sufficient test of his capability

ties and steadiness. As I said before, the colonel who promotes has full power to disrate any one of the non-commissioned ranks. I was shown in this very regiment a young man of title who had entered the ranks as a private soldier, who had been promoted to be corporal, and who was subsequently disrated for riotous conduct in the town where his regiment was quartered. Having shown some signs of amendment, he had been promoted a second time to the rank of corporal, and was now sergeant-major of a company, hoping and fully expecting advancement to the epaulet of sub-lieutenant before very long.

We have an idea in England—and I confess that, until I became better acquainted with the subject, I was under the same erroneous impression—that in the French army nearly all the men are taken by conscription, and that those who volunteer to enter the ranks, or who, having served their seven years, re-enter, are very few indeed. This is a great mistake. My friend, the captain of the regiment which I became so well acquainted with, informed me that nearly thirty per cent of their men were volunteers, and that nearly all those who rose from the ranks to the grade of officer, as well as still larger proportions of the more educated classes who joined them, were men who have enlisted voluntarily, and not by conscription. In what we would call “the crack” regiments, the proportion is still greater. The *Zouaves* and *Chasseurs à Pied* have nearly fifty per cent of volunteers in their ranks; consequently a great number of the officers of all the French army have begun their military lives in the ranks of these corps. But the term volunteer is not meant exclusively to apply to those who enlist at first of their own free will without waiting for the conscription. A soldier who has been drawn in the conscription, and who, after his first seven years are over, volunteers to enlist again, is also called a volunteer. The volunteers are distinguished by worsted stripes worn on the sleeves of their coats, something like what are called “good-conduct marks” in our army. A soldier who has merely been drawn at the conscription wears no badge of this kind; but if, after he has served seven years, he volunteer for a second similar period, he wears two of these marks; if he remain after a second seven years, either a private or a non-commissioned officer, he wears three, and so on. On the other hand, any man who by voluntary enlistment enters the service, wears one badge during the first, and two during the second seven years. I was told that in the days when Louis Philippe was king, and when the French army was not so much looked after as it has been under the Second Empire, there was no particular care taken to keep men in the army after their first seven years, and the consequence was that there were very few indeed of these men throughout the service. But, from the first days of his Presidency until now, Louis Napoleon has shown great anxiety to preserve all the best

soldiers round the standards, and in every rank advantages of some sort or other have been offered them. Thus, when an individual who has been drawn at the conscription, but does not wish to serve, wants to procure a substitute, he cannot, as he formerly could, look out for a man willing to take his place and make his own bargain with him; nor are private offices at which substitutes are provided, allowed to exist. Whoever has been drawn for the conscription, and does not wish to serve, must go to a certain department of the War Office, and there deposit a thousand francs: a sum equivalent to forty pounds sterling. For this money the government undertakes to furnish a substitute, and does so by offering the money to the men who have already served seven years, and have not, generally from want of education, and often from an inclination to break out in drinking sprees (*faire la noce*, as they term it), obtained promotion to the rank of corporal. To such men a bounty of forty pounds is a small fortune, and this, with four sous (twopence) a day increased pay, the privilege of wearing two badges on his sleeve, and the conventional respect shown to a soldier in his second term of service, generally induces the best of them to remain another seven years in his corps. This plan has greatly increased the efficiency of the French army. As there are every year numbers of persons drawn in the conscription who do not want to serve, and as there are always many men whose term of seven years has expired, the government get their pick of the latter; it is now so managed that every time-expired man, who has not been promoted to the rank of corporal, and who is willing to remain in the service, can get the forty pounds bounty if his colonel's report of his conduct be favourable. If he be a good soldier, the authorities are glad to take him at this price; if he be a bad one, they can at once get rid of him. And thus it is that the proportion of old soldiers has very much increased in the French army, as compared with the men in their first term of service.

From among the captains of a regiment a French colonel must be chosen for the rank of major, or commandant. From the latter he must have been picked out for the grade of lieutenant-colonel; and it is only if he perform the duties of the latter position to the perfect satisfaction of his superiors that he is promoted to the command of a regiment. How these selections are made, or rather in what way the war minister obtains full and true reports of the qualifications of officers, I shall show after a while; for the present I have to note how from the rank of corporal the soldier is promoted to the rank of sergeant, and through the non-commissioned ranks.

In the French army the corporals are responsible for all that takes place in the barracks-rooms, and for the general conduct of the men belonging to the squad he commands, when off duty. The sergeants and sergeant-majors interfere very little with what takes place inside the rooms; the officers not at

all. The latter, as is the case in our regiments of Foot Guards—which corps are always held up as worthy of imitation by the rest of our army—do not live in barracks. One subaltern officer of each company has to attend the morning roll-call of the men, and to make his report to the captain of the day : of these captains there is one on duty in each battalion. He has also to see the distribution of provisions for the company ; but the cooking of them is left to the care of the corporals of squads, who dine with the men, and are held responsible for the cookery. The sergeants are responsible for the clothes, arms, and accoutrements of their respective squads ; and the sergeant-major of the company has to draw the daily pay, and distribute it to the company, under the supervision of the captain. There is no paymaster, properly so called, in a French regiment. The duties of paying officer—officier payeur—are discharged by a subaltern selected for the purpose, whose rank and promotion go on in the regular list, just as in our service the adjutant rises among the subalterns. This officer has no risk, and, although a good deal of trouble, hardly any responsibility. The month's pay for the regiment is received from the pay-office of the district, and placed in the military chest, of which there are three keys : one kept by the colonel, one by the lieutenant-colonel, and one by the officier payeur. Each officer's gross pay is made over to him monthly, and all deductions—which are very few in the French army—he must make himself. The net pay for the men of each company is given out every third day to the captain of the company, and by him immediately paid over to the men he commands. Thus all the complicated machinery of regimental paymasters, regimental agents, regimental accounts, band funds, mess funds, and the like, have no existence whatever with our neighbours. Above all, those most lamentable cases of fraud and deficiencies in accounts, which are by no means unfrequent in our service, are never heard of in the French army. Who, having served ten years in the English army, could not tell some sad tale respecting paymasters or pay-sergeants, for whom the temptation of handling such enormous sums as are kept at their disposal has proved too great ? In a cavalry regiment in which I served some years in India, I have known as much as sixty or seventy thousand rupees (six thousand or seven thousand pounds) in hard coin in the regimental chest at a time, belonging to various regimental funds ; and for a troop sergeant-major to have four hundred or five hundred rupees (forty or fifty pounds) in his hands at a time was by no means an uncommon circumstance. In *that* corps there was never any dishonesty among either commissioned or non-commissioned officers ; but is it always so ? The London Guarantee Society could reply in the negative, I believe. One case in an infantry regiment then serving in India I knew of. The paymaster of the corps was taken ill, and was obliged to go to England for his health. There was an old lieutenant who had been very unfortunate

in his promotion, not being able to purchase, and who was a very great friend of the paymaster. The latter obtained leave for the old lieutenant to act as his locum tenens during the two years he was to be absent, on his (the paymaster's) responsibility. The regimental funds in the paymaster's hands were very large indeed, but I do not remember the exact amount. What did the acting paymaster, as soon as ever he got command of these, but *lend out the money on interest to the native shroffs or bankers of the place*, at very high rates of interest ! Fortunately the speculation turned out well, and the capital was all returned, as well as the interest paid. If it had been otherwise, where would the paymaster and his guaranties have been ? As it was, the acting paymaster made enough money in two years to purchase his company, his majority, and his lieutenant-colonelcy, and died some years later a major-general. I believe his case is by no means an uncommon one in India. Sometimes the money is not lent out at interest, but is borrowed for racing, gambling, or the like ; and then come courts-martial, and scandals innumerable. In the French army all this is next to impossible ; for, unless the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and the officier payeur, be in collusion, not a single franc can be taken from the chest without immediate discovery. Even if they were agreed together to rob the government, the fraud would be discovered at the end of a month ; for, every thirty days, an officer of the district pay-office visits each corps, verifies in a couple of hours all the very few and very simple accounts of the past month, and then supplies the funds for the coming month. Surely this is better than our complicated system.

THE INNER WITNESS.

SIMPLICITY and sublimity go hand in hand. It need not therefore surprise us to observe how, in instances where every device suggestible by human ingenuity has failed, some sudden, quiet appeal to conscience or to nature has resolved the most perplexing mystery. There are cases within every one's recollection in which all other means of arriving at the subtly hidden truth were, almost to demonstration, exhausted. All must remember questions so encumbered with conflicting testimony—so clothed with deeper darkness through the craft of paid advocacy—that they had to be dismissed from earthly tribunals to abide the fiat of the Judge who never errs, before whom the inner witness, so mute, so reticent here, speaks out unbidden.

Whether the machinery of modern law, constructed, as it apparently is, with the view of rendering as difficult as possible any appeal to conscience, be wholly sound in principle, it does not enter into our purpose to discuss. It is impossible, however, not to admire the results such appeals have produced ; and the drawing these, or some of them, into juxtaposition with the issues of modern inquiry, may be neither uninteresting nor uninstructional.

At the head of these may be placed (taking them in their order of time) the three great examples—too familiar to need more than mention—the judgment of Solomon, that of Daniel (not to be confounded with the prophet) in the case of Susannah, and that of the Saviour in regard to the woman taken in adultery. This was the crowning instance. It needed more than man to avert from a criminal thus convicted her merited doom. He called the “inner witness” to her aid; and, as she went forth—it is to be hoped, indeed, “to sin no more”—one feels that the calm sorrowful majesty of that forgiveness must have been more heart-piercing than the severest sentence of the law.

Analogous to such appeals are those addressed to another deeply rooted sentiment—the sense of shame. A wise self-knowledge prompted the warlike Spartans to substitute for city walls and bulwarks, the arms and courage of their citizens. Cowardice, in that age one of the worst of crimes, was visited with a punishment seemingly slight, in reality terrible. It was pronounced degrading to seek alliance with one who had proved recreant. He was compelled to wear garments of a particular hue; his beard was shaven on one side only; and any one meeting him in a public path was at liberty to strike him, without suffering retort in act or word.

After Leuctra, where the Spartans were defeated by the Thebans under Epaminondas, a curious difficulty arose. So large a part of the Spartan force had participated in a disgraceful flight, that the Ephori—those noble upright magistrates who held with an equal hand the balance between kingly power and popular liberty—were at a loss how to deal with so vast a body of offenders. In their perplexity they referred the matter to Agesilas, who decreed for the integrity of the law, but added that it should be regarded as having “slept” on the day of Leuctra, to awake with renewed vigour and vigilance on the morrow! By this clever “dodge” the law was vindicated and the self-respect of the twenty thousand runaways preserved.

Zealeucus, the Locrian, seems to have been another student of human nature. He enacted that an adulterer should lose both eyes. Among the first transgressors was his own son. Zealeucus condemned him, but requested and obtained permission to save one of his son's eyes at the cost of one of his own. What adulterous Locrian, after that, could look in his judge's disfigured face and seek remission?

It was Zealeucus who ordained that any one who proposed to change a law should appear with a rope round his neck, prepared to be strangled where he stood, in the event of his amendment not being carried. The revival of this ancient custom would lend a sensational interest to the legal debates of our own time.

Some of the decrees of Zealeucus, though wise, were mild, not to say joecose. We have called him a close student of human nature, and he certainly had unexpected ways of arriving at its inner sanctuaries. His citizens—the ladies especially—were becoming too luxurious. He was urged to follow the example of neighbour-

ing states, and exact penalties against excessive show. These, he saw, had not always answered their end. Fines and confiscations might be defied, because they carried with them no element of shame. He adopted a different course. He decreed that no woman of condition should appear in public with more than one attendant, unless she were *drunk*. That she should not quit the city at night, unless for the purpose of keeping a secret assignation. That she should wear no gold spangles nor embroidery on her garments, unless it were her intention to lead an abandoned life. Following this principle, Henry the Fourth of France issued an edict limiting the use of hair-nets to women of shameless life, “such” (it was added) “being below our legislative care.”

The Locrian dandies of the day were forbidden to sport jewellery, or wear the costly stuffs of Miletus, unless bound for some resort of vice and infamy.

By the agency of these wise yet gentle laws Zealeucus succeeded in establishing modesty for licence, virtue for immorality, simplicity for luxury and the corrupt manners which invariably follow in its train.

A curious escape from a judicial difficulty was that resorted to by the Areopagus, to which renowned tribunal Dolabella, when pro-consul of Asia, referred a question he found himself unable to decide: A Smyrniote woman was accused before him of the murder of her husband, in revenge for the latter's having slain a son of hers by a former marriage. Here was a dilemma. He could not acquit a convicted murderess, and yet shrink from condemning a mother whom love for her offspring had betrayed into crime. The laws allowed no mitigated penalties. He sent the case to the Areopagus, who, equally perplexed, tided over the difficulty by directing the criminal to come up for judgment in—one hundred years. The Emperor Claudius, who was certainly no Solomon, nevertheless pronounced a judgment which might bear a parallel with that of the wise king. A mother who disavowed her son was cited by the latter before the imperial seat. The evidence proved conflicting. Claudius cut the Gordian knot by ordering the woman to *marry* the young complainant. This unexpected decree awoke the inner witness. The mother confessed her son.

Pedro the-Cruel's judgment in the case of a tiler, is deserving of remembrance. While pursuing his calling on the roof of a lofty mansion, the man lost his balance, and, after clinging some agonised moments to a slight projection, let go his hold, and fell into the street. As fate would have it, he dropped plump upon an individual unluckier than himself, who was passing at that inopportune moment, and was killed on the spot: the tiler himself sustaining no serious injury. The son of the man who was killed commenced a process against him who had fallen: and the case was brought before the king, who decreed that the tiler should be absolved from all demands. Leave, however, was reserved for the plaintiff, if he pleased, to jump from an elevation equal to that from which

the defendant had fallen: the latter being first placed below in a convenient position to break the other's fall. The proposal was declined.

The story of Shylock and Antonio seems to date from the age of Amurath the First. A Turk lent a Christian trader one hundred crowns, on the condition that if the debt were not paid at a certain period, the defaulter should forfeit two ounces of flesh. This was in strict conformity with the Turkish maxim, "Qui non solvit in ære, solvat in cute;" which may be briefly rendered, "Money, or skin." The debtor failed. The Moslem Shylock stuck to his bond. Amurath decreed that he might exact the penalty; but with the understanding that, if he took an atom more or less than his due, he should suffer in a similar manner. No vexatious stipulations were made, as at Venice, about the "blood."

Charles the Fifth appealed successfully to the inner testimony, in the case of two ladies of quality, who, after much disputing, applied to the king as to which should take precedence of the other.

"The sillier," decided his majesty.

The judgments of the Duke d'Ossuna might have suggested to Cervantes the never-to-be-forgotten decisions of Sancho Panza, during his brief but brilliant rule at Barataria: On the occasion of a grand fête, the duke went on board one of the galleys, with the humane purpose of releasing a prisoner, in honour of the day. Approaching the first bench, to which six of the unfortunate convicts were chained, he questioned the nearest as to his crime. The man demurely replied that he was entirely innocent of crime, but found his consolation in the reflection that the Almighty dispenser of events supplied him with the patience his case required. Number Two declared that the machinations of his personal enemies alone had brought him to the oar. Number Three took a mere legal objection. He had not enjoyed the full formality of a trial. Number Four's case was particularly hard. The lord of his village had corrupted his wife, and, to get rid of him, suborned false testimony. Number Five had been accused of theft. Of that, however, he was completely innocent, and, were the whole village (that of Somma) fortunately present, they would prove it in the most triumphant manner. Number Six, who had enjoyed the opportunity of observing that none of these little explanations had entirely satisfied the duke, adopted a different course. "Your excellency," he replied, "I am from Naples. It is a large city; but, upon my faith, I do not believe its walls enclosed a greater rascal than I. Justice has dealt leniently with such a wretch, in condemning him only to the galleys." The duke smiled. "Take this scoundrel instantly from the bench," he said. "He is enough to corrupt a whole galley of such innocent men as those beside him! Give him ten crowns to buy some clothes; and see, you rascal," he added, "that you reform your ways. As for these other worthy but unfortunate gentlemen, they will, I am sure, return me their thanks for ridding them of a fellow who might have corrupted even them."

The rumour of this incident spread rapidly in convict circles, and when, two days later, the duke paid a similar visit to another galley, and addressed his accustomed questions to the crew, the amount of self-accusation was perfectly appalling! Not a man but, by his own account, merited either the gibbet or the wheel. The duke was moved, as well he might be, by their terrible revelations. "It is strange," he said, "to find so many souls capable of such diabolical wickedness! Their punishment is the only public safety. To release these three hundred miscreants were to turn loose in the ripe corn-fields as many foxes, with firebrands at their tails. Give every man of them a heavier chain." One alone made answer. He was an apostate monk. "The fetters of a convent," he remarked, "were more galling than those of the galleys."

"Strike off this fellow's chain," said the duke. "Send him back to the slavery he finds the worst."

This duke was a humorist. An old merchant of Naples, named Morelli, who had realised a splendid fortune, formed a resolution never, on any occasion, to lose sight of the walls of the city that had witnessed his growing prosperity. He was a man of great fixity of purpose, and, fully content with his means, was beyond the reach of temptation; nevertheless, the duke set himself the task of overcoming this fancy. With profound knowledge of human nature, he sent Morelli an edict from the king, forbidding him, under the penalty of a thousand crowns, ever to cross the frontier of the kingdom. Morelli laughed heartily at an order that chimed harmoniously with his own inclination. The joke was not less relished by his friends, and many were the pleasant allusions to the superfluous severity of the duke. Somehow, these jests at length lost their raciness, Morelli ceased to smile, and found himself perpetually recurring to conjecture! What could possibly be the object of the government in placing this singular restraint upon the movements of a peaceful and loyal citizen? A thousand ideas haunted his mind. He began to lose sleep and health, and, in place of these, came a morbid desire to do the very thing that had been so strangely prohibited. He gave it way. Sending a thousand crowns to the duke, Morelli threw himself into his carriage, and travelled into the Papal States. He remained but one night, and then returned to Naples. Informed of his return, the duke sent five hundred crowns to the public hospital, and remitted the other half of the penalty to Morelli, with the words, "Nitimur in vetitum" ("Opposition augments desire"); adding, that the five hundred crowns had sufficed to teach the public how to deal with a madman.

The records of French law present us with the following remarkable case: A worker in tapestry sought to recover from a lady a certain sum for goods supplied. He was his own lawyer, and availed himself of the opportunity to make a speech of such unnecessary length, that the fair defendant, out of all patience, broke in:

"Gentlemen, permit me to explain the matter

in two words. This person undertook, for the sum named, to supply me with a piece of Flemish tapestry—comprising several figures, well designed—one, especially, being as handsome—as engaging—as—whom shall I say?—as *M. le Président*! Instead of that, he delivers me a work displaying a group of creatures of almost diabolical hideousness—the principal an exact portrait of himself!”

That plaintiff was nonsuited.

There is no safe reliance upon the discretion of our “inner witness.” He will blurt out the truth at the most unseasonable times.

Bertrand Solas, a wealthy Spaniard resident at Naples, was accustomed to “take his walks abroad” clad in very gorgeous apparel. On one of these occasions he was run against by a porter, carrying a huge bundle of firewood, a portion of which caught and tore his silken robe. In a furious rage, he carried his complaint to the viceroy himself. The latter knew that it was the invariable custom with porters to call out to any approaching passenger, “*Gare!*” *Anglicè*, “By your leave!” and inquired if he had given the usual warning? Solas replied in the negative. “Then I will punish him severely,” said the viceroy.

The porter was apprehended, but was warned, by the viceroy’s orders, that, whatever questions might be addressed to him, he was to remain perfectly mute. The case was then heard—the prisoner only responding by signs. “What penalty,” asked the judge, turning to Solas, “can I possibly inflict on this wretched dumb fellow?”

“He is trifling with your excellency,” said the hot Spaniard. “He is no more dumb than I am. I heard him shout out ‘*Gare!*’”

“Ah—you did? Then why didn’t you take his warning? You will pay him ten crowns for his loss of time.”

Can a child have two fathers? An act of the Paris parliament has decreed that it *can*!

A French officer of good family, Monsieur Navré, passing through Provence, fell violently in love with a beautiful young lady, at whose mother’s house he paid a brief visit. On his return, some weeks afterwards, he made his proposals, was accepted, and, the marriage being in due course celebrated, the couple commenced their domestic career with the prospect of a happiness, too soon interrupted by the outbreak of war. Monsieur Navré rejoined his regiment, and, at the battle of Saragossa, where he fought like a paladin of old, was left stretched among heaps of dead.

Ill news, which travels apace, was not long in informing Madame Navré that she was a widow. Mourning became her well, and the spectacle of so much loveliness in tears proved too much for a gallant young officer, Captain Pigache, who, with national impetuosity, laid siege to the beautiful fortress without delay. Within a twelvemonth it capitulated. But a certificate of her late husband’s death was required before the second espousals could take place. This was unhesitatingly supplied by the officers of Navré’s regiment, and the ceremony was performed.

On the day succeeding this event, the young

couple (it was not then the fashion to take refuge in obscure country corners) gave a grand fancy ball. Among the guests, appeared an individual of stately presence, but wearing the habit of a Provençal peasant: who made himself noticeable in the gay throng by his bold and lively bearing, and evident intimate acquaintance with most of those present. He was masked, however, and concealed his incognito to perfection. He danced—danced superbly—with the bride. With the bluntness of his assumed character, he did not scruple to jest with the bridegroom on his short but successful suit, or with the lady on the charming facility with which she had yielded thereto; and so ingenious were his sallies, that the laugh of his wit-loving countrymen was invariably on his side.

Late at night, the Provençal peasant contrived to draw the bride’s mother apart from the crowd, and, unmasking, displayed the well-remembered features of Navré! He told her that, being found still breathing on the field of Saragossa by a humane German officer, the latter had him borne to his own quarters, where, after months of suffering that perpetually threatened death, he was at length restored to both mental and bodily health. Monsieur Navré concluded his little narrative with the expression of his strong disinclination to create any unnecessary disturbance. The matter was simple enough. Here he was, ready to resume the position and rights he had never vacated. All that remained, was, to consult the feelings of the unwidowed bride as much as might be.

That lady had fortunately a heart that accommodated itself readily to any change of circumstances. She received back her lost husband with pleasure; upon the whole, indeed, she preferred him to the other. That gentleman, being summoned to the family council, and made acquainted with the unexpected turn of events, was disposed to be restive. In vain was it pointed out to him that the law was likely to entertain views dissimilar to his own, and that opposition could only result in injury to his feelings, which it was the intense desire of all concerned to treat with the highest amount of consideration consistent with his immediate abdication of his usurped marital rights. The gallant officer made an obstinate defence, and was only overcome at last by a bon-mot of his rival, so well timed, so happy, that, despite himself, he was compelled to join in the merriment it excited. After this, all went smoothly. The very ball continued with even greater spirit than before; for the news of what had occurred, spread with lightning speed, and gave point and zest to the general enjoyment.

Unhappily this was not the end. Whether urged by some after-thought, or incited by ill advice, cannot be known; but Pigache, on the following day, meeting Navré in the public street, commenced an altercation which terminated in a duel on the spot. Both were mortally wounded. Navré survived his antagonist only three days.

Madame Navré, now really a widow, in due time gave birth to a son. With this young

stranger, arose the question to whom the pater-
nity should be assigned. Upon this delicate
subject medicine and law exhausted their
science in vain. After much expense and liti-
gation, an appeal was made to parliament.
Parliament got out of the difficulty by decreeing
that the boy should bear the names of both the
contending sires, and receive the united inheri-
tance. Who can deny, after this, that a child
may have two legal fathers, and find it much to
his advantage?

TWO SPIRITS OF SONG.

I.

Two spirits sat beside me
In the silence of the night,
Luminous each and lovely
In a haze of roseate light :
One azure-eyed and mild,
With hair like the burst of morn,
And one with raven tresses,
And looks that scorch'd with scorn,
And yet with gleams of pity
To comfort the forlorn.

II.

And the one blue-eyed said,
"Poet, who singest to the crowd,
Sing high and ever higher,
Sing jubilant and loud,
In the highways and the byways,
In the forest and the mart,
The song of hope and gladness,
To cheer the poor man's heart ;
And prove that Faith is Fortune,
And Love the better part.

III.

"Sing joyously! sing ever!
Sing all that's fresh and fair.
Sing fountains in the desert!
Sing healing in the air!
Sing light that sleeps in darkness!
Sing Hope that dwells in doubt!
Sing God, the great All-comforter,
Who guides us in and out,
And, with eternal beauty,
Enswathes us round about.

IV.

"Sing cheerily, sing ever,
That, if the world be bad,
It teems with joys and duties
To make the good man glad ;
The joys of true affection,
The duties bravely met,
That grow to pleasures daily,
And shine like diamonds set
In many-tinted lustre
On Virtue's coronet.

V.

"Sing joyously, sing ever,
That Right which seems to fall
Rises again in glory,
And triumphs over all ;
That mists may hide, but cannot
Destroy, the light of day ;
That, though the Noon be clouded,
'Tis Noon though all gainsay ;
That Wrong is for the moment,
And Right for ever and aye !"

VI.

"Not such," said the other spirit,
"Be the burden of thy song!
Lift up thy voice, O Poet!
And sound it loud and long,
To stir the nation's pulses,
And warn both high and low,
Of the day of desolation
That cometh sure, if slow—
When the storm shall overtake them,
And toss them to and fro.

VII.

"Arouse the slumbering people
With words of living flame,
And touch their hearts, grown callous,
Till their cheeks burn red with shame ;
Speak out, clear-forth, to the vicious,
The ignorant and the base ;
Tell them to look around them,
And not to the highest place,
If they'd shun the wrath of God,
And the lightnings of His face.

VIII.

"Tell them, if they are vile,
They court the oppressor's sword,
To smite, and not to spare them,
In the judgments of the Lord ;
That Freedom, high and holy,
And worthy of the state,
Rewards no sordid nation,
Where the little and the great
Are worshippers of money,
And love it early and late—

IX.

"Love it beyond their honour,
Love it beyond the law,
And cling to it, and bend to it,
With deep unspeakable awe ;
And think no man so lowly
As he of noblest mould,
Who values truth and virtue
Above his neighbour's gold,
Nor cares, if independent,
For the hunger or the cold.

X.

"Ay—tell the world's high teachers,
Who jest, and jibe, and jeer,
And scoff in their paltry fashion
At all which men revere,
That realms are ripe and rotten,
And fester to decay,
When the cynic sneer and laughter
Of creatures such as they
Usurp the place of wisdom,
And no man says them, nay.

XI.

"When the Hero and the Prophet,
The Poet and the Sage,
Are fools in the worldly wisdom
Of a gross and carnal age ;
When men go grubbing money,
And think of nought beside,
And women sell their beauty,
And none will be a bride,
Unless for ostentation
And the trappings of her pride.

XII.

"In time like this, O Poet,
Why dally with thy power,

And sing thy pleasant fancies
Like bird in summer bower?
Speak up, clear-forth, loud-voiced,
To nobler rhymes than these,
Till the music of thine anger
Shall roll like billowy seas—
Swollen with the wrath of God
On men's idolatries."

XIII.

And I said, "O lovely spirits!
Kindred in thought and will,
Hover around me ever,
And guide and teach me still.
Ye are not two, but one—
Two in the form and speech,
But one in the inner purpose
And the holy truths ye teach,
That fuse your hearts together,
And link you each to each."

XIV.

"Ye bid me love the right,
And scorn and hate the wrong;
The love and the hate are human,
And both are in my song.
Dark spirit, forsake me not!
But thou of the sunny hair,
Keep nearer and be dearer,
And through my voice declare
The good beyond the evil,
The Hope above Despair."

IRISH CONSTABULARY CONSTITUTION.

THE Irish constabulary force is entirely recruited from amongst the peasantry of the country—chiefly from the farming classes. If a small farmer have three or four sons—too many ever to make a comfortable living off the few acres of land—one or more of them arranges to enter the constabulary. Many features connected with the force tend to make it exceedingly popular. There is always at least one married man at each rural station, or barrack, whose wife and family, mixing with the peasantry, in reality form a portion of it. The younger men are general favourites with the farmers' daughters of the district, and to marry a constabulary private is no sinking of caste. The life of a constable is, on the whole, attractive. There is all the military paraphernalia which turns the heads of many of both sexes, and none of the drawbacks attending a soldier's life. There is no fixed term of service—every man can resign on giving one calendar month's notice; there is no absence from home and country; no mixing with the scum of society.

I joined the force when I was but nineteen years of age. At the time I was private tutor in a magistrate's family in the west of Ireland, and had before me prospects of doing much better than any profession of arms could offer. But drilled I must be, and enlist as a private soldier I would not. Without the knowledge of my parents or of the gentleman whose sons I was instructing, I proceeded to the county town, armed with testimonials as to character and respectability from the parish clergyman

and a deputy-lieutenant of the county. I repaired with these necessary documents to the office of the county inspector of the constabulary in my native county. I was not long delayed in the office. I was asked to read and write, and only a few words were required of me in either case—though my handwriting would not now pass muster in a solicitor's office. But the only ordeal which I dreaded came at length. It was necessary that I should be five feet eight inches in height, and, although I had measured myself repeatedly before I left for the county town, yet I feared I would fall short. I knew that a walk that day of one-and-twenty Irish miles would not tend to improve my stature much. I divested myself of my shoes and stockings at the bidding of a sergeant, who acted as clerk to the county inspector, and I then stepped lightly under the standard. What with stretching my neck and straightening myself up as well as I could, the standard ran up to five feet eight and a quarter inches. The inspector good humouredly remarked that I had "a whole quarter of an inch to spare, and a young man who had just gone out would gladly buy it from me, if it could be readily disposed of." My predecessor had proved a quarter of an inch short, and was sent home to "grow it." Having thus got over these preliminaries, which were all satisfactory, I was examined by the doctors of a Highland regiment then quartered in the town, and reported a "a first-class life."

On the first of the ensuing month I presented myself at the Phoenix Park, Dublin, to undergo four or five months' drill, with the following regulation outfit: two suits of plain clothes, with a sufficiency of shirts, socks, boots, and other garments. I was duly sworn in as a sub-constable, or "full private," engaging to belong to no secret society, except the society of Freemasons. This latter clause is as a special protection against Orangeism, Ribbonism, Fenianism, and all illegal secret organisations.

The dépôt in the Phoenix Park is a large military institution. It is under the supreme command of a colonel from the army. One of the sub-inspectors ranks as major, and another as adjutant, on whom devolves the responsibility of drill, as in the army. The dépôt is beautifully situated in the vicinity of the viceregal lodge in the park; which forms one of the most splendid drill-grounds in Europe or perhaps in the world. The cavalry and infantry dépôts are in the same barrack. All the proceedings in connexion with the dépôt are exactly the same as in any large military barrack. There are the same drillings daily, the same "awkward squads," "snapping caps," blank firing and ball practice; the same bugle soundings, mounting and relieving of guards; the same system of mess for privates, non-commissioned officers, and officers; and even the same routine and blue gowns in the hospital. There is only this difference between the constabulary dépôt and the military dépôt, that the greatest stranger to Ireland will be the first to observe, that while the occupants of the barrack in Phoenix Park look like the 60th Rifles in dress

and drill, and will be taken at first sight for light infantry of the line, yet their manner, their language, and their intelligence in conversation, remove them far above the standard of the ordinary soldier.

The period of drill having expired, the effective men are told off to different counties; one strict rule being observed, that no man is to be sent to his native county, lest there might be local temptations to breaches of the "no favour" clause of the constabulary oath. The training of the whole force in one central *dépôt*, from which they are scattered north, south, east, and west, and to which they occasionally return on receiving promotion, and under other circumstances, tends greatly to foster an esprit du corps amongst the thousands of which the force is composed. The four constables that the traveller meets with in an isolated roadside barrack in the mountains of Ireland do not feel that there are only four of them. They hardly ever fully realise this. They are four of a great force of between eleven thousand and twelve thousand well-disciplined men, under the command of one inspector-general, and with one great drill-centre in the Phoenix Park and commanding centre in the Castle of Dublin. The four apparently isolated men know where every station, or barrack, in their own and the adjoining counties, is situated, and that even in times like the present they could not be long left without relief, if able to hold out for but a short time against an attacking force. They are sometimes called in Dublin "the county constabulary," to distinguish between them and the metropolitan police; but they are not ordinary county police, as will be readily seen.

The several ranks in the constabulary are the same as in the military, but with different names. The grades are: sub-constable, acting constable, constable, head constable (second class), head constable (first class), third-class sub-inspector, second-class sub-inspector, first-class sub-inspector, second-class county inspector, first-class county inspector. The military rank corresponding with these is private, corporal, sergeant, colour-sergeant, sergeant-major, ensign, lieutenant, captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel, respectively. Over the entire force are an inspector-general, deputy-inspector-general, and four assistant-inspectors-general. The chief office is in the Lower Castle Yard, Dublin, and between it and the *dépôt* in the park hourly intercourse is kept up by mounted orderlies, and between it and the counties by daily despatches. Each county inspector is responsible for the discipline and good order of the force in his county, or riding of a county, and he only communicates direct with The Castle. Each sub-inspector communicates with his county-inspector, and the head constables and constables with their respective sub-inspectors. The men in each barrack are paraded under arms every morning; in full dress on Sunday and Monday mornings. If there were only two men in the barrack, they "parade" as formally as if there were a thousand. It is told of one rather eccentric sergeant, a martinet in his own

sphere, that he made three men go through the movement of forming "*four deep*," telling them to "dress" by the pump in the yard, and reckon it as "the pivot man." At least once each month the sub-inspector visits each barrack in his district unexpectedly, and inspects and drills the whole party. The arms, ammunition, furniture, bedding, and all barrack requisites, are minutely examined. The sergeant's books, his diary of how the men were each day employed, are cosely gone into, and "any complaints?" are asked publicly on parade, and considered if made; which latter very seldom occurs. The county inspector makes a half-yearly inspection of every barrack and party in his county; and when the men from various stations attend the quarter sessions, assizes, races, and elections, in discharge of their duties, they are thus brought together frequently in larger bodies than in their barrack, and are then paraded and drilled each day. By these several means the training which they received in the *dépôt* is kept alive, and discipline is preserved. Any complaints against the men for intemperance or insubordination are, when proved, visited with severe fines and penalties, reaching for a third offence to dismissal in disgrace, the announcement of which is communicated to the gentleman who gave the testimonials on which the individual was taken into the force.

The duties of the constabulary are multifarious. They act as an ordinary police force throughout the country. They attend elections, assizes, races, fairs, and markets, to preserve the peace. In cities and towns like Cork, Limerick, and Belfast, they perform regular city police duties, singly on beats. They also dress in "plain clothes," to act as detectives. They arrest criminals. They collect agricultural statistics. They suppress illicit distillation. They look after poachers of game and salmon. They take the census at each decade. They deliver and collect the voting-papers for the elections of poor-law guardians annually. In fact, there is scarcely an act of parliament in reference to the civil government of Ireland with which the constabulary have not some duty to perform. They are, besides all this as civil servants, an admirable military force, as their actions prove in suppressing Smith O'Brien's "rebellion of '48," and their more recent discharge of military duties in suppressing the Fenian rebellion. Their courage and skill at Tallaght, eight miles from Dublin, when fourteen men, under Sub-Inspector Bourke, dispersed five hundred or more armed Fenians, and actually captured sixty-five stragglers in their flight;* their spirited defence at Kilmallock, under Head Constable Adams, when the same number of men kept a barrack under a three hours' fire from a Fenian force commanded by an officer of the late army of America, and when the barrack contained three women and thirteen children—the wives and children of the constables—prove them to be no mean soldiers.

When the loyalty, or disloyalty, of Ireland is

* See page 342 of the present volume.

discussed, it would be well to bear in mind that the constabulary fairly represent the great masses of the populace of the country. The force is about divided into two-thirds Roman Catholic and one-third Protestant: this again fairly represents the country. I have myself been the only Protestant in a party of six in a country station in a parish in Connemara. With all these matters I never knew religious differences to exist amongst this force; although the men are individually strict observers of their own religious duties, and the most regular attendants at church. They thus set an example to their countrymen, who are too often found to quarrel about creeds. The constabulary and the populace are always on the best of terms, and the men of the force are general favourites in every home throughout the country. They discharge their duties so uprightly and honourably, that they retain the respect of even those they have to act against.

Many of the constabulary improve themselves greatly in education after they leave the *dépôt*. In country stations they frequently study closely in leisure hours. They are, as a rule, well read in the current literature of the day, and I knew several fair classical scholars in the force as "full privates," and others who understood more than one continental tongue.

How are these men paid? When I joined, I received one pound nineteen shillings a month for the first six months, and two pounds five shillings a month afterwards, with an increase of three-halfpence a day when I had served two years. This, with barrack accommodation and uniform, formed my entire remuneration. The pay of the non-commissioned officers and officers was in proportion. Last year an act of parliament was passed to increase their pay; but as the cost of living has greatly increased of late years, I do not think the men are better off than in my years of service. The promotion is slow, because of the sub-inspectors not being taken from the ranks of the force. To make the constabulary still more effective, officers ought to be promoted from the ranks, and not have, as at present, raw cadets placed over experienced first-class head constables.

TWELVE MONTHS OF MY LIFE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

I HAVE promised my husband to write him a detailed history of one year out of my life—a year in which I wept more, laughed more, suffered more passionate sorrow, and sunned myself in more unearthly bliss, than ever I found included in my experience before or since. That I am happy now, and trying to be wise, I thank Heaven; that I was not happy once, and very far from wise, I am going to confess. I will begin by relating how it came that I got engaged to Luke Elphinstone. My father was Seth Gordon, a millowner of high repute, not alone in the quiet Border country where we lived, but out in the world, in the banks and on 'Change. Luke Elphinstone was his junior partner, who had lived with us for some years past.

Gordon and Elphinstone was the business firm. The mills stood on one side of our river, and on the other our dwelling, the Mill-house, a large white building, with a great copper-beech lying up against its front, darkening and saddening all the chambers within, and with a rambling orchard crowding behind it, where the trees were bent with age, and every stone and trunk was eaten up with a hoary lichen.

For the Mill-house was not then what it is now. The billiard-room, and the ball-room, and the new dining-room had not been built, the pleasure-grounds had not been made. There were corn-fields within a stone's throw of the twig summer-house in the garden. The hill that sloped from the gable down to the river had not been cut up into flower-beds; it had only a simple garniture of sweet-peas and carnations at the top, and was given up to the growth of green abundant grass where the crimson tassels of the clover-flower nodded in their season. But the row of sycamores down by the river is just the same; the leaves spread their broad palms to catch the sun as ever, and the water flashes behind their trunks with the same free race.

Now the house looks to the river, getting glimpses through the sycamores of the mill settlement on the other side, and over the heads of the sycamores of the happy woods and fields, the hills and dales—green and golden, purple and brown—the church-spire, and handsome distant homesteads which cluster on the rising and falling land between the Mill-house and the horizon. Then, the front of the house was turned sideways, the best windows gazing straight into the foliage of the huge copper-beech which grew so lurid when the setting sun got into its branches.

The old-fashioned garden, built high on walls, and ascended to by flagged steps inside a narrow gate, is quite cleared away; but it was there in the time of my story, with its holly-hocks, its cabbage-roses, its cucumber-frames, and its beehives, its raspberry-hedges, always found by the sun, and its sad murmur from the burn that ran behind its lilac-trees, under old iron gates that jangled and clashed when people came or went in the direction of the village. That, indeed, was but seldom, except when the cook stepped into Streamstown to scold the butcher, or I to pay a visit to my kind friend Miss Pollard. Most people preferred to cross the wooden bridge over the river to the mills, and go round by the mill-avenue to the town.

The orchard is gone, with its crimson and golden rain of apples over the drenched grass after a stormy night, and inside, the house is very grand. In the days I write of it was not grand. It was comfortable, but darksome, with blinds half raised, with thick carpets everywhere, baize on every door, and a half-awake silence in all the chambers, as if stealthy feet were accustomed to cross the floors, and forms not good to be seen were used to muffle themselves in the shadows of the sad-coloured hangings at the approach of anything human. This was the fault of my father, who had an exaggerated horror of noise and glare, though we shall be obliged to hear Elspie on this subject.

My father was a stern man, rough in his manner, and despising all demonstrations of feeling. He lived through his mill; he ate and drank for his mill; he slept and often denied himself sleep for his mill. He had married an heiress to bring capital to his mill. Nothing had any interest for him that did not in some way bear upon his business. He was little at home except in the evenings, when he pored over little books with long lists of figures in them. It was because of these little books that he liked his rooms so hushed. He had hardly ever leisure to smile over the edges of the pages at his daughter.

I fear I am speaking severely of my father, and I desire to deal very gently with his memory. I have since those days knelt at his death-bed, and seen into his heart, which was then a sealed book to me. But at that time he had never shown much tenderness for me. He did not understand girls, and he had not much patience with them. His one son, my brother Dick, had failed him at the mill, and turned soldier; and besides the effects of this disappointment, I believe his heart was kept sore by the memory of my mother, who, gentle as she was, could never, I think, have suited him as a wife.

But now we must hear Elspie, not speaking aloud, but in whispers to herself, which were overheard by me, Mattie, her nursing. She said that my father had been harsh to his wife, whom she, Elspie, had loved and served; had quarrelled with her gentle ways and neglected her. She muttered to herself, now in her old age, of how she had gone down on her knees to her young mistress in days gone by, and prayed her not to marry Seth Gordon, for "ill would come of it." And the ill had come. A lonely life, a broken heart, an early grave; "and now," whispered Elspie, with her weird eyes gleaming through tears under her shaggy white brows, "an unquiet spirit, that would not be kept in heaven, but would come pattering with wistful feet down the Mill-house stairs, weeping in the Mill-house chambers, bending at midnight over the bedside of the beloved daughter, while that daughter sobbed for sympathy in her sleep, and the old woman, groaning to hear her, knelt praying with uplifted hands in her bed that the sorrowful spirit would trust the child to her and take its rest.

Of these things Elspie muttered to herself as she went hobbling about the Mill-house in her clean white mob-cap and ancient gown of Chinese-patterned print, or sat knitting in the narrow small-paned window of the dim room that had been my nursery. The housemaid dubbed her "owl," and the cook called her "witch;" and there were many besides these who said that, if the Mill-house were haunted, it was all Elspie's doing.

I have no very clear idea of what my own character was when I ceased to be a child; but I know that I was always either crushed with gloom and despondency, or walking on tiptoe in a state of unreasonable ecstasy. I believe I was a musing, indolent girl, with eccentric fancies and much passionate feeling. I had a craving for joy, with a superstitious belief that

I should never be allowed to do more than just taste it, and return to the bitters appointed for me. Yet the tastes that I got were so sweet that I was always seeking for them. In the robust hunger of my youth I was constantly casting about for little morsels, which I devoured out of doors as birds feed on berries. Any unfinished tit-bit was left upon the lintel when I returned across the threshold of my home. I used to fancy that the outside of the Mill-house door was white, and the inside black; but it was painted all the same. Very little gave me pangs of delight—the pleasant purring noise from the beetling-house, the splashing of the mill-wheels, the humming of the bees, and the smell of the roses in the high old garden. But there was an ever-rising lump familiar to my throat. As to my person, I was a good height and womanly for my years. I cannot attempt to describe my face, for I believe that in those days it was as variable as my mind. I was pale when gloomy, and rosy when glad. My eyes were dark, and also my hair, which curled crisp and soft when I was well, but fell limp when I was sick. "What ails you, child?" Miss Pollard would say; "your hair is as straight as my apron-string!"

I was my father's only child, now that my brother was dead. Dick had been a good deal older than I, and very little with me except during the holidays of his school years. Those holidays had been the white bits of my life. I had given as much love to this one as most people have to divide amongst many. To obtain him any trifling good I would have sat up a whole night upon the ghostly Mill-house stairs, though that might have cost me my life through fear. In such absurd ways do children measure the limits of their devotion, knowing nothing of the red-hot ploughshares preparing to sear the feet of their constancy through life. Dick's face, far out in the world, had shone on me from a happy distance. Some time to come my life would be happier through him. When the wind made a mournful sigh in the copper-beech, it grumbled because he was away; when the sun shone, it shone on him somewhere. I wept with sore jealousy when he wrote me about one beautiful Sylvia who had taken the first place in his heart, and had promised to be his wife. But he came to see me and coaxed me out of my sadness, and I wrote her by him with promises of love. Soon after that his regiment was ordered to the Crimea, and he was killed. In the anguish of my grief, I could be glad that I had opened my heart to his Sylvia. Of her I shall have much to say further on, but at this stage of my story I knew little concerning her. I learned that her father died soon after my brother, leaving her quite unprovided for. I had her address, and knew that she earned her bread as companion to a noble lady. But I am forgetting that I purposed to begin this history by telling how I got engaged to Luke Elphinstone.

CHAPTER II.

"MATTIE!" said Elspie on one well-remembered February night in the beginning of my year, "come in out of the cauld an' bide i' the nursery.

Your mither's been walkin' these two nights. Don't you be sittin' right in her foot-pad!"

I was sitting on the stairs watching the clock on the landing. The hands were creeping near midnight, and I was sorely uneasy for my father, who had gone over to the mills after dinner, and had not yet returned. Again and again I had gone to my own room to spy through the pane across the dark river, and between the gloomy trees, at the light still burning in his private counting-house. One by one the lights in the workpeople's cottages had twinkled and disappeared, and the landscape was all black, the rain descending unseen into the invisible river.

I had long guessed that affairs had been going wrong at the mills, but not until that morning had I known that inevitable ruin hung over the firm of Gordon and Elphinstone. My father had for the first time in his life taken me into his confidence, telling me that I must prepare to look poverty bravely in the face. In another day or two, at furthest, the smash of the Streamstown Mills must be known all over the kingdom. My father's agony had been terrible to behold. This was not the downfall of a mill only; it was the destruction of an idol to which a life had been sacrificed. I had drawn nearer to my father in his trouble than I had ever done before. I had always yearned to him with a natural love, and one was absent now whom, justly or unjustly, I had always blamed for keeping us apart.

"Where is Luke Elphinstone?" I said to my father that morning, for the junior partner had been absent for three weeks. "I hope he will not leave you to bear the brunt of this alone."

My father looked at me hastily, as if I had hit on a thought of his own, but he checked me sternly.

"Were he here," he said, "he is as powerless as I, and cowardice could only do him harm. Such conduct would not be like him."

I thought within myself that it would be like him, but I did not say another word.

The house had been as silent as a tomb all day. I had strayed through the dull sad rooms and wondered what might lie before me. After dark I sat on the staircase, shunning the big rooms below. Elspie had come out of my nursery, where she lived, and coaxed me to come to her, as I have written down, but I was not afraid of my mother that night. At this crisis I could have borne to meet her wandering spirit face to face. It was always before trouble befel us that her step was heard; but I was nineteen years of age now, and I had got used to the shadows of the Mill-house.

I sat thinking upon the stairs. I thought of all the friends who had ever come and gone about the old house, of my dear Dick, and of Sylvia, who had promised to come and visit me in the summer, but whom the Mill-house would never now receive again. I thought of Mrs. Hatteraick, my mother's friend. She had lived at Eldergowan in my mother's lifetime, had come between my parents in their sad disagreements, and had nursed my mother

in her last illness. I thought of Mark Hatteraick, her son, the tall soldier lad who had tossed me in his arms, and called me his little wife. Those two last friends were far away in a distant country now, but they haunted my mother's rooms to my fancy.

So there was a pang at thought of quitting the old house. I pictured myself and my father walking hand in hand out of the iron gates over the burn, with only Elspie in our wake, Luke Elphinstone going by a different road. A great sigh of satisfaction swelled my heart as I assured myself that he should have to go one way, and we another. This is what I felt for him that night.

I sat thinking on the stairs till it struck twelve, and I got terrible fears about my father all alone with his trouble in the gloom of the deserted mills. I remembered that men have done sad things in their extremity, that the dark river flowed by the counting-house window, and that the coming shame was more bitter than death to my father. To lighten my thoughts I went down and laid out a tempting little supper in the dining-room. I made the lamp bright, I heaped wood on the fire, I tugged the ugly curtains across the window where the wind was battering and the rain splashing. With one o'clock all my dreadful thoughts came back. I got so wild with fear that I left the house at last and got as far in the dark as the wooden bridge that led across to the mills, when I heard my father's laugh blowing towards me. I was back in time to open the door to his knock. Two came in then. Luke Elphinstone had returned.

We three sat down to supper, my father at the head of the table, and Luke and I facing one another. My father was in high spirits, the furrows were smoothed from his forehead, his face was flushed, he talked and laughed a great deal. Luke also had an air of suppressed jubilation about him. He ate and drank well, speaking little. But I did not mind him much, for my father was talking to me, piling my plate with food I could not eat, and filling my glass with wine. It was so new to me to be the object of such attentions from him that I felt overpowered by confusion and delight. I thought he had remembered my poor little efforts to comfort him, and we were going to be friends at last. God bless the day, even if poverty and ruin came with it! I laughed and chattered and sipped my wine, and spoke quite kindly to Luke Elphinstone, to whom I had often been hard in my thoughts. I had accused him of coming between me and my father, and widening the breach that had always divided us. I slipped my chair round closer to my father. We were both on one side of the table now, and Luke was at the other. I talked over quite kindly at Luke.

Next day I learned what was the secret of my father's change of mood. When Luke Elphinstone had walked into the counting-house that night, where my father sat alone in his misery, contemplating the ruin that was coming upon him, he had been the bearer of won-

derful tidings. He, Luke, had inherited a fortune, the bulk of which I never clearly knew, but which was large even in my father's eyes. He had received notice of this three weeks before, when he had left the Mill-house for a run up to London. He had kept the affair a secret till he had actually become master of his newly acquired wealth. In his absence, matters had come to a crisis at the mills, and now he had returned just in time to save the credit of the firm, and with offers to my father to sink a large amount of capital in the business—upon one condition. In what words my father was made acquainted with that condition I do not know. How it was made known to me I am going to do my best to relate.

Looking back now, it is hard to find a motive for Luke Elphinstone strong enough to explain his conduct at this time. He must have known that I had a suspicion of his suit, and that I had done all in my power to check it. What he proposed to gain for himself by a victory over the will of an insignificant girl, with neither much beauty, much wit, nor any dowry, who had hitherto spent her life in loneliness and obscurity, I cannot attempt to guess. From my own experience I will state here that no contempt can equal that which a woman feels for a man who forces himself upon her when he knows that she has conceived a dislike to him. And I did dislike Luke Elphinstone. It was not that he was ugly; on the contrary, he had a well-made figure, fine curly black hair, and a smooth pale complexion, which gave a look of refinement to his face. There were many who called him handsome. But his features were too sharp and keen, and there was a narrowness about his forehead, and a furtive look in his eyes, the expression of qualities in his character which had always repelled me. There was a cruel determination about him when his will was crossed in little things, and a wavering hesitation when important steps were to be taken; and these two points in his character seemed to be always under my eyes in those days.

Not one day did Luke Elphinstone lose in making known what his stipulation had been to me. The next morning after that important night I rose early, and with great content of heart went out to the orchard to pick up the fallen apples. A network of sunshine was wisped about the old trees; the river was leaping like a river of gold at the foot of the hill: above the sycamores that lined it the smoke went up from the chimneys of the mill. The hum from the distant beetling-house made a pleasant song in my ears; the bell rang out, the workpeople flocked home to their cottages for breakfast, and Luke Elphinstone came over the wooden bridge.

He espied me in the orchard, and came to join me. I felt so amiable towards every one that I was prepared to give him a friendly good-morrow; but something in his face, as he approached, gave me a sudden apprehension of what was coming, and I began walking quickly towards the house. He begged me to stay a little; he had something very important to say

to me. He took my hand and drew it through his arm, and began to pour out a great deal that I do not care to remember, a great deal that startled me with a painful surprise. I was grieved and shocked that he should feel as he did. I lost my presence of mind in my dismay, and, while striving for words to soften the pain I was about to give, I had not my answer ready at the proper moment. Perhaps this gave him encouragement. He held my hand which I was drawing away, and pressed a diamond ring upon my finger.

"Accept it, darling," he said, "as an earnest of my love, and wear it as a token of your promise to become my wife."

"Oh no, no, no!" I said, trying to pull it off; "I have not accepted your love. I have not promised to be your wife. I cannot do either, nor wear your ring."

My hand was swelled with the cold; the ring was tight, and would not move. How long it remained on my finger, and how at last it was removed, shall be seen. Luke Elphinstone stood by and smiled at my fierce endeavours to get it off. That smile took all the pity out of my heart.

"Take it as an omen, Mattie," he said; "it will not come away. You cannot get rid of me. What must be, must."

There spoke the true Luke. "Must?" I repeated, drawing myself up and eyeing him with defiance, and then turned on my heel and walked away, holding my bejewelled hand out at arm's length, as if I were just waiting for the convenience of a hatchet to strike it off. How I fumed over it all that day, while Elspie tried her utmost skill to remove the ring!

"And where wad you find a brawer man?" said Elspie. "Bairn, bairn, ye have been ower hasty. Do not throw the love o' a kind heart ower yer shoulder. Ye'll greet for it all yer life."

"It may be that I am born to greet all my life, Elspie," said I, a sudden presentiment of trouble bringing a rush of tears to my eyes, "but I'll never greet for Luke Elphinstone."

But that evening, when my father was sleeping in the dining-room, and I was sitting alone in the firelight in the drawing-room, nursing my inflamed finger, and fretting over the stubborn ring, Luke Elphinstone came in, and began his irksome love-making again. He spoke smoothly and pleadingly.

"I have suddenly become a rich man, Mattie," he said, "or else it might have been many years before I could have spoken to you in this way. I cannot enjoy my riches unless I share them with you. If you go on refusing me every day for a year, I am determined not to take your denial."

I tried to keep my temper, and to parley with him patiently.

"What do you see in me?" said I. "I am poor, I am no beauty, I am stupid enough, I am not even good tempered, and I do not like you. You will easily find a wife who will bring you all the qualities I do not possess, and who will be thankful for your love and your riches."

He smiled at this speech, and said, "I think

you beautiful and clever; I like your temper; I have wealth enough for both of us, and I intend to make you love me."

"More likely you will make me hate you," I said, fired by the complacency of his manner. This angered him, and he began to talk in a different strain. A flush rose on his face, and his eyes grew uneasy. With many furtive glances from me to the fire, and from the fire to me, he contrived to convey to me, in a long speech, which I would not remember if I could, the history of that condition which he had made with my father.

When he had done, I got up quickly and went straight into the dining-room, where my father was sleeping in his chair.

"Father!" I said, shaking him gently, "is it true what Luke Elphinstone says, that you have sold me to him for your mills?"

My father sat up, stared at me, and recollected. His eye fell before mine.

"Do not put things in such unpleasant words," said he. "Luke has turned out a millionaire. Any sensible girl would be glad to get him."

"I am not glad," said I; "tell me that he has said what is not the truth."

"I have promised that you shall marry him."

"But, father, I cannot do it," said I. And then a great storm of anger broke over my head. In the midst of it I heard Luke Elphinstone leave the house, and I called him a coward in my heart. Such scenes as these had frightened my mother to death. It was like a thunder-storm, or anything else that is awful; but I outlived it. I was so strong in my own desperation that I hardly seemed to mind it. After it was over, I got up to leave the room, and I said wildly:

"It is not far to the river. I will get up in the night, when you are asleep, and drown myself sooner than marry Luke Elphinstone."

It was the first time I had ever defied him, and my father was amazed. He called me back, and trembling and giddy, and hardly knowing what I did, I went and stood beside him. I think he thought me capable of doing what I had threatened. He looked in my face, and his voice broke when he tried to speak to me. He bowed his grey head in affliction and supplicated me to save his name, his occupation, his honour, before the world. Luke Elphinstone would be a good husband, he said, and what was a girl's whim in a lover to the ruin that would fall upon his old age? He wrought my soul to grief within me, brought down my spirit, broke my heart. I wept, and at last my arms were about his neck, and I was promising to "do what I could," sobbing that I would "think about it." And so it came that I was conquered.

"Eh, lass," said Elspie, "but the heart's a wilfu' thing!" And she put me to bed like a baby, and crooned me to sleep with her favourite ballad, "The Mitherless Bairn!"

The next day I was ill; I had caught a fever which was hanging about the neighbourhood. I had delirious dreams, in which I seemed to live long lifetimes, and from which I wakened quite meek. Elspie kept by my side, and I knew that Luke and my father were coming back and forward to my door all the time. I

tried to be thankful that my life was precious. Lying there in a hushed room, with Elspie mumbling prayers and scraps of wisdom by my head, I had very pitiful thoughts about the world. Life was very short, and the other world very easy to be reached, and it did not matter much how or where we accomplished our few years. I did not want to get well quickly; but the strength would come back. Luke carried me down-stairs the first time, and I tried not to shrink from him. They tended me and petted me, those two men, and I passively agreed to all they said and did. Luke showed in his best light, and I thought I could better endure his good will than endless quarrelling and resistance. My likings and dislikings were flattened to much the same level; the hot side of my nature was quenched; my enthusiasm had gone out like sparks. If I had kept in my sound health, I believe I should have held out to the end; as I fell sick, I gave way. It seemed that things had taken a shape as if I were willing to do what was desired of me. I was but half alive at that time; and I drifted into compliance. But I insisted on getting a year—a whole year—at least, during which to grow accustomed to the idea of becoming a wife. Of all that was to fall out in that year I had very little thought. But that was how I got engaged to Luke Elphinstone.

The immovable ring remained on my finger. The first night I wore it with my own consent, I went up to my room dull and weary. What follows I never told to any one before. A figure was sitting by my fireside, wrapped in shimmering white, crowned with flowers like a bride, the head lowered on the hands in the attitude of weeping. Elspie only heard my scream, and found me insensible on the floor. I had heard my mother's step, but never had she visited me before. It did not need her visit now to make my heart sink at thought of the promise I had given. But Elspie and I kept this matter to ourselves.

The next event in my life was the arrival of the Hatteraicks at Eldergowan, after an absence of many years. Mrs. Hatteraick had lived in Italy, with two little orphan nieces, whilst her son was serving abroad. Now, Major Mark was off duty upon furlough; and they all came home in the early summer. I went to Eldergowan, and the world changed.

CHAPTER III.

I WENT to Eldergowan, and the world changed. This was how it happened.

Orchards had bloomed out, and early roses had blossomed. I was standing on the steps outside the Mill-house door; Luke Elphinstone was in London on business, and my father was at the mill; the door was open, the house within quiet in its undisturbed shadows. A track of sunshine went up the stairs, and I could hear Elspie crooning above.

I turned my face to the old iron gate over the burn, and saw a strange lady alighting from a carriage and moving towards me. She was tall and stately, and all dressed in black satin, on her head a quilted hood tied with peach-coloured ribbons, falling back and showing her cap of rich

point lace. Her hair was silver-grey, with still a soft wave on the brow, though she must have been sixty years old; her face, though wrinkled, was delicately fair, and a bloom arose on her cheeks as she acknowledged weakness by a smile and a little shake of the head coming up the steps. Never had I seen anything so trustable as the tenderness in those faded eyes.

She soon made herself known to me—Mrs. Hatteraick, my mother's friend, whose godchild and namesake I was. My tears started to see the meeting between her and Elspie. The two old women stood looking in one another's faces, and I knew they were gazing at scenes I had never witnessed, remembering words I had never heard. They did not speak much of the past which was opened up between them. A few words and mournful shakes of the head from Elspie, an incomplete sentence spoken with constrained lips by my godmother, and then they returned to me.

"We have the sweetest early roses in the country," said Mrs. Hatteraick, "and the most plentiful supply. I have come for your father's permission to take you with me, to fatten you on strawberries and cream. You look fretted and thin; you have grown too quickly. You were no taller than yonder gilliflower when I saw you last."

My father, who had a deep respect for Mrs. Hatteraick, and had been very indulgent to me of late, easily gave his permission to my going to Eldergowan. Luke was not there to object, and my godmother carried me off.

A long rambling avenue, scented with wild orange-blossoms, a far-stretching golden lawn, shelving into the flushed horizon, with knots of trees casting slanting shadows towards us, far down in a sleepy hollow a sedgy lake, and a group of cows and milkmaids to be descried through a ruddy haze; a dark-red house, almost brown with age, unfolding its many gables, and wings, and chimneys, from which the smoke arose in a curling, golden mist above a crowd of stately chesnuts; a bay-window lying open to the west, and a brood of white pigeons sunning themselves on the wide stone sill;—this is something like Eldergowan as I saw it first, on a summer evening at sunset. I remember the girls running out to meet us; Polly, in her white frock, plump and fair, like one of the pigeons that rose, scared at our approach, and fluttered off in a long snow-wreath over our heads; and Nell, with her longer skirts and laughing eyes. Close upon their heels came Uncle Mark, with the sun in his eyes, and his dark-red whiskers in a flame, a tall, beaming, somewhat lazy-looking gentleman, of thirty-five at least; ten years older than Luke Elphinstone, but younger-looking in the soft smiling of his blue eyes and the graciousness of his good-natured mouth. And this was the soldier-lad who had tossed me in his arms and called me his little wife.

All that night is associated with moonlight in my memory. It poured into the dining-room, gemming the oak carvings, and changing the pictures of crusty old squires and their commonplace dames into saints and angels with aureoles

round their heads. I sat full in the midst of it, feeling all wrapped up in a silver mantle, and I saw Mark Hatteraick watching my face from his vantage ground in the shadows with an intent look, as if he were remembering, observing, or divining something regarding me. Catching my glance, he smiled with the same trustable look that had drawn me on the first instant to his mother. I believe he forgot my age that night, and thought he might assume towards me the same uncle-like demeanour with which he treated his nieces. It was impossible that my face should not catch and repeat his smile; and these kindly signals being exchanged, we were friends on the instant.

I sat up in bed that night and looked round me in a fever of sleepless happiness. My room was odd and pretty, with pale green walls all glistening with reflexions from the moonlight. Burning with excitement and expectation, I felt myself lapped in an atmosphere of purest calm. I dozed, and dreamed myself a red-hot coal lying in a cool green field, then waked and laughed at the conceit, surveying again with delight my couch-bedstead, with its dark carvings and red silk quilt, my quaint swinging bookshelves, my small pointed window over the garden, which had shadows of ivy-wreaths printed on the glass, and which framed the round moon, just setting behind the bloomy tips of the silvered fruit-trees. Sorrow and the Mill-house were forgotten; joy had already taken possession of me at Eldergowan.

The next morning Polly stopped buttering the muffins to exclaim at the beauty of my diamond ring. I drew my hand hastily from the table where it had rested, and turned away to hide the blush on my face.

"Your mother had some pretty jewels, Mat-tie," said Mrs. Hatteraick, who was making the tea. "I remember her diamond ring."

So did I; but it lay in her jewel-case at home. Having thus passed over the opportunity to tell my friends of my engagement, I never sought for one again. They only knew of Luke Elphinstone as my father's partner, and I could not bring myself to enlighten them further concerning him.

Six summer weeks passed, during which my heart took root at Eldergowan. I forgot that I should have to tear it away; and when I remembered, I tried to forget again. I was doing no harm, I told myself; I was saying my prayers, wearing my ring: my year was my own, to spend as I pleased. We had a gay, noisy time, hungry rambles, merry meals, universal overflowing of milk and honey. I grew strong and robust, and as full of bounding life as any wild thing in the fields. They made me the pet of the house, and they spoiled me, calling me pretty names. Nell asking her uncle to describe me one day, he dubbed me the "fair and happy milkmaid." And at once I grew insufferably proud through his sticking this borrowed plume in my bonnet. It may have been owing to these new garnishings that I forgot my identity as I presently did.

Soldier Mark was the head and front, pillar and mainstay, of the house of Hatteraick. It

was the fashion at Eldergowan to count him a hero. Every one, from Mrs. Hatteraick downward, paid him worship, that sort of homage which simple appreciative souls give instinctively to what is at once strong and soft, commanding and winsome. To his mother he paid a tender deference, which reminded one that he had been a little child once, under her control; with Nell and Polly he was frolicsome as a schoolboy. Wonderful tales were whispered of his exploits in war, and his sword was looked on with a sort of superstitious reverence. Yet it was easier to imagine him consoling a dying comrade, or making merry after a victory, than dealing death and anguish to his fellow-men. So I thought at least, till one day when I overheard him swearing terribly in the stable-yard, and peeped through a curtain of acacia-trees.

The noonday sun was blazing on the pavement, the monthly roses and wallflowers from the kitchen-garden flaunting over the wall, a shaggy white horse drinking at the flowing water-trough, and a group of men standing near a bench where a little lad lay moaning. A cigar was lying burning itself quietly away upon the stones unobserved. I forgave Major Hatteraick his oaths, for the boy had been injured by a kick from a savage groom; but I saw that his wrath could be fierce. Of the men, some looked on in awe and some in admiration as he strode about the yard, frightening the pigeons from their dovecote on the gable, making the shaggy horse snuff and stare, and scattering the clucking hens that were pecking about the pavement.

An hour afterwards I met this most passionate and compassionate soldier sauntering in the garden, lazy and smoking, saying he was heated, and asking me to talk and refresh him. So we sat in a shady nook, and talked after a fashion of our own, of which I had learned the trick from him. We had each our enthusiasms of different kinds, which harmonised well, as contrasting colours mix into the most satisfactory hues. We were fond of bodecking common things with our mingled tints, and to-day we exerted ourselves as much as people care to do on a hot afternoon in a garden full of birds and flowers. A liquid song was gurgling down on our heads from a blackbird's hiding-place somewhere in the boughs above the high hedges behind us, a luxurious wilderness of roses lay before our eyes, and yellow plums hung within reach of our touch on the mossy wall by our side. It was all very sweet and good. I had some lace-work in my fingers, but through deep content my hands lay idle in my lap. I had come to be so used to these long talks with Mark Hatteraick that it seemed the most natural thing in the world to hear his voice going on at my side. I had ceased to wonder at the pleasant unembarrassed friendship that had sprung up between us, though at first it had surprised me much. Never had I been so intimate with any gentleman before, except my father or Luke; and, until the novelty wore off, it had seemed the oddest thing in the world to be sitting by the side of

a man and not longing for something to happen which must immediately remove him or me.

Mark Hatteraick had a book on his knees, and sometimes, in the pauses of his talk, he would read aloud passages which seemed but the translation of all the sweet murmurs that were going on around us. At times like these I felt that my own thoughts made new essays, and were surprised to find that their inheritance was much wider than they had ever dreamed of. I felt that I was but an ignorant thing, brought up in a wilderness, beyond which there was a fair world in which I too might live. Listening to the travelled soldier, I heard the bells chime in distant cathedrals, I saw the sun rise upon the glaciers.

But that was the day and the hour when something was said which made a change in me, warning me that I had better have stayed in my wilderness than come straying into champaigns to whose velvet slopes my feet had no errand. I cannot say what it was. Who would care to hear repeated the chance changes of a trivial conversation? Something was said and something was looked which made the sun seem to drop out of the sky, and the garden to heave up and fling its flowers in my face. I did not know exactly what had been said, but I felt too well what had been looked. Polly came dancing up the walk on the instant, and I hastily returned with her to the house.

I think I have said in the beginning of this history that I was not very wise in my youth. It was owing to my want of wisdom that I did not that day declare my engagement and go home to the Mill-house. I had an instinctive feeling that, my secret told, I should not have been detained at Eldergowan. I do not think it was wickedness; it was only weakness and blindness that made me decide on remaining. After an hour of doubt and confusion, I persuaded myself that what had startled me had been only in my own imagination. Nothing had been said but what was meant in mere kindness. Major Hatteraick was no fonder of me than he need be.

Yet I must have been conscious of lurking danger, for I sat on the corner of my bed for long after that, rubbing up my diamond ring with a little bit of my gown, and trying to convince myself logically that Luke Elphinstone was a worthier man than Mark Hatteraick. Now, when I came to think of it, there was nothing commendable about Mark, except his smile, which certainly did one good, his sympathetic good nature, and his eloquence when he chose to talk. As far as talking went, he had the best of it; for Luke had no stirring stories of defeats and victories, camps and watch-fires, to set quiet blood leaping; and though he was quite as great a demolisher of other determinations, he did not nail you to his wish like Luke, but had a pleasant trick of mixing your will up with his till you did not know your own when you saw it. But, coming so far as this in my reckoning, I found that the balance was getting all on the wrong side, and I had to begin again. Luke did not smoke so many

cigars; he was not so inconveniently tall; he had a better nose by rule than Mark Hatteraick; and when he swore, it was quietly between his teeth.

After this I wore a little likeness of Luke as a safeguard, and every day I studied it, having first adjusted the rose-coloured spectacles through which I intended to behold it. In this way I left myself not the shadow of a doubt that Luke's dark keen eyes and fine pale features were a much better sight than any tawny beard or any laughing eyes; and I need not be at all afraid of this soldier off duty in the magnificent good humour of his summer holiday. So I told myself every day in the sunshine of my chamber at Eldergowan, with flowers in my breast, and the birds all singing around me. I said it so often, that I found myself too wise to require its so frequent repetition. I left off examining Luke's likeness.

Mrs. Hatteraick had a slight illness through which I nursed her; and in her convalescent chamber I drew somehow nearer to Mark, through her medium, I think; for I know she loved me well. Sitting at his feet by her chair, something went very far wrong within me. I seemed to let go some staff with which I had walked pretty straight till now. My life's boat, sailing down a summer river, got into a glamour of light that hindered my seeing; and I drifted on in a golden dismay. Some agony mingled with the sweetness of my unthinking existence. I forgot that I was Luke's promised wife; but he came to remind me of it.

It was one hot evening when we were all gathered together under an awning on the broad steps in front of the house, Mrs. Hatteraick's invalid chair in the midst of our group. Nell had her arms round my waist, and Polly was on her uncle's knee. Nothing could be more snug and good than that hour; nothing could be more insensibly joyous than I was. At Polly's request, Uncle Mark told us the story of a battle. He grew very grave, as he always did before speaking of such matters. He stared, smoking, awhile at the distance of orange horizon and purpled wood; and then a light came into his eye like the gleam of a sword, and he began to talk. Presently we held our breath, for we were in the thick of the affray, and our attention was centred on one solitary figure in which my excited fancy discerned my brother Dick. Life was particularly sweet to this young soldier; the thought of home was tugging at his heart-strings. His eye was on the foe, but it saw also the anguished face of his already widowed love; his ear was open to the word of command, but it heard also weeping farewells and blessings. How shall I describe this story, which made us all sad? Everything sweet in the world was striving to dim his steady glance, and make a coward of him while he led on his band to a forlorn hope and death in the moment of victory. Ah, well! he was cut down. The shout of triumph was snatched from his lips.

Then came the dying injunctions to the friend, the moaning messages to her, and to her, and to him, the struggle for resignation, and again the pitiful yearning for the loved faces, the sad groping in the dark for the touch of hands never to be grasped again.

Oh the landscape faded away, the warm clouds, the rich greeneries, the sleepy lake, and the sun shone only on a red field of blood, and my dying brother Dick. I slipped from Nell's embrace, and hid myself in my room. When had I wept before? The tears I shed then washed the golden dust out of my eyes that had blinded me all these weeks past, and I saw myself as I was, untrue in my heart to Luke Elphinstone. Much unusual joy had turned my brain; a little natural grief had restored me to my senses.

Great fear gave me courage, and I felt quite strong when I returned slowly down the stairs. The sun was shining through the oriel window on the wide low landing above the hall, and many colours were wandering blissfully about this nook, which was a sort of a lingering place for idle feet at all hours of the day. Many an important question had been decided here, and many a conversation held, one gossip leaning against the carved corner of the banister, and another sitting on the lowest step of the upper stair. Here was Mark Hatteraick now, waiting for me.

"I did not mean to be cruel, Mattie," he said; "it is such a common story."

My courage shook under the fervent contrition in his eyes. My heavy hand lay in his clasp. I could see, from where I stood, the hall and the open door framing a little bit of lawn and golden sky. While I stood so, even as Mark Hatteraick's fingers were closing round mine, a figure appeared upon the threshold below, and Luke Elphinstone's face came between me and the light.

He had driven over from the Mill-house with a commission from my father to fetch me home. It was all quite natural and right, and he brought news which ought to have given me pleasure. Sylvia had arrived at last; my dead brother's almost widow had come to pay her long-promised visit to her almost sister.

I was completely sobered. I put on my bonnet without a murmur, even to my own heart. Major Hatteraick scanned the unwelcome messenger coldly, and I shunned his clouded eyes as I said my hasty good-bye.

"You will return, you will return!" they all cried, hanging round me at the door. "You *must* return," whispered Mark Hatteraick, vehemently, as he crushed my hand in farewell; but I said, "No, no," under my breath as I drove away with Luke.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER V. MABEL "JOINS."

IT will have been surmised that Mr. Trescott's cogitations, recorded in the preceding chapter, related partly to Mabel Earnshaw. She had seen him that morning near Jessamine Cottage, on his way to give a lesson in the neighbourhood—for Mr. Trescott eked out his scanty salary by teaching the violin, whenever he could find a pupil—and had accosted him to ask after his little girl. Mabel had learned from Clement Charlewood that the child was motherless, and more than ever had she set her heart on visiting the little creature, to whose patient sweetness and bright intelligence Clement bore warm testimony.

Mabel had a very strong will of her own, and rarely set her heart on any object without compassing its attainment. Nevertheless, for a young lady of sixteen to walk to New Bridge-street unattended, and without the consent of her parents, was not to be thought of. But chance came to her aid from an unexpected quarter.

Mr. Saxelby was a strong adherent and devout admirer of a certain evangelical clergyman, whose preaching (of a very hot and strong quality) was popular with a large section of the Hammerham public. Three times every Sunday, wet or dry, did Mr. Saxelby, his wife and step-daughter, trudge down to the church of St. Philip-in-the-Fields, there to be edified by the eloquent discourses of the Reverend Decimus Fluke. As St. Philip's lay at least a mile and a half from Jessamine Cottage, and in a low squalid part of the town, the walk thither was exceedingly disagreeable, and even laborious. But Mr. Saxelby would have considered himself a backslider, indeed, if anything short of serious illness had availed to keep him or his family away from one of the three Sunday services. Equally, he would have thought himself disgraced had he been induced by inclement weather to avail himself of the shelter of a vehicle on these occasions. "Shall I not do so much for my Master?" he would exclaim, when any unconverted friend suggested that cabs were to be had in Hammerham. And Mr. Saxelby really considered that in splashing to church, under his dripping glistening umbrella, he was

doing a good deal for his Master; and his manner seemed to express a hope that the sacrifice would be duly appreciated, and entered to his credit in the celestial registers.

Now, the Reverend Decimus Fluke, incumbent of St. Philip-in-the-Fields, was an energetic man. A very energetic man was the Reverend Decimus Fluke. So energetic that irreverent persons had been known to say that it required a constitution of exceptional vigour to support existence within the sphere of his activity, and that three mild curates had successively succumbed to nervous exhaustion, and given up their positions in his church, owing to the incessant harrying—the word is not mine; I merely quote the irreverent persons aforesaid—to which they were subjected by the reverend gentleman's energetic surveillance in the discharge of their parish duties. Mr. Fluke was a widower, with seven daughters, whose ages ranged from two-and-thirty to sixteen; all unmarried, and all inheriting more or less their father's unflagging vigour of constitution. These young ladies threw themselves into the business of doctoring the souls and bodies of their father's parishioners, with characteristic and unwearied activity. Miss Fluke, the eldest, was especially indefatigable in her attention to Sunday schools, class meetings, Bible readings, the practice of congregational psalmody—of so severe a character, that the most censorious worldling could not accuse Miss Fluke of getting up her bi-weekly singing class for the vain purpose of giving pleasure to any created being—and last, and most important of all, district visiting. This was an occupation dear to Miss Fluke's heart; and as the parish of St. Philip-in-the-Fields was large, poor, and populous, she had an extended sphere for the labour which she performed entirely *con amore*. Her curiosity about the affairs of the parishioners (dictated, no doubt, by interest in their spiritual welfare) was insatiable. The stoutest Hammerham housewives—and Hammerham housewives are not remarkable, as a class, for sensitiveness or over-refinement—sometimes found themselves no match for the well-directed unflinching fire of questions with which Miss Fluke plied them, in the course of her evangelical investigations. You could not shame Miss Fluke out of anything; and in this superiority to the weaknesses of her unconverted fellow-creatures lay, perhaps, at once her weapon and her shield.

Mr. Saxelby having been known for many years previous to his marriage as a constant and attentive member of the congregation of St. Philip's, it was natural that he should be held in high favour by the Flukes, and that the ladies of that family should have endeavoured to cultivate the acquaintance of Mrs. Saxelby and Mabel. They had not prospered very well in this endeavour; finding Mrs. Saxelby far below their standard of zeal;—"lukewarm," Miss Fluke pronounced briefly;—and Mabel, given to disconcerting repartee and argument when pushed too hard on points of low-church doctrine or practice. Disconcerting, that is to say, to one or two of the younger girls. Miss Fluke was never disconcerted by anything or anybody. Mr. Saxelby, however, strongly encouraged an intimacy between his family and the Misses Fluke; and his wife, in her usual spirit of conformity, endeavoured to make herself as agreeable to those ladies as the imperfect state of her spiritual development would permit.

On the day following the evening spoken of in the last chapter, Miss Fluke and her third sister, Jane, made an afternoon visit to the inmates of Jessamine Cottage. Afternoon visits were not much in Miss Fluke's way generally; she looked on such formalities as vanity and waste of time; saying, in her trenchant manner, "That *she* had no leisure for such observances, but that *all* Christian friends who had, would find her at home on Friday afternoons with her sewing-basket, when they could listen to her conversation, and satisfy themselves of her perfect health, without taking up valuable hours which should be devoted to the "Lord's work." The work which Miss Fluke thus designated, was, on Fridays, the construction of very coarse and very scanty garments—chiefly of flannel—for the poor. But on this especial afternoon Miss Fluke and Miss Jane Fluke did make a call at Jessamine Cottage, and finding the Saxelbys at their early dinner, sat down very willingly to partake of it with them.

"The labourer," said Miss Fluke, holding her plate for another slice of beef, "is worthy of his hire."

"True, indeed," returned Mr. Saxelby, "and you, my dear Miss Fluke, are indefatigable in the vineyard. Mabel, help Miss Fluke to potatoes."

Mr. Saxelby was a short spare man, so upright as to give the idea that his back was supported by artificial means, and he walked, and moved, and spoke, with a sort of metallic snap.

"It's a stubborn soil, Mr. Saxelby," said Miss Fluke, "and requires the ploughshare to go deep, deep, deep."

Miss Jane sighed, and murmured, "Deep, deep, deep." She had a way of repeating her sister's last word; this being, indeed, her only chance of joining in the conversation at all, when Miss Fluke was fairly launched on one of her favourite parish topics.

"Now, this very day," resumed the latter, "I've been district visiting for Eliza. Her beat is quite separate from mine, and really I have *not* time to take any extra duty. Only

Eliza is laid up with a cold, and the other girls' lists are all full. So, of course, I wouldn't withdraw my neck from the yoke, nor turn back from the narrow path, however thorny."

"Thorny," said Miss Jane, pouring some cream over her fruit tart.

"Now, Mrs. Saxelby," said Miss Fluke, turning on her hostess with such suddenness as to make that lady drop her fork with a clash, "why don't *you* come back to us? We want recruits. You had half a district with Loui last summer. *Why* abandon the good work? Remember, you will have to give an account of your talent, even though you bury it in a napkin."

Miss Fluke shook her head so emphatically that the jet flowers in her bonnet quivered again. She usually wore black. No one quite knew why. Possibly because it had a good lugubrious effect by a sick-bed, and attuned the patient's mind to thoughts of a becomingly gloomy nature. Or, she may have worn black as mourning for the sins of her neighbours.

"My dear Miss Fluke," said Mrs. Saxelby, smiling faintly, and looking helplessly at her husband, "I assure you I have no talent——"

"We *all* have talents in the Scripture sense, Mrs. Saxelby," interrupted Miss Fluke.

"Yes, of course. But I mean that I really am not fit for the work. My health is not strong; and then I have no influence whatsoever over the people. They frighten me."

"I think," said Mr. Saxelby, "I do think, that my wife is not quite adapted for district visiting. It requires stamina."

The Misses Fluke looked at each other with a significant smile, and nodded their heads. It had been found, indeed, on several occasions, that considerable stamina was required on the part of the visited, as well as the visitors: Miss Fluke's religious exercises being of a fatiguing, not to say exhausting kind.

"Be it so," said Miss Fluke, with the air of making a great concession, and scorning to take any credit for it. "But there are other branches. Dorcas meetings, Bible class, catechism class, hymn class, missionary collections, clothing committees, tract distribution. Come, Mrs. Saxelby, you cannot plead incompetency for all."

"Really, I—I don't know," stammered the poor little woman, colouring painfully, and feeling very much inclined to cry. "I'm so afraid to interfere with people, and have so little confidence in my own power to comfort them, or do them any good."

"Comfort them!" cried Miss Fluke.

"Comfort them!" echoed her sister.

"You—must—awake—them—to—a—sense—of *sin*. That's the one thing needful, Mrs. Saxelby. Comfort's of no use to them until they've got a sense of sin. It's a snare and a delusion—a folding of the hands to slumber."

Mabel, who had been sitting silently attentive, turned upon Miss Fluke, who was quite red in the face from the strength of her emphasis, and was about to make some rejoinder; but she caught her mother's imploring glance, and refrained. Miss Fluke, however, had perceived

the movement of Mabel's head, and took the opportunity of addressing her, to ask why *she* at least, who was young and strong, should not put her shoulder to the wheel, and assist in the awakening process?

"Now, I assure you," said that strenuous spinster, "that there is an *immense* field to labour in. Eliza's district, where I've been this morning, is full of interesting cases. There is a woman, an electro-plater's wife, in New Bridge-street, who has had some of the most remarkable experiences."

Mabel started at the words, and Miss Fluke, taking her eager look of interest as a tribute to her own eloquence, proceeded with redoubled vigour: "Experiences, Mabel, of a thoroughly evangelical and spiritual character. That woman's mind was in outer darkness—literally outer darkness. She was weltering—to use her own words—weltering, in worldliness and self-seeking. I have strong reason to believe she drank. And I *know*," added Miss Fluke, nodding her head and speaking in a loud triumphant tone, "that she habitually used the most awfully bad language! Well now; what is the result of three months'—only three months'—diligent district visiting, tract distributing, and attendance at Sabbath evening lecture? Why, that woman—Pugley her name is—is so awakened to the truth, has got such a real sense of sin, that she looks upon the spiritual state of all her friends and relations with absolute loathing."

"Lo-o-o-athing!" repeated Miss Jane unctuously.

"And she said, I particularly remember, that she considered her husband's mother to be clothed in filthy rags, as with a garment—spiritually speaking, of course; for the old woman is a very decent, clean old creature, in a worldly sense, and looks after her grandchildren when Mrs. Pugley is at lecture or Bible class."

Miss Fluke stopping the torrent of her discourse here to take breath, and apply a very large pocket-handkerchief to her nose, with a strong wrenching action, Mabel took occasion to ask whether Eliza had any other houses, besides the admirable Mrs. Pugley's, that she visited in New Bridge-street?

"Let me see," said Miss Jane, availing herself of her sister's temporary retirement behind the pocket-handkerchief to assert *her* knowledge of the subject, and advertise her share of the family energy. "Well, I'm not sure, but there's a great deal to be done in the neighbourhood, I know. Will you join, Mabel? Do say yes. It would be a real help, now that Eliza is ill. You could take the lighter duties to begin with. Just a little Scripture reading, and so on, unless—unless—you'd prefer to have Eliza's catechism class, or to make a subscription-book for the Infant Bosjesman Mission."

"May I accompany Jane and Miss Fluke in their district visits?" asked Mabel, addressing Mr. Saxelby.

Her step-father was much surprised by the demand. Mabel had never before shown any

desire to associate herself with her friends' parochial labours. But he answered at once: "Certainly, Mabel. I am rejoiced to think that you care about these things. Under Miss Fluke's guidance, I can have no objection to your going."

"I must tell you, sir," said Mabel, flushing deeply, "and tell you, too, Miss Fluke, that I have asked to join you because I particularly wish to have an opportunity of seeing a poor sick little girl in whom I am interested, and who lives in the part of the town you have been speaking of. If you don't think it right to admit me with that motive, I shall be sorry. But that is the true one. I have no other."

"Join, Mabel!" said Miss Fluke, who had risen to go, and was tying her bonnet-strings with superfluous application of muscular power. "It may be a useful and a blessed experience for you. If the little girl you speak of is in a state of grace, so much the better. If not, we will endeavour to bring her into the way of—Are you ready, Jane? And have you given Mrs. Saxelby the penny subscription card for the rebuilding of Duckrell Chapel and school-house? And the last report of the Infant Bosjesman Mission Ladies' Committee? And lent her the number of the Christian Reminder, with those verses about justification by faith, adapted to a popular melody? Very well, then, come along. And Mabel, be your motive what it may, I say again to you, join! Remember the beautiful hymn we had last Sunday, beginning—

Come dirty, come filthy,
Come just as you are!

That's my advice to *you*. Come just as *you* are; only join!"

Miss Fluke took leave briefly with her sister, and was heard to march with a quick firm tread down the front garden path, and to shut the gate behind her with a loud jarring clang.

"An excellent woman, Miss Fluke," said Mr. Saxelby. "One of those who may be truly said to be unwearying in well-doing."

"I wish," said Mrs. Saxelby, "that she wouldn't shut the garden gate in that dreadfully violent way. It jars every nerve in my body."

To this, Mr. Saxelby made no reply, but took his hat and set forth to return to the office: having first kissed his wife's forehead with more gentleness than his ordinary manner would have led one to suppose him capable of.

"Mabel," said her mother, when Mr. Saxelby had gone, "I'm afraid this won't do."

"Won't do, mamma?"

"No; you'll hate the whole thing, and then you'll say so. And that will make a quarrel, and be worse than not joining at all. Besides, I—I—don't think Mr. Saxelby will like your going to these Trescotts. And his wishes should be respected."

"But, mamma, I told him. I made no false pretences."

"Dear me, Mabel!" cried Mrs. Saxelby, pettishly—her temper, usually gentle, had been ruffled by Miss Fluke; Miss Fluke *was* trying

to the nervous system; "I wish to Heaven you wouldn't be so *entêtée*. The child is cared for. Why not be quiet, and let her alone?"

"Mamma," answered Mabel, softly, bending her head down, and shading her eyes with her hand, "suppose every one had been quiet, and let us alone, when we were desolate!"

CHAPTER VI. A DISTRICT VISIT.

ON the following Saturday, Mabel, accompanied by Miss Fluke and her youngest sister, a girl of about Mabel's own age, set forth on her first experience as a district visitor. Not without many misgivings, and much inward trembling, did she commence her round. But she put a brave front on the matter, and resolved to be as little intrusive as possible, and to embrace every opportunity, should any be afforded her, of being helpful, and showing sympathy as far as might be.

It is not necessary to follow her and her companion through all the scenes of the morning. Mabel soon discovered that, except in cases where physical aid was rendered, in the shape of food, medicine, or clothing, Miss Fluke's appearance was generally the signal for a sturdy tacit sullen resistance on the part of the poor people whom she visited. Sometimes it flamed out into open warfare. Sometimes it only smouldered with a dull latent heat. But almost always it seemed to be an accepted fact, that Miss Fluke came like an invader into an enemy's country, and that she meant fighting, and had braced herself for the combat. There were exceptions to this, of course. There were whining canting hypocrites of the Pugley school, who related their "experiences," and abused their neighbours in true Mawworm fashion. There were also several instances—and these amongst the most sorely afflicted—of real unaffected piety, which all Miss Fluke's coarse handling was powerless to dim. Mabel was particularly touched by the cheerful serenity of one old blind bedridden man, who listened eagerly to a chapter of the Bible, read aloud in Miss Fluke's hardest and most controversial tone, and who thanked her with unmistakable heartiness when she had finished. Mabel, to whom the chapter selected had appeared singularly ill chosen for purposes of soothing or consolation, could not resist asking the old man privately if he had really liked that, and why?

"Liked it? Ah, sure, miss," said he, in a tone of surprise. "Why, don't ye see that if my fellow-creeturs thinks of me, and cares for me, enough for to come and spend their time a-reading and a-talking to a poor ignorant old man such as me, how sure and satisfied it makes me feel as our Father in Heaven—Him as is all love and mercy—won't forget me neither? Now, I dessay, I seems very lonely to you, lyin' here dark all day; but I ain't; not a bit lonely. I've allus lots to think about and blessed thoughts too."

There were few such pleasant gleams of, light on the dreary disheartening round of visits; but Miss Fluke seemed to accept the sullen

looks and scant courtesy with which she was mostly received as part of the day's routine, and indeed enjoyed any opportunity of displaying her pugnacity and tenacity in the good cause.

When they came, in the course of their duty, to New Bridge-street, Mabel left her friends at the door of Mrs. Pugley's dwelling, that interesting subject being laid up with sore-throat, and Miss Fluke having brought in her pocket a large tract and a small pot of black-currant jam, so as to administer at once to her spiritual and bodily requirements. Mabel had stipulated that she should be allowed to visit Corda Trescott on this very first day of her new employment, and had obtained the Misses Flukes' promise that when they had finished their visit at Mrs. Pugley's they would call for her at Number Twenty-three. They were, in fact, very willing, and even eager to do so. Their young friend had not thought it necessary to give them what slight particulars she knew as to the Trescotts' position and circumstances, but they had learned from her the story of the accident, and of Clement Charlewood's kindness to the child, and were excessively curious to see little Corda. Mabel Earnshaw saw her companions enter the abode of Mrs. Pugley, and then ran swiftly up the dirty street to Number Twenty-three. She paused as if irresolute, and then knocked lightly at the door, feeling that her heart was beating a trifle more quickly than usual.

Mrs. Hutchins opened the door—which led directly into the front kitchen, without any intermediate passage—and stood staring at Mabel, with a mop in one hand and a pail of very dirty hot water on the ground behind her. Mrs. Hutchins was washing the brick floor of the kitchen. It was Saturday, the day usually devoted to a general "cleaning up" by the ladies of New Bridge-street and its vicinity; and Mabel had already experienced that morning the wrathful indignation of several housewives at being interrupted in that avocation. Consequently, when she saw Mrs. Hutchins throw the door wide open and stand before her arrayed in full "cleaning up" costume—canvas apron and bib, iron clogs, sleeves tucked up, and a general tone of black-lead over her dress and complexion—she was prepared to be not very civilly received.

Mrs. Hutchins stood and looked at Mabel; Mabel stood and looked at Mrs. Hutchins. At length that lady said, slowly:

"Who might you be inquiring for, miss?"

"Does a gentleman named Trescott live here, if you please?" said Mabel.

"Trescotts ockypies my first floor," returned Mrs. Hutchins, majestically.

"Is his little girl in, can you tell me?"

"Yes, and ever likely to be so."

Mabel was sufficiently well acquainted with the phraseology of the lower orders in Hammerlam to understand that Mrs. Hutchins did not by any means intend to imply that Corda was a prisoner to the house thenceforth for evermore, but simply that, under the present circumstances, it was natural that she should be in.

"Can I see her?" asked Mabel.

"I suppose so. I don't know as you can't."

"Be good enough to allow me to pass, then, if you please," said Mabel, resolutely; for Mrs. Hutchins stood full in the doorway, and made no attempt to remove the great pail which helped to block the passage. The woman drew aside at once. Mabel's tone of command was the best she could have adopted for attaining her purpose: Mrs. Hutchins being one of those persons whom it is necessary to treat firmly, as one grasps a nettle. She had a secret contempt for people who showed her much gentleness or consideration; perhaps from a modest consciousness of not being specially entitled to either; perhaps because her weak and frivolous character found it agreeable to be compelled by a superior will, and so to avoid responsibility. At all events, Mrs. Hutchins did not resent Mabel's tone, but made way for her to pass, even with some show of moving the pail of water.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Mabel, lifting her dress and stepping neatly over the impediment. In so doing, she displayed a very pretty little foot, which Mrs. Hutchins did not fail to notice, and to compare mentally with the "fairy foot" ascribed to Rosalba of Naples.

"I don't believe her'n could ha' been littler," thought Mrs. Hutchins.

"May I go up-stairs? Is it the front room?"

"I'm sorry, miss, as I can't show you the way; but I happen to be particular engaged cleaning up, and if I was to wait to take off my pattens—"

But before she could finish, Mabel had thanked her, and was half way up the steep narrow staircase.

"Now, it beats me," muttered the landlady, plunging her mop into the dirty water and vigorously besprinkling the floor with that fluid—"it beats me how them Trescotts gets hold of people. There's young Charlewood, belongin' to one of the first families in Hammerham; and now this here young girl, quite the lady. Her clothes is plain, but thorough good every stitch on 'em. A 'gentleman of the name of Trescott.' Lord, if they should turn out to be somebody, them Trescotts! Alf, he certainly do bear the stamp of aristockery imprinted legible. What a young rip he is! But Trescott's common enough; no height about *him*."

Meanwhile, Mabel had reached the door of the front room on the first floor, and tapped at it with her fingers.

"Come in," said a silvery childish treble, and Mabel entered.

On a mean bed, covered with a patchwork quilt, lay the pretty little girl whose pale death-like face, as she had seen it on the day of the accident, had many times haunted Mabel's memory. The pretty face was still pale, but no longer death-like, and it beamed brightly from among the soft curling tresses scattered over the pillow. Before her, so as to be within range of her eyes, was a pile of oblong books, evidently music-books, supporting a smaller volume in which the child had been reading.

One hand and arm were still nearly useless; but she kept the other on her book, holding a page between her finger and thumb, so as to be able to turn over without pausing. The room, though poor, was orderly and decent—more so than Mabel had expected from the appearance of Mrs. Hutchins and the comfortless look of the house. The child herself looked neither squalid nor neglected.

Little Corda looked up wonderingly at the unexpected apparition standing in the doorway.

"How do you do, dear?" said Mabel, smiling, though something undefinably pathetic in the lonely little figure made the tears brim up into her eyes at the same time.

"Quite well, thank you, ma'am," returned Corda, with grave politeness.

"Not quite, quite, well yet, I'm afraid," said Mabel. "You don't know me. I am a friend of Mr. Charlewood, who is so kind to you. I was in that dreadful carriage that ran over you. May I come and talk to you awhile?"

Mr. Charlewood's name was evidently a passport to Corda's favour; but, besides that, with the unerring instinct of an affectionate child, she felt that the grey eyes looking at her so kindly were full of real honest sympathy. Her fair delicate skin flushed a bright rose colour, and she smiled back at Mabel; but she was too shy to be at all demonstrative to a stranger. So she merely answered, "Yes, if you please;" and took her thumb and finger from between the leaves of her book, as a courteous intimation that she was ready to be talked to.

Mabel sat down by the head of the bed, placing herself so that the child could see her easily, and without the necessity of moving.

"You are called Corda, are you not?" began Mabel, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, I'm always called Corda. But my real name is Cordelia. Cordelia Alice Mary Trescott."

"And my name is Mabel Earnshaw. Just Mabel, and nothing else."

"It's a funny name," said Corda; then added, hastily, as if fearful of wounding her new friend's feelings, "but I think it's very pretty, too."

"I am glad you like it, Corda. And are you really getting strong? Have you any pain?"

"Not now. Scarcely at all. It used to be bad at first, because, you know, one of my bones was broken in two. I forget what they call it, but Mr. Brett knows."

"Mr. Brett is the doctor, isn't he, Corda?"

"Yes; he's a very good doctor indeed. He mended my bone beautifully, papa says. And he brings me oranges, and talks to me when he has time."

Mabel, finding the child grow less shy as she became accustomed to her visitor's presence, endeavoured to find out whether there were any way in which she could be useful to the little creature. But Corda seemed to have no selfish wants. Her papa was so good to her, and fond of her! she said. And Alfred was a very dear clever brother. And even Mrs. Hutchins was very kind. Of course Mrs. Hutchins was not a lady—and

Corda was evidently quite capable of appreciating the refinement and charm conveyed in that word—but then she had a great many things to do, and was obliged to work very hard, and so she couldn't always be quite nice and clean, could she? Corda's face involuntarily wrinkled itself up into a queer little pucker, as sundry reminiscences of Mrs. Hutchins's personal peculiarities came vividly to her mind.

By degrees the child, feeling at her ease with Mabel, and being a trusting artless little creature, proceeded to chat very confidentially about her family, as she was in the habit of doing with Clement Charlewood. Her papa was a very excellent musician, but he couldn't play so beautifully as Alfred, because papa was subject to a nervous twitching of one side, which was apt to come on when he got excited. Hadn't Mabel noticed it? *She*, Corda, meant to be a singer when she grew up. She liked singing better than anything. Except reading. She thought she almost liked reading best, especially fairy stories. The book she had there, was a fairy-book. It had been given to her by a very kind lady. She had written Corda's name in the book. There it was, "To Cordelia Alice Mary Trescott, with M. W.'s kind love."

"M. W.!" said Mabel, eagerly taking up the book. "I know some one whose name begins with those letters. Tell me, Corda—" But at this moment the door was flung wide open, and Miss Fluke, followed by her sister Louisa, marched into the room. Miss Fluke's ordinary gait was a march. She was very upright, very broad in the chest, very stiff in the neck, and had a habit of staring straight before her like a soldier on drill. She stopped short, in some surprise, seeing the little patient whom she had been told was so ill, flushed and smiling, and leaning with one small hand on Mabel's shoulder as she bespoke her attention to the writing in the book. Corda started, and moved as well as she could yet nearer to Mabel, who took the hand that had been resting on her shoulder between hers and held it encouragingly.

"So this is the little girl that was run over," said Miss Fluke. "I hope you are thankful to Providence for your escape, little girl, and that it'll be a warning to you."

Corda looked at Miss Fluke with wide eyes, like a frightened hare, and whispered, timidly, "Yes, ma'am."

"These ladies are friends of mine, Corda, who have kindly called to see you," said Mabel. "I meant to have told you about them before, so that you might not be alar—surprised. But we have been chatting so much about other things."

"I am a district visitor, my dear," said Miss Fluke.

Corda looked a little puzzled, but, seeing that Miss Fluke expected her to speak, answered, meekly, "Thank you, ma'am."

"Don't thank *me*, child," said Miss Fluke, with great vehemence. "Thank a bounteous Providence who has allowed you to be born in a land where there *are* district visitors."

It is to be feared that Corda scarcely realised

the blessing with any rapturous joy, for Miss Fluke had seated herself on the edge of the patchwork quilt, and, in the energy of her emphasis, communicated a quivering movement to the rickety bed, which jarred the slight form within it, painfully. Mabel observed the child's face change, and rose to go, in the hope of drawing Miss Fluke away. But the latter was not going yet awhile. Number Twenty-three, New Bridge-street, was fresh ground for her—virgin forest, untrodden pasture—and she set herself to explore it, with great keenness and zest. Miss Fluke's method of procedure on these occasions was simple, direct, and vigorous. It consisted in asking a series of point-blank questions, so couched as to make evasion impossible, short of refusing to answer altogether.

"Now, little girl, what is your name? Cordelia? Absurd name for a child of your class! Now, Cordelia, tell me who are your father and mother, and why isn't one of them at home to look after you?"

"I haven't got a mother, ma'am," said Corda, timidly, "she died when I was a baby. And papa is gone to treasury."

"Gone to *what*?"

"To treasury, ma'am. It's Saturday, you know."

"I don't understand you, Cordelia," said Miss Fluke, severely. It was a case for severity, doubtless. When Miss Fluke did not understand something said, there was surely implied some strange and reprehensible short-coming on the part of the speaker.

"She means," said Mabel, hurriedly coming to the rescue, "that her father has gone to receive his weekly salary."

"I never heard such an expression in all my life. Treasury! Well, Cordelia"—it is impossible to express how hard and ugly Miss Fluke contrived to make her utterance of poor Corda's name; and she seemed, too, to lengthen it out mysteriously into some six syllables—"and is your father a Christian?"

Great astonishment in Corda's hazel eyes. "Oh yes, of course, ma'am."

"Not at all of course, I grieve to say, Cordelia. Very far from of course. However, I hope and trust he may be. Does he attend to your spiritual health?"

The hazel eyes yet more bewildered, and turning from Miss Fluke to Mabel, and back again.

"Does he look after your soul, Cordelia? Has he taught you to know that you're a wretched, lost, sinful little girl, full of iniquity and hardness of heart?"

A look of terror in the bright eyes fixed on Miss Fluke, and a self-accusing blush on Corda's cheek.

"I know I'm naughty sometimes, ma'am, but papa always forgives me."

"Oh dear me!" said Miss Fluke, turning to her sister. "Dear, dear, dear me! There it is. No sense of sin. None whatever."

Corda, though considerably puzzled, understood very well that blame was being cast, not only on herself but on her father; and the tears

she had been struggling to keep down, overflowed her eyes, and began to trickle piteously down her face, and drop on the coverlet of the bed.

Mabel could bear it no longer. "I really must go, Miss Fluke," said she. "Mr. Saxelby and mamma will be displeased if I am late for dinner. Besides, I think Corda is not strong enough yet to bear much talking to. I had tired her already, before you came."

Miss Fluke was very reluctant to quit the scene of action; but she acknowledged to herself that it was getting late in the afternoon, and she had other duties to attend to. So she yielded to Mabel's suggestion, and arose from the bedside with another jerk.

"I shall come again next Saturday, please God," said she to Corda. "Meanwhile, read this, and this, and this," thrusting a packet of penny tracts on the child. "I see you *can* read. Now, good-bye, and try to profit by those blessed words."

"I will try to come again," whispered Mabel, bending over the sweet plaintive face. "Don't cry, darling. The lady did not mean to be unkind to you. I will send you some story-books, Corda. Fairy tales. And you must tell me about M. W., who gave you that book."

Mabel hastily arranged the child's head more comfortably on the pillow, put her story-book within reach of her hand again, and ran down-stairs after the Misses Fluke.

On their way out of the house, they encountered a strikingly handsome young man entering it, who touched his hat somewhat sulkily, and stood to stare long and fixedly after them as they walked down the street.

STICK- (NOT TABLE-) TURNING.

MR. BARING GOULD, in his remarkable book on *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, devotes a chapter to the Divining Rod. He adverts to the well-known passages in the Bible, ascribing some mystic properties to a rod or staff when in the hands of Jacob, Moses, and Aaron; and to the regular establishment of a belief in Rhabdomancy (divination by means of a rod) at a very remote period of history. Expressed briefly, the divining-rod, divination, dowsing (as the Cornish people call it), or rhabdomancy, relates to the use of a twig or rod, generally of hazel, held in the two hands. When the person holding it passes over a hidden spring of water, a deposit of metal underground, or the spot where a robbery or a murder has been committed, the rod undergoes agitation without any spontaneous action on the part of the holder. Such is the theory.

In the last century, the divining-rod had many staunch believers in the district of the Mendip Hills, and they scarcely ever sank a shaft but by its direction. Billingley, in his *Agricultural Survey of Somerset*, said that dexterous dowsers could mark on the ground the exact course and breadth of the vein underneath, and, even if blindfolded, they could, detect the same spot

twenty times over. Sir Walter Scott made Dousterswivel (in the *Antiquary*) traverse the aisles of a ruined structure, to demonstrate that a forked rod of hazel would discover the locality of hidden springs of water. The narrative of the exploit is well worth reading, whatever Scott himself may have thought of rhabdomancy. William Hone records that a gentleman went to see a young farmer near Bristol gifted with this faculty. The farmer traversed a court-yard, and found the twig move when he came over a covered well, despite, as he declared, of his attempt to hold it steady. There was then placed a watch under one of three hats. The farmer, without knowing it previously, discovered the right hat by the bending of the rod. The gentleman candidly owned that when *he* tried the experiment it was a failure; but the farmer accounted for this on the ground that only a few persons possess the faculty.

It has been stated that Lady Noel was one of those thus gifted; that on one occasion, when at Warlingham, in the presence of Mr. Dawson Turner and other gentlemen, she passed along ground above springs invisible and unknown to her; a hazel-twigg which she held in her hands turned down when she was over the springs. She earnestly asserted that it did so not only without her prompting, but against her express attempts to keep it still: in proof of which she showed marks on her thumbs and fingers, as if they had been subject to great pressure.

In Cornwall there has always been a firm belief in the divining-rod: the theory being that one person in about forty possesses the power of using it. Mrs. Colonel Beaumont, early in the century, is said to have had this peculiar gift; at any rate, the rod *did* bend down in certain instances, when she was passing over concealed metals or springs. In an early volume of the *Monthly Magazine* there was a letter from a Mr. Partridge, of Boxbridge, giving many instances of the discovery of hidden springs of water by the divining-rod. He was impressed with a belief that the power is possessed by a much smaller number of persons than some have supposed—only one in two thousand.

A good deal of attention was paid by the newspapers to certain alleged achievements of two diviners, or dowsers, about twenty years ago. They were West of England men, named Adams and Mapstone. A farmer near Wedmore, in Somerset, wishing for a supply of water on his farm, applied to Mapstone. Mapstone used a hazel-rod in the usual way, and when he came over a particular spot, declared that water would be found fifteen or twenty feet beneath the surface. Digging was therefore commenced at that spot, and water appeared at a depth of nineteen feet. The other expert, Adams, who claimed to have been instrumental in the discovery of nearly a hundred springs in the west of England, went one day, by invitation, to the house of Mr. Phippen, a surgeon, at Wedmore, to dowse for water. He walked

about in the garden behind Mr. Phippen's house until the stick became so agitated that he could not keep it steady; it bent down at a spot which he asserted must have water underneath it. Mr. Phippen caused a digging to be made, and water was really found at the spot indicated. As a means of testing Adams's powers in relation to metals, three hats were placed in a row in the kitchen, and three silver spoons under one of the hats. Adams walked among the hats, and his rod told him which of them covered the treasure. Then three kinds of valuables, gold, silver, and jewels, were placed under three hats, one kind under each; and he found out which was which. On another occasion, he dowsed for water in the grounds of the Rev. Mr. Foster, of Sodbury, in Gloucestershire; using the same method as before, he announced the presence of water at a particular spot, twenty feet beneath the surface. A pamphlet published by Mr. Phippen concerning these curious facts attracted the attention of Mr. Marshall, partner in the great flax factory at Leeds. Water was wanted at the mill, and the owners were willing to see whether dowsing could effect anything in the matter. Mr. Marshall invited Adams to come down and search for springs. On one occasion, when blindfolded, Adams failed, but hit the mark pretty nearly on the second attempt, excusing himself for the first failure on the ground that "he was not used to be blindfolded." Of the main experiments Mr. Marshall afterwards said, in a letter to the newspapers, "I tested Adams by taking him over some deep borings at our manufactory, where he could have no possible guide from anything he could see; and he certainly pointed out nearly the position of the springs, as shown by the produce of the bore-holes—some being much more productive than others. The same was the result at another factory, where Adams could have had no guide from what he saw, and could not have got information otherwise."

There was one Edward Seebold who, about the same period, created some sensation in Germany by his exhibition of this sort of underground knowledge. It was not, with him, a divination of hidden metals or springs, however; it was simply that a divining-rod, spontaneously as it would seem, turned round in his hands when held out horizontally. Dr. Herbert Mayo, being at Weilbach in the year 'forty-seven, and having his thoughts directed to certain experiments which had come under his notice as a reader, applied a particular test to Seebold, suggested by something which Reichenbach had mentioned. It consisted in holding three pieces of metal and one fork of a divining-rod in the right hand, and holding with the left hand the other fork of the rod bound round with silk. Seebold walked up and down, with these articles in his hands. The youth had scarcely made five steps, says Dr. Mayo, when the end of the fork began to ascend. Seebold laughed with astonishment at the result, and said that he experienced a tickling or thrilling sensation in his hands. Continuing to walk up and down, the fork in his

hands described a complete circle, then another, and so on as long as he continued to walk. The experiment was repeated with similar success several times within a month. At subsequent periods, when the youth's health was somewhat impaired, the phenomena either disappeared altogether, or were only partially exhibited. Dr. Mayo lost sight of Seebold for four years; when, being again at Weilbach, he inquired after him, and found that the power, whatever it may have been, seemed to have entirely left him. When tried by other persons, the results were fitful and contradictory, the end of the rod sometimes going upwards, when, according to the theory, it should have gone downwards.

Now comes the question: Is the divining-rod a verity? and, if not, what are we to think of all these recorded phenomena? Are they frauds, like some exhibitions that are not many months old, among ourselves? If they be honest, but mistaken, how does the mistake arise? If they are honest and correct likewise, what real agency is concerned in the matter? That they are all frauds is a supposition which cannot be admitted for a moment. That they are all true, is a supposition which the past and present teachings of science render very improbable. It is in the middle region of conjecture that the solution will probably be found. Some of the experimenters and their friends have offered a surmise that there may be a few persons, representing a fraction more or less of the whole population, who are electrical, or have more electricity in them than the rest of us. This may possibly be so; but then it is strange that a hazel-rod, and of a particular shape too, should be the necessary means of developing or manifesting this power.

More than fifty years ago, Chévreul, the eminent French chemist and natural philosopher, devised a small pendulum, consisting of an iron ring suspended by a hempen thread, to test an alleged power possessed by a Parisian lady, of detecting hidden metals and springs of water by the spontaneous oscillation of the pendulum. What he saw induced him to extend his researches further. He addressed a letter to Biot, a still more eminent French savant, expressive of an opinion that there is a *mental* process concerned in these phenomena, which needs to be taken into account. About forty years afterwards, circumstances led him to take up the inquiry at greater length and in a more systematic manner. The Académie des Sciences, in eighteen fifty-two, requested MM. Chévreul, Boussingault, and Babinet to report on a volume by M. Riondet on the subject of the divining-rod; and the attention of Chévreul was about the same time attracted by the public displays of table-turning and spirit-rapping, with which Paris was just then almost intoxicated. He thought of his old pendulum; he thought of the divining-rod of the dowisers; and he worked out the details of a theory which might possibly furnish a clue to a large number of marvellous recitals, spiritual and non-spiritual. His theory is this: He believes that there is a condition of mind which may be called *expectant*

attention, and that this has a very peculiar effect upon the nerves and muscles. When we attend to any outward object, and expect a particular movement to take place in it, there is likely to be a movement going on in ourselves of which we are not conscious; and if our fingers touch the object contemplated, we are apt to produce the very phenomenon itself without being aware of it. The declaration of the experimenter may be quite honest; the divining-rod may really move; he may really produce the movement; and yet may, in all good faith, asseverate that his will was not concerned in the matter—that, in homely parlance, he “didn’t go to do it.” The experimenter, wishing that the experiment may succeed, insensibly resolves the wish into an expectation. This feeling or state of mind, expectation, has an involuntary effect on some of the nerves, and the nerves on the muscles. The fingers, holding the article or substance with which the experiment is to be made, relax or modify their hold to such a degree as to produce the very movement wished for. The hazel-rod, for instance, descends from its horizontal position, and points towards the ground, because the experimenter desires and expects that it will do so, although he is not conscious of any purposed determination to produce that result. Chévreul’s theory allows room for the belief that the experimenter is not only free from deceit, but from any knowledge of the mode in which his expectancy acts upon him. There is a growing belief among physiologists, and those who study the wonderful influence of mind upon body and body upon mind, that this kind of expectant attention, or by whatever other name we may call it, is very much concerned in the production of semi-miraculous and semi-mystical phenomena. The Bible and key experiment, the ring-pendulum, the divining-rod, may possibly all be more or less dependent on it, as well as some of those facts which belong to so-called spiritualism.

Chévreul subjected many of the old recitals to the test thus supplied. When Mademoiselle Olivet began to entertain religious fears concerning the divining-rod, and when she adopted the course recommended to her by Abbé Lebrun, she walked along a path beneath which a number of pieces of metal were purposely placed, and then over a concealed spring of water. The rod did not move. The abbé had his own mode of explaining this: but Chévreul attributes it to a wish producing expectant attention, which, in its turn, produced an involuntary firmness in the fingers that held the rod. Again, in the case of Mademoiselle Martin, who stated that she thought the rod *ought* to manifest itself when over sacred relics, if it did when over less important things; her fingers imperceptibly obeyed her thoughts. Many sensitive persons have declared that they feel when they are standing over hidden springs of water. It may be so; but there remains a problem whether or not they had any antecedent belief that water existed there.

A writer in *Notes and Queries* states that if you hold a hazel-rod in the usual position

(one branch of the fork in each hand, and the stem projecting horizontally outwards), and, grasping it firmly, turn your hands slowly and steadily round inwards, that is to say, the right hand from the right to the left, and the left hand from the left to the right, the end of the rod will gradually descend till it points directly downwards. He does not, however, state that the diviners make this movement voluntarily or otherwise. The exact form of rod seems to be somewhat as follows: A hazel-twig is cut a few inches below the point where a forking of two branches begins; each prong of the fork is cut to about a foot in length, and the stump or thick end to three inches (Adams used a whitethorn twig, with branches eighteen inches long). In using the rod, one branch is held in each hand, with the stump pointing horizontally outwards; the arms hang by the side; the elbows are bent at a right angle; the fore-arms are advanced horizontally; the hands are eight or ten inches apart; the knuckles are downwards, the thumbs outwards; and the ends of the branches appear between the roots of the thumbs and fingers. Any one who will try this, will find that the position of the stick is altogether a peculiar one; and it is within the limits of probability that the nerves and muscles of the hand are at such a time easily affected by involuntary movements having a mental rather than an external physical cause.

If the supposition concerning expectant attention be well founded, it may have a much wider application than at first appears. In the Mendip Hill experiment, for instance, if the fork really did point downward when the wood was green, and remain stationary when it was dry, we should have to inquire whether the man expected this to be the result. When the Bristol farmer performed his experiment, and his visitor failed in an attempt to imitate him, the farmer attributed it to special sensitiveness on his own part; but he did not mention, and perhaps, indeed, did not know, the probable effect of expectation in bringing about the result. When Adams found out which hat covered gold, which silver, and which a diamond pin, we are not informed whether he was told beforehand that those were the relative qualities of the three articles; nor whether he looked out for any unintentional hints or clues from the bystanders. The slightest exclamation, word, or look of special interest, might aid a shrewd man thus placed upon his mettle. When Adams experimented before Mr. Marshall, the experiment with the three hats failed; but—and mark the importance—the rod turned strongly, although it did not make the right guess at the right hat: a proof that there was guessing in the matter, on the part of the man if not on the part of the rod. The Seebold experiment did not profess to have any immediate relation to the discovery of underground veins of metal or springs of water; and so far as it is reliable at all, it seems to have some connexion with Reichenbach’s Od force, which was much talked and written about at that time.

All things considered, there seems fair reason for believing that Chévreul has suggested what will prove a clue, not only to the chief facts connected with the divining-rod, but also to some other phenomena which are every now and then starting up to perplex us. That the affair is partly mental and partly muscular, mind acting unconsciously upon muscle through the medium of nerve, seems to be the conclusion most likely to lead to the truth. There has been another theory started, to the effect that, when a person is walking forward, holding a divining-rod in the usual way, there will be a mechanical tendency to close the prongs of the fork a little, by the natural though unconscious tendency to use the hands and arms; that when he walks backwards, the tendency will be to open them a little; and that this closing and opening will lead to a downward or an upward bending of the outer end of the rod. Whether this be a fact or not, it leaves unexplained the alleged bending of the rod when the experimenter is standing over hidden veins and springs. As to the discovery of murders and robberies by the divining-rod, the test would be, not to tell the dowser beforehand that such a crime has been committed, but to leave the rod to find out that fact; this would be what Bacon would have called an *experimentum crucis*.

THE CAT O' NINE TAILS.

THE anecdote I am going to relate describes what really took place some years ago at Meerut, in the North-West Provinces of India. I was at the time a junior subaltern in a line regiment stationed at that place. There had been a good deal of discontent among the men relative to the quality of the bread they were receiving from the commissariat. They complained that it was neither so well baked, so white, nor so good in taste, as the loaves served out to the horse artillery and the dragoon regiment stationed with us in the same garrison. After due inquiry into the case, a board of officers had declared that, although the native contractor who served our regiment did not give as good bread as the contractor who had the contract for the two mounted corps, yet what he furnished was quite as good as government required; and that the men of the other regiments paid a certain sum per week out of their own pockets in order to have a better quality of loaves served out to them. The result of the examination was deemed quite satisfactory by our colonel, but hardly so by the men. The regiment had newly come to India, and, having in England been accustomed to see every corps receive precisely the same quality of rations, could not understand why there should be a difference between the food which was given to them and that served out to other corps. In the abstract they were right, and yet there was really no remedy. The native contractor who served them could not be made to give better bread than he was under engagement to do, nor, on the other hand, could our commanding

officer interfere with the interior economy of other corps by insisting that their men should not pay for a better quality of bread. Moreover, the bread furnished to our men was quite good enough for any one; so much so, that our colonel—as he told the regiment on parade, when speaking on the subject—and many of the officers, always bought and used at their own houses this very bread which the men condemned, and for some weeks would not taste. There was, in short, a general strike as to bread-eating, throughout the regiment. Any soldier who presumed to touch his ration of bread was annoyed and worried by his comrades. The men were obliged to receive the loaves, but day after day some eleven or twelve hundred loaves were taken away by the native cook-boys, and thrown to the dogs or given to the lowest caste workmen in the station. All this time the ill feeling augmented. Our commanding officer was a thoroughly good soldier, but he was cursed with that very worst quality one in his position can have—procrastination. He never did to-day what he could leave undone until to-morrow. More than once did the captains of companies and the adjutant mention to him that the men were, without any just cause whatever, getting more and more discontented; but he never showed the least intention to take action in the matter until forced.

I was going my rounds as orderly officer, at breakfast-time, and had to visit every barrack-room to ask if there were any complaints. In each room I observed, what had been going on for the last three weeks, that the ration loaves of the men lay untouched, and that with their tea and meat—for in India the cook-boys generally manage to turn out something substantial for the soldiers' breakfasts—they were eating bazaar bread (loaves bought in the bazaar or market) or native cakes called chowpatties, both of which were of an infinitely worse quality than any bread the contractor had ever furnished. Still, if they preferred to spend their money thus, it was no affair of mine. At one or two of the barrack-rooms there was a sullen half complaint, half inquiry, as to when they might expect better rations, made to my routine question of "Any complaints?" and I gave such answers as I could. But when visiting one of the last barrack-rooms, and just as I had turned to leave it, a ration loaf, hurled with no small strength, struck me on the back of the head, knocked off my forage-cap, and almost sent me prostrate on the floor. With this pleasant missile there reached my ears the exclamation, in a broad Irish brogue, "There's bread for *your* breakfast, anyhow!"

Here was a case of the grossest insubordination. Without the slightest provocation some one had struck and insulted a superior officer in the execution of his duty. Of course the first step I had to take was to find out who that individual was. I turned round and demanded who had thrown the loaf; not a man would speak. There were at the time about fourteen men in the room, and, having finished their

breakfasts—for I had been round some twenty barrack-rooms, and it was now nearly half-past eight, the breakfasts being served at eight precisely—they were cleaning their belts, or reading, or putting their various belongings in order. I asked for the corporals of the room, but one was absent on guard, and the other, a married man, lived in the married men's quarters. The orderly sergeant of the company had entered when I did, but had turned to go out with me, and had not seen who threw the bread. The regimental orderly sergeant—who always accompanies the orderly officer in his rounds—had also turned to leave the room when I was thus insulted. I asked again who had done the deed, determined in my own mind to treat it as if it had been a case of sky-larking, and to pretend that I believed the loaf had struck me by accident. Still no reply. I asked who was the oldest soldier in the room, and a man I knew very well came forward. "Grady," said I, "will you protect the coward who did this? Answer me. Who threw that loaf?" Grady coloured up, and said, "I would tell yer honer in a minit, but I did not see it; I was busy reading this paper." And, in fact, I remembered very well noticing when I entered the room that the man was sitting holding a large newspaper before him, and, although he had sprung up to "Attention!" when I entered, it was probable enough that on my turning to leave he had become absorbed in the contents of the print he held in his hand. Besides, he bore so good a character, and had been so long in the regiment, that it was more than likely he would have told me if he could. I questioned, one by one, every man in the room, but not a man would say a word, and so the only course left me was to take down all their names, and report the circumstance through the adjutant to the colonel. I did so, and was ordered to attend next morning at the orderly-room—the daily petty sessions of the commanding officer.

At afternoon roll-call, the orderly sergeant of the company in whose barrack-room the loaf had been thrown at me, came up just as the captain of the day was dismissing the parade, and told me that he thought he had found out who it was that had thrown the loaf of bread. He said that a man of the company had confessed to him that he had seen a comrade named O'Brien pick up a ration loaf as I turned to leave the room, take deliberate aim at me, and fling the missile with all his power. I was glad to learn that, at any rate, one of those who knew who the culprit was had come forward to denounce him, as it showed there was some determination among them to stand by their officer; but I was very sorry to hear that O'Brien was the man. I had known the lad very well at Chatham, where our depôt was, and had come out on board the same ship with him, *viâ* the Cape. When I say I had known him, I mean known him as well as in the English army—where there is an impassable gulf between the commissioned officers and the rank and file—it is possible for an

officer to know a soldier. He was a youth of some education, and, although he spoke with a very strong brogue, his manners were good, and his appearance stamped him as being above the ordinary class of recruits. When ordered to the guard-room as a prisoner, and afterwards when brought before the commanding officer, O'Brien stoutly denied that he was the man. Still his accuser persisted in his story, and declared that O'Brien, and no other, was the guilty person. When O'Brien was asked at the orderly-room whether—supposing him not to be the culprit—he knew who had been guilty of this grave offence, he did not answer a word. The colonel then said that if he (O'Brien) were not the offender, he knew perfectly well who was. Still he said nothing. He brought forward three men of the room, all of whom solemnly declared that O'Brien was not the man. Of these, two, when asked whether they knew who was the man, held their tongues, and would make no reply: just as O'Brien had done. The third soldier declared that he had not seen, and therefore could not say, who had thus misbehaved himself. After a very long and utterly fruitless attempt to get at the truth—O'Brien's accuser remaining firm to his previous story—the colonel determined to refer the matter to the general commanding the division; by him it was sent on to head-quarters at Simla; and in about three weeks there came from the commander-in-chief in India an order to try O'Brien by general court-martial. In another week the court, consisting of three field-officers, four captains, and six subalterns, assembled at our mess-room. I was called upon to give my evidence, which I did. The soldier who accused O'Brien was the most important witness, and by this time, although all real interest in the question had subsided, and the time to make an example of the mutineer, even if we had got hold of the right man, was long gone by, people had begun to accept as a matter of fact that O'Brien was the guilty man. The proceedings of the court only lasted three or four hours; the finding and sentence were not promulgated until they were sent back from head-quarters. It would seem that the verdict of the court was neither approved nor confirmed, for the court had to meet again, and so another delay of about ten or twelve days occurred. At last, the whole garrison was ordered to assemble on our parade-ground, and, seeing the triangles to which soldiers are bound when flogged carried to the ground by the drummers, we all knew but too well what was coming.

Squads were inspected, then formed into companies, the battalion mustered together, the other European corps arrived from their own parade-ground, and the square, numbering some two thousand four hundred men of all arms, was formed. In the middle were the triangles. The brigade-major and the brigadier commanding were present. The former read the proceedings of the court, with the finding "Guilty," and the sentence that "the

prisoner, Private John O'Brien, regimental number 2841, of the 4th, or Captain Smith's, company, of the 114th Regiment, was to undergo corporal punishment of three hundred lashes in the usual manner." As a rider to this sentence, the commander-in-chief had added that it was to be inflicted in the presence of all the European troops in Meerut, who were to be assembled for that purpose.

When O'Brien heard the sentence read, followed with the stern "Strip, sir!" of the commanding officer, he made but one remark as he began to take off his clothes: "I would far rather they shot me. I am now a disgraced man for ever." In a moment he was naked to the waist, tied firmly to the triangles, and here began the brutally disgusting scene which so many of us have witnessed in the olden time, and the bad remnant of which so many honourable members of parliament, and so many gallant but thick-headed officers of the army, are doing their utmost to retain. I will not describe what a punishment parade was, in the days when three hundred lashes could be administered. Standing by the triangles, as is the invariable rule, was the surgeon of the regiment, in order to see that beyond what the culprit could bear, without material injury to his health, not a single lash was inflicted. Four or five times the man asked for water, on the ground that he felt faint; and the drum-major had always the tin pot ready to give him. He took his whole punishment—three hundred lashes laid on with the regulation "cat of nine tails"—the flogger being clanged at every twenty-five strokes. He was then untied, and, a great-coat being thrown over his bleeding back, he was taken to the regimental hospital to undergo medical treatment. In three weeks or so he was clear of the doctor's hands, and rejoined his company. Previous to his punishment he had been one of the smartest and soberest men in the regiment, but he now became the very reverse. The colour-sergeant of his company told me that before he was flogged he hardly ever tasted a glass of spirits, but that afterwards he was hardly ever sober. He always declared that he had been condemned on false evidence, but he never was heard to say who was the real culprit. From being often drunk when off duty, he gradually got such a mania for liquor, that he was reported more than once drunk for guard, and, being insolent on one occasion to the corporal who reported him, was tried by a regimental court-martial, and sentenced to receive a hundred and fifty lashes, which were duly administered. To make a long story short, I watched the man for some time, and more than once attempted to give him a little advice, though, unfortunately, in the English service the most ordinary intercourse or conversation between officer and soldier is strictly against the spirit, if not the letter, of the law. But whenever I remonstrated with him, I got the same reply: "I am a disgraced man now, sir. I never can hold up my head again, and the sooner I drink myself dead, the better." For some time, having been

on leave of absence at Simla, and not belonging to the same company as O'Brien, I lost sight of him, until, as orderly officer, going my rounds in the hospital, I recognised him in one of the sick beds. I stopped and spoke to him. He told me he had been sent to hospital for delirium tremens, brought on by hard drinking, to which was added a bad attack of brain fever, caused by exposure to the sun for several hours when helplessly drunk in a native village whither he had gone to buy the cheap spirits which are sold by the Hindoos in the neighbourhood of all English stations—"bazaar liquor," as it is called in India. The man seemed very weak indeed, as well as dreadfully emaciated in appearance, and the hospital sergeant told me that the surgeon did not believe he would ever leave the ward alive. The prophecy was too true. In less than a week after I had seen him, an order appeared in the regimental order-book intimating that he was dead. Two days later, the Roman Catholic priest of the station called upon me, and told me that he had attended O'Brien upon his death-bed, and that the latter had begged him to call on me after he was gone, and to assure me that, as a dying man, he solemnly declared he had not thrown the loaf of bread at me two years before; that he had been unjustly condemned, unjustly flogged, and that his death was caused by hard drinking, occasioned by his utter despair at feeling degraded for life, and being utterly unable ever to rise in the regiment, as "a flogged man."

The soldier who had sworn against O'Brien, himself confessed on his death-bed at Calcutta—en route for England, with the invalid soldiers of the season—that he was the culprit, and that O'Brien had not even seen who it was that had committed the act of mutiny. It would seem that when the discontent about the quality of the bread was at its height, some ten or a dozen men of the barrack-room in which O'Brien and his accuser lived, had sworn that they would do something to bring matters to a crisis, and that they would accuse some one else of whatever was done, in order, by an unjust punishment, to increase the bad feeling in the regiment. O'Brien and a few others would not join the conspiracy, but they promised solemnly that they would not "peach" upon the others, happen what might. O'Brien was as fine a young soldier as I ever saw. He had been well educated by his father, who was a wealthy shopkeeper in Cork, but who failed in business; and the son had enlisted, hoping—with a hope that grew fainter every day, after he fully understood how promotion in our army comes not from the north, nor yet from the south, nor from the east or west, but from the balance at your banker's—that he would some day go home with a commission in his pocket. At the time he was sentenced to be flogged, the captain of his company had promised to recommend him to the colonel for corporal's stripes, and he fully expected that ere long he would have attained that rank. But a flogged man is a lost man. Even

amongst the roughest of the roughs, a man who had the marks of the cat upon his shoulders was never respected, and never could have any authority over the others, were he promoted to be a non-commissioned officer. And yet, strange to say, no matter what crime a soldier has committed, so soon as it is known he is to be flogged every other man in the regiment pities him. I have seen some hundred men tied up to the triangles in my day, many of them for offences repugnant to their comrades. But no sooner is the culprit brought forward, and told to strip to the waist for punishment, than he becomes a martyr. I never heard a soldier say that a man was rightly served, even if flogged for that worst of all crimes in the eyes of soldiers—stealing from a comrade.

Long after the power of inflicting three hundred lashes by sentence of a general court-martial was abolished, and when, as now, no soldier could be sentenced to more than fifty lashes, a relative of mine told me of what happened in a cavalry regiment stationed in Ireland, in which he then held the rank of captain. The sergeant-major of his troop was, for the rank he held, a comparatively young man. Here and there, in crack cavalry regiments, gentlemen's sons are to be met with in the ranks; this man's father had been a clergyman, who had died without being able to provide for his family. He had been brought up at an excellent grammar school, and had even kept two terms at Oxford, when his father's death left him, not only without means, but two or three hundred pounds in debt. He enlisted in a light dragoon regiment, and became a great favourite with the commanding officer, the adjutant, and the riding-master. In six or seven years he had gone through the subordinate ranks, and was promoted to be troop sergeant-major, and was looking forward with great hope to getting a commission at some future day. The captain of his troop—my relation who told me the tale—was summoned to England to see his father, who had met with a very severe accident in the hunting-field. He started at once, and, as the officer who was to take charge of his troop during his absence was away, in order to save time he handed (as he thought) fifty pounds of troop money to the man in question to hand over to that other officer who would succeed him in the temporary command. My relative was a most careful man in money matters, and, on principle, never allowed his troop sergeant-major to have more money in hand than was requisite for the wants of the day; as he feared that the temptation to gamble, or otherwise appropriate the funds, might prove too strong. The officer who had to take charge of the troop did not rejoin headquarters for two or three days, and after he arrived, a day or two intervened before he made up the accounts with the sergeant-major. When he did so, behold ten pounds missing! The subject of my story never attempted to conceal the fact. His statement was, that

when my relative went on leave in such a hurry, he had taken the money from him, but without counting it, and had marked down fifty pounds in the ledger. Since then he had taken from the amount such money as he required to pay the troop, all of which was correct to a fraction in his book; but ten pounds he could not account for. If the officer who took charge of the troop had been a man of sense, he would have let the matter stand over until my relative returned. Unfortunately, however, he told the man to consider himself under arrest, and reported the affair to a greater donkey than himself—the major of the regiment—who, in the absence of the colonel, happened to be in command. If the major had been an officer fit for his position, he would have made personal inquiry, and would have written to my relative, asking whether he was quite certain that he had paid over fifty pounds, and not forty pounds, when he went away? Unfortunately in the English service it is nine thousand pounds, and not merit, that gets a cavalry majority. This major would never, had he been a poor man, have been entrusted with charge of half a dozen labourers, so great a fool was he, and so utterly wanting in common sense. Yet here he was, in command of a splendid cavalry regiment, consisting of four hundred men and as many horses, and a very few years afterwards—by virtue of some three thousand pounds more—he commanded the corps permanently. He reported the affair as a most grievous offence to the general commanding, and in a very few days the man was tried by a garrison court-martial, sentenced to be reduced to the ranks, to be put under stoppages until the ten pounds was made good, and to receive fifty lashes in the usual manner.

The punishment was carried out to the full, and, *twenty-four hours after it had been inflicted*, a letter arrived from my relative saying he had only just heard that the man was suspected of taking the money, for his letters had been following him from place to place. He begged the major commanding to release the man from arrest, as he, my relative, had discovered, on his arrival in London, that he had paid his troop sergeant-major ten pounds too little. Had the man been sentenced to imprisonment, he could, of course, have come out of confinement without disgrace. As it was, he never held up his head again. When the colonel returned, he was very angry at what had happened, and at once promoted him to be corporal, and the next day to be sergeant. My relative, too, upon his rejoining, tried hard to cheer up his former sergeant-major, but the latter replied, "I know you are not to blame, captain; but I am now a branded man. If I live to be a hundred, and ever strip in the presence of any one, the scars on my back will be seen." This young soldier had never formerly been known to take more than a glass or two of ale in the day, and had never even been suspected of drinking. His brother sergeants said they had never seen him take spirits. But, from the day he was flogged, he took to drinking so hard, that, though out

of pity for his misfortune the colonel overlooked the offence more than once, he was obliged at last to try him by a court-martial, and reduce him to the ranks. There never was a kinder-hearted nor a better man than that old colonel. Even after the man was reduced to the ranks, that colonel did his best to redeem him, and with this view made him his orderly. But it was of no use. He drank in sheer despair, as he said, and was continually under punishment. At last, thinking he might do better in another corps, the colonel persuaded him to volunteer to a regiment under orders for India. He did so, and, in order to give him a fair start, his new commanding officer—who knew his story and pitied him—promoted him at once to be corporal. He got on better for a long time, and there was every chance that he would ere long reform and be more steady, for in every respect save drinking—such as riding, drill, cleanliness, smartness, respect towards his superiors, reading, writing, accounts, and appearance—he was a first-rate soldier. The regiment he joined was detained some considerable time in England before it embarked for the East, and, previous to going on board ship, the man wrote to his old captain in his former regiment, to say he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant. His end my relative learned later. On board ship the men of his new regiment were ordered to bathe on the fore-castle whilst in the tropics. The man stripped himself to have a wash like the rest of his non-commissioned comrades. No sooner had he done so than the marks of the lash were discovered on his back, and some of those about him, not knowing his story, began to chaff him about the “cat that had scratched his shoulders.” He said nothing, but dressed again, sat down, and wrote two letters: one addressed to his only relative, a sister, who was governess in a gentleman’s family: the other to his old captain. He then managed to load his carbine, and, the same afternoon, when the men were nearly all out of the way on the upper deck, shot himself. In both the letters he left behind him, he declared that his only reason for committing suicide was, that he felt himself to be a disgraced man.

Any soldier who reads these anecdotes will see that they are written by one of his own profession. Did the Conductor of this periodical give me leave, I could fill four or five numbers of *ALL THE YEAR ROUND* with similar stories about the working of the flogging system. We want better men in our ranks; but, until we abolish the use of the cat, it is hopeless to try to get better men. To say that a soldier cannot be flogged except for this or that offence, or unless he belongs to this or that class, is nonsense. The labourer, the artisan, the poor gentleman’s son, the hundred-and-one classes who would enlist, merely ask, “Can I be flogged?” “Yes.” “Then I don’t enlist.” They go as diggers to Australia; as shepherds to Tasmania; as stock-keepers to South America; as overseers on Indian railways; as adven-

turers anywhere; “on the loose” everywhere. I read in a paper* the other day that the abolition of the lash would add ten thousand men to the number of recruits we could select from for our army. My belief is that it would give us double that number.

But my space is at an end. With permission of the Editor, I will very shortly publish what I believe to be the real reason why so stout a stand is made for the retention of the lash by some of our military men, and how the abolition of the disgraceful punishment will most easily be brought about.

FENIAN FACTS.

“Don’t drink that water, sir; it’s full of Feeneens,” said the aged and feeble sextoness of our parish church to my little son, one sultry Sunday in August, 1865. “Feeneens!” replied I. “Pray what on earth are Feeneens?” I poured out some of the condemned water into a tumbler. It was bright and clear, but swarmed with a multitude of black, wriggling, doubling, worm-like insects, darting to and fro in every hideous variety of form. “These, then, are Feeneens?” said I. “Ugly creatures they are at best.”

Next day, looking at a stack of clover, I saw all round the base of the rick a layer of impalpable dust, of a light yellow colour, like the pollen of flowers. “What is this?” I inquired of James Fitzpatrick, the factotum who managed my little farm. “That’s the Feeneens,” he answered; “they ate up all the good of the clover-seed, and lave that dirty stuff behind them.” So I concluded that the word “Feeneens,” or, as it is usually pronounced in Ireland, “Feenyeens,” denoted a multitude of any ugly devouring creatures which destroyed what was intended for the use of man and beast. It has been supposed that the word is derived from some mythical Irish king called Fin, or Finn, or from a Celtic root signifying “chivalry” or “militia,” but whenever I heard of the Fenians afterwards I could not help remembering the creatures who spoiled the bright water and my clover-stack.

It was in August and September, 1865, that the existence of biped Fenians first became experimentally known to me. Afternoon services were held on Sundays in the parish church, at four p.m. These services were much more largely and fashionably attended than those in the morning. A walk through the country lanes and by the fields, teeming with harvest, was delightful. The officers from a neighbouring garrison seemed to think that an hour’s sojourn in a pretty neatly furnished church gave a pleasant rest, if nothing more. The afternoon services were semi-choral, and the preacher, a clergyman of high collegiate reputation, thought he could say as much in fifteen minutes as his hearers would be likely to retain.

* The London Review, 23rd of March.

My way to the church lay through a long avenue, bordered with ornamental firs and flowering shrubs, all alive with singing-birds. The roadway then passed under and between two great sepulchral mounds, or "barrows," supposed to have been raised by the Danes over dead warriors. A square patch of grass, darker in hue than the rest, indicated where an exploration had been made, and the country people told how deep within the mound the diggers reached a stone chamber, and saw for a moment a war-horse and his rider in armour, stiff and erect. While they looked upon the figures, they said, man and horse crumbled away, and all they found were plates of rusty armour, broken fragments of golden ornaments, swords eaten away by time and damp, and dusty bones of the chieftain and his charger. From these mounds the road is bordered with wild apple, hazel, and hawthorn trees. In spring the banks are blue with perfumed violets, or yellow with primroses. The country girls and their sweethearts love to sit upon these mossy banks in summer evenings, and plan the future of their lives. Down the hill a sudden turn leads to a long reach of roadway, and now the beautiful church spire gleams white above a thick grove of beech, and fir, and aged laurels. It was on this road, and amidst its peaceful scenery, I first fell in with the "Fenian men."

On the third Sunday of August, 1865, passing as usual in my little pony-car under the barrows I spoke of, I observed far over my head, in strong relief, as fine a specimen of humanity as I ever saw. He stood perfectly still and motionless, looking intently down the long roadway. I bade the man, as usual, "the time of day," but met with no reply. This was curious, for the Irish peasantry are probably the most polite and courteous in the world. "He must be a stranger," thought I, and again hailed him. Suddenly, glancing down upon me for a moment, the man lifted both hands above his head, ran three times round the summit of the barrow, and disappeared on the opposite side. I knew enough of the military system to be assured that the man was a scout or advanced picket, and that he had just signalled the presence of a stranger to others. Looking behind me, down in the valley, I perceived three dark bands of men, each band containing about sixty. Some twenty yards in front stood a single individual, facing the rest. There could be no doubt these men were at drill in that fern-clad hollow among the hills. Pursuing my way to church, I suddenly, at the turn of the road, came upon a Fenian regiment, marching, I suppose, to join the men at drill. The scout had warned them, for they were partly breaking up from close order; but it was plain they were divided into advanced guard, main body, and rear guard. They opened out without a word to let my pony pass, and fell in on each side of the roadway, so as to prove to me they had been at least partly drilled. They were dressed very comfortably and even neatly. All wore the Ameri-

can "pot hat," dark-grey cloth blouses, dark-grey trousers, and all, without exception, were well shod. A finer or more healthy and cleanly looking body of young men no one could wish to see. They were just the material for soldiers. Evidently they were farmers' sons, or from the better class of labourers. Not one among them was over twenty-five years, or younger than eighteen. As I passed down between the double line, very slowly, anxious to recognise some face I knew, I saw they were all strangers from other parishes. There was not one of the residents in our own district amongst them, and it was subsequently discovered that the Fenians of one parish always marched and drilled in another. Here and there amongst them a hand would be doubtfully, and with some hesitation, moved to the hat, by way of salutation. One or two gave me the regular military salute. I touched my hat, and wished "good evening" to all, but they were not in a social mood. About the centre of the line one carried a flag-pole, but no flag; another strove to play an Irish jig upon a squeaking fife. There was not one of woman-kind either amongst or following the company—a most unusual thing in Ireland. This was no meeting for a dance upon the short springy sheep-shorn grass; it was the "March of the Fenian men."

From that time, until the seizure of the Irish People newspaper, late in September, and the capture of James Stephens subsequently, a feeling of worrying and wearying uneasiness universally prevailed. People spoke loudly of "confidence" and "loyalty," but they sought for confirmation of this trust, and betrayed, unconsciously, their own apprehension. Drilling was constantly carried on, but never twice in the same place, and this proved how general and effective was the organisation. A signal-fire kindled on one of the neighbouring hills was answered from other hills in quick succession. These fires did not blaze out for more than ten or fifteen minutes, and probably were kindled with straw or furze. Fire-balloons were now and then seen to rise from the distant coast and soar above the hills, then to flash out redly and disappear. We passed, on four successive evenings, through large bodies of men who made way for us silently, and gave no greeting. Now, however, they had with them a fiddler or a piper, or they flung a football into the air on the approach of strangers.

No injury was committed on property, except that the young ash-trees were cut down and carried off, no one could find whither. We heard the dull thud of axes, and the sharp short crack of breaking timber in our own wood towards the early hours of morning. Our dogs often barked furiously at night, and when let loose limped home, lamed or otherwise injured. Twice we found straight branches of seasoned fir cut down and left behind—just the length for pike staves when barked and trimmed.

No one knew whom to trust; your gate-keeper or farm-servant might be in the plot, biding his time, or giving information of your

absence. It is now ascertained that the insurgents knew what arms every gentleman possessed, and where he kept them. Cadgers, tramps, and beggars swarmed about the lodges and houses of the gentry. Pedlars, umbrella-menders, clock-doctors, and itinerant musicians, all strangers, endeavoured to gain entrance to the farm-yards and kitchens unobserved by the owner of the mansion or his family. They had always stories of the American war to tell, and spoke of an American expedition to Ireland as a settled thing. They cleverly, and in the most artful way, inquired respecting the habits of the family and their friends. Scarcely a day passed without a visit from persons evidently Americans, with a horse and gig. They dashed up the avenue, and insisted upon exhibiting to the "ladies" of the household shawls, laces, patterns of cloths, stuffs, and tweeds, as salvage from imaginary wrecks. While one engaged the attention of the inmates, the other examined the approaches to the house and out-offices. I detected one of these fellows sketching a plan of the rectory-house, a place memorable for the repulse of a rebel attack in '98." He had jotted down carefully the bearings of a road through a defile, and under a "rath" or barrow, close to the house. Ladies feared to walk in their own grounds without male protection, and our dogs were admitted to pleasure-gardens from which before they had been rigidly excluded. Strangers came in, we could not tell from whence or how—whether through hedges and over fences, or by the lodge gates with the connivance of the keeper. To lock the gates was no effectual means to keep them out. They seemed to know all the "gaps" and "short cuts" about the farm. Occasionally the lodge people said they were threatened with violence if they did not allow the tramps to pass. It was a time of vague fear and general insecurity. Several of our leading families left for Dublin or large towns, the gentlemen returning to guard their homes or advise their tenantry. The constabulary patrolled the public roads, and passed through demesnes all the night through in bodies of six or eight or ten, but they could not be everywhere. The very precautions taken to prevent alarm created apprehension. Nothing of value was ever taken. The oats, wheat, hay, and potatoes remained safe and untouched in farm-yard or field. Yet every night there was an alarm, often, as it seemed, unfounded. One night we thought the hour of rising had actually come, for fires flared up here and there in our wood and plantation; we heard the tramp of feet and voices of men. In the morning we were told "the bird-catchers were here last night, and kindled straw to daze and bewilder the wood guests."

It might be true or false, for no one desired by minute inquiries to show he distrusted those about him. But the rope which daily hauled up our Union Jack was cut and taken away, our young ash-trees were carried off, our dogs were maltreated, and our cattle came galloping from the fields to the homestead in the dead of the

night. This undecided worry continued until the latter end of October, when the police were making numerous arrests. The seizure of the Irish People and the leading conspirators had baffled the plans for insurrection. Drilling ceased, and we met no more of those bands of silent men, while our nights were passed without disturbance or alarm. But numbers of young men, labourers or farm-servants, suddenly disappeared. They had departed for America; but how they obtained the passage-money I could not ascertain. Many a sorrowing mother has since come to me to "write a line" for her to her son at New York or Chicago, who seemed to have forgotten "her and the old home." In the autumn of 1866 only two attempts were made, to our knowledge, to recommence drilling and marching. But the numbers present were greatly diminished, and the "Fenians" were plainly of the very lowest grade. The constabulary seemed to think that the danger was greater than in the preceding year, but we saw no reason to believe such was the case. We supposed that if a rising was really intended, it would take place when the harvest was gathered in, and before the farmer sold his produce to pay his November gale.

Nothing calculated to excite apprehension occurred; the peasants pursued their usual avocations, there was almost a total cessation of tipping and drunkenness, and there was little or no crime. The people did not like to speak of the Fenians. The few whom you could draw out condemned and cursed them as robbers, who would pillage the poor farmers first, and who were under the ban of priest and minister.

The autumn had passed away, and Christmas was at hand without a ripple of trouble on the surface of our society, when suddenly we were shocked and alarmed by the discovery that we at least had been sleeping over a mine, and that a trusted man in my own service was suspected to be one of the chief leaders of rebellion. It was for him I sought in vain at Tallaght.

THE DEVIL'S TRAINING SCHOOL.

THERE are a great many subjects of the day concerning which men hold, and must be expected to hold, divided opinions. There are some questions on which a man of moderate views will hesitate to speak, because he hesitates to think, decisively. There are not a few, for instance, who rejoice that it does not rest with them to determine to what extent the franchise ought to be lowered, or what should ultimately be done about church rates. Indeed, this is a period when there is so much to be said upon both sides of most questions, that it is with something almost like a sensation of relief that we approach a subject about which we feel strongly, and can express ourselves without doubt or hesitation. The impropriety of allowing children to be used as deputies, by adult beggars, is such a subject.

Is there any man, still more, is there any woman, who reads these words, who has not, over and over again, been impressed painfully by the misery of that large class the begging children of London? The winter which we have just passed through has been an unusually severe one, and the detestable class of impostors who make the misery of children their stock in trade have, as they invariably do, availed themselves of this bitter season to ply their business with special energy. On the days when the half-melted snow has been at its slushiest, and when the east wind has been at its keenest, the ill-looking ruffian with the miserable dragged woman holding a baby, and the two or three children, as the case may be, which go to make up the inevitable group, have been there in mid-street, as usual, making us all miserable as we walk along; as we go home to our comfortable rooms, to our firesides, and our dinners. What a group that is! The man—generally an undersized ill-developed creature, with a countenance on which intemperance, vice, and cruelty, are written in nature's most clearly-defined characters—walks slowly at the head of the squalid procession, holding a bundle of ballads in his hand, or oftener leading the biggest of the accompanying children by the hand, and singing some hymn, or other piece of devotional poetry. He turns from time to time, as he makes his slow progress from one end of the street to the other, and, like the leader of an orchestra, passes his poor band of performers in review, regarding any one of them, who—perhaps because its childish attention has been caught by some passing trifle, or perhaps out of sheer fatigue and misery—may be failing to do duty as a chorus-singer, with a threatening frown. We have all noted how suddenly and how shrilly the small culprit will burst forth into song under the exhilarating influence of such a glance, and how meek the villain from whom it emanated will look the moment after, as he glances round about him to see what effect the little company of tragedians which he commands is making upon the passers-by, and upon such of the residents in the street as may happen to be at their windows. That an effect *is* made there can be no doubt. That thinly-clad woman in a tattered cotton garment, and with a scanty rag of a shawl drawn across her skinny shoulders, with a wretched baby, which is either crying with the cold, or drugged into insensibility, in her arms; the small child which holds on to this woman's dress, and the elder infant who has been taught already, not without many kicks and cuffs, to "keep a sharp look-out" for halfpence—this is a company of performers of which it may be said that at least they succeed in attracting attention, and that the attention so attracted is of the most serious kind. The "get up" of every member of that group is a separate study. The rags in which they are clothed are not even warm rags. They are not portions of such articles of clothing as have once been warm. The thinnest and flimsiest scraps of cotton are

patched together to make up these garments, such as they are, and everything of a warm, or woolly nature, which might give one any notion of comfort, is banished from the wardrobe of this miserable little company with the greatest care. Nor is one even left free to hope that these wretched children may have on something warm in the shape of under-clothing; for, in the first place, the bulk of each one of them is too small to admit of any such possibility, and, in the second place, there is generally enough of raggedness, enough of "looped and windowed wretchedness" in the outer garment, whatever it is, to allow unmistakable evidences to appear of what is—or rather what is not—underneath.

But, perhaps, if one were to analyse closely which of the numerous miseries endured by these unhappy children causes the sympathetic looker-on the fullest amount of distress, we should find that in this respect the slipshod condition of their feet bears away the palm. The ground is covered with that peculiar mixture of snow and mud which has a special capability of penetrating through the thickest soles in the most wonderfully short space of time. Warm woollen stockings and thick boots do not set it at defiance, and even cork soles and American overshoes are pretty severely tried; yet these children are in every case shod in the tattered remains of what were once boots or shoes, but are now mere fragments of leather, so full of holes, that the wonder is that they should hold together at all. You get glimpses of the little frozen feet showing through the holes in those tattered "uppers;" you remember that the feet in question are dabbling in that cold slush all the day long; you have some knowledge of the proneness of children's feet to develop chilblains; and so it comes to pass that your sense of pity is most powerfully appealed to, and very likely you are induced—being perhaps gifted with more of compassionateness than logic—to bestow an alms upon a case of such extreme distress; perhaps in the plenitude of your weakness giving your coin into the hands of one of the children themselves—rather than the elders who accompany them—as if that made any difference.

And this is just what is intended. It has been found, as a matter of experience, that the spectacle presented by that family, moving slowly through the snow and mud on a wet cold day in January or March, does excite the compassion of most human beings, or, at any rate, of a sufficient proportion of them to make it worth while to go on with the thing. There are enough warm-hearted illogical people in the world to make the starving-family business a remunerative business on the whole, as no one knows better than our friend at the head of the group which we have described. That ill-looking individual well knows that, out of a certain number of passengers in a crowded thoroughfare, there is sure to be a per-centage of soft-hearted people, on whom the sight of his little company will have a powerful effect. With

that watchful eye of his he could, and does, pick them out as he walks slowly on—the old gentleman with the gold spectacles, who trots, rather than walks, along the street, and the good-natured matron, who knows something about children, and who is as likely as not to say, as she gives her alms, “Do, for goodness’ sake, take that poor child home; it looks perishing with cold and hunger!”

Of this man who makes a wretched living out of the misery of a set of helpless children, there is no hope. Nothing can be done with him. The badge of roguery, idleness, vagrancy, is marked upon him as plainly as if he had been branded. If he were not doing this mean and contemptible thing, he would be doing some other thing equally contemptible and equally mean. I saw him not long since practising a branch of his trade which was a little different from that which has been described above. On this occasion—it was one of the coldest days of the past cold season—he was sitting on a doorstep, and had one child only with him, on which he was lavishing a prodigious amount of exaggerated and demonstrative affection, affecting to kiss and fondle the wretched little creature which he had got hold of, in an overdone and unnatural manner which it was painful to see. And the child would not have it, shrinking from his caresses with fear and aversion, and looking in the faces of the passers-by as if praying for deliverance from this display of affection, which it felt to be at once hateful and unintelligible.

Is that appeal for deliverance, which is not the less powerful because it is mute, and which every one of these children, employed to move our feelings of compassion, makes to every human being who passes by, to be made always in vain? To attempt to do anything with the parents, or rather with those who profess to be the parents, of these little creatures would probably be an utter waste of time and money. Their habits are formed. When grown-up people have passed a certain number of years in doing wrong, the chances are terribly against their taking suddenly to virtuous courses and beginning to do right. Such a result can only be brought about by some great change taking place in the mind and character of the individual who is to be reformed. It must emanate from within, and such emanations are rare in the extreme. But with children it is different. With them anything may be done. You have in your hands a certain amount of raw material with which you may do almost what you choose. As you deal with it, so the result will be. Let it alone, and it will probably go wrong. Leave it in bad hands, and it will certainly do so. Is it wise, then, so to leave it? Taking the lowest ground, appealing only to expediency, let us ask whether it is judicious to leave the vagabond children of London to their fate. What a beginning is this for a human being. What an entrance into life. What a training in roguery and lying. What sort of language are these children in the habit of hearing? What sort of precepts are inculcated by those who surround them? What sort of an example is

set them by the men and women with whom they habitually come in contact? Surely it is bad policy—still keeping, be it observed, on low ground—to leave unmolested these nurseries, as they may be called, where plants of the most poisonous kind, or at best only noxious weeds, are carefully cultivated. Leaving out of sight the present bodily suffering, and the future mental undoing, which must inevitably result from the letting alone system, I would venture to maintain that, as a matter of policy, it is just a piece of as bad management as can be conceived to allow this state of things to remain as it is.

That something might be done to change radically the prospects of these younger members of our vagabond population, there can be no doubt. The system of making use of children as agents of mendicancy is a tangible evil, and one which is not incapable of remedy. Once let it become an illegal act so to use them, and the mischief is at an end. This is not a kind of offence which could be carried on in secret. The very nature of such misdoing implies publicity. The man who begs by means of children, and through their sufferings appeals to public compassion, naturally selects the most public situation which he can find for the exercise of his calling, and is at the mercy of the first policeman in whose beat he is found pursuing his vocation.

Let us hope, then, that we have seen the last of that miserable group to which the attention of every resident in London has been drawn so often. Let us hope that our manager who knows his public so well, and how to appeal to their weak side, may in time to come be deprived at least of the younger members of his troupe, and that his career for the future may be a solitary one. If that slow progress of his through the mud is an unavoidable part of a London winter, at least let us hope that such progress may be made alone. If his voice is still to be lifted up in our streets—if it is still inevitable that we should from time to time be afflicted by the sound of his itinerant psalmody, at least let us hope that this wretched creature may from this time be allowed to execute a solo movement only, and that that shrill chorus of children’s voices may be henceforth conspicuous by its absence. The sound of children’s voices is, no doubt, a pleasant one, and it is especially pleasant to hear them sing together; but we do not care to hear them under such circumstances as those which have been detailed above, and we shall most of us consider that the loss of their voices in such street chorus-singing as we have been lately considering is a decided gain.

In a mercantile point of view that loss will, no doubt, be a serious one; for utterly irrational as it seems, it is yet a fact that various well-meaning individuals will bestow an alms upon that ruffianly child-proprietor, simply for the sake of the miserable children who accompany him, and this although the well-meaning individuals in question must know perfectly well, or would know if they chose to think, that these unfortunate infants will not only be none the

better for their act of charity, but actually the worse. Their market value has been demonstrated unmistakably by this money which their misery has extracted from the passer-by. The effect produced by their wet feet and cold hands has now been satisfactorily proved, and the consequence is that they will be worked harder than ever.

It might be one of the advantages of carrying out Mr. Mill's proposition, and giving our English mothers a right to exercise the franchise, that they would perhaps refuse to vote for any candidate who would not pledge himself to make the alleviation of the sufferings of the vagrant children of London his especial charge.

That we shall have to legislate for the improvement of the condition of the infant population of this town, is becoming daily a more obvious fact. "Scarcely a day passes," says the Times report of the doings at one of our busiest police-courts, "in which children are not charged with theft, and the parents in almost every instance declare that they do not know what to do with the child, and entreat the magistrate to send it to a reformatory or industrial school." And no doubt it is difficult to know what to do with a child under such circumstances. The father is away all day at his work, and the mother is so entirely engrossed by her numerous occupations as to be wholly unable to exercise such supervision over her children as every one knows is indispensable to their well-doing. Under these circumstances, what becomes of them? They are left to themselves. They pick up such companions as the chances of neighbourhood throw in their way, and even supposing—which is supposing a great deal—that their morals are good to begin with, it is not long before these "evil communications" do their usual corrupting work.

We have already done something for the benefit of the vagrant child-population of London, but our attempts to help them are still on too slender a scale. We should not confine ourselves to making a few efforts in old-established ways, but should be ready to try all sorts of experiments for the benefit of the class which we desire to serve. In New York there is a "Children's Aid Society," would it not be possible for us to take a hint from some of its arrangements? "Some twelve years ago," writes a gentleman who has made himself acquainted with the working of this association, "a number of gentlemen in New York formed themselves into an association, the special object of which was to seek out the homeless and vagrant children of that city, and to find homes for them in the families of the farmers of the Western States. Notice was circulated everywhere among the rural districts of those communities that numbers of destitute children would be sent, under certain specified regulations, to the farmers, and a prompt and general response was given to it. The children had, in the mean time, been gathered into the industrial schools of the city, or into lodging-houses, which had been opened for them. The influence of good homes on these children soon

justified the hopes of the promoters of the plan. The association, during the twelve years of its existence, has sent to the rural districts upwards of nine thousand children; of these, comparatively few have turned out badly, or in any way, through crime or incapacity for work, become a burden to the local authorities; and numbers, we are assured, have grown up to be respectable young men and women, some farmers, some mechanics and tradesmen, or the wives of these people. A committee of citizens of the village select the places in which the children are to serve; and the association has agents, who constantly visit them. The association is now sending out twelve hundred children a year.

"The average expenses of settling each child, including agents, salaries, railroad fares, &c., is from three pounds to four pounds, while to have kept any one of the children in an institution of any kind would have cost from twenty pounds to twenty-five pounds. One evidence of the success of the plan is the reduction of criminal offenders among the juvenile population of New York, there being a decrease of forty per cent among juvenile pickpockets, thirty-three per cent of petty thieves, and forty per cent of young vagrants. Connected with this association is a large lodging-house for news-vending boys, which is partly self-supporting."

It would, indeed, be something if we could provide in some such way as this for our youthful vagrant population. No doubt in this densely populated country we should have difficulties to contend with which do not come in the way of the philanthropists of New York. We have not at our disposal those vast districts which are found in the American continent, where any increase to the population is regarded as the greatest of blessings, and where there is ample employment for any number of hands which can be supplied. It would probably be necessary, in organising any such association, that a system of emigration should be made one of its most prominent features; but, at all events, no doubts as to what was ultimately to become of these wretched children need hinder us from making some attempt to rescue them, since at least a better prospect would be before them than that which would be in store for them if they were left alone.

TWELVE MONTHS OF MY LIFE.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IV.

"EH, bairn, but yon's a lovely woman!" said Elspie, as she hugged me on the stairs. "I lit a wee bit fire in your ain room, and put her in there. She might ha' given us a word o' warnin' to have anither ready."

I had thought of that before, but I had no time to reflect upon it now. It was quite late in the summer evening; darkness was beginning to chase the yellow dusk from the passages, and there was a slight chill in the air. My room was shining with firelight when I entered, and a white figure sitting by the hearth, the

face bowed down in the hands. This was Sylvia; but the picture presented was so like the vision of my mother, that had shocked me so sorely some months ago, that a little cry broke from my lips. The first motion of her hand of course dispelled the illusion, but my superstitious fancy associated thenceforth a feeling of dread with my first glimpse of Sylvia Ashenhurst.

A blithe laugh answered my scream. "Did I frighten you," she said, "sitting at your fireside like a ghost?" She was quite at home at once. I knew that she was a good many years older than me—four or five at least—but I was not prepared for the motherly manner which she assumed towards me from the first. Her sweet petting way was very grateful to me, who never had had a mother nor a sister.

"Pretty, pretty Mattie!" said she, passing her soft slim hand round my cheek. "Luke told me you were small and plain, but that is two years ago. One does not see such bright eyes and wanton curls in London. You are of a piece with the delicious whiteness and lavender scent of your room, a perfect incarnation of the fresh pure country air."

I drank this sweet praise, and received her warm kiss with delight, proud of winning admiration from any one so lovely as Sylvia herself. But when I had time to think, I found my head spinning with wonder. I had not known that Sylvia and Luke had ever met, yet she spoke of him familiarly by his christian name, and two years ago he had spoken to her about me. And I remembered slowly, when I was free of the enchantment of her presence, that she was not the sort of Sylvia I had looked to see at all. From what I knew of her story, I had expected some one drooping and sad, who would require to be cheered and cherished. I still wore my black gown for my brother, and the soberness of spirit which I had put on with it I had never quite shaken off. But Sylvia looked and spoke as if the path from her cradle had been one track of sunshine. I felt some indignation at her brightness, till I saw her again.

She was sitting in the parlour window with her back to the sun when Luke came in to breakfast the next morning. She was dressed in a thick white wrapper girdled with blue, and in fun had hung some ripe cherries pendent from her brooch. The sun fell on the golden ball of hair on the crown of her head, and strayed round with loving touches to the light ripples on her forehead. There was a luxurious grace about all the outlines of her fair soft face and splendid figure, and much picturesque feeling in her attitude. She fascinated me with every look and word. My father surveyed her over the edge of his morning paper, and I knew that it took him longer than usual to ascertain the exact price of yarn from its columns, because Sylvia was sitting there, so charming. I fidgeted about the breakfast-table, keeping my face to the door that I might see the meeting between her and Luke. It puzzled me to think that he should have known her all this time and

not have fallen in love with her instead of me. But when Luke came in there was nothing for jealous eyes to discern. There was a cool polite greeting, after which Sylvia sparkled the whole of breakfast-time. I never had seen my father so amused before, but Luke was almost grim. Why, I kept wondering, had he never mentioned her name to me?

The whole household was the better of Sylvia's coming. My father, who did not often take much heed of women, was amused in spite of himself by her liveliness, which was never noisy or obtrusive, but had a knack of coming behind dulness unawares, and tripping up its heels, to the delight of every one. The servants, the farm-labourers, even the dogs and cows, liked her; for her petting touch mesmerised the animals as much as her words and smiles did human beings. For me, she amused and bewitched me from morning till night. I thought the sun shone on the Mill-house as it had never shone before. Only Elspie held aloof from her, and eyed her with distrust.

"Keep a sharp eye on Luke, Mattie," said my old nurse, "for it's my mind if himself were far awa frae the Mill-house yon yellow-haired lassie wouldna tak' the trouble to set the house a-gae as she's doin'!"

No one else could have ventured to speak to me so, but Elspie had dried my tears too often not to know that she might say what she pleased. I could not see with her eyes, however. Indeed, I thought Luke seemed to have conceived an uncomfortable dislike to Sylvia, and I more than suspected that she saw it. I chid him for it one day. My intercourse with him had been so slight since Sylvia's coming, that I had to make an opportunity, by taking my hat one morning, and forcing my escort upon him as far towards the mill as the wooden bridge.

"You might try to be kinder," I said, "for Dick's sake!"

"For Dick's sake!" he echoed, bitterly. "I wonder if she remembers whether he had red hair or black."

I was surprised at this burst, for there had never been much friendship between Luke and my brother.

"In Dick's time," he went on, "she could speak to one without a grimace. Now I am sickened by her perpetual frivolity."

"You knew her in Dick's time, then?" I asked, quietly.

"Did she never tell you so?" he asked in surprise.

I said "No, she had never told me anything concerning herself," which was true. He coloured up and was silent. I had never seen him guilty of a blush before.

"I used to go with Dick to visit her when I happened to be in London doing commissions for your father," he said, presently. "That was when I was a penniless devil, just apprenticed to the mill, whom Miss Ashenhurst does not condescend to remember."

"She remembers," I said, "for she men-

tioned once that you told her I was small and plain."

"Oh! she recollects that, does she?" he said, with a laugh that had an unpleasant ring. "Well, does she think you answer to the description, I wonder? She did not expect to find you an engaged woman, Mattie."

"She does not know anything about that," I said. "Indeed, you have been so little at the Mill-house since she came, that nothing of the kind has occurred to her; and I have never made occasion to tell her," said I, blushing to think of the exceeding dislike I always felt of thrusting the information upon any one. I thought that Luke would see this and resent it, and I gave a very troubled glance upward. But he was not looking at me.

"Don't tell her, then," he said, turning to me with that narrow look across his eyes and brows which often spoiled his face. "Promise that you will not tell her till I give you leave."

I was pleased to be able to comply willingly, for he had often found me stubborn enough, and just now I was trying to do my duty. I promised on the impulse of the moment, without stopping to wonder about his motive.

And yet, many a time after this, I longed to open my heart to Sylvia, and tell her all my trouble. I longed for some one to mourn over me, and chide me for wishing that I was buried with my mother in the Streamstown churchyard. I longed to pour out the rebellion in my heart, and be answered by some other monitor than the rebukes of my own conscience. And still I was thankful on the whole to the promise I had given Luke for obliging me to keep my own counsel on the subject. I could scarcely have told Sylvia of my engagement without letting her know, or at least guess, my unhappiness. And where would have been the use of that? Since for my father's good I had bound myself to Luke Elphinstone, I was also bound to be a true wife to him, and, both for my own sake and his, it were a bad way to begin by revealing to a third person the repugnance with which my heart turned from the life that lay before me. For there was no escape from it that I could see. My father was getting an old man, and his health was failing; he had never been the same since those days when ruin had stared him in the face. His head grew confused now over the details of business. He was nervous and timorous, where he had formerly been bold and sanguine. He leaned upon Luke, and as his powers failed he clung to and loved, in his undemonstrative way, the youth and strength, the industry and long-headedness, that carried his younger partner from beginning to end of whatever undertaking he engaged in. I felt this when the little book full of grim figures, over which it had been his custom to pore with energy the livelong evening, was handed over to Luke, while my father himself lay back in his chair and slept, like a man whose age was assured of ease, whose house was well propped and guarded, and whose fire-

side was free of care. He already counted Luke as his son, and me he treated with indulgence; for by me he had gained that son. And meanwhile the days were lengthening, the summer deepened, roses increased and multiplied, and the hay was sweet in the meadows. My year was passing away.

That book of figures above mentioned was an excuse for Luke remaining in the dining-room almost the whole of the long light evenings. My father liked his doing so, liked to rouse up now and again and see the younger, stronger man thus alive to the interests of business; it was a sign of thrift that pleased his eyes; just as his waking ears were also charmed by the recurrence of the homely, monotonous purring that sounded drowsily from the distant beetling-house, whose wheel turned night and day. Sylvia and I were busy contriving baby-clothes for a poor woman in one of the cottages, and we made tea for ourselves at an end window in the drawing-room, which commanded a view of the mill-settlement. From thence we could see the sun setting redly behind a hill covered with dark firs, dashing the sycamores near us with ruddy gold, hanging a lustrous haze over the little wooden bridge till it looked like a bridge in a dream, and opening up wonderful chambers of colour in the smooth deep tide of the river. Luke sometimes came in for a cup of tea. He and Sylvia got on so badly together, however, that we had pleasanter times when he stayed away. At first I had thought she seemed bent on charming him, as it was her nature to love to please every one; but her efforts had been so clearly thrown away, that of late she had given them up. As the time went on, her bright spirits fell away; she grew silent and sad, sometimes even discontented and pettish; she ceased to take any interest in the things that at first had delighted her. I thought she was tired of the dulness of the Mill-house, and longed to get back to London. Nor did I wonder at this, when I, who should have loved the Mill-house as my home, felt the chill of its atmosphere even in the hot, bright days of summer with Sylvia's companionship. Outside all nature was gay; fields ripened, and gardens flaunted with flowers; but within, the spell of melancholy that belonged to the house never had hung so heavily as it did now, when Sylvia had been about three weeks our guest. Gradually this conviction dawned upon me, that we were worse now, as we formerly had been better, for Sylvia's presence amongst us.

One day I had coaxed Luke into a promise to take an afternoon's holiday from his eternal plodding at the mill, and to give Sylvia and me a drive. When the time came, we two girls sat waiting under the sycamores, beside the river. Sylvia was more carefully dressed than usual, and all her gay spirits had revived. Instead of Luke, however, there came a note, saying that pressure of business prevented his fulfilling his promise. Sylvia's eyes flashed as she read the note which I gave her. It was addressed to us jointly, and began, "Fair ladies!" Sylvia crushed the paper in her hand and tossed it into

the river, then she threw off her hat and lay back in the long dry grass, covering her face with her shawl. Once or twice I heard a little moan come from her as I sat musing on the strangeness that had come over Luke's behaviour of late. He had used to be too watchfully attentive. Many a time I had sighed, seeing him coming over the bridge, and wished that he would leave me more to myself. He had disapproved of many of my ways and fancies, and given much of his time to the task of converting me to his own habits and likings. Now, when for Sylvia's sake I could have wished him to be attentive, he showed no interest in my proceedings. I could not but think that this was owing to his absurd prejudice against Sylvia, and I pondered, wondering what could have been the origin of this prejudice, which must have taken root long ago, in the days when he went with my brother Dick to see her in London. I thought of his odd desire that she should be kept ignorant of our engagement. He certainly was taking especial care that no action of his should cause suspicion to cross her mind. It flashed upon me now that perhaps he was looking forward to breaking off that engagement, hence his wish to keep it secret, and the sparks of light on the river danced madly before my eyes as I strove to stifle the pang of joy that thrilled through me at the thought. But a moment's reflection assured me that Luke had no wish to release me. In many little ways he daily let me know that he meant to hold me to my word. It were running headlong into danger to believe anything but this. "God deliver me from temptation!" I murmured, as I rose and locked my arms over my breast, while for a minute the birds seemed like to turn my brain with the sudden ecstacy of their singing.

I sat down besides Sylvia, and drew back the shawl from her beautiful flushed face. Her eyelashes were wet with tears.

"Sylvia," I said, sadly, "you are fretted with the weariness of this place. Do not hesitate about leaving me whenever you wish to go." And I thought heavily that, with Luke and me for master and mistress, the Mill-house was never likely to be a pleasant place of sojourn for anyone.

Sylvia sat up quickly, and, winding her arm round my neck, said, in her low, willing, passionate way:

"Never say that again, Mattie. Were it as dull as a cavern, there is no place so dear to me as the Mill-house. When I have to leave it, I shall be banished out of heaven!"

I started at her vehemence, but recollected murmuring:

"Ah, yes! that is because it was Dick's home!" and I felt a pang of conscience for ever having resented her gaiety, for ever having imagined that she had ceased to mourn for her loss and mine. She gave me a little thoughtful stare out of her soft grey eyes, and then gazed down past the trees after the current of the river, as if fascinated by those sparks of light that had danced so madly before my eyes a few minutes ago.

"Ay!" she repeated, absently; "of course, because it was Dick's home."

I loved her better at that moment than I had ever loved her before, and I felt indignant at Luke for having balked her of a little pleasure. I went straight to the house and ordered my own pony to be harnessed to the phaeton which I had sometimes driven under Luke's guidance. I had never cared much for driving myself, but Luke liked ladies to be a little dashing. I was determined now to turn my accomplishment to account.

I said to Sylvia, "If we cannot find a cavalier gallant enough to be our charioteer, I do not see why we should not help ourselves. I can manage Frisky pretty well."

We drove down the pleasant summer lanes into Streamstown, and stopped at the best shop while I bought some green and white muslin to make myself a frock, having promised Elspie to leave off my sad black gown by Midsummer's-day. Then we bowled on, along the white roads, chatting our women's chat, and each, I believe, doing her best to hide from the other that there was any troubling cloud hanging between her and the blue sky that brooded over our heads.

We had got quite out in the country, and were breathing exhilarating air, and getting glimpses of hills and sea. I was driving cautiously, and was rather proud of my first independent essay. Turning a corner of the road, we saw a figure on horseback riding towards us. Sylvia sat forward, gazed intently at the figure, and turned red and then pale. Surely enough the figure was familiar.

"Why, it is Luke Elphinstone!" cried I.

Pressure of business had not kept him from taking a solitary ride. His neglect of us was deliberate, his apology untrue. Sylvia, by the changes of her face, was quicker than I at seeing this.

"Let me drive," said she, suddenly, snatching the reins from my hands. The whip began to dangle in the air, and we were flying along the road at a break-neck pace.

"Stop, stop!" I cried; "Frisky will not bear to be whipped like that!" But Sylvia, with blazing eyes and flushed cheeks, was lashing his sides without pity, and the insulted little pony dashed on. We passed Luke with the swiftness of lightning. I heard him call after us; Sylvia tried to check our speed, but it was too late. She threw the reins from her in dismay, and they trailed on the road. The fields and hedges spun round us in a dizzy green ring. Then there was a crash, and I found myself lying on the ground in great agony. Luke picked us up. Sylvia escaped unhurt; but the phaeton was smashed, and my leg was broken.

CHAPTER V.

SYLVIA moaned so bitterly over my sufferings, that even Elspie, who had never liked her, was softened somewhat, and I heard her muttering to herself that "yon wheedlin' hizzie had a bit heart after all." No one but Luke knew that she was the cause of the accident. My father scolded me for being so rash as to attempt to

drive without assistance. Sylvia never spoke, and I had to take the blame upon myself.

At the first, Sylvia was a capital nurse. She herself brought my breakfast-tray every morning, and I had to warn her that my father and Luke must be waiting for their second cups of tea before I could get her to leave me and return to the breakfast-table, over which she had now to preside. She would spend her day reading and talking to me, learning old Border songs from Elspie, who was in this way much conciliated. More than I loved to see her gliding about the room. Dr. Strong, our Streamstown physician, who came, of course, to mend my broken bones, was completely captivated by her ready hand and light step, even more than by her beauty and radiant health, which last advantage has always an especial charm for a doctor. I soon saw that, conscientious as I knew him to be, he took on this occasion more interest in the nurse than in the patient.

But very soon Sylvia left off her nursing, and let me gradually drop wholly into the hands of faithful Elspie and my kind little friend Miss Pollard, whose name I think I have before mentioned at the beginning of this history, and who came often now to beguile my pains by reading aloud her favourite poems in her chirping little voice, or detailing to me the gossip of the village and country-side, while she sewed indefatigably at wonderful prodigies of fancy-work, which were destined for remote bazaars. She was not so pleasant a companion as Sylvia. It was not so delightful to look at her or hear her talk. But her voice had a tremulous echo that reminded you of a child or a bird, and her simple face was not uncomely. Albeit a spinster, she wore a widow's cap over her smooth, sand-coloured hair.

"It looks more comfortable, my dear," she said to me once, in an explanatory way, "much more comfortable, when a single woman begins to get a little up in years."

She could only have been forty, or thereabouts, though I had long looked upon her as a perfect rock of ages. Her eyes were very mild and kind, and her mouth had shaped itself into a little round button, by dint, I always thought, of chirping to the canaries that lived with her at home.

Sylvia gradually gave me up. Where she passed her time, or what she did with herself, I could not guess. Instead of bringing my breakfast she would just flash in on me for a minute in the morning, looking lovelier and gladder than I had ever seen her, shake out her fresh cambrics before my glass, and rearrange the moss-rosebud in her bosom, then wander to my bedside, give me an absent kiss, and slip out again before I had more than time to say good morning.

At different times during the day she would come in again, but she was restless while she stayed, moving about the room like something caged, and scarcely seeming to breathe freely till she got away again. Once she did bring out a child's frock, that we had left unfinished, and

began to sew, but after stitching the hem of the skirt on to the waist she bundled it away impatiently, and it saw the light no more. Another time she opened a book to read to me as of old, but she made so many ridiculous blunders, that at last she laughingly shut the book, saying, "I really do not know what I am reading." One evening she slipped into the room, knelt beside my couch, laid her head on my pillow, and lay gazing up at the ceiling, with a blissful light on her face, every now and then giving a long-drawn sigh.

"Sylvia dear," said I, "what can be making you so happy in this lonely place? What are you doing with yourself?"

"Doing?" she echoed, starting up with a little warbling laugh. "Mattie, I am doing a great deal."

Then she suddenly began to talk to me about her own past life. She spoke of the bitterness of the four years that had gone over her head since her father's death, not since Dick's death; she did not mention him. Since her father's death. She described to me the happy life she led in her cottage home at Richmond, where Dick and others came and wooed her, then in her nineteenth year. She was vain, she said, and worldly, and deserved no better fate than befel her. Her father, a veteran officer, died, and left her destitute. No strong hand was near to help her. Nothing was left her but such wit and good looks as she had, whereby to win a dependent's bread at a stranger's table. She opened a little pocket-book and showed me a lock of her father's grey hair, and a dried vine-leaf off her cottage walls.

"Poor Sylvia!" said I, as she stroked the little treasures in her lap; and I felt puzzled the while in my own mind.

"Not so poor!" said she, softly, looking as happy as a queen, and then my words had to come out.

"Sylvia!" said I, "will you answer me one question truly? Did you ever love my brother Dick?"

She glanced away startled for a moment, and then, after a long pause, turned her shining grey eyes upon my face, and said:

"I shall have to make you another confession before long, and I had better make this one beforehand. I never did love your brother; not as I could love my husband. I liked him, for he was a kind good fellow; but at the time I promised to marry him I loved another better. Ay, you may turn from me in disgust, Mattie. I told you before that I was vain and worldly; but at least I was an obedient daughter to my father, who liked your brother, and who considered him a better match, as they say, than the person I cared for more. Such things as this are not uncommon, Mattie."

I shrank a little, feeling as if the bright grey eyes pierced me through with these words. Truly such things were not uncommon. I gave a sigh to my dead brother, and Sylvia went on talking.

"I should have been a good wife to Dick if he had lived. I could not marry any one unless

I were prepared to be the best wife in the world; but I should like better to marry some one I could love. I have learned that it is easier for a woman to live without riches than without a heart. Ah, if you knew how I have starved for a little love! I have done hard penance for my mistake. Poor old Lady Durden! I was very submissive to her whims. She made a white slave of me at the beginning. Could not take her breakfast of a morning without first putting her foot upon my neck; but that was before she knew how necessary I should become to her. She did not guess that I had promised myself she should prize me, sue me, miss me, before I had done with her. In nine months she had had three companions before I went to her; and I remained with her nearly four years. She raised my wages and gave me pretty dresses. She cried when I was leaving her, and begged me to come back."

Sylvia sat on the floor, with her cheek luxuriously dipped in her hand, and her face bathed in a smile of delicious complaisance, while all this ran trippingly from her tongue.

"But you will not go back, Sylvia, you will never starve any more for love," said I, thinking I had guessed her secret very shrewdly; and at this moment the doctor was announced, who blushed as he shook hands with her. After him quickly came Miss Pollard, more blooming and lively than usual, with whom Sylvia immediately began a mischievous skirmishing of words, for there was a perpetual war going on between these two. We had tea in my room all together, and Miss Pollard put off her bonnet and filled the cups, producing a dish of sponge-cakes which she had made with her own hands for my use, though the fairest and largest she placed on a plate by the doctor.

Dr. Strong was a stout little elderly man—clever, kind, and a trifle pompous. He had a pleasant rosy face, and the baldness of his head was quite made up for by his handsome whiskers, which were still untouched by grey. He had a simple fondness for fine English, a tender heart, which often supplied the place of a fee in his dealings with the poor, a good income, and a handsome house, a little way out of the village. He might not be all a pretty maiden's fancy, but a woman might choose for herself a worse staff to lean upon through life. I had not been used to think much upon his virtues or himself, but of late he had inspired me with new interest. I had trained myself to be very prosaic on the subject of matrimony, and I thought it would be better for Sylvia to grace a good man's home in the quiet sunshine of Streamstown than to fade into lonely dependent old maidenhood in some dreary London mansion. I did wonder at her excessive happiness and her little rhapsody about love, which I thought rather out of place. But her character had sunk in my esteem since I heard her declare that she had never loved my brother. The imaginary link that had bound my sympathy to hers had

disappeared before the truth from her lips. I no longer looked upon her as a sister. An admiring friendship for her I must still preserve, but the romance that had hung about her was gone.

Somehow our little tea-party went wrong that night, though Sylvia had adorned the room prettily with flowers, and the sponge-cakes were good, and the sunshine came pleasantly through the open window. Luke refused to come up to join us, though specially invited. The doctor blushed too often for his comfort, and got bewildered by Sylvia's mocking merriment, and Miss Pollard alarmed us all by pouring the tea into the sugar-basin. Our two friends went away together.

"Just like man and wife!" Sylvia said, laughingly, afterwards; "the little spinster on tiptoe with delight. It is unreasonable for anything so antiquated to have a heart."

"Why, you are surely not jealous of Miss Pollard," I said, smiling in her face.

"Jealous!" she echoed, with an astonished stare; then laughed heartily to herself, as if at some secret fun.

"I only mean to say," she said, "that when the tea poured into the sugar-basin it was the overflow of the tide of Miss Pollard's feelings, which sets in the direction of Dr. Strong."

"Nonsense," I said; but by-and-by began to think that Sylvia was more shrewd than I. She had walked with them that evening as far as the gates across the burn. I limped to the window and saw her coming back alone, sauntering along the gravel by the garden wall, her head on a level with the wallflowers that grew above it. She had on a light-blue dress and a pink rose in her hair, her hat in her hand, and walked in the mellow harvest light of the setting sun.

A group of haymakers going home gazed at her in shy admiration. Dreamy and pleasant came the plash of the wheels from beyond the river. How sweet the hay smelt, and over in the direction of Eldergowan the woods were wrapped in purple and gold. I looked at a bunch of flowers which Mark Hatteraick had left at the door for me that morning. All the beauty of the summer evening could not make me glad, and it struck me sharply at the moment that I was very young to have given all the joy out of my life.

I saw Luke emerge from somewhere and join Sylvia, and the two came slowly together towards the house, then turned and got lost to sight among the lilac-trees along the burn. I was surprised and pleased to see them such good friends. I wondered that Sylvia had not told me about it.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at Preston on Thursday the 25th; at Blackburn on Friday the 26th; at St. James's Hall, London, on Monday the 29th; at Stoke on Tuesday the 30th; at Hanley on Wednesday the 1st of May; and at Warrington on Thursday the 2nd.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER VII. A FAMILY DINNER AT BRAMLEY MANOR.

MRS. CHARLEWOOD was a member of the Reverend Decimus Fluke's congregation. So was Miss Augusta. The latter, indeed, was very much given to professions of piety of a somewhat melancholy and soul-depressing character. Miss Augusta, though a beauty and an heiress, eschewed the worldly amusements which might have appeared most calculated to tempt a young lady of her age and attractions. She went to balls occasionally, but she never waltzed. She sometimes attended the performance of an oratorio, but she seldom went to a secular concert. And as for the play!—Miss Augusta would not have entered the doors of a theatre on any pretext or persuasion whatsoever. Stay, I must record one exception to this rule. When the Misses Charlewood once passed a season in London, Augusta, radiant in a rich and elegant toilette, had been seen several times in a box at the Italian Opera. But then, it *was* the Italian Opera. And the élite of London society were there to be seen—and to see. And it cost a great deal of money. So Miss Augusta had been to the Italian Opera.

Her sister Penelope, independent in this matter as in most others, declined to attend the Reverend Mr. Fluke's church; but was in the habit of going to a chapel in the neighbourhood of Bramley Manor, where very high-church services were performed, with much elaboration, and where the sermon never exceeded fifteen minutes in length. The chapel was a bran-new construction, of a very florid style of architecture, with cast-iron crosses stuck on each of its many pinnacles, and bits of coloured glass inserted in all the windows. Penelope complained that Mr. Fluke's sermons made her bilious. "Sitting still to be bullied three times every Sunday disagrees with my constitution," said she. "When there's any bullying going, I like to do my share of it," she added, frankly.

However, though the seven Misses Fluke groaned in concert over the Puseyism—in their mouths the word was almost synonymous with

perdition—of the eldest Miss Charlewood, they were very willing to go to Bramley Manor whenever they had a chance of doing so. And the Charlewood family were, to use Mr. Fluke's own phrase, "some of the brightest jewels in his congregation." Thus, it came to pass, that from the Misses Fluke the Charlewoods heard of Mabel's visit to Corda Trescott. Clement had learned the fact from Corda herself, but had said nothing about it, feeling possibly some little pique at Mabel's disregard of his advice, and feeling also, in a half unconscious way, very reluctant to canvas the subject at home. But his sisters were not so reticent.

One evening, when the whole family was assembled round the dinner-table, and after the servants had left the room, Augusta opened fire after this fashion:

"What a queer girl Mabel Earnshaw is!"

Her father looked up from his walnuts. He was a very handsome old man; it was from him that Augusta inherited her beauty. He was dressed in a somewhat peculiar fashion, his attire being, in fact, a close imitation of the costume of a well-known nobleman in the neighbouring county, to whom he bore a strong resemblance. Mr. Charlewood had occasionally been mistaken for this nobleman by strangers; and had once been addressed by a fellow-traveller in a railway carriage as "my lord"—a circumstance which, strange to say, afforded him very great gratification.

"Queer? Mabel Earnshaw queer?" said he, addressing his daughter Augusta. "Well; hers is a very pleasant kind of queeriness, at all events. I thought she was your dearest friend."

"Oh," exclaimed Walter, a good-looking, light-haired lad, who was giving himself mighty airs of connoisseurship over his port wine, "don't you know, sir, that Miss Earnshaw has been thanked and dismissed the service? Jane Fluke is promoted to the post of dearest friend, vice Mabel Earnshaw, superseded."

"I'm sorry, dear Watty," retorted Augusta, with placid sweetness, "that Jane Fluke is not pretty. For I know *you* can't be expected to like her merely because she's good."

Walter laughed, and held his peace.

"Well, but what *is* Mabel's special queeriness?" asked Mr. Charlewood.

"Oh, I don't know, papa," replied Augusta; "but she is queer. I think she's—she's strong minded."

"Gussy," remonstrated Mrs. Charlewood, looking quite shocked, "don't, my dear. You shouldn't say such things of people, my love."

"Never mind, mamma," said Penelope, "thank Heaven, nobody can say of us that we're strong minded. That's a great blessing. But if papa really wants to know what particular oddity Mabel has been guilty of, I think I can tell him what Augusta means. You know the little girl that Jackson managed to drive over on the last day of the festival, papa? We told you all about it. Well; Mabel Earnshaw has taken a craze about the child, and has been to see her."

"Nothing very queer in that; is there?" asked Mr. Charlewood, dipping a walnut into his wine.

"Oh, but the child belongs to such dreadful people," replied Augusta, "and lives in such a low neighbourhood. New Bridge-street, papa!"

"Oh," said Mr. Charlewood, shortly. He had reminiscences of still lower neighbourhoods than New Bridge-street, but he kept them to himself.

"The Flukes told us about it, my dear," said Mrs. Charlewood to her husband. "Mabel has joined them in district visiting for a time, whilst Eliza is ill. But Miss Fluke says she fears—she greatly fears—that Mabel 'asn't yet got real conversion. Well, we can but 'ope and pray for her. Miss Fluke says she's only joined to have an opportunity of visiting this little girl."

"Miss Fluke is the most intolerable fool," said Clement, breaking silence for the first time, and angrily pushing his plate away from him; "and I wonder at Miss Earnshaw having anything to do with her."

"Dear old Fluke!" cried Walter, with a mischievous glance at his sister Augusta. "I think she's charming. Here's her health, with three times three. By jingo, she's a clipper, is Miss Fluke!"

"Really, Watty," observed Augusta, with dignity, "you take more of that old port than is good for you, my dear boy."

"As to being a fool, Clem," said Penelope, rising to follow Mrs. Charlewood out of the room, and speaking into Clement's ear, as he held the door open for his mother and sisters to pass, "Miss Fluke is a fool, of course. But you can't expect her to be as devoted to Mabel Earnshaw's beaux yeux as some people are."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Clement, shutting the door sharply after the ladies, and walking back to his place.

"What was that Penny said?" asked Mr. Charlewood.

"Only nonsense, sir," rejoined Clement, shortly.

"Penny don't often talk nonsense, either," replied his father.

"How modest you are, Clem!" said Walter. "I declare you're positively blushing! 'Pon my soul you are! I couldn't do that to save my life." Walter contemplated his smooth young face in the bowl of a dessert-spoon with much self-satisfaction.

"Where are you off to, Watty?" asked Mr. Charlewood, as his youngest son lounged towards the door.

"I'm going down to Plumtree's, sir," replied the lad, after an instant's hesitation.

"To Plumtree's? Don't overdo Plumtree's, Watty. I don't like so much billiards. When I was your age, I didn't know one end of a cue from the other."

"All right, sir!"

"No, I don't know that it is all right, sir," returned his father, irritated by Walter's nonchalant tone. "You get through a precious sight of money, as it is, young gentleman, without helping it off by billiards. Do you ever consider what an expense you've been to me? And what a still greater expense you will be if I buy you a commission, as you are always plaguing me to do?"

"I suppose you can afford it, sir," said Walter, sulkily. His manly dignity was giving place to a very naughty-boy air, as he stood with his hand on the fastening of the door, turning it backwards and forwards with a clicking noise.

"I don't suppose so, though. Giving you money is like pouring water into a sieve. I won't have you hanging about Plumtree's. So that's flat."

"It's very hard," muttered Walter, almost whimpering, "to be kept in like a schoolboy. They'll think me a blessed muff, when I'd promised particularly to go there to-night, to see the match between Lord Higsworth's son and Tiffin of the Carbineers. There's a whole lot of fellows going from the barracks."

"Lord Higsworth's son?" said Mr. Charlewood.

"Yes, young Skidley," said Walter, eagerly pursuing his advantage, as he saw his father's face soften. "And there'll be Captain De Vaux, and Fitzmaurice, and Plowden, and no end of tip-top fellows."

"If you promised, Walter," said Mr. Charlewood, with a moral air, "of course, you are bound to go. I didn't know you had given your word. The Honourable Arthur Skidley, you said?"

"Yes, sir. He and I are as thick as thieves. He's no end of a brick."

"He may be no end of a brick, but he is not even the beginning of a gentleman," said Clement.

Next moment the fragrance of a cigar was blown across the hall, as the boy opened the house door, and set off gaily down the avenue.

"Surprising what high friends Watty makes!" said Mr. Charlewood, when he and his elder son were alone together.

"I don't like Watty's getting into that set, sir," said Clement. "He is a mere boy, and his head is always turned by his newest acquaintances."

"Men of family, Clem," said his father, moving uneasily in his chair. "Men of family, and—*and*—fashion."

"There are blackguards to be found in all

classes, unfortunately; and, I assure you, that Arthur Skidley is looked upon very coolly by the best men in his own rank."

"I didn't think you had so much class prejudice, Clem."

"I hope I have no class prejudice, father. But I know that Skidley and his associates are no more to be accepted as specimens of English gentlemen, than drunken Dicky Dawson, the mason, is to be taken as a fair type of an English artisan."

Mr. Charlewood emptied his glass in silence, and then rose and walked to the fire, where he stood with his back against the chimney-piece. The autumn evenings were beginning to get chilly, and there was a touch of frost in the air, which made the fire blaze briskly.

"Well, Clem," said he, with a sharp glance that recalled his daughter Penelope's glittering eyes and shrewd expression: "since we seem to be in the lecturing line to-night, let me say that I hope and suppose it is all nonsense what Penny said about you and little Earnshaw."

"Oh, you did hear it then, sir?"

"Why, I heard something. Penny used some French word or other, but I believe I made out the meaning."

"Well, sir?" said Clement, rising also, and standing opposite to his father on the hearth-rug.

"Well, that's all, Clement. I hope and suppose it is all nonsense."

"I don't quite understand why you should hope it, father; but I can truly say that I never thought of Miss Earnshaw in that way. She is almost a child compared to me. The idea is absurd. At the same time, I beg you to understand that I am not binding myself in the least degree to any prescribed course of conduct in the matter."

"Of course, of course, Clem. I'm not meaning to dictate to you, my boy."

"I cannot understand what objection you could have to Miss Earnshaw, supposing—but it's altogether preposterous. Chattering girl's folly of my sister's."

"No objection in the world to Mabel Earnshaw—as Mabel Earnshaw, Clem. She's a nice bright well-behaved little girl, and as good as gold. But it isn't the sort of connexion I dream of for you, my boy. Money is not to be despised, but I waive money—we are not beggars. What I hope," said Mr. Charlewood, pausing with his hand on the door; "what I hope you'll look for, is family, Clem. You know my history. I have raised myself a good many degrees in the world, and I should like to set my son after me, a few rounds higher on the ladder." With those words, Mr. Charlewood walked out of the dining-room without giving Clement an opportunity to reply.

The young man threw himself into a large arm-chair by the fire, and shading his eyes with his hand, fell into a deep meditation until the servant came to ask if he would go up-stairs to take coffee, or whether it should be brought to him in the dining-room?

"I'll go up to the ladies," said Clement,

rousing himself with a start. "I've nearly sat the fire out here." Then when the man had left the room again, he passed his hand over his forehead, with a half laugh, "Tut," he muttered, "what a fool I am! It's preposterous, and out of the question. Confound all silly chattering tongues! By Jove, if such a thing were to happen, they might thank themselves for it. I swear it never entered my head before. But it's altogether absurd. Quite absurd." And Clement walked up-stairs, humming an air with somewhat defiant cheerfulness.

CHAPTER VIII. DOOLEY AT TEA.

MABEL had no opportunity for some time of repeating her visit to little Corda; for Mr. Saxelby fell ill, and was obliged to remain at home. Enforced idleness is irksome to most men, but to Mr. Saxelby it was positive torment. And it was by no means a pleasant time for those on whom the duty of nursing him devolved. Mr. Saxelby could scarcely endure to lose sight of his wife for an instant. If she quitted his room he would ask where she was, and why she did not return, eight or ten times in the course of as many minutes. And he would take neither food nor medicine except from her hands.

On Mabel, therefore, fell the government of the house, and the care of her little brother. This last was no tax on her patience or good will, for she loved the little fellow dearly. The child was a fair pretty boy of nearly four years old. Somewhat delicate and frail in body, but with an active intelligence that was ever eager to learn. He looked upon "sister Tibby"—so he called her—as an inexhaustible encyclopædia of information. He was christened Julian, but had translated that appellation in his baby fashion into "Dooley," by which name he was habitually called at home.

Mabel was sitting at tea one evening with the child (having sent up a tray to the sick-room), when some one rang the house-bell, and after a few minutes the door of the sitting-room was gently opened, and a figure stood on the threshold. It was already dusk, though not late, and the fire-light did not suffice to show the visitor's face distinctly.

"Who is it?" asked Mabel. But almost as she spoke she recognised Clement Charlewood, and rose to greet him. "I are having tea," observed Dooley, for the benefit of all whom it might concern, "b'own tea."

"Good evening, Miss Earnshaw. Our people sent yesterday to ask for Mr. Saxelby; and as I was coming into the neighbourhood of Fitz-Henry-road, I said I would call myself and inquire." This was true in the letter, but not in the spirit; since it was to no member of his family that Clement had announced his intention of visiting Jessamine Cottage, but only to the servant charged with making the daily inquiries. "I'm going myself, James," he said, briefly. And James, though glad enough to be relieved of his duty, had doubtless canvassed his young master's decision in the servants' hall with judicial impartiality.

"It's very good of you. Papa is better." It was characteristic of Mabel that she invariably called Mr. Saxelby "papa" as soon as he was ill and suffering.

"I," repeated Dooley, with increased emphasis, "are having tea. B'own tea."

"Why, that's famous, Dooley," said Clement, with his hand on the child's flaxen curls.

"What's dat?" asked Dooley, pausing in the act of conveying a spoonful of the pale cinnamon-coloured liquid into his mouth, and thereby inundating his pinafore.

"What's famous? Capital, first-rate, very good. You know what that means?"

Dooley nodded. "Tibby's fir's yate," said he, clutching his spoon after the fashion of a dagger, and thoughtfully rubbing his forehead with the bowl of it.

"Don't do that, darling," urged the subject of his panegyric. "I am so much obliged to you for coming, Mr. Charlewood. I believe papa will be quite well in a day or two."

"And Mrs. Saxelby?"

"She is a little worn, but it is nothing. I would send to tell her you are here, but papa can't bear her out of his sight. And I have just sent her a cup of tea into his room."

"B'owner tea dan mine," announced Dooley, in an explanatory manner. "But dis ain't white, is it?"

"No indeed; quite brown."

"Sometimes my tea is white," said Dooley, as though impelled by a sense of candour to state the whole case, though it was evidently a sore point with him.

"Pray, Miss Earnshaw," said Clement, "don't think of disturbing your mother. I have not many minutes to stay."

"He can 'top till I go to bed, Tibby, can't he?" said Dooley. Mabel laughed frankly, and took the child on her knee. The maid had come to remove the tea-things, and had brought with her a lamp whose light was shed full on the brother and sister. Clement thought within himself that they made a charming picture. Mabel in a neatly fitting grey dress, whose subdued tone brought out the girlish freshness of her face, and the yellow curls of the child nestling against his sister's dark shining hair.

"I understand," said Clement, with the least possible touch of stiffness in his manner, "that you have been to see Corda Trescott."

"Yes," replied Mabel, quietly; "I told you I should go, if possible."

"You went with Miss Fluke, did you not?"

"No; not exactly. Miss Fluke and Louisa called for me at Mr. Trescott's. But I could not have gone without their aid, certainly."

"Miss Fook," murmured Dooley, sleepily, jerking his leg backwards and forwards; "Miss Fook's huggy."

"Hush, Dooley. You must go to bed."

"Oo're pitty," said Dooley, critically. "So's mamma, so's papa."

"And what do you think of little Corda, Miss Earnshaw?"

"I think her the most engaging little creature

I have ever seen. So sensitive and gentle, and yet so full of vivacity. I want you very much to do me a favour, Mr. Charlewood."

"If I can," said Clement. He had not quite got over Mabel's cool disregard of his advice. And yet he liked her none the less for it. Somewhat the more, perhaps. But he gave himself no account of his feeling.

"It is this. Little Corda is fond of reading; and I have some children's books that were given to me long ago. I should like so much to lend her some of them. Would you mind—I know you are in the neighbourhood sometimes—leaving them with her for me?"

"I will do so with pleasure. But let me, even at the risk of offending you, say once more that I do not think you are acting wisely in mixing yourself up personally with these people."

"Surely Miss Fluke is a tower of strength, Mr. Charlewood?"

"Miss Fook is a towow," observed Dooley, with drooping eyelids.

"Dear child, you *must* go to bed," said his sister, kissing him.

"I may 'top till he goes?" urged Dooley, waving a very diminutive thumb, which was not at all under command, in an endeavour to point at Clement Charlewood.

"Well, one little minute, then. I really can't see, Mr. Charlewood, why you, who seem to have a liking for, and appreciation of, Corda, should be so urgent against my going to see her."

"Miss Earnshaw, if I may venture to say so, I have also a liking for, and appreciation of, *you*."

Mabel looked straight at him with clear eyes in which there was no trace of affection or embarrassment. "Thank you," she said, smiling very slightly. "Well?"

"Well, believe me it is not good for you to seek these people. If it were only the little girl, poor baby, I should say no word against it. Even her father, weak and shiftless as I take him to be, might not be utterly objectionable. But there is a brother——"

"Yes, but I have never seen him. Stay! Is he not singularly handsome, with the air of a foreigner? Ah, yes; I met him coming into the house as I left it. I should never be likely to come into contact with him."

"God forbid! I am not speaking at hazard, Miss Earnshaw, when I assure you that that young man is a thoroughly worthless fellow. I might be justified in using a stronger word. Watty, who I am sorry and ashamed to say has got into a set I very much disapprove of, has lately met young Trescott at billiard-rooms, and in much lower haunts. He is a thorough-paced young vagabond. Keen and cunning as an old experienced gambler. Vain and boastful as a boy."

He continued to speak of Walter and of the Trescotts, feeling it very sweet to have the warm ready sympathy and quick intelligence with which Mabel received his confidence. In the midst of his talk, Mrs. Saxelby came in. She

was pale and worn, and bore the look of one who has been blanching in a close dark room, away from free light and air.

"How is Mr. Saxelby?" asked Clement.

"He has fallen into a doze, and I have come down for a little change, I believe he is better. There is no serious evil. But you lords of the creation are terribly bad patients. I think he might have been well, a week ago, if he had not increased his fever and irritation by fretting. Why is this dear boy not in bed? Dooley, you are fast asleep, my pet."

"I ain't s'leepy, mamma," said Dooley, struggling into a sitting posture, with his hair all over his eyes, and one cheek flushed a deep burning red, from his having pressed it against his sister's shoulder. Mrs. Saxelby rang the bell for the maid. "Go with Sarah, my boy. It is bedtime."

"Ain't he doin'?" asked Dooley, making one desperate effort to stand on his legs, and sliding down against his sister's dress on to the hearth-rug.

"Yes, Dooley, I am going too," said Clement. Dooley looked down at him doubtfully from the elevation of Sarah's arms.

"Is he doin', Tibby?" Dooley asked, with evident confidence in the truth of the reply he should get from his sister.

"I think he is, Dooley. But even if he doesn't go, you must. Because he's a grown up man, you know, and you're only a tiny boy."

"Dood night," said Dooley, resignedly. The view of the subject that Mabel had presented to him was one with which he was not prepared to deal in his drowsy condition.

"I *must* not stay after that," said Clement, when the child had been carried away.

"I will go and get the books I spoke of," murmured Mabel, gliding quietly out of the room. Her mother threw herself into an easy-chair with an air of weariness. She was tired in body and harassed in mind by the monotonous attendance in the sick-room; and Clement's presence was a welcome change.

"Miss Earnshaw has become a disciple of Miss Fluke's, I understand," said Clement.

"Not altogether a disciple," answered Mrs. Saxelby, "but she has consented to assist him in district visiting, for a time. I don't mind telling *you* frankly that I do not like it. Mabel is not adapted for that kind of thing. She is the best, the most unselfish, the dearest child in the world. Helpful and unwearied in serving those she loves. But she is not quite—what shall I say?—not quite amenable."

"Not quite amenable to Miss Fluke, that is," said Clement, smiling.

"Exactly. You see, poor dear Miss Fluke, though actuated by the most charming motives, and—and—evangelical things of all sorts," said Mrs. Saxelby, breaking down somewhat in her eulogium, "is not clever. In a worldly sense, Miss Fluke is *not* clever. Now Mabel is clever. You know that it is not mere mother's partiality which makes me say so, Mr. Charle-

wood, but Mabel has really remarkable talent and intellect for her age."

"I know it," said Clement. But though he did not speak insincerely, it may be doubted whether he had ever looked upon Mabel in the light of a very intellectual person before. Many of our latent judgments, which might otherwise have lain dormant as the spark lies in the flint, are thus elicited by sudden contact with another mind.

"I have been taking the liberty, Mrs. Saxelby," pursued Clement, "of again speaking to your daughter about those Trescotts. You will think me very audacious to return to the charge, after the severe snubbing I got from Miss Earnshaw on the subject the other day."

"Not at all audacious. Very friendly, on the contrary. But, *entre nous*, Mr. Charlewood, I don't see any such very strong objection to her seeing the child occasionally, under the auspices of Miss Fluke. Mabel's sympathies were strongly excited by the circumstances under which she first saw this little girl. As the child grows stronger, and does not call for her pity, Mabel's enthusiasm will cool. Though," added Mrs. Saxelby, after an instant's pause, "Mabel is not apt to be fickle; I must own that."

"Mrs. Saxelby, I have been telling Miss Earnshaw something of which you will better appreciate the weight and bearing than she can. The brother, of whom I have chanced to hear a good deal lately, is a worthless young vagabond. I suppose most people of his class and profession are dissipated and careless. But this lad is worse than that. He is a frequenter of billiard-rooms and taverns. The Trescotts are very poor. The money with which he gratifies his self-indulgence must be got in, to say the least, a disreputable way, by gambling. It is a bad case. Think, Mrs. Saxelby, of the possibility of Miss Earnshaw's name being bandied about in low public-houses by this young fellow and his associates." Clement's hand clenched itself involuntarily as he spoke.

"I will talk to Mabel myself," said Mrs. Saxelby, nervously; "she will hear reason. Hush, she's coming. Say no more at present, I beg of you."

Mabel came into the room with a little packet of books under her arm. "Mr. Charlewood has promised to take these to Corda Trescott for me, mamma."

"He is very kind."

"There is the White Cat, with illustrations, coloured in a very high style of art by myself. Poor white cat! The common paint with which I bedaubed her, has grown discoloured and made her into a brown cat by this time. Never mind; there is the story. Then I have Robinson Crusoe, Edgeworth's Rosamond, and a volume of Hans Christian Andersen's tales. It is quite a library for Corda."

"Good night, Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement, taking charge of the books. "Good night, Miss Earnshaw. I hope Mr. Saxelby will be

quite well and at work again in a day or two. He is not fond of idleness, I know."

Then Clement took his leave and went away. He looked up at the starlight autumn sky as he walked along the suburban road, with its trim hedges on either hand, and all sorts of unpractical and vague fancies danced through his brain.

If another Asmodeus, instead of lifting the house-tops and showing the scenes that are being enacted within, could unroof the mysterious dome wherein our thoughts and imaginations are busy, and could make palpable to the senses their goings and comings—the unlikely guests lodged in one brain, and the unsuspected vacuity of another, the odd corners full of romance and fantasy in some minds that pass for mere unvarying machines, and the hard practical calculation of intellects which an admiring world supposes to be "of imagination all compact"—could such a familiar demon be found, I believe we should witness a far more strange and wonderful spectacle than any of those which greeted the astonished eyes of the Spanish student.

SHORTENED COMMONS.

It is a horribly vulgar cause to plead. Against us, are clergymen, noblemen, aldermen, poor-law guardians, and other great people by the score. We are said to be radically vicious and bad. We take strong drink when we can get it, and we crave for it when we can't. We are disreputable in appearance, and dissolute in habits, and are experts in wife-beating, Sabbath-breaking, and profane swearing. Our presence is distasteful to respectability, and our junketings are a scandal and a sin. No genteel neighbourhood can suffer under our incursions, and at the same time preserve its purity of tone; and it is in the interests of law and order, no less than for the maintenance of the rights of property, that we are fenced out, warned off, and got rid of. Pretty villas and neat cottages, tasteful gardens and trim roads, are rapidly springing up where we have had the wicked audacity to let our children romp and play; and the gentle philanthropist who is at once pastor of his flock and lord of the manor, will tell you how much better and holier his parish is, now that it is exorcised of such wretches as ourselves, and how he will, under the circumstances, and as a matter of Christian duty, sell you an eligible lot of forest-land, just enclosed, at a ridiculously low sum per acre.

We are Spitalfields weavers, Bethnal-green match-box makers, Whitechapel costermongers, dock labourers, bird-fanciers, hawkers, hucksters, and petty shopkeepers. Our houses are eminent for filth and dirt. We are often without water to wash in, and oftener without time or inclination to use it if we had. We turn on to the well-known open space (we'll call it Cribbing Common) on a Sunday, because its outskirts are within easy walk-

ing distance—say, two or three miles—of the crowded parts where we live, and when we do so we've no more notion of looking virtuous, or of formally exercising our rights, than the ladies and gentlemen you may see lounging about Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens on a Sunday afternoon. It's easy enough to make out a case against us, and I dare say that neither in language, habits, nor demeanour, do we reach the standard of Christian perfection which it is that reverend gentleman's duty to hold up, and which he and his friends and neighbours have of course attained. It's beautifully appropriate to find out that we're such atrocious characters; because it elevates the removal of ancient landmarks, and the appropriation of public land, into a service rendered to the State. It's true, I've heard of Sunday school treats, and of friendly society gatherings being held here, and the carts you see full of family people all decently dressed, the humble little pic-nics, where father and mother and two or three children make up the party, and the orderly quiet young couples softly whispering to each other the tale which never grows old, don't look particularly profligate; but our reverend friend knows better, bless you, and could tell you strange stories of the vices these seemingly harmless pleasure-takers hypocritically conceal. The alderman there takes rather a different view, and generously admits that "It is nice for greengrocers and charity children and such-like to have a nice open place like this common to take a blow on. I don't deny it. But it isn't nice for *me*. I don't want 'em to come, for they're rather a nuisance in front of my house. I'd rather they went somewhere else, so don't expect me—who've only got my place on a lease—to take an active part against encroachment, for I won't."

Villas and gardens and snug investments; laudably appropriated and sold at an almost nominal price—the purchaser taking all risks—this is the history of the rapidly disappearing Cribbing Common.

We are at an East-end suburb this bright Sunday morning, and I propose to drive you round and about the common for thirty miles or so, that you may see for yourselves the wholesale manner in which the land belonging to the public is being filched away. Over this fine open space to the right, past the gipsies' carts, and beyond that clump of trees, you can just see the City of Babylon Cemetery. This was established about a dozen years ago, and the cost of laying it out was defrayed, I'm told, out of the corporate funds. This was just as wrong in principle, mind you, as any private enclosure; but as burying in the crowded city was undoubtedly bad, this proceeding was considered, by comparison, good. There have been plenty of keen-eyed self-seekers to take advantage of the precedent. Now that we've passed the little hut where the common gate hung until twelve months ago, we can't turn or look without seeing evidence of enclosure. Ask the woman in the cottage when and why the gate was

abolished. "Was very old, and broke off its hinges about twelve months ago, and there ain't to be a gate no more!" is her answer, and one more evidence of boundary and proof of the separate existence of the forest is swept away. Here's a small enclosure belonging to a gentleman whom I've often had the pleasure of hearing speak. A poor-law guardian of a large East-end parish, a fervent advocate of Magna Charta; I've known him quite eloquent upon the superiority of this free country to imperial France: the culminating point of such superiority being a local elective system capable of producing his enlightened self. This patch of ground came to him, they say, through a relative who paid something to the lord, and then took it. As a matter of course, there's no title; and our guardian being a shrewd business man in everything relating to his own interests, doesn't build the snug little country box he'd promised himself, just yet. Every year his right of ownership is undisputed, will strengthen his claim, until long usage and custom will create what he thinks is sufficient title, and then I suppose he'll build. It's the same story everywhere. That fine farm you see down yonder was taken years ago. There was some fuss, and an action was brought at the assizes; but just before the trial came on, a compromise was effected, and undisturbed possession allowed. It's not difficult, they say, to induce men to give way on points they've no direct interest in upholding. There are no fences, you'll remark, in the field opposite, and there's a sort of superstition in these parts (how originated it's impossible to say) that if an enclosure is under four feet high, it is not so flagrant a violation of the law as if it were over four feet high.

"Is Mr. Take at home, my man?" "No, sir, he's left here, and I've got the farm." "Bought it of him?" "No, I rent it of him, *it's his freehold*, you know, and I pay him so much a year." "How came it to be his freehold?" "Why, he bought it of the lord, to be sure; I thought everybody knew that." Mark the phrase, "his freehold," as if it were thought expedient to drag the precise nature of the assumed ownership forward at every opportunity; and then look at that monster brick-field just made on the left. The contractor for a great public undertaking is the man responsible for this; and having, I suppose, quietly arranged terms with the lord of the manor, has proceeded to enclose, and then dig holes, and make bricks. A very short time ago, neither those ugly yawning chasms now filled with water, nor the clay mounds and dirt heaps, existed. All was green smooth turf; and the fifty or sixty acres thus appropriated, were played on and marched over without let or hindrance, like the remainder of the space near. Now we come to what is called "The Groves;" and here you see the enclosure system in its first stage. Rough low railings, over which any one can climb; gates to preserve the right of way; men, women, and children, roaming to and fro as now. But twelve months ago that little Swiss cottage, now fenced

off, was a regular place of resort for hot water for tea-making; and the beautifully wild ground before you was dotted with merry groups every fine holiday. Yet, we repeat, you are now only a few miles from the very worst parts of Babylon; there is neither railway nor omnibus fare to pay for the majority of the poor frequenters, who just trudge here from their homes and back again. Of course, they'll be allowed their old privileges for this summer. It would not do to brave popular indignation all at once. So the railings will stand quietly for a time, as an advanced guard, and then the regular army of cottages, villas, and mansions will follow in their wake. Up the lane, and turning the corner by the old entrance to Warlock Park, where a handsome residence stands on one side, and another is rapidly approaching completion on the other, we come upon a huge black board with "Stoley Park Estate. Building lots to be let or sold. For terms, apply to Messrs. Bone."

All common-land a few months since. All the property of the disreputable people who enjoy fresh air and sunshine upon Sundays. It does not seem a difficult mode of acquiring valuable estates! Some stout palings and a big board, and the thing's done. "Of course my lord won't charge you anything like the true value of the land, Mr. Builder. You know all about the little hitch respecting title; and if you're willing to take the risk and invest your money, you won't find us hard as to the terms upon which you can have a good long building lease. Scruples? Pooh! look at the Pawnington Park estate a little further on. A new road made there, sir; great benefit to the community. New houses on each side, let as soon as built; plan of the estate, and building lots in the regular way. Genteel little colony of the higher class of tradesmen, professional people, and government clerks, is planted there; and yet it was all forest-land, such as this is, a few months back. Enclosed by consent of the Homage, there's the fun of it, each member of the Homage getting a bit, and the lord, of course, taking the lion's share. Legal? It's quite legal enough for our purpose; for we've been letting off the land like smoke, until that meddlesome COMMONS PRESERVATION SOCIETY began to interfere, and succeeded in frightening some people concerning their want of title. At Pawnington Park, builders have been bold enough to put up houses; and at Stoley Park they've held back; that's the only difference. The mode of action is simplicity itself. A London lawyer or two, and a few others personally interested, have met together by appointment, keeping the room door open to maintain the show of legal form. A man has been hired to say mildly, "Oh yes! oh yes!" in the old Saxon style, before the masquerading business began; and then every necessary respect and attention having been paid to the commoners and the public, the little party has set to work with map and compasses, and declared

the land its own. Highly satisfactory, of course, to the men dividing the spoil; and as it requires more of public spirit and length of purse than falls to the lot of most of us, to try the question at law, the land-takers grow bold with impunity, and the fine old forest is eaten up year after year with a greedy rapidity which grows by what it feeds on.

Side by side, with land on which the wild trees and tangled undergrowth are flourishing in much the same condition as when our forefathers hunted the wild boar here, and stained their bodies with woad, are vulgar little cockney boxes, with fine names and tawdry formal railed-in gardens, reminding one of Twopenny Town, N.W. The very road you're driving on, and which is a convenient cut enough from the railway station to the highway, is filched from the common. Over by the village on the hill yonder, and through the trees on the rising ground to the left, was a fine open plot, known as the Green. A railing is put round it now, and I suppose we should be warned off as trespassers, if we ventured upon its cool soft turf. But the most wholesale spoliation of all is at the village to which I'm taking you next. There's no such tavern-sign now as the one you're looking for, but the old inn is here under another name, with front bulging over the pathway, overhanging stories, drowsy little diamond-paned lattices, quaint gable-ends, zig-zag chimneys, cozy little bar, sunken uneven floors, and queer out-of-the-way corners, just as when its famous landlord gazed wisely at the boiler's burnished side for inspiration. The old oak-panelled room where Queen Elizabeth is said to have slept, now bears the mysterious word "Lodge" on a metal plate, and has a black knocker on its door; within it are certain throne-like chairs, swathed in clean white linen, and with straight stiff backs reaching to the low ceiling, which, with other symbols in the room, tell graphic stories to the initiated of wardens and worshippers, together with ancient and solemn rites, masonic "firings," and secretary's toasts. A great place for dinners now, they tell us; parochial authorities, courts, and societies from Babylon often choosing the queer rambling old place for meeting in. But we must not linger for bit or sup now. Cloudland is to be seen yet. Cloudland, where the kind clergyman is lord of the manor, who says all Sunday visitors are so wicked and vile; and where justices of the peace send the commoners to prison who decline to sell their rights. There are few prettier spots in the country, and the forest is at its perfection here.

The rich undulating fields we pass; the fine old English lanes where the trees on each side bend forward to overhang and intertwine like stout friends who've tried and love each other, are all full of quiet and home-like beauty. Cloudland itself you may see dotted in straggling fashion along yon hill-side; and it can, besides the clergyman I've spoken of, boast of a few wealthy residents, who, by industry, enterprise, and thrift, have risen

from low rungs in the commercial ladder, to be Nimrods of the Wessex hunting-fields, and justices of the peace. Their new positions, mark you, are not unimportant to the points we're discussing; for they're now thrown in with the landed interest, and are not very likely to raise an impious hand against what those demigods, "the county families," decree. It's a flattering thing to be consulted by people whom you're perhaps ready to grovel before as your social superiors; and when these welcome you as one of themselves, make flattering appeals to your well-known interest in the county, and ask you to accept a fine plot of land at a nominal price, it would be a positive slur upon your business capacity if you were to show the cold shoulder, or give a churlish nay. This is my way of accounting for what I'm going to relate; but then I'm only a poor Sunday visitor, you see, without as much land of my own as a lark could perch on, and it's quite possible I'm wrong. But that the choicest parts of the common have been recently surrounded by these stout posts and rails; that the clergyman lord of the manor has modestly taken several hundred acres of the best forest-land as his private share; that the new J.P.s have accepted smaller plots, and bought other plots from the lord at prices per acre which bear the same proportion to their real value as the sum given by a White-chapel "fence" for the watches his clients have irregularly "conveyed" do to their legitimate cost; that the gentlemen who co-operate with Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M.P., at the Commons Preservation Society, have a suit pending against the enclosure in the Court of Chancery—concerning these plain facts there can be no doubt whatever. A resident cottager is the man on whose behalf the action against the lord of the manor has been brought, and as his story is rather curious, I'll tell it you. When it was determined to ignore the ancient privileges of the public generally, and to assume that the handful of Cloudland residents were alone to be considered, it was almost "ask and have" amongst them.

There never was such liberality as when the common was cut up and divided. Even the mere tenant of a farm got a slice; and as for any one owning a freehold cottage or a bit of ground, he almost made his own terms. The landlord of the inn, and one or two other astute spirits, haven't taken their bits yet, but it's thoroughly understood that they're ready to do so, and that the longer they hold off in a friendly way the handsomer will be their reward. But, in the midst of all this charming unanimity, one obstinate family stood out. Mere labourers, with neither stake in the county, nor position in the world; these men, father and son, showed a sturdy, stubborn front when blandly spoken to of compromise. "Didn't want no truck with it. Had gone free on the common ever since he could remember; and would rather lop his wood as before, and go on free, than have a bit o' ground to call his own, which

he'd no real right to. Was obliged to the gentlemen all the same, but couldn't have no truck with it because somehow it didn't seem right." Such was the peasant's simple profession of faith. It was but natural that the lord of the manor and the bran-new county gentry should be indignant. It was short-sighted policy, though, to persecute their poor neighbour so openly; and when he was deprived of his means of livelihood, and his sons imprisoned for exercising the very right of lopping wood which they had refused to forego, their worship, the justices, made a distinctly false move. Worse and worse, too, were their later tactics. Two members of parliament having gone carefully into the facts, consented to act as trustees to a fund to be got up for the labourer's benefit. This was naturally unpalatable to the enclosing lord and his friend, so the Cloudland J.P., who lives in the white house to the right here, and who professes to own that fine plot of forest-land across the road to the left by virtue of having paid a small sum to the lord for it, what does this particularly disinterested gentleman do but write a letter to one of the trustees, to whom he was an entire stranger, denouncing the labourer as a profligate ne'er-do-weel, whom it was a scandal to encourage.

There never was such a bad fellow as this labourer, according to the J.P. His children didn't go to Sunday-school; he himself didn't practise any of the virtues proper to his station; never went to church, or obeyed his superiors; and it was his own fault he was out of work. The fact of his having naughtily opposed the confiscation of ancient rights by his betters was discreetly avoided; and when the trustee replied that he thought differently to the J.P., and was determined to stick by the poor friendless fellow he'd taken up, be sure there was pretty consternation at Cloudland. Another letter, saying the first was "only prompted by an Englishman's love of justice and fair play"—a justice's fair play! stabbing in the dark!—and must be considered private; a retort from the trustee saying there could be no privacy when one stranger addressed another concerning an act of public duty; the publication of the whole correspondence; scandal, uneasiness, and incrimination followed. Meanwhile a great legal potentate is considering the peasant's claims, and the railings stand. It is scarcely likely that the ground will be tampered with further for the present; but, as you see, a large road has been made, and everything is prepared for permanent confiscation. Now you'll understand why we, the people in the habit of coming down here, are such dreadfully bad characters in the clergyman's eyes. We've no rights, bless you! The land is his freehold, just as Hampstead Heath is Sir Thomas Wilson's; and as for the protesting peasant and the rest of us, we ought to have our ears nailed to doors, as we should have, if we were living in the fine old times when justices were justices, and feudalism was respected. You

must know that the right of lopping wood on this common was granted to the poor inhabitants of Cloudland by Queen Elizabeth, and though there's been many a sly attempt to cajole them out of it by monks and others, they've remained firm to this day.

From here back again to our starting-place is one long scene of intermittent but increasing confiscation. As we approach Babylon, the villas and gardens become thicker and thicker, until the road is lined with handsome residences, each of which stands upon ground which was open common an incredibly short time ago, and for which the owners can show no more title than the good will of the lord of the manor. There's a local society started which has invited a large public meeting on the common; and all I'd ask of you, gentlemen, is to help us to understand what our rights really are. We know that in olden times the lord of the manor lived in his district, and was, or ought to be, the protector of the poor people near. Now, under the specious pretence of improvement, he seems to seize upon land which, from its contiguity to our crowded capital, is of priceless value, and the wild luxuriance of which no money could replace; and he seems to secure his wealthy neighbours' sanction by a judicious bestowal of portions of the property he has seized. It's a profitable and comfortable arrangement enough from one point of view; but I'd like to know for certain whether it's right.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE BURNING OF WILDGOOSE LODGE (COUNTY LOUTH).

ABOUT nine o'clock on a wild October night, 1816 (the year after Waterloo), a lonely little chapel at Stonetown, in the county Louth, many long miles from Dundalk, is filled by a mysterious party of about forty men, wrapped in the rough heavy-caped frieze great-coats of the ordinary Irish peasant, and armed with rude guns, horse-pistols, bludgeons, old gun-barrels set in pistol-stocks, and pitchforks. The men look savage, pale, and worn; many of them have ridden from great distances—from outlying villages in Meath, Cavan, and Monaghan. There are farmers and fishermen from the coast, blacksmiths, artisans, and farming lads, men of all ages and classes; their brows are knit, their mouths are compressed by the sense of a horrible secret about which they mutter under breath. They have met for no midnight mass. They are bent on no pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick, or the entrance of Purgatory, on the island in Lough Deargh. No priest is on his way to exhibit the host to these perturbed men. The sacred bell will not tinkle that night within the roadside chapel, nor the crucifix be raised above their heads by a robed minister of God. They have not the air of men who come to kneel or who wish to unburden their souls before the holy altar. They are not bent on work to further which either the Virgin, the saints, or the

angels can be invoked. They are looking at the hammers and triggers of pistols; they are loading guns; they are fixing and sharpening bayonets with hideous smiles of cruel meaning. They are cursing the boys of Drumbride and Ennisheen for being late, and cheering the gossoons of King's Court and Ballynavorneen for being early, though they had to come through the bogs on foot.

It is not difficult to sketch the place of the Ribbonmen's meeting—a plain whitewashed little chapel, with a strip of green before the door, and inside the railings a large iron cross, with the emblems of the Passion attached to it by a crown of thorns. The interior of the dimly lit building is plain and poor, a timber roof, whitened walls, with here and there a staring coloured picture of the Virgin or St. Patrick, or a list of services or pilgrimages, a few rough chairs and benches, at the east end a deal platform, upon which the priest paces up and down while he delivers his sermon. On this platform stands the altar with the receptacle for the host—a plated sort of watch-case surrounded by metal rays. There are a few horn-books and dog's-eared primers, and there is a cane lying in the window; for Stonetown being a poor place, the school is held in the chapel, and all day the parish clerk and schoolmaster, Pat Devan, has been beating into the barefooted, quick, ragged peasant children scraps of dog Latin, dreary sections of the multiplication-table, and fragments of Irish grammar. Those black sods lying in a heap by the low smouldering fire of red-hot peat are the fees that each boy brings daily to pay for his rough schooling. The chapel is hot, reeking, and close, for it has not been opened since the classes left.

Mr. Devan is held by the country people, the peat-cutters and ploughmen of Stonetown and Reagstown, to be a prodigy of learning. The only wonder is, that he never went to carry off all the prizes at Maynooth, or to astonish the learned Jesuits at St. Omer. He can read the breviary in Latin, and can repeat the prayers for the dead almost as well as Father Murphy. He knows the Hours by heart, and can recite long poems in Irish. He can hardly ask you how you are, or how the wife and child are, without bringing in the Latin. No one prostrates himself lower or with more solemnity when the bell rings and the host is elevated; no one in Louth has gone more pilgrimages, or performed more stations. No one can tell you more about the Holy Father, and the great ceremonies at Rome; and whilst! he is one of us; he is in all the secret societies. It is in this chapel the Ribbonmen meet and discuss their plans of attacking houses for arms, to be ready for the next rising. He denounces traitors and spies. He knows when Meath is ready, when Monaghan is up, when Cavan is troubled, when Louth has got something on its mind. As he is the clerk of the parish as well as schoolmaster, he keeps the key of the chapel, so that no one but those who ought to know it, need know of the meetings of the Whiteboys or the United Irishmen. The halo

of the priesthood surrounds him also; he is at once respected and feared. The village priest, a worthy, portly, easy man, may or may not wink at these political meetings. At all events, he is not here to-night, but is no doubt by his own cozy fire, warming his toes and reading one of the Fathers near a table on which pleasantly steams a reasonable quiet glass of whisky-punch; or he is thinking of his pleasant college days, as he watches the last bit of peat burn clear and blue in the frugal little grate.

It is indeed a violent troubled night for a rendezvous; one of those nights when the fir-trees writhe and struggle with the wind, the oaks rock angrily, and the elms lash the air in a restless despair. The wind is tearing off the dead leaves by sheaves at a time. Dead leaves dry and crackle down every lane. Clouds of yellow leaves break out of sudden corners, and fill the air for a moment, before they scatter in utter discomfiture over the loose stone walls and the lonely miles of mountain, moor, and bog. The wind has demoniacal outbursts of anger that relapse into shrewish cries at keyholes, fretful rattlings at shutters and doors, hollow moans and shuddering vibrations down chimneys. If ever the devils wander in the darkness prompting hopeless men to despair, urging bad men to murder and to cruelty, and rejoicing at the growth and progress of wickedness wherever planning or accomplishing, this is the night that should bring them on such ghastly journeys, such is the storm that should shroud and cover them in their exulting search, leaving behind, a wake of wreck, death, and destruction.

Devan goes round to the men in the chapel, the fresh-coloured striplings and the old scarred wicked-looking rascals who fought in 'Ninety-eight, and gives them the sign and countersign of the night. There is not much said above a whisper, but the gestures, at which they laugh hideously, seem to typify gibbets with men hanging, and prayers offered up for such men. Then, Devan takes a peat from the fire, blows sparks from the lighted end, and waves it over his head. There is a suppressed shout and a wave of guns and pitchforks, as some one produces a bottle of whisky and an egg-shell; the fiery liquor is passed round, till the eyes of the conspirators begin to glitter, and a cruel alacrity inspires the tired men, whom Devan now selects and divides into two bands. Then, carrying the lighted turf, Devan leads them into the road in rough military order, and carefully locks the chapel door behind him. They march from that chapel by the Mill of Louth almost silently. Are they merely going to drill, or are they going to attack some farmer's house? Many do not yet know; all that many know is that they have been called from the forge and the plough, the fishing-boat and the shibbeen, on some secret errand of the Ribbonmen committee, and that they dared not refuse to come. But Devan, and M'Cabe, Marron, and M'Elarney, *they* know, for they are the leaders, and every one will soon know. Through the ranks from time to time spread the words,

"Remember, boys, who hung Tierney, Coulan, and Shanley; we must show no mercy to them who showed none." Then there rolls along a ground-swell of deep curses and execrations in Irish, as Devan waves the turf torch, that glows scarlet in the wind.

In the mean time, other bands are converging to the same spot. A party of men, with guns, pistols, and loaded sticks, have come from the cross-roads of Correecklick, where others have joined them; again, at the cross-roads of Ballynavorneen, others have come riding up smiling and shouting; at the cross-roads of Dumbride there have also been recruits; and even at Clurehtown there was one armed man waiting. At Clurehtown, the men on foot, knowing the country every "shap" and dyke, leap away to Reaghtown Chapel, the near way across the fields, but the horsemen (many riding double) ride to Reaghtown by the road to Tullykeel.

There are near upon a hundred now; savage-looking fellows, many of them with bad foreheads, high cheek-bones, and coarse cruel mouths, ready for any crime. They are near the place of action; at Arthurstown Chapel more whisky is produced; they madden themselves with drink; for there is work to do, and there may be fighting, if the dragoons come down on them. The fierce fellow who leads the Reaghtown detachment boasts that he has a party that can be relied on, and he goes to Campbell, who brought up the men from Dumbride, and, flourishing a pistol, swears that if any of either party flinch he will blow their brains out.

Beyond Reaghtown Chapel the country gets very wild, and there is one narrow swampy lane which horses can hardly traverse. There is one small farm-house on a piece of rising land; at this season almost surrounded by water, it is only approachable (except in a boat) by the narrow pass leading from the south side of Reaghtown Chapel lane. The bog is a wild mournful desolate place, much like any other of the five million acres of bog that give a mournful monotonous character to Irish scenery; wide tussocky tracks, untouched since the Deluge, great thorny humps of furze, tangled nets of bramble, giant hillocks of rush, tufts of coarse dead grass, acres of heather; deep trenches are cut in the madder-coloured peat earth for drainage, from which the snipe darts and zig-zags when you approach; little black peat-stacks; these form the only landmarks to break the melancholy level, or here and there a little heap of coarse reedy grass; everywhere, by the dark chocolate slices dug but yesterday, or the dustier and more friable sections of the older workings, the wild cotton scatters its delusive little tufts of snowy filament, with which the wild duck will line its random nest. In the prairies, in the virgin forests, in the jungle, among the icebergs, between the glaciers, there is nothing so desolate and repulsive as an Irish bog, though beneath it lies the inexhaustible wealth of a soil whose riches have been accumulating since the Flood, and which needs only the magic touch of

Hope and Industry to spring and blossom into plenty.

Such spots, colonised by needy, energetic, and venturesome men, are dreary enough, even under a bright sun and pure sky; but in autumn, on a howling restless night, they are perfectly purgatorial in their dismal and deserted barrenness; they seem the end of the world, and outside all civilisation. Such may have been the aspect of the earth when the dragon lizards, those disbelievers in progress, dominated alone, and trampled as conquerors over their muddy dominion.

In the lane leading to this bog stood a labourer's house.

A man named Pat Halfpenny and his wife live there. They are sitting by the fire talking over the events of the day, and listening to the wind that, swelling and raging, then wearing down to a tired lull, seems all at once to give birth to strange sounds like the voices of advancing men and the trampling and splash of horses' feet. The wife clings to her husband; they tremble; for the fear of death is upon them, and their hearts beat so loud that they can hear the beating almost as clearly as that of the clock which ticks on the wall. A moment after, there comes an imperative tap at the door—the knock of men who will force their way in if they are not instantly admitted. Two stern men, one of them with a gun, enter, the moment the door is tremblingly opened; without speaking, they go up to the hearth; taking a little pot, they put three or four red-hot peats in it, and are about to go off with them. The poor woman falls on her knees, clasps her hands, and prays them not to take the fire away at such an hour. She does not know what it is for, but she suspects some horrible revenge. The men push her away angrily. The one with the gun says to Halfpenny:

"If we hear a word from you or your wife, we'll drag you out; if you dare to look after us, you spalpeen, I'll blow the shot in this gun through you."

They then leave a sentry at the door, and go on towards Lynch's, another house further on. Halfpenny, listening in intense fear, presently hears a clamour of talking, shouting, and mustering, and then the tramp of horses.

When the sound has gone by, and Halfpenny thinks all is safe, and opens his door to go and call his neighbour, Carrol, he hears a fierce voice in the darkness that tells him to shut the door or he will be shot.

There is no disguise now about the Ribbonmen's intention. They are going to attack a lone house, called Wildgoose Lodge, inhabited by a farmer named Edward Lynch, who at the last Louth summer assizes prosecuted the three Ribbonmen, Tierney, Coulan, and Shanley, for breaking into his house to obtain arms. The resistance had been desperate. The prisoners were unmistakably identified, and were convicted and executed at Dundak, to the open horror and indignation of the Ribbon societies. Lynch's son-in-law, Thomas Rooney, and a labouring

boy, named James Rispin, were the chief witnesses.

In that lone house on the bog, they are busy at work, or sitting singing and laughing round the fire, while supper is preparing: Lynch and his wife, his brave son-in-law James Rispin, another labourer, Elizabeth Richards a servant, and another woman, and a child.

Devan and Malone, the captains of the two bands, have spread their men, according to order, to the right and left round the hill on which the doomed house is; they are closing in upon their victims, with guns and pistols ready. The lighted peat, roused by the wind and waving to and fro, breaks into a blaze, and is a moving signal for the circle of Ribbonmen. Their cruel object is to prevent any of the hated Lynches from running down to the water and escaping in the darkness by swimming and wading to land, or hiding in the heather clumps on the bog. Gologly and other men, left in the lane to hold the horses, laugh and dance as they see the circle formed. McElarney has refused to help hold the horses, saying he is as fit to go to the burning as any man there.

The sound of voices has by this time aroused the Lynch family. They look out, they see the moving light and hear the threatening sounds that can only mean mischief. They guess in an instant that the Ribbonmen are on them, to revenge their three dead comrades. Rooney snatches down his gun and prepares for defence. Some rush and bolt the hall door. The assailants make a charge at it with their gun-buttocks and strong shoulders. A voice from within cries:

"The first that comes in or out, I'll shoot him!"

Devan answers hoarsely through the darkness, the fire glaring on his face, so that it even more than usually resembles an evil spirit's:

"Don't think it is old times with you, Rooney; this night is your doom."

There is no more said, but several shots flash from the windows, and a man named Keeran is burned in the face by the powder of one discharge. The Ribbonmen fall back, and do not again attempt to force an entrance by blowing open the lock or hewing their way. Devan and Malone then cry out to fire the house at the back. With a savage eagerness the wretches run to the hay-yard, and collect great heaps of dry flax, unthrashed oats, and straw. The two men who fetched fire from Halfpenny's—determined men, and one of them a robber by profession—are ordered to light a bundle of flax and thrust it into the thatch of the roof. There is a crackling, a glare, a blaze, that shows at once the ring of red howling faces, and makes the bayonets and gun-barrels gleam crimson. Devan cries:

"We will show the country boys that there shall be no informers allowed in it."

The fire spreads over the roof with dreadful rapidity, flashing from end to end, with a crackling roar and fierce volumes of reddened smoke. In a moment a sheet of water, which almost insulates the house, seems turned into

a sea of blood, the windows glitter in the blaze, and the glass snaps and falls. Through the horrible glare, the ring of rejoicing wretches must seem to the unhappy creatures within like a circle of exulting devils.

Nothing but God's voice from heaven or the avenging hands of Angels can save the Lynches now. Devan's party know it, and dance and toss up their brimless hats, and wave their guns and pitchforks, with the ferocity of cannibals. The poor women, too, and the children, what have they done? What do they know of prosecutions and Ribbonmen conspiracies—they who were defended so bravely by Lynch and Rooney when they fought for their lives against the midnight thieves? Perhaps, even now, tearing themselves from the groaning women and screaming children, Lynch, Rooney, Rispin, and his fellow-servant, may load their guns to the muzzle, sharpen some knives for their belts, and, throwing open the door, turn mad and rush down on these murderers. If they fail to break through the circle, they may at least kill some, and die bravely.

But there is no time for this; the farmer has his wife in his arms, Rooney has his little child crying for help, the farm-servants have their sweethearts clinging to them, and praying hysterically for mercy—clinging with the agony and despair of drowning creatures. The burning timbers of the roof and the masses of blazing thatch fall on them, and set their clothes on fire, the house glows like a furnace, the fire starts in at the windows, the walls are growing red hot, the beds and chairs and floors are breaking out into flames. The men and women fly past the windows, from this corner to that, like terrified animals in a burning forest; their cries pierce and rend the air.

The only answer their murderers give, is a shout: "Let none survive; not one must live to tell of it!" And they pile more straw on the roof. The sky over the lonesome swamp gets redder—redder, and men far away at Andee and Enniskeen see it and know what is being done.

Bryan Lemmon, one of Devan's gang, springs forward with a ponderous sledge-hammer, and toiling like a Titan, drives in and shatters the hall door with a dozen crushing blows. The bayonets and guns move nearer; will Devan's men rush into this furnace, and slay all they meet? No, their hatred is now too intense and fiendish for such a shortening of their sport. A dozen of them bring armfuls of flax and oat straw, and push them blazing into the rooms. The hay-yard furnishes the funeral pile for its unhappy owner. So do the stables, where the horses kick and plunge, maddened by the heat and noise and glare.

The women and children fly from room to room, up-stairs and down. They crouch, they hide, they pray, they scream, and their screams are heard far beyond the flame, far into the darkness, scaring the heron and the fox. The wretched Lynch's well-known form is seen crossing a window, and Devan gives orders to fire at him. He cannot resist that order, though

it rather shortens the boys' fun. They fire, but he does not fall. A more terrible death awaits him. Lynch is seen no more. The lad Rispin, younger and more passionately eager for life, clambers on to a side-wall, from which the roof is now burnt away, and supplicates for mercy. Mercy! Ask a shark for mercy when he turns to snap, or a wolf after a second bite at the lamb. The answer is a dozen clashing bayonets in his side and back; and he topples, screaming, headlong into the seething caldron of flame.

Bursts of fire and smoke from the windows; one thrilling scream, a shrill shriek from a child; then a deep and terrible silence. The house glows like a red-hot crucible. Look in at the windows and you see only a raging volume of flame. At last the red rafters of the roof fall in, crashing and snapping, a storm of sparks glitters before the wind, a gust of flame rises up, then a tall pillar of illuminated smoke. The fire abates, and settles down over the eight poor murdered people. Devan and his men discharge their guns in noisy joy, the circle of one hundred monsters toss their hats, huzza, and cry:

"Lynch, we wish you luck of your hot bed."

Malone and another man say, as they go:

"All is well now, if we only had Mr. Filgate"

(the Louth magistrate, who tried the three Ribbonmen whom poor Lynch had convicted).

It has been a glorious night's work for the Ribbonmen. When they leave the house—an hour ago so cheerful, now a charred vault—Campbell shouts to Gologly and the others, who have been holding the horses in the boggy part of the lane:

"We burned the little ones as well as the big ones, and left no one to tell the story; Begor! Lynch and Rooney won't go and inform against us again."

This very Gologly to whom he thus spoke betrayed Campbell, and brought him to the gallows.

Early in the morning, after this dreadful event, a man named Owen Reilly, whose cabin is about four miles from Lynch's house, hears voices in the road, and, being alarmed, barricades his door. A body of armed men at that hour can mean no good. There is a loud and angry rapping, but he is still unwilling to open, till the voices insist on it, assuring him that no harm is meant to anybody in that house. They merely want something to eat and drink. Reilly opens the door, and sees some savage-looking smoke-blackened men, who call for oaten bread and a bowl of milk. They are sullen, tired, and one of them has a black scorched wound on his face. That is Keeran, whom Lynch had wounded.

Next day the ruin of poor Lynch's house is visited by half the country-side. Mr. Filgate rides over and inspects with horror the four blackened walls, and the charred and ghastly remains of the eight murdered people. The peasants stand silently round, in secret sorrow or secret approval. The sunshine falls on the white ashes of the roof, the broken door, and

the trampled garden strewn with half-burned straw.

The crowd opens and part, when an old woman, bowed with grief, and tossing her arms like a keener at an Irish funeral, comes to look at the black mummies that, so short a time ago, were human beings. She recognises two of them—her son, whose shoulder, with a birth-mark on it, is still unconsumed; and Biddy Richards, one of the maid-servants. The rest she cannot guess at, they are so dreadfully burned. Poor Rooney is found sitting beside his wife, with the blackened body of his fine little boy, only five months old, sheltered between his knees. The sledge-hammer lies on the grass near the door, and the garden is littered with straw and flax.

There are too many people in this horrible conspiracy for the whole to remain long undiscovered. Devan is at once seized. It is noticed that a neighbour named M'Cabe is not among the people who flock to see the ruins of Lynch's house. A labourer, named Greenan, who goes to Liswinny to tell Mr. Filgate, the magistrate, of the event, is told M'Cabe is lame, and confined to the house with a "touch me not," or boil on the knee. But Alice Rispin sees him, two days after the fire, vaulting over a ditch, and in perfect health, and soon after an informer deposes to his having been at the fire.

Approvers soon come in, tempted by the reward of fifteen hundred pounds—not very reputable men—generally thieves or outlaws—but still clear and consistent in their stories, all witnesses of the crime, all active sharers in its accomplishment. The first, Bernard M'Iroy, was once a soldier in the Meath militia. He informs to Mr. Filgate. He had been forced into the business by Devan, and had not dared to refuse to help burn Wildgoose Lodge. A second approver, Peter Gologly, who was in jail for a murder, held the horses in the lane, saw the blaze, heard the shots fired, and the huzzaing. Michael Kernan, a third approver, will confess afterwards that he knows nothing, except on hearsay from M'Iroy, who told him they should share some seven thousand pounds' reward. Thomas Gubby, another approver, is a thief; Patrick Murphy, the last approver, is under sentence to be hanged at Trim as a thief and murderer when he comes forward as a witness against the men by this time seized and thrown into prison.

These wretches were tried before the Honourable Justice Fletcher at the Louth Lent assizes, held in Dundalk on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of March, 1817, for the burning of Edward Lynch and his whole family of eight persons.

Serjeant Joy, in opening the case with much force and eloquence, "deplored the wretched state of depravity into which the lower orders of people in this country seemed to have fallen. No sooner did an honest individual seek redress of injuries from the impartial laws of his country, than an infernal conspiracy was entered into for his ruin. The unfortunate Lynch had evinced his courage and honesty in the prosecution of

these ruffians, and was therefore devoted to destruction. A conspiracy was immediately entered into to deprive him of his life. Villains from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west; from the counties of Monaghan, Louth, Cavan, and Meath; all combined in a diabolic conspiracy to assassinate the man who had dared to appeal to the laws of his country for protection and redress. It was a remark worthy of attention, that religious parties had nothing to do with this most horrible transaction. The murderers and the murdered were of the same religion—all Catholics. It was founded solely upon an utter abhorrence of all law, of all distributive and impartial justice." After giving a résumé of the evidence of the approvers, the serjeant said: "But soon the devouring flames became general, the cries and lamentation were heard no more, silence ensued—it was the silence of death. The assassins now thought and boasted to one another that all was safe, that they were secure from all future punishment. Vain delusion! Idle boast! There was an eye that saw them, and the hour of their punishment was at hand. How could they think to escape the view of the God who fills all space! But they were seen by their fellow-mortals. The very fire which they had lighted for their infernal purpose had spread so strong a glare on their countenances, marked as they were with the character of crime, that they were fully displayed; and all who beheld them received such forcible impressions as nothing can deface. The wretches themselves, having glutted their revenge, closed the scene with malignant huzzas!"

The three first prisoners, McCabe, Keeran (the man with the black wound), and Campbell, were first found guilty. They received the sentence of death with a savage and sullen obduracy.

Next day, Craven, Marron, Gainer, Malone, Lennan, and Batler were also found guilty, and sentenced to death: the judge ordering their bodies to be delivered over to the surgeons for dissection. On the verdict being passed, the murderers broke out into a clamorous protest of adjurations and curses. Their hard and cruel faces showed with how little remorse they would have thrown the judge and jury into flames. They would scarcely be pacified or induced to listen to the judge's address, in which he twice broke down, overcome by the poignancy of his feelings. Before the sentence of death was finished, Malone seized a Testament which lay near him, and swore in the name of God and the Virgin that he was innocent. The crier snatching it from his hand, he broke into shouts and curses against the judge, the jury, and the police. He was removed still pouring forth those black, bitter, semi-Oriental imprecations with which the Irish language abounds.

The next day, three other prisoners were also found guilty. During his cross-examination, Murphy, the approver, confessed that, as a Ribbonman, he was sworn to obey his brethren to the utmost of his power, and that if ever again at liberty he would do the same under similar circumstances.

In summing up, Judge Fletcher said:

"The crime with which the prisoners stood charged was perhaps the most enormous which had ever come before him in his judicial capacity. How it was proved it was for them to decide. He knew (he said) that they would fully discharge their duty." Then, addressing himself with much energy to the crowd which filled the court, he said "that the madness of enthusiasm or religious bigotry had no part in producing these monstrous crimes. There were not here two conflicting parties arrayed under the colours of orange and green; not Protestant against Catholic, nor Catholic against Protestant—no; it was Catholic against Catholic. Why do not their clergy exert their power over these people? We all know that by means of confession they possess much information of what is transacting in the country. Why then do not the priests perform their duty, and deny the rites of the Church to all who participate in such crimes, or who refuse to discover the conspirators? Can a combination extending over four counties be yet a secret to all the Catholic clergy in those counties? They at least see its effects, and it is their bounden duty to investigate the causes of those effects. But if they will remain inactive, surely the bishops should exercise the authority with which the Church has invested them, and stimulate the priests to a discharge of their duty.

"Where was the diabolical scheme planned and matured? In a chapel. Who conducted it? The clerk. Catholics were the agents and perpetrators of the crime—Catholics the miserable sufferers. Why did they suffer? Because the unfortunate Lynch and Rooney had resisted a midnight attack upon their house with manly fortitude, and had afterwards prosecuted to conviction those miscreants who were since hanged for the crime. Yes, their offence was simply that they had appealed to the mild and beneficent laws of their country for redress and protection. It was incumbent on the Catholic clergy of Louth, Monaghan, Cavan, and Meath, to vindicate the sacerdotal character. He knew not whether any of that order was then present, nor did he care, but he was desirous that what he was now saying should be published. It ought to be widely promulgated. He was known to be no party man, and he spoke only from the impulse of an honest indignation. It was his peculiar study to fulfil his duty to the utmost extent of his knowledge and ability. He was always an advocate for the Catholics, and sincerely sought to have their grievances redressed."

His lordship then exhorted the jury to consider the whole business dispassionately and maturely. If they entertained any doubt, the prisoners at the bar were to have the full benefit of that doubt. Such is the beneficial spirit of that law, which the wretched and infatuated people who have perpetrated the crimes in question have sought to destroy.

The jury retired for a short time and found a verdict of guilty.

An indescribable scene ensued. The most dreadful imprecations burst forth from the wretched prisoners. M'Elarney, an old and malignant convict, vented his rage by cursing the counsel who had pleaded against him, and by frequently interrupting the judge in pronouncing the awful sentence of death. "I don't care! I don't care what you do with me!" was the incessant cry of the inhuman miscreant."

The ten murderers were hung at Dundalk on the 9th of March. The ninety other villains who had danced round the funeral pile of the Lynches escaped.

In his charge at Armagh, immediately after these executions, Judge Fletcher gave a history of the bygone persecutions of the Catholics of Armagh by the Orangemen and Break of Day men, who had ruthlessly driven thousands of persons from the country, or, to use their own cruel language, "to hell or Connaught." These wanton and unprovoked persecutions, unchecked by the magistrates, magnified by designing and traitorous persons, had led to the fatal origination of the Ribbonmen's associations and subsequently to the deplorable rebellion of 'Ninety-eight, with all its attendant atrocities and cruel massacres.

The excellent and wise judge concluded with a few sentences which were as thoughtful as they were true. "No good," he said, "can accrue to you from the persecution of your neighbours who may believe a little more or a little less, who may worship God in a different temple, or with different observances. The law knows no difference, regards no distinction of colour or pretension. For myself, I think it right to say to you, gentlemen, that I regard all these associations as illegal. I care not what the body, whether green or orange, nor what the pretence, nor what the profession—all, I say, are illegal."

It is in crimes like this burning of Wildgoose Lodge that we see the darker side of the fine Irish character, its impetuous courage turned into cruelty, its deep religious feeling into fetish superstition, its pining for liberty into secret and cowardly conspiracy. Can we wonder that such crimes as this and the Scullabogue, Wexford, and Vinegar-hill massacres, forced the English into severity and repression?

IN THE SHADOW.

SITTING in the shadow, singing
Such a sober song,
Sure thou dost the merry season
And the sunshine wrong!
Forth among thy venturous brethren,
Where great deeds are done;
Only in the wide arena
Is the garland won.
Fame and honours are the guerdon
Of the bold and strong,
Singer, in the shadow singing
Such a serious song,
What if unto thee derision
And neglect belong?

While thy slow reluctant fingers
On the lute-strings lie,
Eager crowds to crown thy rivals
Pass thee careless by.
And thou sittest, singing, singing,
Through the silence lone,
To the same sad burden ringing
Mournful monotone.
And the busy will not hearken,
Nor the idle heed,
The ambitious do not prize thee,
Nor the happy need.
Come forth to the sunshine, singer,
'Mong the haunts of men,
Tune thy harp to blither measures—
They will hear thee then.
Far above my compeers
Could'st thou lift me now,
Wreathing with their laurels
My triumphant brow,
By my syren singing,
Not a soul unmoved—
In all hearts enthroned me,
Chosen and beloved,
More than Balak proffer'd
To the recreant seer,
All the mighty covet,
And the proud held dear,
Should not, could not, tempt me,
To a softer strain;
I must sing my song out,
Though I sing in vain.
As the Master guides it,
So the hand must play,
And the words He whispers
Need'st must have their way.
Let the world turn from me
With a mute disdain,
I must speak my message,
Though I speak in vain;
I must sing my song out,
Though I sing in vain.
Let men hurry by me,
As they will to-day;
There will come a morrow
When they need'st must stay,
When they need'st must listen,
Murmur as they may.
Therefore in the shadow
Leave me singing on;
They will surely seek me
At the set of sun,
When life's day is waning,
And her hopes are gone.

DROPPED PROVERBS.

THE play of Hamlet is generally thought to appear to disadvantage, and to endanger the author's fame, on such occasions as where, in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Hopkins, the Prince of Denmark is, "for this night only," taken out of the bill. Othello, and no Moor, is a spectacle which we should vastly prefer witnessing by proxy. In the Merchant of Venice, we could not well spare the Jew. We recollect a passage or two where the dialogue would run tamely without Shylock. What an apple is to an apple-dumpling, these ingredients are precisely to those dramas—core and

essence. It is to be suspected that the Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha would have made rather a sorry figure in literary history if Cervantes had, by some accident, left out the Licentiate and the Windmill; but what if he had not put in Don Quixote? What, if that celebrated scene in Sterne, which has made the person and name of the author familiar to many thousands who buy engravings, but who do not read the Sentimental Journey—the episode in the shop—had dropped out at press? What, if Walpole had fancied he could do without the helmet in his Otranto?

There are some parts of some wholes with which the case stands differently. There are some things which we could bear patiently to see tampered with by a judicious hand. We should never object, on our own part, to dates without stones, to oysters without shells (*cæteris paribus*), or to shrimps without cuticles.

But these are quite the exceptions, we take it. The rule is just the other way. The goose-pie without the goose would never eat so tooth-somely. Duck without stuffing would make an epicure take out his pocket-handkerchief, and forget that he was a man, though the duck might be a duck for all that. Completeness is decidedly a beauty to be aimed at in these cases and in similar ones. The human eye is a little given to the love of perfect things, as well as, be it added, to a dislike of things imperfect in any of their more important elements.

The public is not unreasonably exacting in its requirements from authors, actors, and cooks. But it is always somewhat better pleased and satisfied when the goods supplied are, to borrow the commercial jargon, as per invoice. The public is a pretty good paymaster, and it prefers, if possible, to see its "money's worth."

It is not invariably that the public does.

In milder phrase, these matters do not uniformly realise the expectations which were formed of them.

It was by the purest accident that some proverbs have fallen in our way. The editor of a late Book of Proverbs happened unknowingly to let a large number of them drop on his way to the printer's, and it was our excessive good fortune to pick up the same.

We are aware that treasure-trove may be claimed by somebody or other, perhaps it may be, by Royalty, but in this instance we have no intention of surrendering a fraction. For the satisfaction of the editor, however, we propose to favour him with a glimpse or two of our highly valuable discovery, that he may feel comfortably sure that our two thousand foundlings ought to have gone into the "most complete collection in the language," and were left out only by a very singular fatality.

The Reverend John Ward, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, when there were old men there who might have seen and known Shakespeare, has left behind him, among other good things, the best definition of a proverb we can find anywhere."

"Six things," says he, "are required to a

proverb. It should be—1. Short; 2. Plain; 3. Common; 4. Figurative; 5. Ancient; 6. True."

What we are going to point out almost directly cannot well fail to exercise a tantalising influence on the editor we have in our eye, and we are sorry that it should be so. We shall not, however, push our advantage beyond moderate limits. We shall exhibit no unbecoming glee. We shall content ourselves with proving that our treasure-trove ought to have gone to the printer's—his printer's—with the rest, and that it was his fault that it did not, not ours. *Bis vincit, qui convincit.*

Besides, the bare enumeration of what we have got would occupy about fifty pages, which is forty-five more than there are to spare. We understated rather than overstated, when we mentioned roughly two thousand, and we find ourselves in the position of those persons who are called upon to select from their materials for approbation a few specimens of surpassing choiceness.

The partiality which we have cherished from the commencement of our proprietorship for these waifs is almost of a parental intensity, and has led us on to a feeling that we would scarcely exchange them for all the rest in the editor's richly furnished volume. Proverbs come ordinarily by, straightforwardly by, uprightly by, would not possess the same charm, the same worth.

They have been ours long, and we have been of two minds up to the present moment whether or no we would suffer common eyes even so much as to peep at them. Once passed from our hands, they will be written out, we foresee plainly, on the margins of their copies by men we know not.

We shall proceed, then, to give those who are interested a general and cursory idea of the capital sort of thing this Proverb Dictionary *might have been*, had not the editor had the unhappiness to which we have alluded:

Anglica gens,
Optima flens,
Pessima ridens.

"Merry England" does not mean, we are told now (rather late in the day!), jolly England, but pleasant, cheerful ditto. It is as much as to say, we are a pleasant cheerful race, not at all fond of grumbling, ready to take things as they come, and clever at making out sermons from stones, with the remainder of the quotation, of course, into the bargain.

But the proverb, what is to become of that, if these are our virtues, or rather but a taste of them?

The proverb is short, plain, common (formerly), figurative, and ancient. In all these points it complies with Mr. Ward's requirements. Shall it be said that it is not true as well?

Not so true, perhaps, as a proverb should be. The reason is obvious. It is not a thorough-bred proverb. It has epigram blood in it. The

author's spleen was a little out of order when he made it, or he would have given us credit for being not such bad laughers when the humour was on. Suppose he was a bilious foreigner, and make allowances for him!

The article we have put at the head of our specimens is the worst we could find. We shall improve very rapidly as we advance.

We have always entertained a stealthy affection for that which in proverb-lore must by need be a sort of heresy, for proverbs which are fantastic, mysterious, not so plain, neither so common. Commend us to such as, "Backare quoth Mortimer to his sow!" "Away with it! quoth Washington;" "I trow not, quoth Dinnis;" or "Veal! quoth the Dutchman."

Now, who, for goodness' sake, was Mortimer? He was a sensible man, at any rate, who thought that dog-Latin was good enough for any sow. There is something imperial about Mr. Washington. Who can he have been? He was not President George. We shall not inquire after Dinnis, because we are tired of putting questions and getting no answers. Hap-hazard, we should imagine him an Irish gentleman, who passed through life in a state of universal incredulity; but this is a mere surmise.

The next is altogether choicer:

Best please and serve those,
That best does, and least owes.

The editor was indebted, we believe, for the foregoing proverbial poem or poetastical proverb to a London tradesman of thirty years' standing, to whom it was a guide, rule, and comfort in his long professional career, now lately closed. The verse may be said to be smooth, harmonious, and impressive; and upon its doctrinal wisdom there cannot be two opinions. We prefer not raising the question of grammar; it is a proof of a confined mind very often, and it has gone a good deal out of fashion.

"Dirty hands make clean money," is an adage to our liking. It is all English. It is industrial. A vision of the black country rises up before us. It is better than the notion of clean hands making dirty money.

"Good meat we may pick from a goose's eye," a learned writer upon the goose, in his work entitled "The Goose," gives us to know. Next to the goose, his eye then, but the goose first.

"He'll go where the devil can't, between the oak and the rind," say the Cornish chaps of "Cousin Jacky," when they see that he knows "How many blue beans go to make five."

"It is as great pity to see a woman weep, as a goose to go barefoot," is in a book of 1526, and was of course part of our treasure-trove. It seems to fulfil all Mr. Ward's conditions. Can it be true, though?

"Money's round: it truckles." Short, plain, figurative, and, by your leave, true.

"Still swine eat all the draff." The quietest porker is the cunningest. He eats while the rest are *singing* or snoozing,

"The king must wait while his beer's drawing," has a fine touch of morality about it. We make the public a present of its suggestiveness.

The next is long rather than short, occult rather than plain, unique rather than common, personal rather than figurative, ancient probably, true not probably. "This is he that killed the blue spider in Blanchepowder Land!" A proverb intended to perpetuate the dishonour of an Englishman, (?) whose name, unfortunately for the object of the satire, has not come down. It is like the surviving label over some lost work of art. It inspires the same feelings as an empty pillory might.

"To find guilty Gilbert, where he had hid the brush," has a similarly disappointing effect. We want data. An editor ought to take in hand these matters.

To talk well with some women doth as much good
As a sick man to eat up a load of green wood.

The "humour" of which is Nothing. The following is true, ancient, and plain:

When the rain raineth, and the goose winketh,
Little woteth the gosling what the goose thinketh.

Little indeed!

This proverb-literature is a sort of philosophy and lay religion of the common people. Their wise saws the country-folk prize above book-learning. They make their proverbs suit their occasions, and they answer "all the year round."

Every shire has its own. Every season has its share. There might be a whole calendar drawn up, filled with nothing else. They are the speaking picture of the national superstitions, abiding testimonies of usages, sentiments, opinions, and transient events without number, all the more perishable parts in most cases gone. Or they are axioms, simple and pure, without local or temporary colouring, and then time does not stale their newness, nor rob them of their first moral.

He that heweth over high,
The chips will fall in his eye,

will always keep green, and bear applying; and there are thousands of such-like, as good—and better.

The Robin Hood proverbs are not so numerous as might be expected, but, such as they are, our budget has most of them.

"Good even, good Robin Hood!" is as old as Henry the Eighth's time, and was a kind of Shylock's courtesy, a greeting under protest, a civility with a very warm and genuine malediction at the bottom of it. We do not say "Good even, good Robin Hood!" any longer, but we put it differently, as "How'd'ye do? (and be hanged to ye)." The thing remains; the form has undergone change.

In our way of thinking, it was better for people to swear, as they did formerly, by Robin Hood and Maid Marian than by whom and what we swear by sometimes. It was giving a

pastoral prettiness, a greenwood flavour, a sort of first of May twang, to a disagreeable usage—making it as palatable as possible.

Lumping weight went once by the name of “Robin Hood’s pennyworths,” for he was a man, this Robin, who, from the peculiarly advantageous circumstances under which he bought, was enabled to sell at the most reasonable prices.

Every one of us has heard of “Hobson’s choice” as a narrow option which, in olden time, a certain Cambridge carrier afforded his customers: “This horse, sir, or none!” But there was also “Robin Hood’s choice,” to which, Robin Hood having lived first, we are inclined to yield precedence.

Robin’s field of selection was not much broader than Master Hobson’s; and it was his invariable rule to have the first pick, you coming second, or, if you did not like that—in short, getting Robin Hood’s choice, of which the alternative was not unlike the unknown quantity *x*.

There are loads of what we may call natural-history proverbs among these mislaid gems—fox proverbs, cat and dog proverbs, fish proverbs, &c.

There is the ancient transmitted legend of the Fox and the Grapes, and here is the adage in its earliest shape: The fox, when he cannot reach the grapes, says they are not ripe. It was current in this form in James the First’s day.

“At length the fox is brought to the furrier” is a proverbial allegory, of which we are too respectful to the reader to offer the key.

We like foxes, in theory, for such pleasant stories used to be narrated to us of them in our youth, when we were always sorry if the fox got the worst of it, and we confess to liking these vulpine adages. Our friend dropped a good many of them, luckily for us: we can help him to another or so.

“He that hath a fox for his mate, hath need of a net at his girdle.”

“A hare is more subtle than a fox, for she makes more doubles than old Reynard.”

We are very strong in the natural-history section. From foxes to cats is the gentlest transition we can think of.

“A gloved cat can catch no mice” reads like a truism, but it is, on the contrary, a very sound piece of doctrine, as well as a neat paraphrase of what would be a familiar household experience if it were tried. “A cat’s walk, there and back,” is as much as to say no walk at all; but this must be taken with allowance, for cats walk more than fishermen; theirs, the saying goes, is “three steps and overboard.”

There is a valuable proverbial suggestion for travellers, not to be found in Murray: “In every country dogs bite,” and there is another aphorism adapted for general circulation: “Cut off a dog’s tail, and he’ll be a dog still;” or, in other words, “a dog’s a dog for a’ that.”

What has gone before must appear to the graver sort disgracefully puerile, and so what

will be thought of the next? “The dog gnaws the bone—because he cannot swallow it.”

“I was taken by a morsel, says the fish,” we do not find in the most complete collection in the language; but ichthyological aphorisms are not plentiful. Fishes are neither of the heavens nor of the earth, but of the water, watery; out of their own country; Aquarius is their only friend. To the water most properly belong watery proverbs, drinking proverbs, item, drunken proverbs, as,

“The river past, and God forgotten.”

“If you could run as you drink, you could catch a hare.”

“A drunkard thinks aright, that the world goes round.”

“When the drink goes in, then the wit goes out.”

“He drives turkeys to market.”

There is every probability that the two which succeed were made by anticipation for a late eminent fruiterer in Piccadilly:

“He that burns his house, warms himself once.”

“He will burn his house to warm his hands.”

In the same way, somebody composed this ensuing maxim, foreseeing its practical application in a remote age to a royal duke lately deceased: “Into a mouth shut, flies fly not.”

In Chaucer’s time there was some dictum in vogue equivalent to our “Every Jack has his Jill,” for he says in one passage:

Noon so gray a goos gotte in the lake,
— well be withouten mate.

“Chaque pot a son couvercle,” the French have it.

Patience is known to be a scarce virtue; but it may be rather new that “He that bath patience hath fat thrushes for a farthing.”

“He goes where the devil can’t, between the oak and the rind,” and “Between the devil and the deep sea,” are fresh diabolical aspects of this literature, fresh to many at least. The first signifies a more than ordinary talent for arithmetic, and the second is a West of England way of describing a gentleman in a difficulty.

We have instanced above several individuals who have attained celebrity of a very special kind through their accidental association with a proverb, like Mortimer, who said to his saw, “Backare, quoth he.”

In a single immortal line, Mortimer survives for us; and the same may be said of Crowder, of Wallace (not Sir William), and of Smoothy:

“As cunning as Crowder.”

“Away the mare, quoth Wallace.”

“All of one side, like Smoothy’s wedding.”

The pity is, that the name of the person has been irrevocably lost in whom originated the saying recorded by Shakespeare:

“As jealous as the man who searched a hollow walnut for his wife’s lover.”

Older than Shakespeare is that adage, “Thieves falling out, true men come by their goods.” It was probably popular before he was born, and it is the title of a tract printed

almost before he began to write. The Scotch have their own version of it, "Quhen thieves reckon, leal men come to their geir."

When we brought forward that remarkable couplet,

Like the rayne rayneth, and the gosse wyneketh,
Lytyll wotyth the goslyng what the gosse thynkith,
it did not occur to us that it should not have been allowed to go without a companion we had purposely provided for it, videlicet, "The fat man knoweth not what the lean thinketh."

It is satisfactory to know that at Marlow (a very handy distance)

Is fish for catching,
Corn for swatching,
And wood for *futching*.

There is one article which, we are sorry to state, does not fulfil, in our judgment, the most important of the regulations laid down for proverbs, that they shall be true:

If I could hear, and thou could'st see,
Then should none live but you and me,
As the adder said to the blindworm.

—Which happens to be true only of the blindworm, and so the whole fabric collapses.

But we must not outrun our quantity, for we are not "everybody," as some one has put it. So let us conclude with a saying of Roger North's: which, however, might have been a saying of his grandfather's: "He who has been in the oven himself, knows where to find the paste."

TWELVE MONTHS OF MY LIFE.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER VI.

It is needless to set down here how often at this time Mrs. Hatteraick came to see me, how many cream cheeses and sweet shortbreads, how many baskets of strawberries of their own picking, and nice new books just fresh from London, were carried triumphantly into my room by the good Samaritans, Polly and Nell. And invariably with these other gifts came the bouquet, of which Polly was not unreasonably proud as the handiwork of Uncle Mark. "He matched the colours himself," this little woman would cry, "and you should have seen him going picking and snipping round the greenhouses, gardener John following him with tears in his eyes." These flowers used to oppress me in my small room sometimes. They were richer and of stronger perfume than any about the Mill-house. Often during these visits of Mrs. Hatteraick's, when Sylvia had carried off the children, and the old lady and I sat alone, she talked to me sweetly and wistfully about her tall soldier son, of his goodness and bravery, and her desire to see him married to some one who could appreciate him and be worthy of him, some one he and she could love. When should I be able to go back to Eldergowan? was her constant cry.

And as often as she talked to me in this manner, just so often had I right impulses to open my heart to her, and tell her all about

Luke. But physical weakness and suffering had made me a coward, and I still kept putting off the evil day. Each visit was too short and precious to be darkened by the cloud which I felt must come between me and that gentle face whenever my story should be told. I cheated myself with fair promises and the finest reasoning in the world. I said that by-and-by, when I was stronger, and less foolishly nervous and lackadaisical than I found myself now, I should be able, in the telling my news, to speak up with a better dignity, and guard the honour of my father, my future husband, and myself. I felt that I could never confess to Mark's mother that I did not like Luke Elphinstone, and, as I was determined to hold up my head and walk with pride in the way I had to go, I had better have no slipping and hesitating, no goading commiseration and counsels. Advice could not avail me, and sympathy could only sting.

One golden afternoon, I sat alone in my own room at the open window. The grass, the trees, the river, and sky, all were golden. The very rolling monotony of the distant dashing wheels was molten gold poured out in sound upon the air. Idleness and sunshine are sore irritants to a troubled heart. Many disturbing questions had been teasing me all morning with off-silenced "whys" and "wherefores." The birds and the flowers had been giving me bad advice, and my solitude had obliged me to listen to them.

Elsie came hobbling in with her knitting, and sat down beside me in her privileged way, "speering" at my face, though I kept it turned from her till the sun had dried it. But Elsie's eyes, with the help of a pair of huge wry spectacles, were as keen as any I have met with.

"It's sair to see you sittin' greetin' here for lonesomeness," said Elsie, "when there's ane o' yer ain years i' the house might bide wi' you for company."

"You are very cross, Elsie," I said. "I thought you had given up your ill-will to Miss Ashenhurst. Do you think I would sit in-doors on such a day as this if I could help it? And it is new to her, you know. You never were in London, Elsie, and how should you understand why she loves to be so much in the open air here?"

"She no' i' the open air the noo," said Elsie, grimly. "She's doon there," pointing with her thumb towards the drawing-room below. "I saw her yonder awhile ago, walkin' aboot the floor, and singin' and talkin' to hersel', just daft-like. She's no' sae fond o' the open air unless when she's ane to walk wi' her."

I smiled at Elsie as she tugged her needles. "I don't think she'll find any one to walk with her here," said I, "except it be the dogs or the crows."

"Oh ay! that indeed!" said Elsie. "Wait till the sun's a bit low, an' she's off to meet Luke, wi' her hat on her arm sae simple, an' her bare locks shining like a wisp o' goud. You

might mind yer auld nursery window, Mattie, an' how far a body might see roun' the orchard out o' its wae crooked panes. Gin ye were sittin' there instead o' here the length o' the simmer's day, ye might see mair than the river runnin'."

"What might I see, Elspie?" I asked, knowing that I must speak and humour her.

"Mair than I'd like to tell ye, lass," said Elspie, peering at me from under her shaggy grey brows; "only I'll say aye word to ye that's worth a score. Get yon smooth-faced hizzie oot the Mill-house the soonest day ye can, gin ye think o' Maister Elphinstone for yer husband."

"Elspie!" I said, sharply, "I never knew before that you were a cruel and unjust woman. I know you have always had a strange dislike to my friend, whom every one else loves, but you ought not to let it carry you too far. If Mr. Luke and Miss Ashenhurst are better friends than they used to be, I am very glad of it, and no more need be said on the subject. Why, you silly old thing," I added, "if you only knew how far you are astray with your ridiculous notions!" And I smiled as I thought of the doctor's blushes.

"Eh lass!" said Elspie, leaning her chin upon her skinny hand, and looking at me mournfully, "yer ower young to deal wi' a wicked warld, an' yer ower prood an' simple to look after yer ain rights. Gin ye were free an' coaxing wi' yer lover yersel', ye might snap yer fingers at a' the saft-faced strangers on airth, but ye will not even crook yer finger to bring him to yer side. I tell ye, bairn, that a man likes a bonny woman that'll laugh in his eyes, an' blush when he comes by, better than a bonnier woman that's cauld an' sad. An' I tell ye mair, that gin ye do not stir yersel' it's Sylvia an' not Mattie that'll sit at Luke Elphinstone's fireside. Wae's me! did not yer mither pass me wi' a waft i' the gloamin' last night. An' I spoke to her oot lood on the lobby as she went flittin' by. 'Gang hame, maistress,' I said, 'an' tak' yer sleep. Elspie'll speak to the bairnie afore anither day.'"

At this point Sylvia came singing up the stairs, and Elspie hobbled abruptly from my room. The young woman and the old woman exchanged glances of distrust upon the threshold. Sylvia looked saucily after her enemy, and, turning to me, asked me gaily what Goody Crosspatch had been saying to make me look so glum. I told her we had been speaking of my mother. Sylvia sat down beside me and talked sweetly and kindly, as she knew how to talk. I half closed my eyes and ears, and tried to look at her apart from her fascinations, but it was like swimming against a current, and the tide of her good humour bore me with it. It seemed to strike her that I was sad, and she exerted herself to amuse me, which proved to me that her neglect at other times could be owing to no deliberate unkindness. But she soon wearied of her task and left me, and the old state of things went on.

I began to ruminate seriously upon Elspie's suggestions. I had felt so certain that Sylvia was encouraging the doctor, that I had never thought of the possibility of her preferring Luke. How should I, since she and Luke had been almost at enmity when I saw them last together? But they had been much thrown upon each other's society since then, and must have at least become good friends, unless Elspie could be supposed to have gone mad. Reflection made me uneasy for Sylvia, and I resolved that, at all events, she should no longer be kept in ignorance of the engagement between me and Luke Elphinstone.

"My dear," said Miss Pollard, bursting in on me one morning, all rosy and breathless, "I wanted so much to come and see you, so I made a little jelly for an excuse. I got up at four this morning, partly to make it, and partly because I could not sleep. If Miss Ashenhurst is not about, I should like a little private conversation."

I assured her that we should not be disturbed.

"Should Miss Ashenhurst come in," she said, "promise me you will immediately change the conversation. Miss Ashenhurst makes me feel as if I were sitting on pins, or had my gown hooked on crooked, or my shoes on the wrong feet, or something else very uncomfortable the matter with me. If she happens to call at my house when Dr. Strong is paying me a visit, as he often does, on the subject of broth and petticoats, she gives way to such extraordinary merriment that I quite blush, my dear, besides being uneasy lest it should end in hysterics."

I promised that if Sylvia happened to come in, I should immediately begin to talk about canaries. When Miss Pollard said, "I quite blush, my dear," it was literally true, for her cheeks had turned as red as a rose. She put off her bonnet with trembling hands, and the lap-pets of her little cap stirred with great agitation. She had on her best black silk gown, so I knew that a matter of importance was to be discussed.

"It is about Dr. Strong," my dear, she said, speaking with a quaint mixture of elation and distress in her manner, and adding, with a slight incoherency, "though ostensibly it was only about broth and petticoats."

In a moment I guessed what was coming, and in the shock of amazement I felt through my mind for my familiar idea of Dr. Strong as a lover of Sylvia's. But all ideas were in confusion, and I could only listen.

"It is all notes, my dear," said Miss Pollard, "and I put a few in the bottom of my bag, under the jelly, for a sample. I had one from him last year on the subject of beef-tea, but it began, 'My dear Madam,' and ended exactly like a circular, and that, you know, is very different from 'My very dear Miss Pollard,' and 'My dearest Jenny.' I think it is rather free of him," said the little lady, drawing herself up, and making efforts to control her blushes, "considering that I never answered any of his

notes, nor gave him the slightest encouragement, unless it may have been running up-stairs to put on my bonnet when I saw him advancing to my cottage, and making believe I was going to pay a visit, because it is so much easier to talk to him walking down the road than sitting face to face in the parlour, which is such a nervous position."

I read the notes which she gave me. The first was written in polite terms of friendliness, while the last, beginning "My dearest Jenny," was the nearest possible approach to a love-letter. It was very nicely worded, yet eminently calculated to flatter the vanity and touch the heart of the simple little maiden lady to whom it was addressed, especially if her heart were at all inclined to be soft towards the writer.

"That is the one, my dear," said Miss Pollard, her blushes rising to their climax—"that is the one which cost me a sleepless night, and jelly-making at four o'clock this morning. That is the one which resolved me to come and ask your advice, should Miss Ashenhurst not be in the neighbourhood."

Having examined the notes, I could not but give my opinion that they could only mean that Dr. Strong wished to marry Miss Pollard. I had at first suspected a hoax, but it chanced that I had very recently had an opportunity of seeing the doctor's handwriting in a note which he had sent with a nosegay to Sylvia. The evidence, to me, seemed conclusive, and the little spinster testified her joy at my verdict by falling upon my neck and kissing me. Sylvia came in after that, and I thought she must have seen or overheard something, there was such a mischievous laugh in the corner of her eye. But the conversation immediately turned on canaries.

It was shortly after this that I saw one day the unusual apparition of my father coming up the walk from the river quite early in the afternoon. I thought he looked stooped, and flushed with the heat, and my mind misgave me that he was not well. He espied me at my window, and came up to my room.

"All alone, Mattie!" said he, "and looking as woe-begone as if the mills had stopped. What have you done with that scamp, Luke? You are idling him finely these times!"

"You are quite mistaken, papa," I said; "I have not seen Luke more than twice during the past ten days."

"Nonsense!" cried my father, quite aghast.

"Indeed," I said, "it is truth."

Then he broke out in wrath against the senseless contradiction of women. "You have kept him doing errands for you through the country," he said; "matching silks, or buying bobbins, I'll be bound. I am not going to scold you," he added, "but it interrupts business badly, lass; it plays the very devil with business. There, there, you've been too long shut up in this oven of a room—infernally hot—would kill me in a week. Where is that fine London madam that was supposed to have broken her

heart—pish!—why does she not give you her arm into the garden to get the air?"

"An arm would not do," I said; "but I am not very heavy. You could carry me to the summer-house, papa."

He chafed and frowned at the audacity of the proposal, but I got my arms about his neck, and we accomplished the journey together. A year before I had hardly ventured to lift my voice in my father's presence, but he was altered, and I was altered, and since then I had learned my value. I remembered that day that I was worth thousands of capital to the mill, and I dared to claim affection and consideration. I had been a good obedient daughter, and I was reaping the reward of my conduct.

"Papa," said I, "if Luke is making holiday on his own account, I do not see why you and I should not have a little feast;" and I sent for some wine and fruit.

"Luke is a good industrious lad," said my father, sipping his wine, "and he has never been given to gadding till lately. The mills are thriving; spinning gold every day. Gordon and Elphinstone will be foremost among the merchant-princes of the country. But it will not do if Luke takes to gadding. I thought he had been dangling after you; but if there is anybody else, it is worse. I tell you what it is, Mattie, you must cut the year short, and get him into harness at once."

Ah me! how I had cheated myself with false faith in my own meekness. Just now I had been enjoying my father's better humour and the new fresh taste of the open air; but at these last words some spirit of evil seemed to leap up in the quiet garden there and wrestle with, and go nigh to choke me. A wicked despair took possession of me, and I dashed my glass with its wine into the bushes near.

"I bargained for a year," said some one who seemed beside me; and then a convulsion caught me, and shook me like a punished child.

"Good God!" cried my father. "Stop, girl! Hush! for mercy's sake. Confound women! Mattie, lass, you shall have your own time, only stop crying, and don't kill yourself. Do what you please, only cure Luke of his gadding. And, by-the-by, I ought to be back at the mills. There, child, good-bye; and I'll send Elspie to give you another glass of wine."

And my father actually ran away, scared by my frantic passion. Things were strangely altered when I could frighten him, whom all my life I had feared. After he had gone, I wept more quietly to see how he was broken down in mind as well as body. Dependence on Luke Elphinstone, dependence on a child's obedience, had left its wearing mark upon his proud spirit. The stern reticent man was falling into a timorous and choleric old age.

I think I have told before how the old garden was built high on little walls, how the twig summer-house stood at the lower end with the burn running behind it, and how the lilac-trees that lined the summer-house hung over the shady path beside the burn. I know not any-

where a sweeter, stiller, dreaming place than that pathway behind the garden, and there were little breaks in the lilac-trees, through which I had often, when a child, thrust my face to see the sun dancing in the thickets, and the stickle-backs leaping in the stream.

On this day after my father had left me, I was sitting very quiet in the summer-house, having finished my tears, when I heard steps in the lane below the lilacs, and voices coming murmuring from behind me. At first I did not heed it, for the lane led to meadows and pasture lands, and was frequented by milkmaids and haymakers. I forgot that it was not milking time, and that the haymaking was over. For full half an hour the murmur of the voices went on behind me, while I sat motionless with my face between my hands, too weary and too drowsy with weakness and trouble to think of putting my eyes to the opening in the lilacs to learn who were the gossips in the lane. At last the tone of a half-raised voice came familiarly to my ear, making me start, while a tingling sensation gave new life to every vein in my body.

I looked through the trees and saw Sylvia and Luke Elphinstone sitting side by side on the grass between the pathway and the burn. Sylvia's hand was lying in Luke's clasp, her bright head was bent, her face in shadow, but the light was full upon Luke Elphinstone. Never had I seen him look so well. There was a flushed, softened, generous look upon his face which was not familiar to it. But it was Sylvia who was speaking, softly and eagerly, her voice at times almost lost in the murmur of the burn.

I do not know one word they said. I drew my shawl over my ears so that I could not hear, and laid my head down on the seat, so that I could neither see nor be seen. The murmuring went on a long time after that, and then it ceased. I lay thinking in the summer-house all the long sunny afternoon. I guessed that at dinner-time my father, who had doubtless forgotten to tell Elsie where to find me, would hear questions concerning me, and would send Luke to carry me into the house. I could have managed to attract notice and get home to my room sooner, but I chose rather to wait for Luke Elphinstone where I was. This was a good quiet place to hold a painful talk.

And in the mean time I could ponder on what I should say to him when he appeared. Many strange thoughts passed through my mind while the sunset hours buzzed past, seemingly on the wings of the bees. I was mad enough to give way to joy, thinking that Fate and the fickleness of a lover were about to undo for me what Fate and the selfishness of a father had so cruelly done. I imagined that to-morrow I might file the stubborn diamond ring from my finger, and return it broken into the hands of the giver. And then, "Oh Eldegowan!" I cried aloud in the silent garden, lifting my head to see the red sun dropping behind the brown distant woods. A blackbird began to pipe in the lilacs beside me; and Luke came down the garden, seeking me.

CHAPTER VII.

LUKE came down the garden with a rod in his hand, switching the heads off the roses as he passed. I could see him better than he could see me, for the sun was in his eyes, and I gave myself new license observing him. I looked at him straight with the downright eyes of my own prejudice, feeling it no longer necessary to varnish him with any lying gloss.

He lifted his hat from his head a moment and shook back his hair. His face looked flushed and troubled. I rejoiced to see him suffering a little wholesome compunction, and thought with some bitterness of the cruel persistence with which he had held me to his will, to be released now at his pleasure. For I could not doubt but that he was eager to dissolve our engagement.

He gave me a furtive glance as he entered the summer-house, and smiled nervously.

"So, Mattie," he said, sitting down beside me, and assuming an offhand manner which sat upon him uneasily, "so you have stolen a march on us to-day. It was hardly fair. Your father says he left you here quite early. You must have been sitting alone the whole of the afternoon?"

"Yes, Luke," said I, "I have been sitting here alone the whole of the afternoon."

Again he looked at me with a furtive questioning glance. I saw that he was uncertain as to whether I had overheard his conversation with Sylvia or not, but I felt too much distaste for this interview to think of prolonging it by keeping him in suspense. I kept my eyes on his face while I spoke; but he persisted in watching his little rod, with which he flicked at the gravel like a nervous school-boy.

"I heard people talking in the lane," said I, "and I looked through the trees for one moment. After that I rolled my head up in this shawl. It is pretty thick, and you will believe I heard nothing that the people said. You do believe that?"

"Why yes," he said, looking somewhat relieved, though he did not lift his eyes. "I never knew you to say what was not the truth to a tittle. But most women would have listened. You are a rare girl, Mattie. You might make anything you liked of a fellow, if you were only a little softer."

There was a dash of regret in his voice as he said this which touched me, and indeed I was in the humour to forgive him. "Well, never mind that now, Luke," I said, stooping kindly to him from my imaginary pedestal. "I know well that Sylvia will suit you much better than I ever could. She has just the softness that I lack. She is a lovely sweet woman, and will make sunshine for you where I should only make gloom. I think it is quite natural that you should change your mind, having seen so much of her lately. I am not at all hurt, and I think it is perhaps better that I happened to come here to-day, as it has saved you the awk-

wardness of seeking this interview of yourself. But you will speak to my father soon: he will take it better from you than from me."

Luke heard me quietly to the end of this long speech, but curious changes of expression passed over his face whilst he broke his little rod bit by bit to pieces in his hands. He threw them all from him at last, lifted his head, and looked at me straight.

"I do not understand you," he said. "You seem to have got the idea that I wish to break my engagement with you and marry Miss Ashen-hurst?"

"Yes," I said, "certainly. I believe that you cannot have any other intention. What would you wish me to think?"

"Anything you please," he said, carelessly, "except that I have no more idea of breaking my engagement than I have of deserting the Streamstown Mills, which are thriving nobly. I will give up neither for any new speculation."

I felt my heart getting sick.

"Your conduct to Sylvia——" I began.

"What has it been?" he interrupted, hastily. "I meet her in the fields of a summer's day, I walk down the lane with her, and sit on the grass, talking to her about old times—about Dick——" He went on feeling his way with his words, and giving rapid glances from the ground to me, to see how his story told upon my face. "Well, I flirt with her a little," he added, seeing, I suppose, disbelief gathering in my eyes, "the day being fine, and the lady being pretty, and you being, as I believe, removed from my reach. Is this a crime past forgiveness?"

"But Sylvia——" I began again, and then stopped short. I could not speak out more plainly, without compromising my friend. I could not drag forth the gossip of servants, nor make it appear that I had acted the spy. I knew in my heart that Luke was false, but I also felt how weak was my case against him. And I saw that with his sidelong glances he read my thoughts, and took ready advantage of my difficulty.

"You need not be uneasy for the lady," he said, with a slightly sneering laugh. "It is not her first essay in flirting, as she will tell you, I dare say, if you ask her. She and I have passed a summer afternoon foolishly, I own, and you are jealous, and that is all about it. If you talk more on the subject, I shall feel inclined to ask an explanation concerning that fine soldier who comes riding here with anxious inquiries so early in the mornings. Ah! have I touched you there, my most high and mighty Mattie? We are quits, I think!"

And he coolly lifted a handful of dry gravel from between his feet, and began pelting the full-blown roses outside, till the leaves fell in showers over the bed.

The blood rushed to my face, and a pain shot through my head. It was true, and yet it was false; for had I not struggled, had I not suffered? Yet the random blow hit sorely home.

"I will not be dragged down to your level!" I cried, passionately. "You have bought my promise, and you may refuse to release me, but you shall not insult me!" Something like this I said.

Luke stared. It was a little raving outburst which he seemed to think ridiculous. Perhaps it sounded so, for he smiled and threw all the pebbles from his hand.

"At all events, Mattie," he said, "I must say that candour is one of your virtues. You never let me forget the terms on which you entered on our engagement. But come now, let us be friends," said he, drawing near, and trying to put his arm round me; "forgive and forget, and let me carry you into the house. Your father will be waiting dinner."

I shrank from him. "Go away to your dinner," I said, "and leave me alone here for another little while." And I drew my shawl round my shoulders again, and laid my head down upon the bench. Luke stood gazing at me for some moments in sullen anger, then turned on his heel muttering something like a curse, and strode out of the summer-house.

Where would be the use of setting down all the little details of what I thought and felt in the minutes that ensued? Half an hour does quite as much mischief as a whole week of unreasonable hope. I was very tired and heated, and I thrust my shoulders through the cool bowery leaves of the trees, and lay with my head on a pillow of lilac-blossoms, looking up at the sky and down at the stream. I believe I fell into a doze, from which I was roused presently by the jangling of the iron gates, and a voice saying, "Why, Mattie!" as if calling over the hills from Eldergowan.

I started up and saw Major Hatteraick coming quickly towards me. I was in time to see the flush of delighted surprise still beaming on his face, and I began to tremble. There was too much joy coming, and I could not run away. I felt confused by the unexpected nearness of danger, as if a pistol had suddenly been presented at my head.

But it was only for a moment. I could not save myself from the delight of this meeting. There were little niches for feet in the wall, made by the boys who stole the raspberries, and Mark was quickly by my side, grasping both my hands, and searching my face with all his great loving blue eyes.

"Could they not afford you a bed or a sofa in the house," he said, "that you must lie sleeping about the garden-walls like a kitten?"

I said, "I am like a parcel now, you know, and I got left here by accident. You can make yourself very useful if you will give me your arm and get me back to the house."

"Wait awhile, Mattie," he said, softly; "it is pleasant here. Can you not sit beside me a little and talk. In the house I should not have you all to myself." And he drew my crutch gently away from me, and laid it across his knees.

So I sat there a prisoner, reckless and happy.

I felt that no one in the world loved me so wholly and kindly as this big brave man sitting beside me, and I could not but be glad, though my whole life might weep for it afterwards. Have I not said well that I was very far from wise? He told me about Eldergowan, and how it missed me. The house was dull, and the inmates moped; the fields seemed deserted, the gardens lonely. Polly had said that the taste of Mattie was gone from everything, and nothing had any relish. Does it not seem laughable to relate? But it made my heart ache to bursting.

"We want you," he said, "we want you badly. You had no right to come to Eldergowan creating such a need unless you intended to return."

I tried not to mind the tones of his voice. "That is all very well," I said, gaily, "and I am very much obliged to Eldergowan for missing me so much; but I want my crutch at present; I want it badly. And when you see me hobbling along the walk, you will perceive that Eldergowan must rest content without me."

Still he withheld the crutch. "Wait awhile, Mattie," he said again; "I am in no hurry to see you hobbling down the walk. We used to sit together in the gardens over yonder by the hour, and it is inhospitable of you now to deny me the only thing I coveted in coming to your house—a little of your company alone. Do not let me feel that you are altered in anything besides the wearing of that fresh pretty gown that makes you look as if you were dressed in snowdrops. Say you are not changed, Mattie."

"I am not changed," I began; and then started up, crying wildly, I think, "give me my crutch; give it to me at once, and take me home."

He rose on the instant, looking hurt and surprised, placed my crutch without a word, gave me his arm, and we went home to the house together. When we drew near the door, I said:

"My pains have made me very cross; please forgive me my rudeness."

"I could forgive you more than that," he said; and we went in, and found my father still in the dining-room, and alone.

My father had some awe of, and much respect for, Mrs. Hatteraick, and it pleased him to be friendly to her son. He marshalled Major Hatteraick into the drawing-room—a room which he himself rarely entered. Miss Pollard and Sylvia were there, and the tea-things were spread upon the table. Sylvia was cutting cakes for the tea, and Miss Pollard was tugging so fiercely at her worsted-work, that I was sure the poor little lady had been lately made to feel as if her gown were hooked on crooked, or she had her shoes on the wrong feet. Luke came in presently, but sat sullen and silent all tea-time, and directly it was finished disappeared. My father talked of the wars in

courtesy to Major Hatteraick, and Major Hatteraick talked of the mills in courtesy to my father, who was evidently well pleased with his new friend.

After tea, Mark announced the object of his visit.

"I am my mother's ambassador, sir," he said, giving my father a note. There was also one for me, and another for Sylvia. They were all to the same purpose. Mrs. Hatteraick wanted Sylvia and me to come to Eldergowan. Sylvia flushed up and looked grave. She did not want to go.

"They may do as they like," said my father, who was pleased with Mrs. Hatteraick's letter. Mark looked eagerly towards me.

I shook my head. "You had better let me limp about the Mill-house a little longer, papa," said I. "I am not just in order for paying visits."

"I do not suppose Mrs. Hatteraick will expect you to walk the whole way," said my father, sharply. And you may as well limp about Eldergowan as the Mill-house." He was in eminent good humour with the Hatteraicks at the moment, and I saw that he was bent on our going.

Mark's face had clouded over. "My mother will, of course, bring the carriage for you," he said.

"Well, well," said my father, getting impatient, "let them talk the matter over, and make up their minds. Only no nonsense about limping, Mattie. There is no reason in the world against your accepting the kindness of your friends."

And saying this, he marched off with Major Hatteraick to inspect some new machinery at the mills, and we three women were left looking at each other.

"Mattie, my dear," said Miss Pollard, "I should not have believed that a few hours in the open air could make such a change in any person. I never saw wild hair and a tumbled gown so becoming in my life. You are shining and blooming, like a new-blown rose."

"It is my new muslin gown, Miss Pollard," I said, hastily.

Sylvia, who had been very demure all evening, nodded her head sagely.

"It's my mind, Mattie," said she, "that if you go to Eldergowan you will look like that every day you are there. But if you go at present you must go alone. I do not know the people, and I had rather stay at the Mill-house."

"I am not going to Eldergowan, Sylvia," I said. And then a servant came into the room with a letter.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at Blackburn on Friday the 26th; at St. James's Hall, London, on Monday the 29th; at Stoke on Tuesday the 30th; at Hanley on Wednesday the 1st of May; and at Warrington on Thursday the 2nd.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER IX. MISS CHARLEWOOD IS DIPLOMATIC.

THERE are various ways of attaining that condition of mind and feeling which is, by common consent, described as "being in love." But for all these various methods one phrase serves—also by common consent. Men and women are said to "fall in love," and that is all; but is the process usually by any means so sudden as that expression would seem to imply? The modern sense of mankind, among men of European blood, makes the right to govern dependent, at least theoretically, upon the consent of the governed; and perhaps we have unconsciously introduced the principle into other spheres. At all events, I cannot but think that the blind god, whose "thrasonical brag of I came, saw, and overcame," our forefathers submitted to with an absolute obedience, has in these latter days lost somewhat of the halo of tyranny by divine right, and is often compelled to submit his credentials to the scrutiny of his subjects, like other and mortal monarchs. I think people can help being in love more often than is generally supposed, *n'en déplaît à messieurs les amoureux*, and that men may not only fall, but walk, trot, amble, gallop, and even lounge, into love. That they can be contradicted into it, I take to be beyond controversy. Nor can the spirit which protests against a prohibition it deems unjust, be considered an unreasonably rebellious one. The more Clement Charlewood pondered on his father's words respecting Mabel Earnshaw, the less his heart and conscience could agree with them or accept them as justly binding on his conduct. Supposing (he always put the case mentally as being a most improbable hypothesis)—supposing he *had* been inclined to admire and to—to—well, for the sake of argument say, to love—Miss Earnshaw. Was there anything in their respective positions which should reasonably make such a love improper or unwise? In every particular, save money, Mabel, it seemed to him, had the best of it. The Hammerham world knew, or might know, that his grandfather was an Irish bricklayer. Mabel

came of people in the upper half of the middle class: Mrs. Saxelby's father having been a country clergyman, and Mabel's own father a professor of chemistry, of some scientific reputation. Mabel was young, comely, clever, and a lady. (Clement sternly kept the list of her qualities down to the barest and most indisputable matters of fact.) And though the great firm of Gandry Charlewood and Son was rich and prosperous, there were risks as well as successes; losses as well as profits; and Clement, as a junior partner with a very small share in the concern, had yet his way to make in the world. Mabel was nearly seventeen; Clement was turned seven-and-twenty. In age, at all events, there was no inconvenient disparity. When he compared her mentally with the girls he knew, she came quite triumphantly out of the ordeal. She was superior to his sister Augusta in intellect, to Penelope in beauty and sweetness, to the Misses Fluke in everything. Not one of the Hammerham young ladies who frequented Bramley Manor had, Clement assured himself, Mabel's quiet grace and unobtrusive self-possession. He had seen her in her own home, and knew her to be affectionate and unselfish. What reasonable objection could his parents have to make against their son marrying such a girl as this? Surely, surely, Mabel would be the very pearl of daughters-in-law—one to be sought for diligently, and rejoiced over when found! "But as it is," said Clement, bringing his meditations to a close, "it is just as well that I have never taken it into my head to think of making love to her, though if I had the least suspicion that she cared a straw about me—but that's all nonsense, of course; it is the *principle* of the thing that I am contending for."

Mabel, on her side, was innocent of such day-dreams, either on principle or otherwise. I do not mean to say that she had no ideal hero floating in her brain whom she was one day to love and marry. But it was all very vague and distant. Mabel was free from coquetry, and had none of that morbid craving for admiration, no matter from whom, which makes some girls so ready to fall in love, and to be fallen in love with, on the smallest provocation. Certain it is that she had never thought of Clement Charlewood in the light of a possible suitor, and that she would have been immensely surprised to learn that his marrying or not marrying her had

formed a subject of discussion between him and his father. Her pride would have instantly taken alarm at any suggestion of the kind.

Now it was a shrewd knowledge of this feature in Mabel's character that led Miss Penelope Charlewood to undertake the diplomatic mission referred to in the heading of the present chapter. Mr. Charlewood had a high idea of his eldest daughter's good sense and practical abilities, and was in the habit of discussing family matters with her, very confidentially. On business, Mr. Charlewood never spoke to his "women folk," as he called them. "I earn the money, and they spend it," said he, "and I think they can't complain of *that* division of labour." Which sounded very magnanimous in Mr. Charlewood's opinion; but he forgot the consideration that absence of responsibility implies absence of power. Mr. Charlewood himself was fond of power, and jealous of it.

A few mornings after the conversation he had held with Clement in the dining-room, Mr. Charlewood was walking up and down the terrace at Bramley Manor, enjoying the sunshine and a cigar, after breakfast. Penelope was his usual companion in these morning strolls, Mrs. Charlewood being averse to walking under any circumstances, and Augusta eschewing any tête-à-tête with her father as much as possible. "For, I never know what to say to papa," professed Miss Augusta.

"You don't really think there's anything in it, Penny, do you?" said Mr. Charlewood. His meaning, literally rendered, would have been, "You don't suppose your brother Clement is such an egregious fool as to contemplate making a girl his wife who has not a penny in the world?"

"No, papa—nothing serious, that is to say; but I scarcely think I would have said anything to Clement about it, if I had been you."

"Why?"

"Why, papa, Clem won't bear too tight a hand, you know; you can't ride him with a curb."

"There was no talk of curbs, Penny; I simply expressed my opinion." Mr. Charlewood, having reached the end of the terrace, turned and paced to its opposite extremity in silence; then he said, slowly, "Do you think the girl has any notion of the sort in her head?"

"Oh, she'd be willing enough, no doubt," returned Penelope; but it may be doubted whether there was not more spite than sincerity in the speech.

"It won't do, Penny," said Mr. Charlewood.

"Papa, I think I can manage Mabel. She's as proud as Lucifer, and——"

"Proud, is she?" said Mr. Charlewood, raising his eyebrows.

"Preposterously proud. Mind, I like Mabel. She has salt and savour, and is worth a thousand every-day misses; but I don't want her for a sister-in-law. Now, if she had a hint neatly given her that Clement's family did not covet the honour of her alliance, she would fly off

instantly into some exalted region, and treat Clem coldly the very next time she saw him."

"Do you think so, Penny?" said her father, doubtfully. To him it appeared incredible that any girl should willingly relinquish such a chance.

"Yes, papa; I really do think so." And then it was agreed between father and daughter, before they parted, that Penelope should act in the matter as she thought best.

Accordingly, next day Miss Charlewood told her mother that she thought it would be kind to make a personal visit of inquiry at Jessamine Cottage, and suggested that their afternoon drive should be taken in that direction.

To Mrs. Charlewood a suggestion of her eldest daughter's came almost in the light of a command. Penelope had contrived to make herself considerably feared in the household, and her mother was perhaps more in awe of her than any one else.

"I shan't go," said Augusta. "I hate going to people's houses when there's sickness. You don't care a bit. I wish I was as unfeeling as you, Penny."

"So do your friends, I dare say," replied Penelope.

Miss Charlewood had taken care not to give her mother any hint of the errand she was bound on. "Mamma would say either too much or too little; and Mabel would be far too clever for her. We must keep mamma in the dark." This had been Miss Charlewood's decision as expressed to her father.

On their arrival at Jessamine Cottage, the ladies were informed that Mr. Saxelby was out, but that Mrs. Saxelby and Miss Mabel were at home.

"Out?" said Mrs. Charlewood to the servant-maid, raising two fat hands which were tightly compressed into bright yellow gloves: "Out? You must be mistaken. I thought he was too ill to leave the house."

"Master has been bad, ma'am, but he's been mending rapid these last two or three days; and to-day he is gone to the office for an hour or so."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Miss Charlewood; "we will see the ladies, if we may."

The visitors were ushered into the morning-room, and found Mrs. Saxelby and Mabel at work there. The former rose somewhat in a flutter to greet her guests. She knew herself to be a better bred, better educated, and more intelligent woman than the rich contractor's wife, and yet she could never repress a feeling of timidity in Mrs. Charlewood's presence. Not that the latter intended to be arrogant or insolent, neither was she loud in talk, or captious in temper; but Mrs. Saxelby was meek and weak, and Mrs. Charlewood's rustling satins and sweeping velvets—nay, even her very size, and the way in which her garments seemed to overflow the little sitting-room—oppressed Mrs. Saxelby with a sense of her own comparative insignificance.

Mabel, however, took the satins and velvets with perfect composure, and welcomed Mrs. Charlewood and Penelope in a thoroughly unembarrassed manner.

"What is this I hear, my dear? Your husband is out? We came expecting to find him ill in bed," said Mrs. Charlewood, panting into the room with a languishing air that five-and-twenty years ago had seemed to indicate fragile delicacy, but which now rather suggested apoplexy.

"Thank you very much for coming, dear Mrs. Charlewood. I'm glad to say Benjamin is wonderfully better—in fact, almost well. He persisted that he would take a cab and drive down to the office to-day. I'm afraid it's rather soon; but he was well wrapped up. Do take the sofa; and, Mabel, give Mrs. Charlewood that footstool."

Dooley, who had been standing with his small fist as far inside his mouth as circumstances would permit, and his brow drawn into a contemplative frown closely observing the visitors, now appeared to think it time that the general attention should be diverted in his direction, and, advancing to Penelope, said, gravely, "Do 'oo want to know how I do?"

"Very much indeed, Dooley. It's the thing I want to know more particularly than anything else."

Dooley surveyed her thoughtfully for a moment, and then asked, "Why?"

"Because I'm uncommonly fond of you, Dooley. You're my little sweetheart, ain't you?"

"No. I ain't fond of 'oo," returned Dooley, with uncompromising frankness.

"You rude little boy!" said his mother. "I'm ashamed of you."

"For goodness' sake don't scold him, Mrs. Saxelby," returned Penelope, who was now whitened by Dooley's candour. "It is so wonderfully refreshing to hear anything one can thoroughly believe. Mabel, would you mind letting me look at your ferns? I'm so stupid or so impatient that mine all die, and I won't hear of letting the gardener touch them."

"You can see what I have; but they are poor enough. Why not let the gardener attend to them, Miss Charlewood?"

"Why not? You're as bad as Dooley. Because, if you must know, they'd begin to thrive under his auspices, and thereby prove my treatment to have been wrong; and I never allow any one to prove me to be wrong."

Mabel and Miss Charlewood walked together to a little glass house at the bottom of the garden, where Mabel had a few plants; the stiff silk cord round the hem of Miss Charlewood's dress swept over the daisies ruthlessly.

"What a lucky creature you are, not to have grown-up brothers!" said Penelope, suddenly, when the ferns had been examined.

"Am I? I hope I shall have a grown up brother some day, bless him!"

"Oh yes; but by that time you'll be out of

his reach. He won't be able to bully you. Your husband will have taken that department."

Mabel laughed. "Well," she said, with an arch glance, "I don't think you have much reason to talk of grown-up brothers bullying you."

"I? No; because I don't let any one bully me. I do that myself. But then, you know, I am a Tartar. Now, short of making up their minds to be Tartars, which is not altogether an easy line in life, girls do get bullied by their grown-up brothers. Watty and Augusta had quite a pitched battle the other day about Jane Fluke; papa took Watty's side, and Augusta was reduced to tears—always her last resort."

"About Jane Fluke?" said Mabel, rather surprised at Miss Charlewood's confidence.

"Yes; Jane Fluke is Augusta's latest craze, and Watty hates her. He accused her of coming to the Manor to set her cap at Clement, which is preposterous."

Any one to have heard the frank peal of laughter with which Mabel greeted this announcement, would have been quite satisfied as to her being fancy-free with respect to Clement Charlewood.

"What nonsense!" cried she. "Poor Jane! I'm sure she has no idea of such a thing. It is too bad of Walter to be so censorious."

"As to having no idea of such a thing," replied Penelope, dryly, "one can never tell. I should not be apt to accuse Jane Fluke of ideas, in a general way, myself. But, really, girls who are husband-hunting—however, papa made himself a little angry at the suggestion. You know papa is naturally ambitious for Clement."

"I don't suppose he need alarm himself in this case," said Mabel. She felt constrained and uncomfortable; she knew not why. Miss Charlewood's tone was unusual, and Mabel had a dim consciousness of some unexpressed meaning lurking under her words.

"No, of course not. Jane Fluke is out of the question. But Clem is a good parti, and there are prettier and brighter girls than Jane Fluke in the world, who might think it worth while to try for him. And then men are such fools! If a woman tickles their vanity, she may do almost anything with them."

"Mr. Charlewood should have some means taken of warning off the young ladies from his son, as they warn off poachers," said Mabel, with quiet disdain. And then the two girls walked side by side silently into the house.

"Why, I thought you had run away with Penelope, Mabel!" said Mrs. Charlewood, when they re-entered the sitting-room.

"No, Mrs. Charlewood, I will not run away with anything belonging to you," said Mabel.

And Penelope then understood that she had succeeded in her mission.

"I thought Mabel spoke a little short just now, Penny," said Mrs. Charlewood, when they were seated in the carriage on their homeward way.

"Upon my word, she is a first-rate girl, is

Mabel Earnshaw," was Miss Charlewood's very unexpected reply. "I like her spirit."

Miss Charlewood, having been successful, could afford to admire.

CHAPTER X. "TANTÆNE ANIMIS CÆLESTIBUS
IRÆ."

MISS FLUKE did not fail on the following Saturday to pay another visit to Corda Trescott, according to her promise; and having, in the mean while, learned from the Charlewoods that Mr. Trescott was employed in the orchestra of the theatre—which fact, it may be remembered, Mabel had not deemed it necessary to communicate to Miss Fluke—had gone to Number Twenty-three, New Bridge-street, for the second time, full of zeal for the conversion of the whole Trescott family from the error of their ways, and likewise with a very keen curiosity touching the *terra incognita* of a theatrical life: which curiosity she was determined to appease by a severe cross-examination of the unconscious Corda. On this occasion, however, she was doomed to disappointment on both points; for, on reaching Corda's home, she found that the child had been taken out by her father for a drive in a cab—supplied, Mrs. Hutchins volunteered to explain, by the liberality of Mr. Clement Charlewood.

"And I must say it credits him greatly," said Mrs. Hutchins.

Miss Fluke had found Mrs. Hutchins and her husband at dinner; but, not being troubled with any vain scruples of delicacy, had bade them not disturb themselves, as *she* didn't mind, and would talk to them while they finished their meal. To this polite encouragement, Mr. Hutchins, a tall round-shouldered dark-visaged man, with a melancholy and saturnine expression of countenance, had responded by carrying his plate, knife, and fork, into the washhouse behind the kitchen, and there finishing his dinner in solitude without uttering one syllable.

Miss Fluke's self-possession being quite invulnerable as to any such slight hint, she improved the occasion by energetically applying herself to draw what information she could from Mrs. Hutchins. Now that good lady had no cause of complaint against her lodgers, nor any real feeling of dislike towards them. Yet, had it not been for two restraining circumstances, she would have been willing enough to join Miss Fluke in lamentations over their lost condition; Mrs. Hutchins having that cast of mind that delights in gossiping animadversion without necessarily believing it in the least, and having a disposition (compounded of vanity and cowardice) to put herself in a favourable light with any interlocutor, by falling in with the prevailing tone of the moment. But I have said that two restraining circumstances prevented Mrs. Hutchins from giving way to the natural bent of her disposition. Of these, the first was, that her husband was still within ear-shot; the second was, that Miss Fluke's eyes, making their accustomed tour of inspection

round the kitchen, had unfortunately happened to light upon number ninety-seven of Rosalba of Naples, or the Priest, the Page, and the Penitent.

Miss Fluke, instantly pounced upon the romance, and dragged it from beneath a dirty tea-tray, whence it had protruded sufficiently to reveal the title, and the upper half of a coarse woodcut, representing Rosalba poised upon the topmost round of the rope ladder, with her curls streaming in a high wind, and three ostrich feathers mysteriously unruffled by the elements, stuck at the back of her head.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Miss Fluke, clutching at the number, and holding it aloft before her. "Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! what is this, Mrs. Hutchins?"

Miss Fluke pronounced her "Oh dears" with a crescendo which had a very terrible effect.

"Well, mum," returned Mrs. Hutchins, bridling, and feeling that she would probably be driven to bay, "that is a *periodical* novel as I'm a-taking in, in numbers."

"Ah! But," said Miss Fluke, turning full on the landlady with startling vehemence, "you *shouldn't*! Certainly not. You shouldn't on any account whatever!"

"Well, I'm sure!" muttered Mrs. Hutchins, "I don't see as there's any harm in it. I'm very fond of readin', and allus was, from a child."

"My good soul, that's all very well; but the great question is *what* do you read? Don't you see? It's of no use to tell me you're fond of reading, because that is no excuse for your feeding on the words of the Devil."

"Laws bless me!" cried Mrs. Hutchins, tossing her head contemptuously: "I'm sure you wouldn't say such nonsense as that, if you'd ever read it."

"If I had ever read it!" said Miss Fluke, with a spasmodic movement of her shoulders, and her eyes very wide open. "I've no time to read anything but my Bible. And I find my Bible sufficient."

Miss Fluke, in speaking of the Scriptures, always said "my Bible," and laid a strong stress on the possessive pronoun.

At this point, a smothered voice issuing from the washhouse, demanded to know "Where the jack-tow'l had got to?"

"My master's a cleanin' of hisself, an' I don't believe as there's a towel there at all," said Mrs. Hutchins, glad of the diversion, and hurrying out of the kitchen.

"Ah! There it is!" murmured Miss Fluke, mentally making Rosalba responsible for the want of cleanliness and order in the household presided over by Mrs. Hutchins. "No jack-towel! That's what drives the labouring man to the public-house."

Mr. Hutchins, however, emerging redolent of yellow soap from the washhouse, was apparently only driven on this occasion as far as the workshop of his employer; for he left the house with his basket of tools over his shoulder, and a square paper cap on the top of his black matted locks.

His better-half was by this time in no mood to receive Miss Fluke's lecture on the sinfulness of novel reading, with a good grace. She made several remarks of a biting and ironical character, to the effect that she had always supposed an Englishman's house to be his castle, wherein he might reasonably expect to be safe from the harrying of people who had nothing to do but to mind other people's business, and pry into other people's affairs; that this might be styled a religious line of conduct, by some persons, but that she, for her part, could find no warrant for it in the instructions she had received in her youth from pious parents and guardians, whose orthodoxy she would defy the most malicious to call in question. She further added, that she knew a lady when she saw one, having lived housemaid in good families before taking up with Hutchins. And she more than insinuated that she did *not* see a lady when she saw Miss Fluke.

All these remarks were pointed and emphasised, by much clashing and banging of the dinner-things: which Mrs. Hutchins proceeded to wash up in a manner so expressive of indignation, as to put the crockery in considerable danger of being dashed to pieces.

Then was Miss Fluke a spectacle to be seen, as standing erect and rigid in the middle of the kitchen, she launched upon Mrs. Hutchins all the thunders of her practised eloquence.

Miss Fluke braced herself for the combat with positive enjoyment. Totally without one sensitive fibre in her moral composition, and rendered confident by long habit and by the arsenal of Scripture texts from which she could draw at will, and which she flung with pitiless volubility at the head of her adversary—after the fashion of those modern cannon which fire off so many balls per minute—Miss Fluke was a wonderful and overwhelming spectacle, as she stood there, square and upright, her face crimson, her eyes staring, and her head shaking with the energy of her emphasis.

Mrs. Hutchins had entirely miscalculated her strength when she ventured to cope with such an enemy as this. She was thoroughly cowed and frightened, and proclaimed her complete discomfiture, by subsiding into a whimpering fit of tears.

Miss Fluke looked at her triumphantly. "I will come and talk to you again, Mrs. Hutchins," said she, seizing Mrs. Hutchins's reluctant hand, and shaking it violently. "We must be instant, you know, in season and out of season. It would never do for me to look on quietly and see my fellow-creatures go headlong to perdition, Mrs. Hutchins."

The way in which Miss Fluke pronounced the word perdition made Mrs. Hutchins shake in her shoes.

"I'm sure I should never ha' thought no-think of reading a novel," sobbed Mrs. Hutchins. "I've knowed lots of good people do it, and think it no sin."

"Ah-h-h! The old Adam, Mrs. Hutchins, the old Adam!"

"Who, mum?" said Mrs. Hutchins, looking up forlornly.

The poor woman presented a very woe-begone appearance by this time, having rubbed her eyes with a not over-clean apron, and ruffled her untidy hair until it stood up all over her head like tangled tow, with one scrubby tress sticking out behind, at right angles with her comb.

"The sinfulness of our corrupt and fallen nature," explained Miss Fluke. "You should read, instead of imbibing that *poison*"—with a terrible glance at Rosalba—"you should read some of those blessed and improving tracts that I left with the child Cordelia. Where are they, Mrs. Hutchins?"

It chanced that Mrs. Hutchins, having been attracted by the prints in Robinson Crusoe, had borrowed the book, unknown to Corda, and brought it down to the kitchen together with several of the penny tracts, which had been placed between its pages. She rose meekly to get the tracts from the dresser on which they were lying; but Miss Fluke anticipated her, and seized the volume and the tracts together.

"There!" she said, rapidly enumerating their titles. "The Reformed Convict. Sally Smith, the Scullerymaid. The Sinner's Fire Engine. Have you taken your own Measure yet? Or the Complete Spiritual Tailor. *There's* reading for you, Mrs. Hutchins!"

Then, opening the volume of Robinson Crusoe, she examined the name written on the title-page.

"What's this?" she exclaimed, with the suddenness which was one of her most marked peculiarities. "To Mabel, from her affectionate——" where did you get this, Mrs. Hutchins?"

"A young lady lent it to little Cordelia the other day. Mr. Clement Charlewood, he brought it for her, along with two or three more."

"Oh!" said Miss Fluke, intent on the writing on the title-page. "Indeed! The child had far better have read the tracts I left her. I shall scold my young friend," added Miss Fluke, with a grim smile.

Then she violently shook hands again with Mrs. Hutchins, and took her leave, with a promise to return as speedily as might be, to carry on the good work she had begun that morning. "And," said she to herself, as she stalked, flushed with victory, down New Bridge-street, "it's a special providence for all that household, that Mabel Earnshaw took it into her head to visit Cordelia. For, otherwise, I might never have gone there."

The account Mrs. Hutchins gave to the Trescotts of her interview with Miss Fluke was inaccurate in several important particulars; but it sufficed to excite a burning indignation in the breast of Alfred. The inaccuracies of which I am obliged to accuse Mrs. Hutchins were mainly the suppression of her own signal defeat and abject submission, and an exaggeration of Miss Fluke's pious horror of the Trescotts' calling in life. These were not only powerful in their action upon Alfred, but Mr. Trescott, too, chafed and fumed, and moved about the kitchen in a state

of excitement. Little Corda, who had returned, tired and sleepy, from her drive, was lying on her bed up-stairs, and had fallen asleep.

"Who the devil do they take us for?" said Alfred, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, and turning to his father.

"What can I do? Can I help it? Is it my fault?" returned Mr. Trescott, irritably.

"Well, yes; it is, partly. You sing so precious small to that snob Mr. Clement Charlewood. Ay, I could put Mr. Clement Charlewood up to a thing or two, high as he holds his head. He ain't the only member of his family with whom I have the honour to be acquainted."

"Law!" exclaimed Mrs. Hutchins, with greedy curiosity; "ain't he? Now, which o' th' others do you know, Mr. Alfred?"

The young fellow looked at her cunningly from under his long handsome eyelashes. "Bless your soul, Mrs. H.," said he, with a grimace compounded of a sneer and a smile, "I know all sorts of people. I tell you what, governor," he added, "I wish you'd take an opportunity of telling Miss Armshaw—Hamshaw—or whatever her name is—that we don't particularly relish or appreciate the society of the amiable lady she brought here to bully poor pussy-cat. By George, if I had been at home on the occasion of her first visit I don't think she'd have favoured us with a second!"

"I don't suppose it was Miss Earnshaw's fault," returned his father, laying a slight stress on the name. "I think she is a lady, every inch of her, from what Corda says."

"She's a remarkably good-looking girl, at all events," said Alfred, with magnificent approval. "And we know *she* can't come the Sunday-school-and-penny-tract style of virtuous horror over us. *That* wouldn't quite do."

Here catching Mrs. Hutchins's eager gaze fastened on his face, Alfred broke off rather abruptly, and stooped to pick up the volume of Robinson Crusoe which he had thrown on the floor. "There," said he, smoothing the leaves with his hand, "pussy-cat has read that, I know. Couldn't you take it back this afternoon when you go to give your lesson in FitzHenry-road? You might see Miss What's-her-name, and say a word to her."

This Mr. Trescott agreed to do, and, after dinner, set forth with the book in his pocket.

Mr. Trescott's pupil was a young clerk, who had a passion for the violin; and as his duties occupied him nearly all day, he could only receive his lesson late in the afternoon. It was therefore growing dusk when Mr. Trescott—after enduring with what patience he might an hour of ascending scales played sharp, and descending scales played flat, and the rasping of a very unsteady bow over the tortured strings—arrived at Jessamine Cottage. To his surprise, there was no light burning in the hall behind the little glass door. He often passed the house, and knew the punctual shining of the hall lamp well. He rang softly without obtaining any answer, and then again, and then a third time, before any one came. At last a dim light was

seen approaching, and the nursemaid cautiously unfastened the door, and peered out. "Who is it?" she said, in a whisper. "What do you want?"

"Could I see the young lady, Miss Earnshaw?" asked Trescott, surprised and uneasy at the girl's manner.

"Oh dear no," returned the servant. "Please to go away. They can't see nobody. We're in sad trouble here."

"Trouble! What's the matter?"

"Why, master died this morning, and missis, she's like a lunatic, a'most, with grief."

"Good God!" cried Trescott, falling back a step or two, "I had no idea of this. I thought he was better."

"Ah! so he were; but he went out too soon, and caught a cold, and got inflammation, and that carried him off in four-and-twenty hours. But I mustn't stay and talk. Missis heard the bell, and it put her in an awful twitter. I must go."

"Will you take this," said Trescott, handing to the girl the book he had brought, "and give it to the young lady when you have an opportunity, and say I am dreadfully distressed, and wouldn't have intruded for the world if I had known?"

Before he could finish his speech, the little servant had taken the volume from his hand, and closed the door. He heard her put up the chain, and then the glimmer of her candle disappeared up the staircase.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Trescott, passing his hand over his forehead as he limped away, "it has given me quite a shock. I didn't know anything of the man; but it's so sudden. Dear me, it's so awfully sudden!"

STOMACH AND HEART.

GREAT discoveries in science in modern times are made almost daily. Many theories, however, have descended to us from ancient times—chiefly because they are ancient—and no one takes the trouble to inquire into them closely to ascertain their soundness. Such is the case with the generally acknowledged and accepted doctrine, that the heart is the organ and seat of the affections.

We confidently affirm that we have made a grand discovery on this important question, this supposed physiological fact, though we have no pretence to be professed anatomists, nor can we say that we have gained our knowledge exactly in a dissecting-room.

It has been assumed that the brain is the organ of the mind—that it is the seat of the intellect—and that, if it be diseased or destroyed, the mind suffers with it. To that doctrine we offer no objection.

It has also been assumed, and has long been the prevailing opinion, that the heart is the seat of the affections; and we might quote, not only from poets and novelists, but from much graver and more sober literature, to prove easily that such

is the general belief. All the virtues and soft emotions, and also their opposites, are said to proceed from the heart: varying in degree and in character according to the goodness or badness of that belied organ.

Now to this doctrine we object; and not only do we consider the theory a mistake, and that it cannot stand the test of examination, but we meet the theory by the proposition that another organ is really the seat of the affections, and that the heart is not at all concerned in the matter. The organ we contend for is the stomach.

It is very true, and we at once acknowledge that we can bring no anatomical proof of our doctrine from the structure of the stomach, nor can those who might argue on the other side show any such proof from the anatomy of the heart. It is only by watching the actions of each, that light can be thrown on the subject.

True, when powerful emotions of love or hate have been excited, the heart's action is suddenly and often violently increased, the pulses beat fast and furious, there is a flushing of the face, and a blush. But this is only because the emotion disturbs the heart, as it does the respiration, and the same effect is produced from other than moral causes: as by running, jumping, or any violent and rapid bodily exercise: also, by a very hot room, or a glass of brandy. We might as well assert that the lungs were the seat of the affections; for they are disturbed by the same causes.

If the heart, as an organ, were the seat of the affections, and of all the tender feelings or their opposites, these feelings would alter and become morbid, if the heart were diseased: as we find the mind become disordered when the brain is wrong. It is well known that this is not the case.

There is a disease where the heart becomes enormously enlarged, but it is not found that the moral large heart, as it is called, is the consequence. A man is said to have a large heart when he shows a noble benevolence and a wide philanthropy; but his real heart, the organ itself, remains of its natural size, while possibly a miser who hoards up every penny, and never did an act of charity in his life, dies of an enlarged heart. The heart is sometimes found converted into a bony half-stony structure, causing much suffering during life; but the afflicted owner of this hard heart is often the kindest, the most tender, the most amiable, of human beings. It has been said of a very loving woman that she was *all heart*, whereas in reality her heart remains unchanged in size or in structure, and she retains the usual complement of legs and arms, and so forth. Many people have diseased hearts; these cases are easily recognised by doctors, by the help of that wonderful *searcher of hearts*, the stethoscope; but though they have the malady for years, getting gradually worse and worse, and though the progress becomes more and more distinctly marked, until they die of it, and a post mortem examination verifies the opinion given of the case, yet the affections have never been found to have been

impaired; the patient remains as good, as gentle, as loving, and as benevolent, as before the change began.

It remains, to prove that the real organ of these emotions is the stomach.

Here we can confidently appeal to facts daily seen and acknowledged. We can also easily show that in very old times this truth was well known and accepted, so that we are not broaching an entirely new doctrine, but one frequently set forth in the oldest literature. The Old Testament abounds in proofs that the digestive organs, of which the stomach is the most important, were recognised as those which influence the affections, and not the heart. Witness such expressions as "bowels of mercy," "bowels of compassion," "Joseph's bowels yearning towards his brother Benjamin." Many more might be quoted, as such phrases frequently occur, showing that the truth was well recognised in the days of the patriarchs. We do not pretend to be able to prove when the change of doctrine took place, or how it was that the heart came to supersede the original and correct organ.

When we see a lovely and bewitching woman, is it not common to say that we could eat her up? One love-stricken swain was known to have said this of his intended bride, but, some months after his marriage, on being reminded of it, he rather regretted he had not done it. Do not mothers often say, in a fit of ecstatic fondness, that they could eat a lovely cherub of a child? Benevolent feelings towards all mankind are notoriously promoted by a good dinner. Numbers of our charitable institutions depend on this recognised fact, and the subscription-plate is sent round, never before, but always after dinner. See the contrast between the amounts of the collections in a church-plate, even after the most eloquent and touching of sermons (but *before* dinner), and those obtained at public dinners for the benefit of a hospital or a school!

Then again, to come to finer details, notice how happy, serene, and full of charitable feelings a man shows himself to be when his stomach is comforted, refreshed, and soothed by a well-dressed dinner of all the delicacies of the season; on the other hand, how snarling, how sulky, and ready to quarrel with the wife of his bosom and the children of his loins, is the man whose stomach has been offended by an ill-dressed, bad, and indigestible meal.

Then again, while love and tenderness exist unchanged in the man whose heart is seriously diseased or even actually ossified, a deranged or a damaged stomach occasions melancholy, disgust, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.

Observe the effect of a sea-voyage on the stomach as the organ of the affections. A devoted young husband, on his wedding tour, crosses the Channel with his beloved bride. Watch him; all attention, all tender care to cover her with his cloak, to bring her a soft pillow, before the vessel quits the harbour; but when the tossing and pitching begins, and his *stomach* feels the horrid qualms of sea-sickness, he leaves the fair creature to her fate or to the stewardess, and is

savage if she implores him to bring her a basin or to hold her head. This change lasts only while his poor stomach is overset. As soon as that organ regains its normal condition, as soon as the boat steams into the harbour, his love, his tenderness, returns apace, and he is again devoted.

Byron recognises the truth very clearly, when describing Don Juan's voyage after his separation from his first love, the fair Julia :

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart
Or rather STOMACH, which attends
Beyond the best apothecary's art
The loss of love, the treachery of friends;

and again, further on, describing what stops love :

But worst of all is nausea—or a pain
About the lower region of the bowels.
Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
Sea-sickness death.

Sambo, the nigger footman, made a mistake in his theory, but not in his instinct, when he refused to go and confess breaking the decanter until his massa had had his dinner, because by that time he would have eaten so much, that his heart would be pitched up close to his mouth, and therefore he would the more readily be mollified. The fact was correct as to the improvement of the temper from the filling of the stomach ; but the heart would remain in its usual position.

Good temper, kindly feeling, universal benevolence, are much influenced, as all will agree, by the state of the digestion. It is the stomach which digests ; therefore it is the stomach which is the organ of these emotions, and not the heart.

If the heart be diseased or out of order, and if the doctors be summoned, and by their remedies cure or relieve the malady, no change whatever can be seen in the moral feelings of the patient before or after. But when the dyspeptic patient who has had the blue devils, and has shown a morose temper and dislike to everybody and everything, has been set to rights by a little medical discipline—a dose or two of blue pill or a few draughts—he is restored to a genial temper, and become serene and happy.

From the days of the fatted calf, down to the present time, how do we welcome the long-lost son, the unexpected old schoolfellow, the returned hero ? By a feast ! And the universal way to cultivate the best affections is to feed them well.

There will be a considerable difficulty in overcoming the long-established prejudice on this point, and we must await the further enlightenment of the world, satisfied that in the end the truth will prevail. Poets especially will rebel against the *organic* change which ought to follow when the doctrine is fully recognised : as it will not be so easy for them to get rhyme for *stomach*

as for *heart* ; and, though both are equally parts of the frame, there will be, for a time, a sort of repugnance on their part to bring forward as poetical stock, what they will be pleased to call a more animal and a less sentimental view of the matter. One comfort is, that the fact will remain, and that it does not much matter what designation may be given to it. The man who fancies he is clasping to his heart the long-lost love or the returned child, when in point of fact he really holds the beloved object to his stomach, will not have made any very wide mistake, as the map of the two organs will show that they are situated within an inch of each other.

CASTLE AND COTTAGE.

I.

THERE stands a castle by the sea,
With an ancient keep and turrets three,
And in it dwells a lady rare,
Rich and lovely, with golden hair,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

II.

In it dwells a baron bold,
Gallant and young, with store of gold,
Store of all that man can crave
To cheer his pathway to the grave,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

III.

The lady bright is kind and good,
The paragon of womanhood ;
And her wedded lord is leal and sure,
Beloved alike of rich and poor,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

IV.

There dwells a fisher on the strand,
In a little cot with a rood of land,
With his bonnie wife, and girls and boys
That climb to his knee with a pleasant noise,
By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

V.

And the lady of the castle sighs
When she meets the fisherwife's gladdening eyes,
And wishes that Heaven to bless *her* life
Had made her mother as well as wife,
By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

VI.

The lord of the castle, riding home
O'er the hard sea sand where the breakers foam,
Oft sees the fisher, his labour done,
Sit with his wife in the glint o' the sun,
By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

VII.

Sit with his wife, and his boys and girls,
Dandling the youngest with golden curls,
And turns his envious eyes aside,
And well-nigh weeps for all his pride,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

VIII.

"I'd give," quoth he, "my rank and state,
My wealth that poor men call so great,
Could I but have that fisherman's joys,
His happy home and his girls and boys,
By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

JOHN THOM, ALIAS SIR WILLIAM COURTENAY,
KNIGHT OF MALTA, AND KING OF JERUSALEM.

In 1833 a person who represented himself as Sir William Courtenay, a Knight of Malta, came to Canterbury and put up at the Rose Inn. This eccentric person was to be seen daily in the cathedral and in the public garden called the Dane John. He asserted himself as one of the "lions" of the fine old city. He could be seen this hour listening to the verger's narrative of Blue Dick's enormities, of how he rattled down Becket's "glassy bones" from the cathedral windows; the next, examining, with wild eye, Beowulf's cup of twisted glass in the museum in Guildhall-street. The wildest rumours were current concerning him. Sir William Courtenay was, in fact, a half-crazed fanatic from Truro, whom some accidental vagary led to sow mischief and misery in Kent. People of all ranks liked to converse with him; he seemed at home in the barber's shop or in the rich man's parlour. Some thought him mad, and tapped their foreheads sarcastically when they spoke of him. Others considered him winning, persuasive, and very eloquent, especially upon religious subjects or the wrongs and sufferings of the poor. He was often met on the road to Bossenden, or seen looking down from Boughton Hill at the green sea of hop-fields dotted with "oast" houses, the blue line of the ocean, Pegwell way, speckled white with sails, or the little grey cathedral, that from there seemed no bigger than a lady's casket. The wild district towards Faversham, called "the Blean," once a forest, in which wild boars abounded as late as the Reformation, seemed also to have a special charm for this strange being. Its chesnut woods and its then rough ignorant debased population seemed to have a magnetic influence that day after day drew him from the old cathedral town. Men stopped their ploughs in mid-furrow, the hop-pickers laughing over their canvas troughs paused as the stranger with the long grave face, like the Italian type of our Saviour, passed by or harangued the half-savage people about their grievances. He was always amongst them. The turnip-hoers, the stone-pickers, as they rose from their task for a moment's rest, would often start (we are told) and find this man standing beside them as if he had suddenly risen out of the earth. All along the Stour valley, in many a gable-ended farm-house hidden up among clustering hops and wooded hills, this man from Canterbury, with the supernatural sort of face, was looked upon with reverence and awe as a prophet sent by God to make

bread cheaper and to redress poor men's wrongs.*

One Saturday morning the burgesses of Canterbury discovered, as they supposed, a solution of the secret of the mysterious stranger's visit. The county paper contained an advertisement from Sir William Courtenay, Knight of Malta, offering himself as candidate for the city at the coming election. The majority pronounced Sir William to be a mystery, probably rich, evidently religious, and ardent about popular grievances. His canvassing went on with extraordinary success; and the rival candidate grew alarmed, in spite of the encouragement freely given him by his own agents. The walls of Canterbury were gay with election addresses, when the tide suddenly turned, Sir William was indicted for perjury: which it was alleged he had committed in his over-zeal for a party of smugglers on the Kentish coast, whom he had thought to get off. He was tried at Maidstone—under his real name of Thom—for this offence, before amiable Mr. Justice Parke, on the 25th of July, 1833, found guilty of deliberate false testimony, and sentenced to imprisonment and transportation; being proved, however, to be insane, his sentence was commuted, and he was confined in the lunatic asylum at Barning Heath. Confinement, if it do not cure a madman, often intensifies his disease. A monomaniac especially feels the sudden loss of his liberty and the violent proclamation of the fact of his aberration. Moping, gibing, crazy faces surround him and claim him as one of them. His dream of an ideal heaven on earth, of revenge, love, invention, or wealth, is now barred from him, it seems, for ever. The mad world outside has leagued against him in their rage and despair at his true—intensely true—theories. It is hell on earth, to be thrown among mad people, as Daniel was among lions. All is darkness and blood around him—a darkness palpable, terrible, and teeming with life: as water under

* Mr. Ainsworth, in a note to Rookwood (1834), quotes largely from a contemporaneous pamphlet written on "Sir William Percy Honeywood Courtenay, of Hales and Evrington-place, Kent, and of Powderham Castle, Devon." It appears he entered Canterbury wearing a purple cloak, and girt with a sword, and attended by two pages in scarlet uniform. He was remarkable for flowing black hair and a black beard; his swarthy complexion was attributed to his travels in Egypt and Syria. He sometimes wore Italian and sometimes Oriental costume. He called himself Lord Viscount Courtenay, or Count Rothschild; in London he had been merely known as Mr. Thompson. Though said to be very rich, he was frugal, and at first seldom went outside the inn except to chapel. During the election he wrote many rhapsodies, and ended by challenging to mortal combat, in defence of "the truth," Sir Thomas Tylden, Sir Brook Brydges, Sir Edward Knatchbull, and Sir William Cosway, as "four cowards unfit to represent the brave men of Kent." He appeared on the hustings in Oriental dress, and hired the theatre to inveigh against tithes, taxation, and the new poor-law.

the microscope swarms with life. Perhaps he resolves to kill himself and end all by one quick movement of the knife, one leap from a window on the paving-stones, or a savage rush with teeth and hands at the keeper. One morning the madman will awake as from an opium dream. A great calm has fallen upon his mind; the waves are still; the sky is blue and serene; the vision is coming down—a broad beam of sunshine slants from the grated window to his bed. He leaps up and looks. Yes, yes! There, in the sun, stands the angel of Revelations, with the book in his hand, and the voice comes proclaiming John Thom a prophet of the Lord, sent through the world to lower the price of bread, and to work wonders, by fire and sword, until the unbelieving turn to him and acknowledge him as the chosen of Heaven. Nothing can shake this man now. He is the chosen prophet, and when the angels touch the doors they will open.

Four years he waits, and one morning the doors open according to the prophecy. Madness is cunning. Thom is silent about his mission of fire and sword; he is sane on some topics. He sees the angels leading him from the accursed place, but he does not speak of them, lest the madmen should thrust him back again.

His madness is no longer secret and mistrustful; it has risen to delirium, and his brain is on fire at the rapid approach of his avatar. Voices assure him from the great sunset clouds, red with the coming vengeance; voices rise from the hop-fields, from the flowers; the very birds proclaim him prophet and chosen; the brooks ripple out their welcome; the great angel in the sun waves a sword, every sunbeam leads him to victory and glory; yes, the moment will soon come when the sword of Gideon is to be drawn, the earthen jar crushed, and the light of warning and retribution flashed into the eyes of the guilty and the unbelieving.

The dangerous madman now takes up his abode at the house of a Mr. Francis, at Fairbrook, near Boughton. The saints can march thence quick upon Canterbury, and give the polluted cathedral to the flames, if such be the decree of the armed angel in the sun. In the mean time, Courtenay's wild ravings, strange threats, and insane vigils, are objected to, naturally enough, by the Francis family, and Sir William, enraged, goes to lodge with a man named Wills, in an adjoining cottage: where he can preach, and rave, and prophesy as he likes, if he only pays his rent regularly. Even money at last cannot, however, make his mad ways bearable. The noisy crowds of discontented country people that he collects and harangues day and night about the new poor-law become intolerable to tired men wanting rest after a hard day's work. He then betakes himself, with the air of an indignant martyr, to Bossenden Farm, which is occupied by a man named Culver.

The hour for the avatar at last comes. The wind, rustling through a hop-field, would be signal enough for a man in that state of raving religious insanity. James Gorham, a constable

at Boughton-under-Blean and Herne Hill, at one o'clock on Sunday morning, May 27th, 1833, going into the street, saw Courtenay coming from Bossenden leading a grey horse which had a fleecy throw over the saddle. Courtenay wore a dark velvet shooting-coat, and had his hair, which was of extraordinary length, parted in the middle. About seven o'clock the same evening he was again seen coming down the Ville of Dunkirk; two men, named Tyler and Wills, were with him as professed followers and converts. Half an hour after, about one hundred persons had assembled at the cottage of a labourer named Kennett. The wild-eyed mysterious man with the long hair told the people that they might all go to work on the Monday, but that on Tuesday they must do nothing. He proposed a toast with some reference to the sufferings of the poor and the means of redressing them, and wanted a labourer's wife present to drink it also.

On the 29th, this mad fanatic entered Boughton-street, followed by four labouring men, George Branchett, William Burton, Thomas Browne, and Thomas Darton. As they passed the house of a man named William Branchett, Courtenay stops and says to the man who is looking out:

"Will you have a slice of bread?"

Branchett replies, "I want one."

Courtenay then says, "Come on, and I'll give you one." The man followed. The standard of the new religion is at last raised, the promise to the converts is an immediate meal of victuals, and future reforms as yet somewhat vague.

At Mr. Palmer's, a baker's, at Boughton, this Kentish Mahomet stops and buys four half-gallon loaves and some cheese; and at Smith's, another baker's, he buys two more loaves. The party then go up Staple-street towards Fairbrook. They stop at Mr. Wills's, being now fifteen or twenty strong, and Courtenay sends a man named Tyler for some beer. The food is then divided. After a rest of about an hour, the men are marshalled outside. The leader produces a white flag with a blue border, stamped with a symbolical rampant lion; Wills is appointed standard-bearer; while another follower, named Price, carries a pole with half a loaf stuck on it. The prophet has been sent to proclaim cheap bread, the general reformation of things, and death to all who oppose him. The grey horse with the mystical saddle-cloth is led by Thomas Browne. The conversation on the march is ignorant, wild, and fanatical. The men are suffering. They want help, they think this man means right, and will lead them to good. Courtenay advises them to leave off swearing, and tells them he wants nothing but what is right. "He talks religion," these rough ignorant ploughmen whisper, "as well as the parson at Boughton, or at Faversham either." He produces a Bible, and says:

"Here! This will bring us all home. I hope it will. I intend to follow it."

He speaks fluently, but not in a loud voice. Three times that day he makes them sing the hymn—

The Shepherd watches the sheep by night and day.

He constantly promises bread, meat, and beer to all who will follow him.

One of the men seeing the pole, says exultingly:

"Here's bread before us."

Courtenay: "Yes, there is."

Another one cries: "We'll follow that."

Courtenay: "Yes, follow that, and I'll ensure you more bread. I'll give you more." He then cried: "This is the 29th of May; I will have a jubilee; and any of you men who have no work to do, and like to go with me, I'll fill your bellies, and ensure you that nothing shall go wrong. This is the glorious 29th of May, and people shall have better cause to remember it than they ever had of remembering King Charles. The poor have been imposed on long enough."

Then, turning to Alfred Payne, a harness-maker who had come from Canterbury urged by curiosity, he broke into full insanity, not caring any longer to conceal it. At this time he had a bugle slung at his waist, and three of his men carried three suspicious-looking bags, probably containing arms.

"I am not a mere earthly man," he shouted. "I fell from the clouds, and nobody knows where I come from. I tell you, I can place my left hand on the muscle of my right arm, slay ten thousand men, then vanish and no one know whither I am gone."

A gentleman named Francis, dressed in black, being just then seen passing over a field in the distance, Courtenay said: "There goes one who wants stopping; he wants to know what we are about, but he is ashamed to come and show his face. He wants to know who wrote certain papers; he will know some day, but he won't live to tell." After this he told the men to fall in threes, and having sounded a trumpet, he said: "That voice was heard at Jerusalem, where there are ten thousand men ready to start at my command."

On reaching the Horse-shoe public-house, the madman said to his lieutenant, Tyler:

"Tommy, you go up to Gravening Church, and tell the people to stop there for their shepherd, till I come."

Courtenay and his four chief converts then left the band; on their return, Courtenay produced a pistol and fired it in the road; then reloaded it. The next march was to Watcham, where they entered the house of a man named Hadlow.

While Tyler said, "Sir William, I heard a man say the other night that you were a fool and a madman, and that he should not mind help taking you;" Courtenay said, "If any one comes to take me now, I am at leisure; but if they do come, I will try my arm. I have done nothing wrong, nor mean to. I came out for a day's pleasure to give these men bread. If they do come, I'll cut them down like grass. I'm sure that I could blow out the snuff of that candle as long as the pistol would allow." He had previously cried out incoherently:

"Now I am going to strike the bloody blow;

the streets shall flow with blood as they have hitherto done with water, and the rich and poor who do not follow me shall share the *fate of it*." (Of what?)

After this, the revolutionary army of the Kentish Mahomet marched on Goodneston, where a charge from two or three of Sir Brook Brydges's grooms could have dispersed them. The excitement was spreading towards Faversham. There were already rumours that the rioters had threatened to fire the stacks at Herne Hill. Courtenay demanded food for his friends, and it was given them at once: rather from fear than good will. At Dargate Common, the fanatic, getting every moment more assured of his own supernatural power, took off his shoes, and said:

"I now stand on my own bottom."

The party then went to prayers at Sir William's request, and then returned to Bossenden Farm, to sup there and to sleep in the barn. Gorham, watchful constable, prowling that night about Bossenden Farm, saw Courtenay about one o'clock come up from Calvert's house carrying a drawn sword, and wander restlessly about the meadows. At about two o'clock he came out of the yard, dressed in a hat and shepherd's frock, with a gaberline on and a belt round his waist. Thirty or forty men followed him across the London road to Broughton-lane. They stopped at Branchett's house, knocked on the shutter, and cried:

"Halloa! Branchett, do you see it smoke?"

They then went to Sittingbourne (the old halting-place for pilgrims to Canterbury) and towards Sheerness; Sir William spent twenty-five shillings on a breakfast for his men, about whose food he took a jealous care. He fed them again at the George, at Newnham. At Eastling, Throwley, Lees, and Selling, he addressed the people, and held out to them hopes of some mysterious change, fatal to all who should dare to oppose it. They halted once in a chalk-pit to rest, and at night returned again to Calvert's farm, at Bossenden, to sleep.

In the mean time, Mr. Curtis, a perfectly practical and prosaic farmer who had never tried to see angels in the sun, and had never been shut up in lunatic asylums by perfectly mad keepers, having had his sowing and ploughing stopped by Sir William's leading away his men, had formally gone and applied for a warrant for their apprehension. Two constables named Mears, and a man named Edwards, having got a warrant from Doctor Poore, went to Bossenden House about half-past four on Thursday morning. The constables thought to trap the rioters asleep. But the fanatics were expecting the constables. At twenty yards from the house, Price and several other men, armed with clubs, shouted out that the constables were coming—to alarm their leader. A voice replied from the house:

"Is that them?"

A moment afterwards Courtenay came up and asked if they were the constables? The men replied they were. Courtenay instantly fired and shot one of the Mears, who fell

against the palings. He then pulled out a dagger and struck at the other, crying:

"You are the other!"

Sir William pursued him as he fled; but, stumbling, Mears got away and ran straight to the magistrates to tell them of the murder.

When he had committed this murder, Courtenay, now on the full road to the accomplishment of his ideal, cried out to his followers, "I'll show them!" He then, in a frenzy of delight, dragged poor Mears by the collar round the place; the dying man groaned, "I am not the constable." Courtenay replied, "You told me you were." He then turned him on his right side, so as to be able to strike him with his sword on the left side of the neck. He then cut him several times. After each blow Mears's head jumped up. Mears groaned; Courtenay then shot him through the body and killed him. He ordered four men to carry the body to an adjacent ditch. When they returned, the madman broke into a rhapsody of exultation. The work was going well. A second Gideon had come to slay the ungodly. Thus would perish all who opposed the prophet Courtenay; for so the angel in the sun had promised.

He stretched out his sword and cried:

"I am the only saviour of you all. You need not fear, for I will bring you through all."

The excitement now had become so general, and the menaces of Courtenay and his armed party were so alarming, that the county magistrates resolved on the instant capture of this dangerous maniac and his brutishly ignorant followers. At twelve o'clock, the magistrates came up to Thom and his party at a place called the Osier Bed. Courtenay's men threatened the magistrates and constables, with bludgeons and fire-arms. The Knight of Malta defied interruption, and discharged his pistol at the Rev. Mr. Handley, of Herne Hill, who, with his brother, attempted his arrest. He and his party then broke away to Bossenden Wood, and lay there in ambush: Sir William announcing his intention of shooting the first man who interfered with him. No means presented themselves by which the ringleader and his men could with safety be secured. The magistrates saw but one resource. To send at once for a detachment of the 45th Regiment from Canterbury barracks.

About twenty miles from Chatham, beyond the Ville of Dunkirk, near the head of the hill, there is a gate on the left hand leading into Bossenden Wood. Here, with bags of bullets and matches, the madman and his brutalised followers took shelter: as the outlaws of Wat Tyler's or Jack Cade's broken bands might have done centuries before. The madman was confident and elate. He only waited for the soldiers to rush on them, to fling some dust in the air, and call on the angels to come down. One of the men falls down before Courtenay in utter prostration of mind and body, and asks:

"Shall I follow you with my heart or my feet?"

Courtenay then fired off his pistols defiantly, and when he was told of the probable pursuit, cried:

"Let them come. I'll try my arm."

Bossenden Wood was pleasant that June morning. The sunshine overhead turned the transparent young leaves to a golden green. The thrushes were singing near their nests, the blackbirds piping to their fledglings. The sunlight glowed softly on the moss under the dappled hazel stems and the spreading roots of the great beech-trees, against whose clear shapely trunks these fanatics were standing. Round the wild-eyed man with the long flowing hair, watchful as robbers, they waited for the first gleam of scarlet among the bushes. Courtenay was to raise the war-cry of Gideon, and bear down irresistibly on the persecutors of the true prophet. Hitherto he had been victorious over all difficulties. He had won food for them. He had struck the constable dead. He had defied the magistrates. Soon the heavens would open, and a voice would be heard proclaiming the prophet. Then the rampant lion would pass on through England, and all would bow to the saviour of the poor. On every sunbeam that spread through the wood, lighting up the pathways of blue hyacinths and the mossy tracks sprinkled with violets, there were coming angels, Sir William told them, to cheer and to defend them.

It was a strange contrast, that beautiful wood, echoing with the innocent voices of the birds, and its new inmates — those frenzied men shouting hymns, brandishing bludgeons, and screaming fanatic prophecies of wrath and doom. Far away across the fields of hops, rank and luxuriant with their spring growth, there came, perhaps, the merry cadence of the Canterbury bells, pealing out for some gay holiday, and careless and mocking at the coming prophet.

A detachment of soldiers, their muskets on their shoulders, are on the march to Bossenden in careless order, hardly thinking it will be worth while even to fix bayonets to apprehend a madman and some twenty or thirty labourers armed with bludgeons. Their commander, Lieutenant Bennett, his sash across his breast, is speaking with the sergeant, and planning how the capture shall be made when they enter the wood. His thoughts alternate between Courtenay and the county ball the night before.

In the mean time, Courtenay has told Wills that the men must be well generalled. He had previously assured some of his followers that, though they might not believe it, the white horse he led was the horse mentioned in the Revelations. His wretchedly ignorant followers were prepared to believe anything now. After he shot poor Mears, he had cried out:

"Though I have killed his body, I have saved his soul!"

He raves (all cunning thrown aside), and the free roll of his madness now breaks forth. His eyes roll, he waves his sword to heaven, he flings up his arms, he proclaims aloud his Divinity. It has been long enough concealed. Shaking off the great Spanish cloak that he had ordered to be thrown over him, to hide his pistols when any stranger passed, he shouts:

"I am Christ come down from the cross. Those who have faith can see the marks of the nails on the palms of my hands. I am the resurrection body of Gideon. I am your blessed Lord and Saviour. I can call fire from heaven, and can burn every one of you in your beds, and you are safer with me here."

Then, a moment after, he cries:

"Samson was a great man, but how do you know that a greater than Samson is not here?"

A line of scarlet shows between the tree-trunks. A hundred men of the 45th are dividing into two detachments to surround the wood. The Rev. Dr. Poore, Mr. Knatchbull, Mr. Halford, Mr. Baldock, the county magistrates, are with them. The detachment, headed by Lieutenant Bennett, and accompanied by Mr. Norton Knatchbull and the Rev. Mr. Handley, soon hear Courtenay hallooing and collecting his men in the wood, eager to show his supernatural power and to strike his enemies dead. He advances, calling out to them to behave like men. The prophet from heaven has now the moment he has long wished for. Fifty bayonets gleam before him; it is only a miracle can save him from their meeting in his breast if he dare fire a pistol.

The young lieutenant, with a fine sense of humanity and earnestly anxious to avoid bloodshed, stepped forward before his men and entreated the misguided people to lay down their arms and leave the madman, who had his gun to his shoulder, and was already aiming at the officer.

Sir William advances with perfect deliberation, as if to surrender, and then fires at Lieutenant Bennett, who instantly falls dead. Again victory! The prophet will save his own. But the soldier who covered Courtenay as he stepped forward, touches his trigger; there is a jet of fire, and the prophet falls dead. A sunbeam will come and touch his lips (he had said), and he will rise again and lead his followers to victory. Half maddened, Courtenay's followers rush at the soldiers, and the soldiers fire on them before they can grapple. Then comes one of those savage up-and-down hand-to-hand battles for life, fought with all the ferocity that poachers and gamekeepers display. Bludgeon against gun-stock, knife against bayonet; but the prophet does not rise from beside the young officer he has murdered. A sunbeam fell upon the face of the dead prophet. On that swift path from Heaven had come not the Angel of Blessing but the Angel of Death, and the soldiers otherwise falsify the prediction with great completeness. The soldiers, besides having their leader shot, have their second lieutenant severely wounded, and George Calt, a constable of Faversham, killed. On the fanatic side there were seven killed: Edward Wright, of Herne Hill; F. Harvey, of Herne Hill; C. Branchett, of Dunkirk; W. Burford, of Boughton; D. Foster, of Herne Hill; Thomas Griggs and D. Wry, of Herne Hill.

Among the persons seriously wounded, many of them dangerously, were Stephen Baker, R.

Hadlow, A. Toad, J. Griggs, W. Willis, C. Wright, S. Curling, J. Spratt, and Sarah Culver.

This woman was probably the author of some ill-spelt rhapsodical verses (smeared with blood, and perforated by the bullet that gave the death-wound) found in the breast-pocket of Sir William Courtenay's coat:

Is it a delusion? No, it's peace I hear,
As yet welcome sweet guest.

A passing spirit softly whispers
Him safe from harm—and when
The loud clash of war's alarm attacks
Him, and boast the tyrants proudly
Round him, still his manly heart
Shall know no fear.

Then sink not, oh! my soul, nor
Yield to sad despair; the cause is
Great that calls thy lord away.
A sinking spirit and a silent
Tear but ill become the child
Who from the bonds of Satana
May go free.

A New Testament and a purse were also found in the pocket of Sir William Courtenay by the surgeon who examined the body. The purse contained a sovereign and threepence.

At the Maidstone assizes, in August, William Price, aged thirty, and Thomas Mears, alias Tyler, were indicted, charged with the wilful murder of Nicholas Mears, at Ville Dunkirk, on the 31st of May, 1838.

The indictment charged John Thom, alias Courtenay, as principal in the first degree, and the prisoners at the bar as principals in the second degree, by aiding and abetting the said Courtenay to commit the murder. In a second count, the parties were all charged as principals in the said murder. The Honourable C. E. Law, Mr. Serjeant Andrews, Mr. Channell, and Mr. Bodkin appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Shee and Mr. Deedes for the prisoners. The prisoners pleaded not guilty.

Daniel Edwards, the petty constable of the hundred of Boughton, deposed that as soon as Nicholas Mears was shot, he fell back against the rails. Some one said, "That is not the constable," and then Courtenay struck at John Mears with the dagger. Mears stepped back, and he missed him. When Courtenay came back, Nicholas Mears was alive, and said, "Oh dear, what can I do?" Courtenay said, "You must do the best you can;" and, having cut him three times across the shoulders, walked away. I then ran away towards the wood. As soon as I reached the wood, I heard the report of a pistol.

Cross-examined. When John Mears was running away, the prisoner Tyler made a sign for me to make my escape.

George Hawkins, a labourer, proved that when they were at Bossenden House they had a supper served out to them. Courtenay and Tyler assisted in serving the party. Courtenay told us to sleep at the cottage, and that he would come the next morning. I went there. We were called about three o'clock. When we got up, we went to Sittingbourne, where we had breakfast, and then to Bossenden. When we were at Green-street, both of the prisoners were

with us. We had supper at Bossenden, and again lay down there. We had a flag with us when we went to Sittingbourne, and most of the men had clubs. We got up about seven o'clock on the Thursday morning. In about half an hour I saw Nicholas Mears. On hearing a pistol fired, I looked round, and saw Nicholas Mears falling. Courtenay at the same time was running after another man, who made his escape. After this, I came round to the little court. Courtenay chopped the man with his sword, and fired another pistol. I saw the body removed. They carried it some little distance, and then put it down by a ditch. We afterwards went in and sat down to breakfast. Courtenay and the prisoners were of the party.

Another witness deposed that Courtenay appeared to be well versed in the Scriptures. "He asked three times on that day if we should like to sing a hymn. The hymn which was sung began thus: 'The shepherd watches the sheep by day and by night.' I had heard it sung at the chapel several times before. Courtenay then said he would conduct us right, and I believed he meant to do so. I do not, I am sorry to say, know much about the Scriptures. I wish I did. I can read, but cannot write. I have heard the same things from the clergyman at church. I think we all thought more of the religion he was telling us of, than of his person. He showed us a Bible, saying, 'Here, this will bring us all home, and I hope it will. I intend to follow it.' He spoke very fluently, but not in a particularly loud voice. He said at Wells's that he would give us bread and beef. I have lived thirteen years in the parish. Mr. Wright is the clergyman, and lives close to the church. When I was born, there was not any school at Boughton for youth. I was put to work very young. My children go to school."

Jacobs, a constable, produced the Spanish military cloak worn by Courtenay found in Bossenden Wood; also, a bag containing one hundred and fifty bunches of matches and one hundred and forty bullets of various sizes. Edward Arnot, another constable, produced a sword and pistol found in the wood, and a bag containing a loaded pistol, powder-horn, one hundred bunches of matches, a Bible, and a pistol-belt.

Mr. Shee, who defended the prisoners, called no witnesses; but fenced ingeniously as to the legal definition of the ugly word murder.

Price and Mears were sentenced to death, but were not executed: the former being transported for ten years, and Mears for life.

In the dark ages, when the serfs were groaning at the barons' feet, worse fed than the nobles' deer, worse treated than the knights' hounds, with no hope in life, and no moment to long for so much as that of death, a madman like Courtenay might have set half England in flames, have burned Canterbury, and sacked London. When the black death or the sweating sickness was devastating England, or during the convulsions of the Reformation, Courtenay could easily have gathered an army

of ignorant peasants together, and have worked incalculable evil.

These Canterbury riots were a dreadful revelation of the degraded ignorance in which the highly civilised English landlords of the nineteenth century allowed the tillers of their fields and their out-door servants to remain. Here were gentlemen, close to a cathedral town crowded with well-paid clergy, permitting generation after generation of people to grow up ignorant and gross as the cattle they tended, unable to read and write, therefore incapable of advance or improvement, unable to lift themselves from the slough of poverty and debasement, and so ignorant of the simplest truths of Christianity, that they could risk their lives in following a man from a madhouse, who pretended to be at the same time Gideon, Samson, and Jesus Christ; who asserted that he had fallen from heaven to reduce the price of bread; who declared that he could draw fire from heaven, and who actually, unhindered by them, shot a poor constable who had not even tried to arrest him.

Well might O'Connell, when taunted with the obstacles that the Roman Catholics always throw in the way of education, point with a sneer to this outbreak of the lowest and most debased form of fanaticism within sight of the great Cathedral of Canterbury.

POOR PLAY-GROUNDS.

HALF a year ago, a piece of ground in a very wretched court in Marylebone was bought for a play-ground for poor children. A desolate, dirty, untidy, bit of ground it was. Here and there, lay great stagnant puddles; between them forlorn-looking heaps of rubbish. A cooper used one corner for his barrels, and the smoke from his fire blackened the tumble-down wall that bounded the space on one side. A stable and shed stood in another corner; blocks of timber lay about the ground. A fence, much dilapidated, separated this space from a footway leading past four little cottages to a fifth, which stood in its own small yard. It had been a stable once, and retained its paved floor; the harness-room was the sitting-room, with its small window as high up as ever; the lofts were the bedrooms where the family and the many lodgers slept. The first time I saw those rooms they were clean, but very close. "Does not that open?" I asked, pointing to a casement window nearly blocked up by an enormous nettle-leaf geranium. "Oh yes, miss," replied the woman of the house, "but it's shut now for the season. The days are getting cold." The little yard was full of creatures—hens, rabbits, doves, dogs—all, so near the houses as to be very unhealthy.

When the purchase of the land and cottages was completed, and the land was cleared of stable, timber, and cooper, it presented even a forlorn aspect. The wild dirty ragged boys, no longer awed by the former occupants, trooped into it through the broken palings; the neigh-

bours began to carry off the fence for firewood. Orders were given to take the fence down, to prevent this thieving. It was broad daylight on an afternoon in spring, when an old man set to work to execute the order. The surrounding cottagers, seeing their spoil vanishing from their grasp, seized upon the man, and snatched the wood from him. The old man, in describing the scene, said, "They nearly killed me; and what was worse, they a'most broke the window."

To enclose the ground with a good brick wall was the next thing to be done. Bricks were ordered in; a quantity were stolen in the night. The Police said, "Unless we keep a regular watchman on, they will be taken between times, and one person screens another, so that it is impossible to discover the thief down there."

The children did much harm by throwing the bricks about and breaking them; having once been tolerated on the ground, they could not understand the rights of private property. One great dirty urchin set his back doggedly against a wall, and said to me: "I've been on the place oftener nor you, and I shan't move for you."

I visited the court very often while the wall was building, and I saw the habits of the people. They were very late in the morning. Those women who were not milk-carriers lounged about, gossiping, during much of the day; they sat or stood at their doors doing nothing for whole hours together. Even great boys played at pitch and toss at mid-day. Many of the children never entered a school, and were in every one's way, and always in mischief. Towards evening the court would become more lively. It often reminded me of a place inhabited by animals that prey at night. A greater activity and watchfulness seemed gradually to animate the people, and they came buzzing out in numbers. They seemed, too, as if living in a land of savages, being obliged to hold their own by strength and violence. In reply to my questions why the front doors of two of the cottages were shattered, and the windows and plaster broken, while the two next were, comparatively speaking, in good repair, the answer was given that rather more decent tenants inhabited the less dilapidated houses, and also that one woman in them "wouldn't let the boys touch *her* place." Particular people were pointed out to me as being "a match" or "not a match" for the boys.

The wall being built, and the ground levelled, invitations were issued to the girls of the neighbourhood to attend on a given day, when the place was to be opened as a play-ground. A maypole was procured, and covered with flowers; flags were hung on the walls, and they were also decorated with great green boughs. The roofs and windows of the surrounding houses were crowded with spectators, and the fortunate possessors of tickets entered the play-ground. The clergyman of the district had signified his interest in the scheme, but was unable to attend at the opening. A short address was given to the children by a clergyman from a neighbouring

parish, in which he explained the object of the plan, and the regulations which had been made. The play-ground was to be open when the neighbouring schools were closed; during the summer months from four to eight o'clock, and all day on Saturday. A ticket of admission was to be given to any girl paying a penny, which ticket was available for a week. Tickets were transferable, but would be forfeited by children behaving ill.

So slight was the knowledge of any regular games among these children, so ignorant were they of songs, so small was their power of self-control, that it was well-nigh impossible to amuse them. A game of the simplest kind would be started one minute, the next minute it would be abandoned, and a fresh game was commenced, to be as speedily discontinued. It was the same with songs. One song begun by a small fraction of the party would be lost in a discordant fragment of another song commenced by another fraction. Still the bright flowers, the gala look of the place, the never-ending delight of skipping, and the wonder and joy the toys awakened, made the children happy.

At departure, it had been arranged to give each girl a cake and orange as she passed out. But the surging crowd swarmed round me like an eager troop of wolves. I clapped my hands and bade them stand back. No visible effect was made by the command. Then I recollected that there were a few of the children of my own tenants in the crowd, so I said, "I am astonished *you* should press forward like this. Let those who know and trust me, go at once to the back and set an example." In a moment my own girls fell back ashamed. Others caught the spirit and retreated, and the whole distribution was managed easily.

At first there was no regular superintendent of the play-ground. We had no choice but to nominate as doorkeeper, a woman who lived on the spot, but whom we knew to be utterly incapable of being any way the guide and guard of the children. The wild disorder which ensued when the few ladies left who were able to visit the ground, was dreadful. The girls knew vulgar tricks and low songs, and how to tyrannise over those smaller than themselves, and how to tease those better dressed, and how to fight and swear, and knew little else. Within a fortnight it was found necessary at any cost to engage a woman who would really be a good superintendent. Fears were entertained that the person selected might have too little authority, as she was eminently gentle; but she has really gained the hearts of her little subjects, and they obey her more than we had believed possible. She invariably appeals to good motives in the children—to their honour, gratitude, affection, duty. Life among such people is apt to deaden our faith in gentle or generous feeling; it seems so hopeless to appeal to it when there is so little sign of its presence. Vanity and fear seem such easy motives to work with, until at last, when we have strengthened them by repeated appeals, they rise like giants to war against all those right actions in behalf of which we have

summoned them, and they become too strong for us. If appeals be made continually to a child's fear, how can scorn of pain or sorrow be expected, when right deeds have to be done in spite of difficulties? To cultivate cowardice, and expect moral courage, is very curious.

The play-ground has now been open some months, and it has already done much for the court. There, at least girls can play in safety, free from the temptations and interruptions of the streets. There, many a time last summer might be seen a group of happy children sitting out in the bright sunlight, threading beads, or making wreaths of flowers, or little bags, pin-cushions, flags. The place might look forlorn to most eyes, and it was inconvenient to sit on the ground; but it was a little kingdom of our own, where we could play in peace, and learn gradually to use our fingers for making, not destroying. Here, too, any lady who wanted to find out desolate children and give them a little treat, might always find them. A kite, a doll, a ball, were sources of inexhaustible delight.

Perhaps our expeditions were as great sources of pleasure as anything. Small parties went out to row in the park; and little creatures went, who had never been in a boat, and had never noticed the laburnum or hawthorn blossom. We have gained admittance, too, for a few children to the Zoological Gardens sometimes. The ignorance shown is almost incredible. After riding on the camel, and watching it a long time, a girl of nine years old asked me if it were alive! Another child of about the same age, seeing the little clock-tower over its house, asked: "Does the camel go up there of a Sunday to church?"

Soon after the play-ground opened, I took four girls to Hampstead Heath. At first they were shy, and said little. They expressed a great dread of wolves. I reassured them by giving them an account of the destruction of wolves in England, and by saying very positively, in answer to their questions, that I was quite sure it was long before their mothers were born. They then expressed certainty that there would be bears. "No," I assured them, "none at all. Yes, I had often been there, and had never met any bears." Experience is the only thing upon which these children rely. Their last fear was, that gipsies would carry us off—six people at three o'clock of a spring afternoon at Hampstead! Satisfied at last, they abandoned themselves to natural enjoyment. The flowers, trees, animals, all were sources of wonder and pleasure, as we pointed them out. For some time I could talk to them and interest them; at last, wearied, I left them to talk among themselves. Of the foulness of their talk it would be impossible to write; of the death of all sensitiveness, and substitution of the love of horror for the love of beauty. The least awful part of it was a description of all the bodies that had been taken out of the Paddington Canal when last cleaned, gross descriptions of their appearance, and gross speculations as to their histories. The long curved line of trees in the first glory of gold-green foliage, showed,

between their as yet thinly covered branches, a mist of blue distance, at which I sat and gazed; and somehow the natural beauty made me feel with a deeper awe the pollution of these young human spirits. So I have often returned, after some hours in the court, with so vivid a sense of the savagery of the people there, that the commonest civilities among educated people have seemed to me lovely. I have been even struck by the graciousness of girls handing things to one another at table.

The swings which have been erected in the play-ground by the kind help of friends, have been sources of constant amusement. The walls have been whitewashed, and gravel has been laid down; and though the place still looks bare, and though the untidy and dirty habits of the people make it almost impossible to keep it habitually neat, yet it is like a redeemed land compared with what it was.

It is not the place here to speak of our tenants and the alterations in the cottages, for which, as well as for the entire sum required for the purchase of the play-ground, we are indebted to Mr. Ruskin. I must confine myself to the play-ground. We want fellow-workers greatly. The work requires to be done by constant personal teaching and direction. We want people to teach the children songs; to teach them to draw; to bring them things to look at. The whole world of nature is a blank to them. Shells, flowers, seaweed, the commonest objects of the country, are new and interesting to them. Presently we hope they will all go to school; but when they do, if they come out at four o'clock on a summer's evening without resources, and without space, and without guidance at home, the day's teaching will be counteracted in the court. One principle we have had carefully to observe in all our dealings with the poor. Hold back your hand from gifts of things they expect to have to provide for themselves. Do so for two reasons. First, that you may encourage in them, foresight, energy, and self-control. Add largely to their savings, if you will; give them materials, if they will manufacture them; above all, employ them, if you can. Secondly, if you will steadily refuse to give, you will drive yourself and others to face the question, Can a man live on the wages we pay him? Private charity may back up for a time a hollow state of things, as the system of out-door relief in aid of wages did; it may eat out our manhood and womanhood, our self-reliance and our providence; but it cannot make brave, healthy, honourable citizens. Let us give up the plan of screwing down our payments for work done, until a labourer can barely subsist on his wages while all goes quite smoothly with him, and stepping in with our charity when we happen to be touched by the sight of want.

It is often hard to refuse gifts. Let any one who resolves to try this hard path be consoled by the remembrance that it is not by any means one in which the need of self-sacrifice is abolished. There remains almost more to be done when no such gifts are made: the difficulties of finding work for those who want it are greater,

often much greater, than those of almsgiving; the self-control necessary to refuse a gift is often twice as great as that required to give. I once feared that the refusal to give might appear very harsh, and might cloud the hope and faith of the poor. But I now believe that the gifts of counsel, of sympathy, of unwearied energy to imagine and start any self-supporting plan of help, of loving memory of the wants of the poor, of gentle sorrow in their wrong-doing, of large hope for those of them who fall lowest and wander furthest, will bear as bright and clear a witness to them of God's love and God's ways as any goods or money-gifts, however generous.

TWELVE MONTHS OF MY LIFE.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER VIII.

THE letter was for Miss Ashenhurst, but Miss Pollard, who 'was nearest the door, took it from the servant, and handed it to Sylvia.

"It is from Dr. Strong!" said the little lady, dropping into the nearest chair, and opening her round eyes in wonderment. And I heard her murmuring while Sylvia read the latter:

"Advice about Mattie—not time to call—does not approve of her walking about the garden with a crutch. He might have waited till to-morrow, and spoken to me."

But Sylvia sat grave and silent, with the letter spread on her knees. She looked so shocked that even I began to feel surprised, and Miss Pollard went red and pale, and twitched at the lappets of her little widow's cap.

"My dear," she said, looking at Sylvia with tears in her eyes, "we are naturally anxious to know what is the matter. Pray set our minds at rest by assuring us that this is not danger, or worse. If it is illness, he may recover; but tell us that he is not dead, my dear—tell us that he is not dead."

I do not think Sylvia heard, for she took no notice of the little spinster's speech.

"Well," she said, slowly and thoughtfully, "I never dreamed the poor man was so seriously in earnest."

"In earnest about what?" I said.

"Why," said Sylvia, "it is not fair to tell, but I am so much astonished that I cannot hold my tongue. You must both promise me to keep the secret. Well, then, here is a proposal of marriage from Dr. Jacob Strong—kind, good, simple man that he is!"

I glanced at Miss Pollard. She sat bolt upright in her chair in speechless dismay; but presently she got up all trembling and most piteous to behold, and came across the floor to Sylvia.

"Miss Ashenhurst," she said, "will you allow me to look at the envelope? These mistakes have been known to occur. He may have been writing to you also about Mattie, and may have put yours into my cover, and mine into yours."

Sylvia looked at her first in surprise, and then a comical look, half compunction and half amusement, came over her face.

"Miss Pollard," she said, "why do you suppose that this letter was intended for you?"

"Miss Ashenhurst," said Miss Pollard, "I

have heard of such things as flirts, who have fooled many women, but I do not believe that a respectable man like Dr. Strong, with a high reputation in the country, would be capable of making love to two ladies at once. My dear, I know that I am a middle-aged, ordinary woman, and should never dream of entering the lists with a young and beautiful creature like yourself; but when first one letter and then another comes dropping into one's lonely life with words of love and comfort that one never thought to hear; when, in spite of one's silence and slowness to believe in the change, these letters keep perseveringly coming to one's fire-side; then, my dear young lady, even at my age, one will begin to forget one's wrinkles and common sense, and to look forward to events which one would have laughed to think about but a short time ago."

Sylvia looked up at the bright proud little simple face, then dropped her head abashed, and said penitently:

"Miss Pollard, I am very sorry indeed. I should never have done it if I had foreseen how things were to turn out. I hope you will forgive me, but it was I who sent you those letters."

"My dear, no!" said Miss Pollard, mildly, feeling in her pocket, and producing a note. "These came from Dr. Strong, Mattie will assure you. You may compare the handwriting if you wish."

And the little spinster opened her letter with trembling triumphant fingers, and seemed to feel herself happily fit to cope with this new piece of quizzing from Sylvia.

"I am very sorry, Miss Pollard," repeated Sylvia, "but I copied the writing, having a letter of Dr. Strong's in my possession. That note was written by me, as well as all the rest you have received. It was a silly hoax."

Miss Pollard stood folding at her letter for some moments, then seeming to take in the truth, dropped the paper in Sylvia's lap, and moved away quickly. She kept her face turned from us as she crossed the room to the door, but I could see the cruel quivering of the contracted face, and I grieved for the kind little wounded heart. By-and-by, she came back equipped for departure, with her bonnet put on the wrong way, the deep silk curtain dipping over her wet patient eyes.

"Thank you, my love," she said, when I put it straight. "I had no wish to see my foolish face in the glass, and I did not feel it wrong. It does not much signify."

Then she went up to Sylvia, and held out her hand.

"Good night, Miss Ashenhurst," she said, "and I hope you believe that I forgive you. I know that old maids have always been sport for the young, and perhaps it is natural that they should be so. We have all our crosses to bear, and I nourish no ill will. Forget, if you can, the humiliation you have caused me this evening, and be a good wife to Dr. Strong."

"I am very sorry I pained you," said Sylvia; "but I am not going to marry Dr. Strong."

"Not going to marry him!" echoed Miss Pollard, and now at last her meek eyes began to kindle fire. "Dr. Strong is not a person to be played with and thrown aside."

"Perhaps not," said Sylvia, carelessly. She was tired of the conversation, and was not going to submit to be lectured. But Miss Pollard would not overlook the doctor's wrongs so easily as she had done her own.

"Miss Ashenhurst," she said, her whole little person quivering with indignation, "you have done wrong, you have done very wrong. Doubtless you have been at a loss for amusement, but the sad humbling of one foolish woman might have been enough, without the grieving of a worthy heart like that which has been offered to you, and which you so carelessly fling away. I am speaking to you freely, Miss Ashenhurst, because I am angry. Your conduct since you came here has been most unworthy; your behaviour with Mr. Elphinstone, in spite of his engagement to Mattie, is talked of in the village. Such ways may do for London, but they are not admired in simple places like Streamstown. I shall bid you good night, Miss Ashenhurst. I have not been so angry for many years. I am sorry I have had to speak to you so plainly. Good night, Mattie, my dear, and I wish you could contrive to infuse a little of your honesty into your friend."

And with this the little lady bounced out of the room, and out of the house.

It seemed a long time after she had gone before Sylvia spoke to me. While Miss Pollard had talked of herself and the doctor, Sylvia had sat studying the carpet and tapping her foot. When Miss Pollard said, "Your behaviour with Mr. Elphinstone," Sylvia's face had flushed crimson, and she had lifted her head to speak angrily. When Miss Pollard said, "in spite of his engagement to Mattie," Sylvia's dilated eyes had fixed themselves with an absent look of perplexity on the opposite wall, while gradually the indignant glow faded from her forehead, her cheeks, and her lips, and she sat paler than I had ever seen her, studying the carpet as before.

It seemed five minutes before she spoke. I dare say it was not so long.

"Mattie," said she at last, "what was it that fiery little woman said about Luke?"

I had never felt such a coward in my life before. I had never been so utterly at a loss to know what to say.

"Did you not hear what she said, Sylvia?" I stammered.

"Had I been sure I heard rightly, I should not trouble myself and you with the question," returned she, so sharply, it hardly seemed possible it could be Sylvia who was speaking. "You do not seem to wish to repeat what she said. I thought she spoke of an engagement between you and Luke. She or I must have been wrong. It is not possible that such an engagement could exist."

"It is quite true. Such an engagement has existed for the past six months. I ought to have told you about it," said I, stabbing her involuntarily in my trepidation.

"You ought to have told me about it," she echoed, laughing, with a spasm of pain upon her face. "Hear her! how coolly she says it. She ought to have told me about it!" repeated Sylvia, leaving her seat with a passionate spring, and standing at the window, her back to me.

"Sylvia," began I, pleadingly, "how could I know that it was anything to you?"

She made a little frantic gesture of impatience.

"Mattie!" she cried, "you have got me on the rack, but why need you torture me more than is necessary? Stay, though!" she added. "We may as well speak out, having said so much already. You think that during your illness I have employed myself by 'setting my cap,' as they say, at Mr. Luke Elphinstone, and that I am now disappointed. Is not that what you believe?"

"I will not say anything, Sylvia," I said. "You have no right to oblige me to accuse you against my will."

"I thank you for your generosity," she said, bitterly; "but I will have the truth. What have you thought? What have you believed? Miss Pollard spoke of talk in the village. What have they dared to say? What have you heard? I will hear it from some one, so you may as well tell me."

"I heard some remarks from the servants," said I, "which I treated as idle nonsense, and silenced at once. I saw you and Luke sitting by the burn together this afternoon, and I spoke to Luke about it."

"You spoke to Luke about it," she echoed, in a choking voice. It seemed as if she could not clearly realise the meaning of what I said, unless she repeated my words. "You spoke to Luke about it. And what did he say?"

"He acknowledged that he had flirted a little," I said, "and treated the matter as a jest." Then there followed a long silence, while Sylvia stood in the window with her back to me, and the twilight gathered about her light figure.

At last she turned to me again. She was strangely flushed, and there were traces of suffering on her face. One could scarcely have recognised the gay pretty Sylvia.

"Why did you keep your engagement a secret from me, Mattie?" she said.

"It was Luke's desire," I said. "I promised him not to tell you of it till he gave me leave."

"I see; and then he behaves as he has done, and then he tells you that I have joined with him in a vulgar flirtation. He trusts to a woman's pride for silence between you and me, and he is right enough there. But I will tell you this much, Mattie, Luke asked me to be his wife before ever he could have been a lover of yours. Did I not tell you one day that at the time I promised to marry poor Dick, I liked another better than your brother? That other was Luke, and he knew it."

I was not surprised to hear this. I had guessed something of it before.

"He left me in great grief and anger," Sylvia went on, "but he came to me again one day last spring. He told me then that he had become a wealthy man, and he urged me to pay a visit to the Mill-house. I think I told you before how

I was starved for a little love in those days. I had just had a snubbing that very morning, and I was particularly lonely and sad. I believed it was in all sincerity that he led me to believe that he still had the hope to win me for his wife. I gave him a note to you, saying I should come, and I came."

"Which note he never delivered," I thought, remembering her unexpected arrival; but I let that pass.

"You may have mistaken his manner, Sylvia," I said.

"Mistaken!" she said. "Oh, you meek Mattie, how quietly you take all this! You are not, a bit jealous, not a bit indignant. For shame, Mattie, to give your promise to a man you care nothing for! But it is a wise age. I should have thriven on my own wisdom before now, if Providence had not ordered things otherwise. If Luke were not rich, richer than that dashing soldier who was here this evening, looking as if he thought you an angel, instead of a mercenary little piece of clay, you would have nothing to do with him, not you. Gracious Heavens! what a pair of icicles you will be! But, Mattie, we will go to Eldergowan."

I was lying on a couch, and I had turned my face away from her. I could not bear to see her flashing eyes. The bitter gaiety of her voice was cruel enough. "Poor Sylvia," I thought, and "poor Mattie!" and "oh, why would not Luke return to his old love?" I had nothing to say aloud on the instant, and when I thought of something, and turned my head, Sylvia was gone.

I got up-stairs. Passing Sylvia's door, I listened, and fancied I heard a sob. But it was not likely. I could better imagine her with still that angry flush on her face, and that dry light in her eyes, sitting proud and straight, with her head high, than broken down and weeping. I thought it sore and hard that she might not be Mattie, and I might not be Sylvia, and free.

My room was full of silence and the cool green twilight, the stars twinkling serenely above the dim trees without, the window open, and all the out-door perfumes coming in. I hid my eyes in my arm on the window-sill, and felt my mother mourning over me. "Kind mother," I sighed, "you get little rest, for every day I am in sadder straits!"

I heard heavy feet coming along the gravel. My father, Mark, and Luke all came up the walk together. They were giving good night before the door, when a light foot went down the stairs, and I saw Sylvia appear on the steps.

"A note for your mother, Major Hatteraick," said her clear voice, and a little white waif went fluttering down into his hand.

"Mattie and I shall be delighted to go to Eldergowan."

I saw Mark's swift bright glance upward; but I retreated from the window, and laid myself trembling on my bed.

CHAPTER IX.

I SLEPT little that night. During the first hour after I laid my head upon my pillow I assured myself that I could not go to Eldergowan. But

as the night advanced, my ideas changed. For Sylvia's sake, I must dare to go. Did I not owe her something for the wrong that my silence had done her? I knew her secret now, and, knowing it, could I selfishly shut the door of her escape from the Mill-house? Having given up her situation to come to me, she had no home ready to receive her upon a day's notice. I could not send her to Eldergowan alone, and did I refuse to accompany her thither, how cruel and capricious would not my conduct appear? Oh yes, for Sylvia's sake I must go, and while there I would be honest and brave. Suffering lay before me, whichever way I turned; and if in it I could include a benefit to another, would it not be well? With the stars shining in at one's window, and dim boughs sleeping solemnly against the sky, it is easy to be heroic between the hours of dawn and midnight. And then, having made up my mind, I thought I should sleep, but the glamour of a brighter sun than ever shone over the Mill-house crept under my eyelids. The thought of no after-sorrow could keep down a thrill of joy at the surety that to-morrow I should see Eldergowan. But it was a feverish joy, struggling with fear and anguish. The lonely wheel of the beetling-house purred dolefully all the night, and the cocks crowed sad and shrill in the dawn.

I went down to breakfast in the morning, the first time for many weeks. Luke was sitting in the window, with a flushed angry face, screened from the room by a newspaper. I heard Sylvia's laugh before I opened the door. She was already in her place at the head of the table, in her white wrapper and nosegay. She was paler than usual; and when she stopped laughing for a minute, I saw a darkness round her eyes, which was something new in her face. But she went on laughing again, and when she laughed there was nothing to be observed about Silvia but glow, and glitter, and enchantment. She was chatting to my father and putting him in a good humour, as she could do better than any one else, although when away from the charm of her presence he always spoke of her with a grudge. I could not clearly see a cause for her excessive mirth, though the subject of their talk was a pleasant one. Sylvia was extolling Major Hatteraick, and expressing her delight at the prospect of going to Eldergowan.

"He is a very fine fellow," growled my father, in his blunt way, "and he is old enough to be thinking of taking a wife. He seemed very anxious to get you to his mother's house. When you go to Eldergowan, Miss Sylvia, I think you ought to stay there."

Sylvia laughed another gay peal, and clapped her hands softly together in a rapture of fun.

"Would you give the bride away, Mr. Gordon?" she said. "And oh! what a pretty place Streamstown church would be for a wedding on a summer morning, with the sun coming down through all the little coloured windows on our heads!"

"I tell you what it is," said my father, with sudden warmth, "you and Mattie get married on the same day, and we'll have such doings as

shall make the country wonder. The workpeople shall have holiday, and the wheels shall rest. Eh! Miss Sylvia?"

At this moment I asked Sylvia, rather sharply, for a cup of tea, and Luke flung down his newspaper and came over to the table with a black frown on his face. Something had put him in a very bad humour that morning. Sylvia seemed the only one who appreciated my father's joke.

My father left the room first, and Sylvia followed, singing a little catch as she closed the door. I hastened out also, but Luke stopped me.

"What is the meaning," he said, "of this sudden visit to Eldergowan?"

"The meaning is," I answered, looking him full in the face, "that Sylvia wishes to go, and, of course, I am going with her."

He turned his back to me, and began to fidget with the blind, on pretence of drawing it up.

"Why does she wish to go?" he asked.

I was silent for some moments, not knowing how to answer this question. I watched his nervous fingers playing with the cord of the blind, and wondered at him. I felt that he was false, but I could not understand him.

"Why does she wish to go?" he repeated, impatiently.

"You can best answer that question yourself," I said, at last.

He wheeled round suddenly. "You have broken your word," said he; "you have told her of the engagement between you and me."

"Yesterday," I said, "you gave me a good character for truth. I am sorry to say I kept the secret; Miss Pollard enlightened her by accident."

"When?" he said. "Since yesterday evening?"

"Last night," I said.

"Meddling old fool!" he muttered under his breath.

Again I looked at him, wondering at the unaccountable meanness of his conduct.

"Luke," said I, "if you knew what I am thinking of you now, you would give me my liberty at once."

He smiled at me, with a sort of admiration in his eyes.

"There is a great deal of the child about you yet, Mattie," said he. "What is your terrible thought?"

"I have been hating you," I said.

"That is nonsense," he said. "I never did you any harm that you should hate me."

"You have done me harm," I said, "a great deal; and you have done Sylvia harm."

"Has she complained to you?" he said, with sudden anger and triumph struggling in his face. Just at this moment Sylvia passed under the window, to pluck some lavender from a bed close by, to lay amongst the linen she was packing in her trunk. A startling change passed over Luke's face when she appeared; he flushed up to the forehead, and his lip quivered.

"Four years ago," he said, huskily, "she cost me bitter suffering. I have been trying to punish her, but she is as heartless as ever. Let her go as she came. She shall not interfere between you and me. You are too good for me,

Mattie, I know you are; but I will not give you up, nor your father."

He rushed out of the room and down the path to the bridge, without once looking at Sylvia, who was coming in with her lavender; and we saw no more of him till after our return from Eldergowan. I followed Sylvia, who had passed him, smiling, on the steps. When I arrived up-stairs, her door was locked. I knocked, and there was no answer. Afterwards, when I coaxed my way in, she was packing her trunk with a dark face, and very few words for me. Good-bye had been said to our friendship; she could not forgive me.

I found Elsie in my own room, waiting for me in triumph, with a pile of white muslins, coloured cambrics, dainty laces, bright ribbons, shoes with rosettes on them, and pretty morsels of jewellery which she had taken from my mother's old casket, and rubbed up with her kindly hands till they sparkled again in the sun. Her bairn had been covered up in ugly black the last time she went visiting, said Elsie; this time she should be as gay as a garden of posies. She took a simple delight in watching me dress myself in white, and tie a rose-coloured ribbon among my curls. She had little bits of gold and diamonds for my ears and throat; but "yon braw ring o' Luke's," she said, "has the bonniest glint o' them a'." I sighed a passionate sigh as I dropped my hand into the folds of my gown. I could not but see that these bright garnishings had made me a different creature. Little black Mattie might sit in the corner and cry over her sorrows; but this shining young woman looked like some one fit to be loved, some one with a right to walk out into the summer sunshine, and stretch forth her hand for her share of human happiness. And again the fruitless question, "Why had not I been Sylvia, why had not Sylvia been me?" rang its sharp changes on my heart; while Elsie chuckled and admired, hoping Mr. Luke would come back to take just one peep before I went off in my glory.

I was surely mad that day as we drove out into the wreathed and scented midsummer world, along the sunny roads, under the arching trees, and between the blossomed hedges, mad with the madness of nineteen years, from whose hands trouble drops of its own weight, while joy fills them with flowers at a moment's notice. I was mad to tremble with ecstasy when we turned into the avenue of Eldergowan, and the scent of the wild orange-blossoms stole to my senses; maddest of all when Mark Hatteraick handed me out of the carriage, and I stood by his side on the gravel, with the dear old house beaming down on me, with its sunny windows, and puffing welcomes from all its thrifty chimneys, with bright faces flashing out of the open door and down the steps, with voices of delight ringing, with dogs leaping and barking, and Mark holding my hand longer than he need have done, and looking at me and my pretty dress, my gay bonnet, and my little gold things, till I could not see for blushes, and got so dizzy, I did not know who was speaking to me at this side or that, but answered all at random and in confusion.

It was I who, instead of Sylvia, should have sat in the carriage, cold and pale as if happiness were dead, and we were driving to its funeral, tricked out in gala garments for a mockery. It was I who should have stood gravely indifferent, looking around without interest, like one setting lonely foot on an alien land—I who should have said, "Thank you, Major Hatteraick," stiffly, and talked to the sweet-faced old lady at the top of the steps without tremor or effusion. Sylvia was the stately banished princess, with her trouble wrapped about her in dignity; but, alas! I was only like a poor little caged mouse running gleefully back to its hole.

We did not find Eldergowan the quiet place I had left it two months before. There was more lively stir and bustle, more coming and going of visitors, a freshened vividness of colouring about the whole house; some water-colour paintings from this year's exhibition, and some new pink linings for the chintz-chalis curtains in the drawing-room, a tall crystal tazza for piling up pyramids of flowers on the hall table, a noble "Diana robing" to fill a nook on the gossip's landing, and be hung with the flitting jewels, showered through the coloured window by the sun of sunny afternoons—little novelties like these, the fruits of a visit of Major Hatteraick to London, gave the place an air of being newly swept, and garnished, as if in preparation for new scenes of delight, which the remaining summer days had yet in store. And gaieties already were projected, promising more excitement, if not more pleasure, than might be expected to be found in dreamy saunters in the garden, nutting rambles in the woods, and story-telling gatherings on the steps at sunset. The Eldergowan I had known had passed away, with my black gown and my peace of mind, and I could be thankful for visitors, for bustle, for many eyes; many voices, from amongst which one would not be missed, if it sometimes failed and dropped away; for much fun which could keep laughter on the lips, let the heart be never so sore.

For my little flash of delight faded away from me like a streak of winter sunshine, and every night I asked myself why had I come again to Eldergowan to wreck my life utterly for the sake of one who had already, in such a little while, exhausted the sorrow which I had looked upon with sympathy and awe? I had sounded her trouble and thought it fathomless, and, behold! the shallow fountain was already dried up. For Sylvia's fit of hardness and gloom passed off in a few days, and she threw herself into every plan for amusement with a zest and merriment that made her a favourite with every one she met with. She was queen of every festival, dance, and pie-nic, what not: She had but to lift her little finger and any one was ready to do her will. Who would not love her—gay, witty, melting, wilful, with only that fierce hard look for me when nobody was by?

Sylvia was at enmity with me, yet it was only at times that I cried out the injustice that she was heartless and suffered nothing. I, who knew her, saw the hectic on her cheek, and heard the discord in her voice. She suffered in the sing-

ing of songs, in the pauses of the dance, at night when her door was shut.

Our rooms opened out of one another, but the door between us was kept fast closed. I could not have dared to creep to her bedside saying "Poor Sylvia!" And I knew she would sooner have thrown dust upon my head and sent me wrapped in a sheet to do penance on the highways, than have turned the handle of that lock and stolen an arm round my neck, whispering courage in the darkness. She was at enmity with me, and she did not disguise it. I had wronged her once in my secret engagement to Luke, and again it seemed that I offended in the attraction that kept Mark Hatteraick at my side. I often wondered whether it was in a spirit of coquetry that she desired to draw his homage to herself, or whether she had seen more than any other eyes could see, and, regarding me with angry contempt, was endeavouring to punish me. But one night at last she did visit me in my room.

There was full moon that night, and no strangers were with us. Sylvia sat out on the steps with a light scarf round her head, singing softly in the pauses of the nightingales. One song after another made the night more still, till all the moonlit world seemed intent on listening; the soft greenish air on which the scents hung breathless, the yellow light sleeping on the house-front and on the flats of the steps, the velvety shadows that lurked about the dim wrapt trees. First we had passionate ballads, and then dreamy melodies on which the very soul of melancholy had spent itself. Now the clear mellow voice soared among the stars, which seemed to flash and reverberate for sympathy, and now it fell softly to the level of the roses, with a special cooing note for the little baby-buds folded under the mother-leaves close by.

Mark was smoking somewhere in the walks outside, and we had no light in the drawing-room. Mrs. Hatteraick had fallen asleep on a couch, and I was resting on another in the window, from which I saw the dimly swelling swards with a faint glory hovering above their breasts, the shadowed woods lying with dusky shoulders against the stars, and the notches of light and pools of shadow that exaggerated the grotesque carving of the stonework outside the window.

"Mattie!" whispered Polly, pulling my arm. "They are making butter in the dairy. Come and print some little pats."

"Hush! Polly," said Nell, in a motherly way, spreading a shawl over my feet. "Mattie has a headache. Come along, and I will make pats with you." And the little girls left me alone in quietness.

Just then, Sylvia, who had been lingering about the open hall door, sat down on the steps and began her singing. By-and-by, I saw a dark figure emerge from the trees, and Mark came towards the house. Through the open doors, I heard Sylvia saying to him on the steps, "They are all asleep in-doors, and I am trying to amuse myself." Then she asked him a question. Did he ever hear a song called so-and-so? No? Well then it was very pretty; it went like this.

And so she went on singing, and he remained listening. Sometimes the song ceased for a minute or so, and I heard her voice in speaking tones. I grew restless—the room was hot, the couch hard. I would go away to bed. I passed out to the hall, where the fresh air and moonlight came freely through the open door. I stood in the shadows and saw a striking picture—Sylvia, sitting on the steps like a beautiful yellow-haired gipsy, with her light dress gathered about her, and a half-faded scarlet kerchief looped under her chin. Mark leaned against the opposite railings.

"Oh! you do not like that," she said, breaking off abruptly in the middle of a refrain, and looking up brightly.

"Yes," he said, with his good-natured smile, "it is very sweet; go on."

The melody turned to discord, and my heart began to burn. "Mattie," said Sylvia, suddenly, "come out here, and do not lurk in the dark like a spirit of evil. The night is glorious."

"Come here, Mattie," said Mark, softly; but I said, "No, I am going to bid you good night;" and I retreated into the shadows, and went away up-stairs out of reach of the sweet echoes, taking with me rending pains at the heart. And yet it was all nothing, I told myself; nothing that Sylvia should look so fair, and sing bewitchingly; nothing that Mark should stand by and see and listen: and if each of these nothings had been a very important something, still it were nothing to me. I crushed my throbbing head into the cold pillow and tried to sleep; and after a time I must have succeeded, for I did not hear the people in the house settling to rest, the voices on the lobbies, nor the doors shutting.

The first thing I heard was the opening of the door of communication between my room and Sylvia's, and, starting up, I saw Sylvia walking across the floor in the moonshine, with a dark cloak wrapped around her, and all her yellow hair lying loose over her shoulders. She shocked me with her sudden appearance, as she had shocked me on the first night I had seen her in the Mill-house. She reminded me, as then, of my mother's wandering spirit. I sat up and spoke to her with irritation. Why had she startled me out of my tranquil sleep to uneasy recollections? We were not good enough friends to hold those nightly talks which have such an irresistible fascination for some girls.

"What do you want, Sylvia?" said I. "Why have you wakened me?"

She had seated herself on the corner of my bed facing me. The moonlight from the window fell on my face, leaving hers in shadow; only rippling down the edges of the long rich hair that fell to one side in a pale stream over her arm.

"I did not wish to trouble you, Mattie," she said, humbly. "I came to talk to you a little. Let us be better friends than we have been."

"We are pretty good friends," said I; "as good as we can be, I think. What can we have to talk about? I do not want to lose my sleep."

"You do not sleep so well at nights," she

said. "I can hear you fidgeting through the door. Mattie, you have a sorrow that you are keeping all to yourself. Open your heart and talk to me, and you will be the better for it."

"What has put such an absurd idea in your head?" I said. "Go away to your own room, Sylvia, please, and let me go to sleep."

"Nay," she said, "I will not be shaken off so easily. I will tell you about it, then, if you will not tell me. You are engaged to marry Luke Elphinstone. He loves some one else better than you, and you do not like him. I thought so before; now I know it."

I did not reply to the first part of the accusation; I thought only of keeping my trouble to myself.

"Why do you say I do not like him?" I said. "I never gave you the right. I will not allow you to say it."

"You are making a confession now," she said. "You defend yourself: you do not notice that I said, Luke loves another better than you. Yet I made you jealous to-night by singing a little song for Major Hatteraick. Ah, Mattie! you love Mark, and Mark loves you. I have tried him, I have sounded him, I have made you jealous for your own good. He is noble, he is worth a woman's devotion. He—"

"Stop, Sylvia!" cried I. "I will not hear another word;" and I pressed my hands over my ears.

She seized my wrists in her strong white fingers, and brought down my hands, and held them one upon another in my lap.

"You must release Luke," she said, vehemently, looking in my face with passionate eyes, half craving, half commanding.

"Impossible!" I said. "The engagement cannot be broken. As for the rest, Major Hatteraick is nothing to me, and I am nothing to him. You imagine a hundred foolish things. Go away to your bed."

I never saw such a look of utter scorn as came into her face as I spoke. She drew away her hands from mine, and half turned her back upon me during some moments of silence. But afterwards she turned to me, softened again, and began speaking sweetly and sorrowfully.

"Mattie dear," she said, "I am older than you, and I have more experience of people and things. What is your reason for acting so strangely? Luke is rich; Mark is a little poor, they say. Is that it? Do you think of those things? I did once; I do not now. It is a great mistake when women do not know at first what women are made of. If one is content at her heart, what a little thing will make her happiness—a step on the floor, a voice up-stairs. I have seen a poor wife sing for joy over a tattered jacket. If a woman has given the salt out of her life, what will satisfy her? Not jewels nor fine dresses, not gaities nor luxuries. Take the joy, Mattie, that is waiting for you, and turn your back on the emptiness, the thorns, the heart-sickness. Mattie dear—"

Her voice melted away, and her fingers coaxed themselves in among mine again. But the woe that had gathered to my heart made

me sullen. I closed my mouth on the troubles that would not bear to be let loose. Why should I speak, to embitter my after life with shame? I drew my hand away from hers, and turned my face to the wall.

"I never told you I did not like Luke," I said, "and I never told you I liked any one else. I cannot break my engagement."

She sprang from her seat on the bed. I did not look round to see her, but I heard the anger in her voice, as she spoke her parting words.

"Go your wicked way, then," she said to me, "but no blessing will go with you. I have stooped very low, begging for your happiness and my own. It is the last time. Good night."

Then I heard her door shutting.

CHAPTER X.

AT breakfast next morning there was some discussion about getting up charades, to be followed by a ball on the same night, at Eldergowan. Nell would like to be a princess, Polly would dearly love to be dressed up like an old market-woman. Mrs. Hatteraick said Sylvia would make a perfect Mary Stuart; and Mattie, why Mattie might be transformed into an Italian peasant. But the words must be chosen, said Uncle Mark, before the parts could be cast; and still more was it necessary that the resources of Eldergowan in the way of properties should be ascertained, before any other steps should be taken.

So, after breakfast, Mrs. Hatteraick took me up-stairs with her to an odd little attic where lumber was kept. This was a little room at the end of a long upper passage, nestling under the eaves of the western gable, a little room where there was a range of tall black ghoullike presses, and cavernous chests of drawers with grotesque brazen handles; with an old cradle; with mouse-holes; with pictures leaning against the walls in tarnished frames, from which mysterious features peered dimly into the daylight of the present day; and with a lattice window rustily bolted, from which you looked down into the heart of the Eldergowan woods, beyond them to moors and hills, and further still into regions of indescribable cloud and sunshine—a landscape full of a wild glory, a stream flashing here, a streak of vivid purple there, an amber valley printed with moving shadows, a lazy cloud just waking to the sun along a frowning ridge of rocks.

Mrs. Hatteraick unlocked her presses, and their contents were dragged forth to the light—ancient robes of faded satin with short waists and tight skirts, tarnished brocades, Indian scarves, velvet turbans, embroidered shoes, plumes and wreaths, and a hundred fantastic fripperies belonging to a bygone day. These were duly examined, and then Mrs. Hatteraick laid open some of the deep drawers, and showed me stores of goodly linen and damask, also rare old laces, untouched webs of delicate India muslins, and exquisite painted gauzes, handkerchiefs fine as cobweb loaded with the richest needlework, curious fans carved in ivory and various costly woods, with many other such

feminine treasures, which she told me were all to be appropriated by Mark's wife, whenever that person should make her appearance at Eldergowan.

"She will be welcome when she comes, Mattie," said the dear old lady, gazing at me in her sweet wistful way, putting her soft hand under my chin and drawing my face to hers for a kiss.

"Provided you approve of her, Mrs. Hatteraick," I said, gaily. "Mothers are hard to please for their sons. I dare say you would like a princess out of a fairy tale, with all the good gifts on earth."

I wanted to make a longer speech, but my breath failed me.

"No, my love," said Mrs. Hatteraick, smiling. "I shall only desire some one young, and fresh, and warm hearted, and sweet tempered, such a one as I know my Mark will choose; with a kind stateliness, with a gentle pride, a lady at all points. Nay, my darling, do not blush so terribly and look so disturbed. I did not mean to run too fast, nor to probe too deeply."

"Mrs. Hatteraick——!" I began, desperately, with all my confession on my tongue, but at the same moment the door was dashed open, and in came Nell and Sylvia, followed by Polly and a pet dog. The dog, dashing in amongst the outspread fineries, was noisily ejected on the passage, and up came Major Mark to know what all the scuffling and whining was about. The dog being disposed of, there followed an examination of the articles lying around, and a discussion as to what might and what might not be available. Sylvia wound a yellow scarf round my head, and threw a scarlet mantle over my shoulders. Mark picked up a blue velvet turban and perched it on his head, while Polly, eager to make new discoveries, dived into a press which had as yet not been ransacked, and dragged forth in triumph a rusty-white satin gown of ancient pattern, and, slipping into it, began dancing about the room, crying,

"Grandmamma's wedding dress! Grandmamma's wedding dress!"

"Polly! Polly!" remonstrated grandmamma, gently.

"Is it really your wedding dress, Mrs. Hatteraick?" said Sylvia, catching the little flying figure in her extended arms, and examining the robe with interest. "Dear, dear! what a funny gown! Mattie, how should you like to be married in this? Mrs. Hatteraick, you must lend it to Mattie for a pattern; she will want one soon, you know."

"Mattie want one soon!" echoed Mrs. Hatteraick, looking from me to Sylvia, and from Sylvia to me, in perplexity. Then there followed a sudden silence, and every eye was turned on me, as if they were all waiting for me to contradict this extravagant assertion, which could only have been made in jest.

"Have I made a blunder, Mattie?" said Sylvia, innocently. "Is it a secret here? Why, I thought every one knew of your engagement to Mr. Luke Elphinstone."

"I had never spoken of it here, Sylvia," I

said, "but it does not signify;" and I felt an icy indifference creeping into my voice and eyes as I spoke to her.

"Is this jest or earnest, Mattie?" said Mrs. Hatteraick, looking at me strangely.

"It is earnest, Mrs. Hatteraick," I said; and then I picked up some white flowers and began decorating Polly to make her look still more like a bride, putting my head on this side and that as if criticising coolly the effect of what I was doing; but I might have been sticking my roses in the child's mouth for aught that I could see to the contrary.

I had felt Mark's eyes upon me all this time; but I had not ventured to glance at him. Now he turned to the window and stood some time looking down on that landscape I have described. At last he said suddenly:

"Mattie, will you come down with me to the garden for a few minutes? I have something to say to you."

I could not find a word to give in answer; but I dropped the remainder of the flowers in Polly's lap, and turned to follow him.

"Are you going in that costume?" said Sylvia. I took off the yellow turban with which she had decked me, and threw it at her feet, slipped the gaudy mantle from my shoulders, and went down-stairs after Mark.

"Mattie," said he, when we got into the open air, "how long have you been engaged to Mr. Elphinstone?"

"Six months," I said.

"Then you were engaged to him before you came here first?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not tell us—tell my mother? Why did you keep it a secret?"

"I had a right to do so, if I pleased," I said.

"You had not the right," he burst forth, in a voice and with a face that reminded me of the day the little boy had been kicked in the stable-yard. "Answer me truly, Mattie, have I hidden from you, from any one, how I have been setting my heart upon you? Have you not known all this time that I have been loving you with all my strength?"

I said "Yes," and I tried to say it coldly and hardly, for I felt tears coming, and I feared not what might happen if I let them fall. But I looked up at the moment, and I think my eye must have told him something, for he checked his anger and spoke tenderly.

"Mattie, my own love," he said, "you are unhappy. There is something very wrong in all this. Trust me, tell me about it; can we not set it right?"

He held his large strong loving hand towards me as he spoke, and with all the passion of my soul I yearned to lay my face against it and pour out all the troubles of my heart, as freely as a little child to its mother; but the madness of such an action stared me in the face all the

time, and I could no more have done it than I could have died of my will on the instant.

"Will you not trust me? Can we not set it right?" he said again; but I said "No," in the same cold way, and turned from him. My arms hung like lead by my side. I could not lift one finger to detain the kind eager hand extended towards me, till at last it was withdrawn in anger, and I saw him turn and stride away—away from me, among the trees, without looking back—out of sight.

I fled into the house. Hurrying across the hall, I met Mrs. Hatteraick, who put her arms round me and drew me into the nearest room. Then I broke down, and with her motherly hand on my hair, I cried on my knees with my head in her lap, wept and wept, till I thought I must have wept all the youth out of my life. I spoke nothing to the dear old friend; her soft soothing and hushings sounded as if from across a raging sea. I could take no comfort. I do not know exactly when it was that there arose a cry of "Mattie! Mattie!" all through the house, as it seemed; outside the door, and on the stairs. But, at last, several people came into the room at once, and were not at all surprised to see me crying so, telling me to hope for the best, assuring me that my father was not dead, that the doctor gave hope of his recovery; saying that the carriage was at the door, one bringing me my hat, and another my mantle. And before many minutes had passed I found myself driving hastily home to the Mill-house, with a clear knowledge that my father had got a stroke of paralysis, and lay in danger of death.

I found by his bedside two kind friends, Doctor Strong and Miss Pollard. Then began a weary period of watching and nursing, during which the shadow of death hung over the Mill-house. All selfish unruly thoughts were obscured in the darkness, and the sore heart was thankful to mistake one pain for another in the confusion of its growing sorrows.

It was Miss Pollard who beckoned me out to the lobby one day to give me the latest news of the country-side.

"Miss Sylvia is engaged to be married to Major Hatteraick, my dear!" she said. "Goodness me, what a coquette that girl has been! And now to think of her settling down in Eldergowan at last!"

I almost pushed my little friend down the stairs. I called to Luke, and bade him see her home through the village. Why should I hate her, who had never meant me ill? I said good night kindly, and went back and shut the door of my sick-room, and gathered myself under the shelter of the shadow of death.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at Warrington on Thursday the 2nd; and at St. James's Hall, London, for the last time this season, on Monday the 13th of May.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER XI. PROJECTS.

TRouble, indeed, had come to Jessamine Cottage, and the suddenness of the blow had nearly overwhelmed the newly bereaved widow.

It is true that Mrs. Saxelby had felt no passionate love for her husband; but she had clung to him with confidence, and hers was a nature that suffered acutely from the wrenching away of any support. She had been grateful to Mr. Saxelby for his love for her, for his protection, and for the release he had afforded her from a dull oppressive tyranny, in taking her away from the old woman whose humble companion she had been when he married her. Then, too, she felt that her worldly position would now be a very precarious one, and that the comfortable ease in which she had been living for these five years past, must give place to care and poverty. It was in a dumb unacknowledged way that this thought lay in her mind; and she would have repudiated with anger the idea that such considerations weighed with her at such a moment. Nevertheless, the considerations were there.

All Mabel's care at present was to soothe and comfort her mother as much as possible. Friendly services were not wanting to them. The family at Bramley Manor were kind in word and deed. So were several directors of the company in whose employ Mr. Saxelby had been so long. Mr. Charlewood himself relieved the widow from all the sad and depressing details of the last ceremony that mortality can claim from its fellow-creatures. But then came the time—perhaps the hardest to bear—when blind grief could no longer be indulged and excused; when the shutters must be unbolted, and the windows opened wide, and light and air let in once more upon the dark desolate rooms; and the noises of the outside world must come jarring in upon the silence, and when the hushed speech and noiseless tread of friends and servants must give place to the ordinary busy sounding traffic of life. If God's world would only mourn with her, thought Mrs. Saxelby; if the sun would cease from shining, and the birds from chirping, and the dry autumn leaves from dancing in the eddying dust; if a soft perpetual

twilight would reign in the sky, and a soft perpetual hush upon the earth; then her grief would not be so hard to bear, nor her desolation seem so out of tune with the unfortunate life around her. But this could not be. Gradually, as was inevitable, she was roused from the lethargy of sorrow, and began to feel that the blood still ran in her veins, and that for her, as for the rest of humanity, Time's touch could heal as well as wound.

Mr. Saxelby had saved in his bachelor days, but not so much as many of his acquaintances had expected and believed. It is hard to say why they should have imagined him to have laid by any considerable sum of money, seeing that his salary was not large, and that its amount was pretty well known to all his acquaintances. Since his marriage he had lived up to his income; but he had insured his life for a sum which, judiciously invested, would realise about forty pounds a year. Besides this, there was the long lease of a little cottage and garden, a mile or two out of Hammerham, and there were a few shares in the gas company whose clerk he had been.

Mr. Saxelby left a will bequeathing everything of which he died possessed, absolutely to his widow. His executors were Mr. Charlewood and the Reverend Decimus Fluke.

These gentlemen were sitting one evening about a week after the funeral, in the little room which Mrs. Saxelby had been accustomed to consider her own especial domain. It was quite dark. The shutters were closed, and the muslin curtains were drawn across them. A bright fire blazed in the grate, and the lamp, carefully shaded—for Mrs. Saxelby's eyes were weak with weeping, and could not endure a glare of light—stood on a little table behind her arm-chair. Mr. Charlewood had taken his place on the sofa opposite to the widow, and sat there with his legs crossed, and his hands spread out on the centre table before him, as he explained to her the position of her worldly affairs, and emphasised each paragraph of his discourse by gently raising his outspread palms, and letting them fall again.

Mr. Fluke, whose vivacious energy seldom permitted him to be still for two minutes together, stood with his back to the fire, and his hands beneath his coat-tails: a position which he constantly varied by sticking his thumbs into his waistcoat-pockets, playing with his

heavy gold watch-chain, or rubbing his fingers through his hair until it stood upright from his forehead. Mr. Fluke was a large squarely built man, rather over the middle height, with thick features, a ruddy face, and light widely opened blue eyes, which recalled his eldest daughter's eyes in the intensity and directness of their stare. He was loud of voice, dictatorial and absolute in manner, but a conscientious earnest man withal; not without kindness of heart, though a little dull in intellect. He was a man who might even have been gentle on occasions, if he could by any possibility have conceived the existence in anybody of a nervous system less robust than his own.

"It is, of course, a bare subsistence, Mrs. Saxelby," said Mr. Charlewood; "but I think we have done the best that could be done under the circumstances."

"Quite the best we could do, according to our lights, Mrs. Saxelby," Mr. Fluke put in, shifting his balance from one leg to the other, and bumping his shoulder violently two or three times against the marble mantelpiece. "We have meted with a just measure, as far as it was given unto us so to do."

"I'm quite sure," said Mrs. Saxelby, with her handkerchief to her eyes, "that you have both been wise and kind; and I am very grateful to you both for all the trouble you have taken."

"Nay," said Mr. Charlewood, "I assure you the trouble has been small in itself, although the occasion of it has been a sad one. Saxelby's accounts were in perfect order. I don't think he owed five shillings in the world, and his will was one of the clearest I have ever read in my life. He was an admirable man of business."

"He—was," said Mr. Fluke, with deliberate emphasis, "a—convicted—Christian; a practical, evangelical Christian; his earthly register, as well as his Heavenly one, was kept with faithful exactitude. By their fruits, Mrs. Saxelby, ye shall know them."

"Quite so," said Mrs. Saxelby, meekly. "It is most soothing to my feelings to have him truly appreciated. Indeed, indeed, he was very kind and good to me; always, always, always!" The widow added this, with a burst of genuine emotion.

"You'll consider of my plan for your living at Hazlehurst, Mrs. Saxelby," said Mr. Charlewood, after a pause. "I do believe it to be the best plan for you. You see, if you let the cottage, the rent wouldn't bring you in more than sixteen or eighteen pounds a year; and you couldn't find a place in Hammerham fit for you to live in, at anything like that price. Then you'd have the garden. That's a saving, when you don't employ a fashionable scientific gardener to eat up the profits. The man who attended to it before (when your late husband let it) would grow your potatoes and cabbages for the privilege of taking what he could consume himself. There are fruit-trees, too, and a paddock where you might keep a cow. In the country there are fifty ways of eking out a small income."

"It would be very dull," sobbed Mrs. Saxelby, "for the children. Think of Mabel. And how ever is Dooley to get an education? Oh dear, oh dear, I don't know what to do!"

"Mamma," said Mabel, gliding quietly into the room, "pray, pray do not fret and distress yourself about me."

Mabel had heard her mother's last words, and now knelt by her side, pressing her young soft cheek against Mrs. Saxelby's black dress.

"Remember, my dear friend," said Mr. Fluke, in a loud clear voice, which made a glass vase on the mantelpiece ring again, and with a queer sudden movement of his leg, that seemed like a kick strangled in its birth—"remember the young ravens! An all-bounteous Providence watches over his creatures."

Mabel merely observed: "Mamma knows, Mr. Fluke, that I mean to earn my own living. I am young and strong, and willing to work hard. We have talked it over."

Mr. Charlewood said, with an approving look, "I respect your resolution, my dear. Penny—my daughter Penny," he added, turning to Mr. Fluke, "always says that Miss Earnshaw is worth a thousand every-day misses. And she is right."

"And what do you mean to do, Mabel?" asked Mr. Fluke, knocking down the fire-irons with a crash that made Mrs. Saxelby start completely off her chair, as he turned to address Mabel.

Mrs. Saxelby pressed her daughter's hand nervously, and answered before the latter could speak: "Oh, we shall think. We shall see. I cannot give my mind to the idea of parting with Mabel yet. I shall be left desolate when she leaves me."

"Darling mother," said Mabel, in a caressing tone, and resolutely driving back her own tears: "Remember all we have said. Think of Dooley, dear little fellow. For a time we must bear to be separated for his sake. Then, when I have earned money enough to send him to a good school, how proud and happy we shall be! And, after all, you know, it won't be quite a separation. I shall be able to see you very often, I hope. You ask what I shall try for, sir," she said, turning her head towards Mr. Fluke, but keeping her arms round her mother. "I have promised mamma to endeavour to get a situation as governess, and I shall do as I have promised."

Mrs. Saxelby kissed her daughter's forehead.

"But," pursued Mabel, "I know that I am not very likely to succeed all at once. I would do almost anything to make a beginning. I believe that in schools they sometimes take a pupil teacher, giving a small salary, with board and finishing lessons, in return for her services. I have a good stock of clothes. I could do with very little money for the first year; especially if the hope were held out to me that it might lead to better things."

"Well said, Mabel!" cried Mr. Charlewood.

"That's the way to get on in the world. Look things in the face, and begin at the beginning."

"I think," said Mr. Fluke, after a moment's consideration, "that it may be possible for me to help you in this matter. I do not speak positively, mind; but I know that Hannah (Hannah was Miss Fluke's christian name) is occasionally applied to, to recommend young persons in that capacity. I will speak with Hannah. She will do her best for you, I know, my dear young friend.

Poor Mabel felt her heart sink within her, and yet at the same moment she reproached herself for it. She reminded herself that she desired employment, and ought to be grateful to any one who would aid her to get it. The recollection of that Saturday's district visiting rose up in her mind. But she thanked Mr. Fluke as cordially as she could; and when the two gentlemen were gone she set herself to cheer and support her mother, and to put before her all the bright side, and none of the dark, of their future life.

"It will be a terrible change, Mabel," moaned Mrs. Saxelby—"a terrible change. For you, of course, it will be bad enough; but for me! Think of me, left in a wretched cottage in the country with barely food to eat and fire to warm me, and no one to look after Dooley! I think it will be the death of me; I do indeed. I don't suppose I shall live through the winter."

"The cottage is not wretched, dear mamma. I remember going there once in the summer, and it was a bright pretty little place. I know there are some glorious old apple-trees that will be quite heavy with pink blossom in the spring; and then it is only two miles and a half by the footpath from Hammerham. You are able to walk that distance without fatigue, mamma. You will see your friends as often, I dare say, as you do now; and Dooley will grow strong in the pure country air."

"Ah! It's easy to be hopeful and cheerful at your age, Mabel. You see everything couleur de rose."

This was somewhat hard on Mabel, who assuredly was indulging in no roseate visions as to the fate that awaited herself.

"If you really dread this country life so much, mamma," she said, after a pause, "why do you not make up your mind to let the cottage, and try to find a home here among the people who know you?"

"Now, Mabel," returned her mother, in a tone of plaintive remonstrance, "how can you talk so? You know very well that I must do as Mr. Fluke and Mr. Charlewood say. No doubt they settle all for the best. I am sure they mean very kindly, and I can't decide for myself. I never could."

"Perhaps," said Mabel, slowly, and as if speaking to herself: "perhaps if I were allowed to try that other plan, I might earn money enough in time to give you a home such as you have been accustomed to lately."

"For goodness' sake, Mabel," urged Mrs. Saxelby, rising and putting her hand on her daughter's lips, "let me hear no more of that! What would our friends say?"

"That, mamma, appears to me to depend on

the amount of their sense and good feeling. And I do not know that I am bound to make what they would say my first consideration."

"Mabel, Mabel, you terrify me. Remember your promise. You gave me your word."

"Yes, mamma. I do remember. I gave you my word to try this school plan; and I will try it fairly."

Then Mabel went to rest, after giving Dooley a kiss as the child lay sleeping in a little crib by the side of his mother's bed, and after repeating to herself with disdainful wonder:

"What they would say! What they would say! If I tried that other plan!"

CHAPTER XII. CONSIDER THE ADVANTAGES!

FOR some three weeks after her husband's funeral, Mrs. Saxelby continued to reside at Jessamine Cottage. A tenant was found for it, who would take the lease off her hands, and purchase the greater part of the furniture at a valuation. Mrs. Saxelby submitted to all the arrangements with a mild resignation that seemed to utter a constant protest:—against what, or whom, it was impossible to discover. Yet she was not ungrateful. But she always supposed that people did not form an adequate idea of what *she* had to endure: of the hardship to *her*, in all these changes. And though she was not angry at this fancied want of appreciation for her sorrows, she cherished a soft and submissive sense of injury.

Miss Fluke was very busy and stirring in these days, appearing at all sorts of unexpected hours in Jessamine Cottage—"Snatching," as she said, "an occasional minute from the heat and burden of the day," to visit the widow and her children. Miss Fluke's "occasional minutes," fell out in a strangely erratic manner. Several times she came to Jessamine Cottage before Mrs. Saxelby was down in the morning, and even before the little servant-maid had opened the shutters. And once she startled the whole household, just as they were retiring to rest, by a violent peal at the bell at about half-past ten o'clock on a very wet night, when she stalked into the parlour with her umbrella glistening with rain, and her black gown tucked up under a waterproof cloak, of some crackling material that diffused a pungent odour all over the house.

"I came up part of the way by the 'bus," said Miss Fluke, "and shall catch the last one to take me back to town at eleven."

"Is anything the matter, dear Miss Fluke?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"Thanks be to God, nothing whatsoever," returned Miss Fluke, in an impressive manner.

"No; there is nothing the matter. I have brought Mabel good news. Most excellent news. Here is a letter I received by the evening post from a Christian friend of mine to whom I wrote about Mabel. He has a cure of souls in Eastfield, and he tells me that he thinks he can place Miss Earnshaw in a school there; but here is the letter; you can see it."

Miss Fluke turned herself askew to pull from her pocket—as if she were drawing a cork—a note which ran as follows :

“My dear Friend. In reference to the matter you have been urgent about, I am glad to say that I think I can place the young lady, Miss Earnshaw, in a school here as a pupil teacher. The establishment is conducted on principles of the strictest piety, and Mrs. Hatchett is a person enjoying the confidence of many highly respectable families in the neighbourhood. Miss Earnshaw would be required to instruct seven junior pupils in music; to hear them read; to superintend the condition of their wardrobes; and to assist the French governess in her conversation class (you tell me Miss Earnshaw is well acquainted with the French language). In return, she would be allowed to profit in her leisure moments by the instruction of the masters who attend the school. And Mrs. Hatchett would consent to give a salary of ten pounds *per annum* to begin with. Let me know your friend's decision as soon as possible; for if she accepts, she would be required to enter on her duties without delay. Remember me to your father and sisters, and believe me always, my dear friend,

“Yours faithfully,
“B. LUBBOCK.”

Poor Mrs. Saxelby's face grew very long. “Dear me,” she said, dolefully, “it's a miserable sum to offer.”

“Mrs. Saxelby!” exclaimed Miss Fluke, making the waterproof cloak crackle loudly in her energy, and shaking a little shower of rain over the carpet. “My good soul, consider the advantages! All the different professors' lessons, and strict piety!”

“Mamma,” said Mabel, taking her mother's hand, “indeed it is quite as good as I looked for.”

“Ten pounds a year!” urged Mrs. Saxelby. “It seems to me worse than nothing at all.”

But Mabel thought that even ten pounds a year was decidedly better than nothing at all; and after some further conversation, it was agreed that she should at least make the trial, and that Miss Fluke should write to thank her friend and say that Mabel would be ready to go to Eastfield by that day week.

“That will give me a few days at Hazlehurst, mamma, to see you and Dooley comfortably installed in the cottage.”

In spite of her courage, her heart sank within her; but she spoke cheerfully and hopefully. Then Miss Fluke said “Good night,” and went to the front garden-gate to wait for the omnibus. As soon as its wheels were heard in the distance, and long before it came within sight, looming through the wet murky night, Miss Fluke planted herself at the edge of the footpath, and hailed the driver by calling out “Stop!” in a loud threatening voice, suggestive of highway robbery. So she got in, and was driven away back to Hammerham, leaving Mabel and her mother to rest with what peace of mind they could under their altered circumstances.

The week passed away very quickly, unbroken in its busy monotony by any incident. The family at Bramley Manor, though not so active in their manifestations of friendship as Miss Fluke, had yet been kind. Mrs. Charlewood had written a note—or rather Augusta had written it at her mother's request—to say that she would abstain from intruding on the widow for a while, until she should be settled in her new home, but that she would drive out and see her in a few days, and that they all sent love to Mabel, and best wishes for her prosperity.”

“I wonder, though,” said Mrs. Saxelby, “that none of the family should have come over to say good-bye to you.”

Mabel said no word; but the recollection of Penelope Charlewood's insinuation made the hot blood rush into her face. The sudden calamity had naturally diverted Mabel's mind from dwelling on Miss Charlewood's words; but now, her thoughts reverted to them with much unpleasant feeling, and she began to debate with herself whether it were possible that she could have been mistaken as to their purport?

“It does seem so utterly absurd,” said Mabel, using almost the self-same words as those in which Clement had characterised a similar accusation. “And yet Penny must have had some meaning. Had it been Augusta, I should have thought nothing of it; but Penny is not apt to talk at random. Can they, any of them, seriously suppose that I—,” and the thought which she would not even mentally put into words, made her heart beat, and brought tears of anger and mortification into her eyes.

As Miss Charlewood's keen observation had taught her, Mabel Earnshaw was intensely proud. Hers was no aggressive haughty arrogance that strove to override or trample upon others, but it was a silent self-sufficing pride, the existence of which was little suspected by many who knew her. And the thought of being subjected to such a suspicion as Penelope had hinted at was intolerable to her. Fortunately, occupations for the present, and plans for the future, prevented her mind from dwelling morbidly upon it.

The family from Jessamine Cottage removed to Hazlehurst with such modest store of furniture as was absolutely necessary. Mrs. Saxelby was installed with a small servant-girl from the village, as her only attendant, and Dooley had already plunged with delight into all the muddiest places within reach. He had been told that his sister must go away for a time, and had appeared to take the information quietly: holding his mother's hand clasped tightly in his small fingers, and looking steadfastly into her face with compressed lips. But that same night—the first of their sojourn at Hazlehurst—when Mabel was putting him into his little bed in his mother's room, he flung his arms around her neck, and burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

“Darling Dooley, my pet, my dear dear boy,” said his sister, holding him to her breast, “what is the matter, my own little brother?”

“Oo—oo is doin' away,” sobbed Dooley.

"Mamma said so. And papa is gone. Oh, Tibby, Tibby!" The little soft arms clasped themselves convulsively round his sister's neck.

"My sweet little one," said Mabel, with streaming eyes, "hush your sobs, you will fret poor mamma. Don't grieve mamma, Dooley. Remember, she has been so sorry for papa."

"Es," returned the child, struggling against his emotion with an intelligent resolution surprising in such a baby. "I w—won't k'y, Tibby; not out loud, I won't. But will 'oo ever tum back again? Papa won't ever tum back again. Nurse said so."

"Yes, my pet, my darling; I will come back to you and to dear mamma. And I will write you letters, Dooley; such beautiful letters! And mamma will read them to you, till you are big enough to read them yourself."

Dooley smiled through his tears, and made a nestling movement of his head on the pillow, expressive of satisfaction. "But," said he, with a catching of his breath—the ground-swell of the subsiding storm of weeping; "but will de postman *know* dey is for me?"

Being assured on this important point, Dooley gradually dropped into a slumber: holding the forefinger of his sister's right hand against his tear-stained cheek, and probably seeing in his dreams bright visions of the postman coming up the road with a large letter in his hand, which he (the postman) would know was for Master Dooley Saxelby.

"Oh, Dooley," thought Mabel, looking down at the sleeping child, "oh, Dooley, Dooley! Perhaps all our pains and sorrows seem as small and transient to the powers above, as yours are to me!"

CHAPTER XIII. ADIEU AND AU REVOIR.

SUNDAY came—the last Sunday that Mrs. Saxelby and her daughter were to pass together for some time. Mabel's departure was fixed for Monday morning, all preliminary arrangements having been despatched by the combined help of Mabel's good will to disregard obstacles which affected only her own comfort, and of Miss Fluke's prodigious energy. That remarkable lady appeared to have annihilated time and space during the three days which intervened between Mrs. Saxelby's removal to Hazlehurst and the Monday on which Mabel was to go to Eastfield. It seemed as if Miss Fluke's waterproof cloak and thick boots were seen and heard in the little cottage at all hours. She walked the two miles and a half that separated Hazlehurst from Hammerham, four times a day, splashing through the November mud with as much indifference as if she were a troop of cavalry. She reduced the village servant to a state approaching petrification, by the rapidity of her investigations in kitchen, wash-house, and coal-shed. She charged at everybody and everything. As to Dooley, after a slow and conscientious examination of her waterproof cloak, and after the candid expression of his opinion that it had a very nasty smell, he took the habit of retreating into his

mother's chamber whenever Miss Fluke's voice was heard, and lying there perdu until her departure. On one occasion he was found secreted under the bed, with the kitten in his arms, and was with difficulty induced by his sister to come out.

"Me and pussy," he confided to her, "doesn't want to peak to Miss Fook. Pussy *'tests* her."

"Dooley!" said his sister. "Why does pussy detest Miss Fluke? I am sure she wouldn't hurt pussy."

"N—no," returned Dooley, reflectively, "not hurt her; but she—she 'trokes her so very hard."

Miss Fluke, in fact, was stroking the whole household very hard.

The Sunday was clear and cold, and mother and daughter walked together to the little old parish church, where, in presence of a scanty and humble congregation, the morning service was mildly performed, and a mild sermon was mildly preached by a mild old gentleman in silver-rimmed spectacles. Dooley was taken to church on this occasion for the first time in his life, so very successfully, that he came home in a high state of enjoyment, announcing his intention of always going to church with mamma when Mabel should be away.

As they approached the cottage, which was separated from the high road by a very narrow strip of garden enclosed within a wooden fence, they saw the little servant standing at the front door with her arms wrapped in her apron—for it was now late in November, and the day was cold—and looking out for their return.

"Missis, there's two young gents comed to see ye."

"Two what?" said Mrs. Saxelby.

"Two young gents. And I telled 'un you was at church, and they said as they'd bide till you com'd home; and they're a-smokin' in the paddock; and I asked 'un into the parlour, and they said how they 'oodn't like to make it smell of baccy. But I telled 'un they was welcome to," added Betty, with a commendable sense of hospitality.

Clement Charlewood and his brother Walter appeared at the back door leading from the paddock.

Mabel felt angry with herself as she became conscious of colouring violently. When it came to her turn to greet Clement Charlewood, she gave him the tips of her fingers and the coldest of salutations.

"I'm so glad to see you!" said Mrs. Saxelby. "You are very good to walk over in time to say a farewell word to Mabel." Mrs. Saxelby preceded the two young men into the parlour.

"I'll go up-stairs with Dooley, and take his things off, mamma," said Mabel.

Mrs. Saxelby was always popular with the younger men of her acquaintance; for she combined with a motherly manner which put them at their ease, a soft feminine helplessness which is usually gracious in the eyes of most men, young or old. In answer to her inquiries, Clement said that his mother and sisters were very

well, and were very sorry not to see Miss Earnshaw before she went, and sent much love to her.

Clement had announced his intention of walking over to Hazlehurst, that morning at breakfast at Bramley Manor, and Walter—who always found his time rather more difficult to get rid of on Sunday than on any other day—had volunteered to accompany him. So the two young men had come together, enjoying by the way a brotherly chat: the most intimate and friendly they had had for a long time.

"And what are you doing, Walter?" said Mrs. Saxelby. "It is an age since I saw you, and, if I didn't fear to affront you, I should almost make bold to say you had grown."

Walter laughed and coloured.

"Oh, I shan't be a bit affronted at that, Mrs. Saxelby. But as to what I am doing, the way I am doing nothing. Just waiting for my commission. It's a dence of a bore, hanging on like this."

"Then you have really made up your mind to go into the army, Walter?"

"Oh yes; fixed as fate. It's the only profession for a gentleman—I mean, it's about the only thing to suit me."

"Drill, dress, and dinner, Watty. That's what I tell him an officer's life consists of, Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement. "So I dare say he is right in his estimate of his fitness for it."

"All but the drill," returned Watty, good humouredly. "Confound that part of the business!"

Here Betty appeared at the parlour door, holding a clean tablecloth under her arm, and asked in a loud hoarse tone, which possibly was meant for a whisper: "The mate's done. Be they a goin' to stop dinner?"

The young men rose.

"Nay, you must stay and eat something with us," said Mrs. Saxelby. "Call it lunch if you like. Lay two more plates, and knives, and forks, Betty. And call Miss Mabel and Master Dooley. Give me the cloth; I will spread it."

Clement and Walter were willing enough to remain, but feared they should be "in the way."

"In the way? Nonsense! I won't let you be in the way; never fear."

Mabel, though not able quite to banish the recollection of Penelope's words, was yet glad, on the whole, that they remained; for her mother brightened under the influence of their presence.

After the meal was over, Dooley urgently entreated his friend Walter to "tun and 'ook at de pig."

"He lives in a ty," said Dooley, eagerly, "an' he knows me. I durst div him apples. I ain't frightened, because Tibby says he's a dood pig. Tum an' see him." Dooley seized Walter's hand, and pulled him without more ado into the paddock, at one corner of which stood the pigsty.

"May I not see this interesting animal too?" asked Clement.

"Oh, certainly," returned Mrs. Saxelby. "Pray look at him, and give me your candid opinion of his beauties. As I am quite igno-

rant of the subject, you will be safe in pronouncing your judgment. Mabel, my darling, I won't go out. It is too cold for me. Take Mr. Charlewood over the extensive domain; and I will have a cup of coffee ready by the time you come back."

Mabel put on an old garden-hat of very determined ugliness, and tucked up her gown so as to show a pair of hideous goloshes which effectually disfigured the pretty feet that Mrs. Hutchins had mentally compared to Rosalba's of Naples.

"The paddock is damp," she said, curtly, and without another word preceded Clement. They had not gone many paces, when Clement stopped. "Miss Earnshaw, I have a message for you which I must not forget to deliver."

Mabel stopped also, and, without turning completely round, looked over her shoulder at him.

"A message for me?"

"Yes. I think you can guess from whom. Little Corda Treseott sends you—I must be exact, for the words were confided to me with many solicitous injunctions to repeat them literally—sends you her dearest love and thanks, and is grieved to hear of your sorrow, and will never, never forget you, and hopes some day to see you again. That is my message."

Mabel's face softened into a girlish tender smile, that had a lurking sadness in it. "Ah, poor little Corda! Thank you, Mr. Charlewood. Then you have seen her again? That is very good of you!"

"I saw her yesterday. She is getting quite strong, if one may apply the term to anything so fragile. She still has some books of yours, she tells me. I have promised to bring them to Hazlehurst when she has read them, and after you—Miss Earnshaw, I am an older friend than Corda. Don't refuse me the privilege of saying, as she says, that I shall never, never forget you, and that I hope to see you again."

"You are very kind," said Mabel, in so low a tone as to be almost inaudible.

"Not kind in that hope; rather say, selfish; but it is more than a hope with me. It is a resolution."

"We are near the pig," said Mabel, ruthlessly.

If she were cold, Clement was earnest. He would not suffer his words to be so put aside.

"I not only hope, but I intend to see you again. I shall say au revoir when we part."

"No, Mr. Charlewood. I fear you had best say adieu."

"Adieu? No! You will at least come to Hazlehurst for your holidays. And it is possible?" (Clement blushed a little here), "nay, very probable, that I may be running over to Eastfield on business."

"I think it very likely that I shall not return to Hazlehurst for any length of time. I have a feeling that my career at Eastfield will be but a brief one. However, I have promised to try it. But here is the pig, and here is Dooley, over his ankles in mud. Dooley, you must come in with me directly, and change your wet shoes and stockings."

When the time came for the brothers to take their leave and walk back towards Hammerham, Mrs. Saxelby's spirits sank. It was a foretaste of the parting with Mabel.

"Come and see mamma, sometimes, when you can, Watty," said Mabel, taking his hand. She made no similar request to Clement; but her mother added: "Oh, do come, both of you! I am, and shall be, so thankful to see you."

"Will you please, Mr. Charlewood," Mabel added, softening at the last moment, "to give my kind love to little Corda? And will you tell her, from me, to keep those other books I lent her, and to take care of them for my sake? They were given to me by some one whom I loved very dearly. God bless you, Mr. Charlewood! Adieu!"

"Au revoir, Mabel," said the young man, holding both her hands, and looking gravely into her eyes. "Au revoir!"

Thus Mabel Earnshaw and Clement Charlewood parted.

END OF BOOK I.

GENUINE LETTER OF THANKS.

THE following epistle, for the genuineness of which we have authority to vouch, bears no date, but is known to have been written about the year 1770.

It is an interesting, because authentic, evidence of the social position of the "Parson" in a bygone day; who was hat in hand to his patron; who thought it in no wise derogatory to his cloth to dine in the servants' hall, to pay court to the housekeeper, and make love to my lady's "woman," or even to marry her, with my lady's countenance and approval. A social position admirably described by MACAULAY.

As concerns the letter itself, the mingled simplicity and servility of the good man, its author, his gratitude for favours conferred, and his keen eye towards benefits to come, his presentation of his family after the fashion of modern mendicants of a lower class, his prolixity and tautology (frightfully suggestive of the sermons under which such of his parishioners as understood English—they were, probably, few, for he was a Welsh parson—groaned on Sundays), these points, and other humorous touches of character self-disclosed, make the letter very curious and droll.

Reverend and Worthy, Indulgent and Compassionate, Bounteous and very Valuable Sir.

The present you have sent me has laid me under an obligation to write rather sooner than I intended; and if I was not to seize the very first opportunity that offered to return you thanks after the reception of so considerable a present, I should be guilty of such a piece of insensibility and ingratitude as the very stones (to allude to the dialect of Heaven) would become vocal, and rise up and upraid me; especially as a few grateful expressions may be so easily uttered without any expense obtained,

and the least that can be rendered to any person by whom a favour is bestowed. No one is more ready to acknowledge a benefit, nor, perhaps, less able to make a retaliation, than myself. I have it in my heart to do as much, and in my power to do as little, as any man living; however, as far as the efficacy and value of thankful and affectionate expressions extend, I am free to do the uttermost, and if it was possible for a sheet of paper to contain, on the one hand, and if it was not altogether unnecessary on the other, I would give you as many thanks as the clothes contain threads.

I thank you, dear sir, for the handsome and very valuable black coat, I thank you for the genteel blue coat, I thank you for the neat cloth breeches, I thank you for the pieces you have sent to repair them with, I thank you for the beautiful wig, I thank you for paying the carriage of the whole; I shall further add that, by the present, you have animated and heightened my affections, which your former hospitable behaviour had before enkindled. Shall I tell you I constantly and fervently pray for you, and am daily forming a thousand wishes for your present and future welfare? Dear sir, I need only say you have won my heart by your favours; I bless God for what you have done for me, and am surely to conclude from this instance of your bounty that you will be a great friend to me and my family. Dear sir, I thank you, and again I thank you. On Saturday last I received your parcel. Immediately I had my hair cut off, that I might have the honour on the Sabbath to appear in your wig; and being desirous to wear the black coat once, for your sake, went to the meeting in it. My body was never so genteelly arrayed since it came out of the hands of its Creator; the clothes fitted me well, and looked gracefully upon me. Dear sir, I thank you, and again I thank you.

Was proud to tell Mr. Ashworth what a present you had sent me; Mr. Ashworth seemed quite pleased. Indeed, if anybody who had seen me in my ragged and dirty apparel two years ago, had seen me last Sabbath so decently clothed in your things, would have been apt to think me the reality of one of Ovid's Metamorphoses, there being so striking a difference between my past and my present appearance. Dear sir, I thank you, and again I thank you. To conclude, dear sir, you say in your last letter, "I have sent you some clothes, if you will not refuse them." Dear sir, what do you mean? I am surprised at your expression. If you had sent me an old pair of shoes or stockings, should have been obliged and very thankful for them, much more so for a present so large and rich as yours, the value of which I so well know, and I am persuaded they were never yours for ten pounds. Dear sir, if at any time you have an old garment to spare, hat or anything else, I shall receive it with thanks, and my family enjoy the benefit of it. What follows I am ashamed to write, yet must own that your present would have been more complete if you had obliged me with a waistcoat along with it,

having not one proper to wear with the coats you have sent me, they being so valuable, and fit me so well, it would be a pity to break them for that. I have nothing to add but an expression of the sincerest and most prevailing concern for your real happiness, and am, dear Sir, what I shall always be proud to call myself, and my wife and boys with me, your highly benefited and greatly obliged and humble Servants,

JOHN & MARY, THOMAS & JOHN BUTT.

P.S. The hand, spelling, and composing, am sensible, is wretched, time being short, matter great, tackle bad, and obliged to write in haste.

As I have had my hair cut off, and at a loss for a cap, if you have one to dispose of, either silk or velvet, shall be very glad of it.

TRADERS' MARKS AND TOKENS.

BRASS and copper coins were struck by the Roman occupiers of Britain; and the Saxons were afterwards busy makers of silver and copper coins. The chief of these coins was the penny, which fulfilled the principal duties of a circulating medium far into the Anglo-Norman period. Debased by needy and fraudulent monarchs, and clipped by dishonest traders, the coins were nevertheless national; they were issued by the state, and no others had the characteristics of legal tender. There were frequent petitions presented by the traders to the Commons, and addresses by the Commons to the Crown, complaining of the scarcity in copper coins of small value. It was this scarcity that partly led, in later generations, to the striking of pledges or tokens by traders and tavern-keepers. In the fifteenth century it was announced by the Commons to the Crown that many *blanks* were in circulation, sham silver coins of very little value; and the House prayed for a remedy for this evil. A cry for more halfpence and farthings again and again arose. The poor traders, as the Commons said, if they wanted to buy small quantities of commodities, were forced to bisect "our sovereigne lordes coigne, that is to wete, a peny in two peeces, or elles forego all the same peny, for the paiement of an halpenny; and also the pouere common retailours of vitailles, and of other nedeful thyngs, for defaulte of such coigne of half-penytes and farthings, oftentimes mowe not sell their seid vitailles and thyngs." Such matters were more important in those days than at present; for farthings, and even half-farthings, played an active part in moneys of account. A half-farthing appears as an item in the annual rental of an estate held in Kent.

By slow degrees, this scarcity of small coin led to the private making of tokens as representative money. Traders, without any intention to deceive, agreed to exchange small pieces of cheap metal as the purchase-money for small quantities of commodities; it was in itself quite a fair commercial system of barter, provided the issuers were always willing to take back the

small pieces of metal at the same value. Lead tokens of such kind became prevalent in London during the reign of Henry the Eighth; and their increase in number was considerable during the next three reigns. Elizabeth had the credit of restoring the purity of the much debased silver coinage; but small coins were still too few. As payments in these tokens could only be made at the shops of the issuers, there were many disadvantages to the poor buyers. The queen* for a short time permitted the striking of copper farthings and half-farthings by private persons; but this permission was soon withdrawn, as encroaching too nearly on the royal prerogative; and the small dealers were placed in the same difficulties as before. From time to time the municipal authorities of various towns were, by order in council, permitted to coin copper pledges of small value. James the First descended to the unworthy expedient of giving (or selling) to one of his courtiers a patent for issuing royal farthing tokens, the weight of which was such as to yield a large profit to the patentee, and the circulation of which was rendered compulsory by order in council. Charles the First imitated this scandalous proceeding, giving some such patent to one of his favourites. These debased farthings, really tokens, were minted at a house in Lothbury, close to a court ever since known as Token-house-yard. These unfair proceedings were not without influence in increasing the bitter feeling towards the ill-starred monarch. After his death, the issue of tradesmen's tokens spread rapidly and decidedly, each tradesman following his own taste in the matter. Copper, brass, lead, tin, latten, and even leather were employed; and at different periods the designations *turneys*, *black-mail*, *dotkins*, *crochards*, &c., were given to the tokens. Evelyn speaks of "the tokens which every tavern and tipping-house, in the days of late anarchy among us, presumed to stamp and utter for immediate exchange, as they were passable through the neighbourhood, which, though seldom reaching further than the next street or two, may happily, in after times, come to exercise and busie the learned critic what they should signifie." During the Protectorate, and after the Restoration, petitions were frequently sent in to the Government, praying for the issue of legal farthings; on account of the losses which the public suffered by reason of the tokens being of no value except at the shops of the issuers—some of the tokens not being intrinsically worth one-tenth of their nominal value. Indeed, there is no doubt that, as the patentee reaped an unfair profit out of the patent farthings, so did the traders out of their tokens. At length real honest

* Mr. Burn quotes a passage from an old writer, illustrative of the superstitions even of Elizabeth's reign. Germans brought over to melt down the debased silver coin, complained of sickly odours, "and were advised to *drink out of a dead man's skull*; a warrant was thereupon issued for applying to this purpose some of the trunkless heads on London Bridge."

copper farthings were issued by Charles the Second; and the tokens went out of use. Collections of tradesmen's tokens became gradually more and more valuable as curiosities. Dr. Browne Willis, of Oxford, made one of these collections, which he presented to the Bodleian library; the British Museum contains a large number, Captain Beaufoy's collection being especially valuable; and there are many other collections in the hands of dealers.

These old tokens acted as shop-signs as well as money, identifying each particular trader with a particular house. It was his trade-mark, his symbol. Every token bore the name of the issuer, and mostly the sign of the house or shop which he kept. Thus in Fleet-street we find the Bear, the Bull's Head, the Cock, the Sugar-Loaf, the Dragon, the Hercules' Pillar, the White Hart, the Rainbow, the Castle, the Jerusalem, the Golden Angel, the Three Nuns, the Boar's Head, the Temple, the Seven Stars, the Three Squirrels, the Mitre, the Feathers, the King's Head, and the Unicorn. Some of these names or signs exist to this day among the Fleet-street taverns. In Paternoster-row, in Newgate-street, in Ivy-lane, in all the old thoroughfares thereabouts, traders were accustomed to issue such tokens during the first half of the seventeenth century. The following are the inscriptions on some of the tokens as specimens of the class: "Mansfield's Coffee-house Providence in Shoe-lane;" "Francis Plomer in Little Wood-street His Halfpenny;" "John Mitchell living at Little Somer's Key near Billingsgate;" "John Backster at the Mother Read Cap in Holloway 1667 His Halfpenny;" "Haberdasher Small Wares at ye Maremade 'twixt Milk-street Wood-street;" "John Henley in Grub-street His Halfpenny." There were sometimes very odd combinations of objects on tokens; such as, the Ape on Horseback, Ape Smoking a Pipe, Bleeding Heart, Cardinal's Hat, Cheese-knife, Chopping-knife, Cock, and Sack-bottle, Cradle and Sugar Loaf, Cripple on Crutches, Dagger and Pie, Dove and Olive Branch, Fighting Cocks, Five Tobacco Pipes, Half Moon and Tobacco Roll, Heart and Arrow, Labour in Vain, Pickled Tongue, Pile of Cheese, Virgin and Gabriel, Salutation, Woman's Shoe, Star of Bethlehem, and Sun in Splendour. The number three was a favourite in the Three Bibles, Three Candlesticks, &c.; as was also the prefix Golden, as in the Golden Bottle, Golden Spectacles, &c. The Beaufoy collection contains a token of the Devil Tavern; on one side is, "At the D[evil] and Dunstan's," and on the other, "Within Temple Barre," while the device represents St. Dunstan holding the devil by the nose. The earlier tokens were mostly in lead or other soft metal; those of later date were frequently of brass. The Chapter Coffee-house, in Paternoster-row, once so celebrated as a resort of literary characters, issued leather tokens, some of which are still in existence.

After the suppression of tokens by real farthings in the time of Charles the Second, few

or no new specimens were issued by tradesmen until the time of George the Third. About eighty years ago, the copper coin became very scarce, and the current specimens so worn that the devices were almost obliterated. The Parys Copper Mine Company at Amlwch, in Anglesea, struck many tons of brass tokens, apparently for individual traders; but when Matthew Boulton coined five hundred tons of heavy-rimmed pennies for the Government, matters reverted to their proper state. Afterwards copper became so high in price, that speculators secretly melted down the heavy pennies, to obtain a higher price for the metal as cake copper; and this led to the fabrication of wretched substitutes in the form of tokens. For fifty years past there has been no inducement to issue traders' tokens in England, except a few here and there as advertisements. As a sign or mark, a token is certainly worth attention; and it may be true, as Dr. Combe observes, that "though at present no high value be set upon English town-pieces and tradesmen's tokens by men of learning, a time will come when these coins will be as much esteemed in this country as the town-pieces of the Greeks."

Another mode of identifying a trader with his occupation, is that of *Trade or Merchant's Marks*, pertaining to his articles of production rather than to his place of business, and having a direct though not calculable money value. All distinguished families, as well as traders and merchants of note, had their particular marks in the middle ages, often to be seen on church windows, given by them. As a substitute for coat armour, many families adopted their trade mark in a shield; and these were continued by their descendants as an hereditary distinction. The arms of the borough of Southwark are nothing more than a trade mark. The arms of the great city companies were generally adopted by persons in their respective trades all over the country; and in addition to this, many trades, not incorporated into guilds, had in like manner trade arms or trade marks common to all the respective fraternities. Towns and abbeys, monasteries and convents, had their arms or marks. Many of the devices were of a religious character, such as a cross and banner, as depicted in the *Agnus Dei*. Most of them, however, were mere fancies, traceable to no particular mode or system: such as a monogram, a rebus on the name, a combination of geometrical tracery, a shirt with two letters stamped on it, an arrow sticking through a pig, a pig bearing an upright gibbet on his back, and other oddities. Shopkeepers had trade marks sometimes, but among the trading classes they were mostly confined to merchants and shipowners. When the merchants rose to the rank of gentry, by marriage or by the accumulation of wealth, the mark was not only a substitute for arms in the shield; it was often combined with the arms. As a trading expedient it was customary for a merchant to cause his mark to be affixed to every bale or package of goods from his store, that his wares might be distinguished from those of

others; this was the more necessary in times when very few persons could read or write. Merchants' marks were in use at Sheffield long before the granting of the charter under which the cutlers' and steel workers' privileges have ever since been defined and protected in that busy town. A jury of cutlers was empanelled to assign marks to the different manufacturers whereby to distinguish their respective productions. Merchants' marks were regularly used on the Continent to a much later period than in this country; even now they are employed by the great firms of Oporto and Lisbon, to give authenticity to casks and pipes of wine; and what is called the *brand* of the best cigars is a merchant's mark stamped or branded on the box.

The law rightly recognises a commercial value as attached to marks, brands, stamps, or symbols such as these. But although the law gives this recognition, the defining of its limits is often very puzzling. A trade mark properly so called, a good will, a title, a style, a designation, the labels of a house of business, a particular wrapper, all have special value to the proper owner; but the law leaves judge and jury sometimes rather at a loss. It is, however, certain, that any mark by which a manufacturer identifies himself with any product creditable to his skill and enterprise, is morally in the nature of property, and ought to be protected.

Some curious cases are on record, illustrating this matter. There is a patent medicine which we are all invited to purchase as a remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to; the two partners who manufactured it separated, and the law had to determine which of them, or whether both, possessed the right of making the health-giving pills, and of calling them by the name of Universal Medicine. A person who was not Scheweppe, sold soda-water in bottles which had Scheweppe's name stamped on them; he had bought the bottles second-hand, and was let off on condition that he would not do so any more. A publisher announced a work by William Grainger, Esq.; another publisher did the same, and defied the first to prove that a person of that name had written the book; it was admitted that there was no such person, and the action failed; there was a seller of Howqua's Mixture, a tea professing to be grown and mixed in China expressly for this one person; an injunction could not be obtained against a rival who made use of the same title, because it was found that the tea was ordinary tea, mixed up in England in the usual way. The same fate attended an application for an injunction to prevent a person from using the title Medicated Mexican Balm for a medicine made from a recipe prepared by the celebrated Blumenbach; but the Blumenbach theory was found to be all a sham. Somebody's Patent Kitchener was pirated; but the law refused to protect the aggrieved person, because the invention had *not* been patented, and the title therefore involved a falsehood. Two parties made a fortune by selling an inestimable composition for black-

ing our boots; two other persons of the same names set up in the same trade; on trial it was found that the law would permit them so to do, seeing that the names were really correct, provided the alleged offenders did not imitate too closely the labels of the original firm.

A few more examples. A medicine-vendor and a physician had a joint interest in certain powders and pills, which proved a mine of wealth to both of them; a descendant of the one quarrelled with a descendant of the other about the right of using the secret recipe; but as the recipe was not revealed in court, the law refused to decide in the dark. An assistant surreptitiously obtained, in contravention of his indenture of apprenticeship, a knowledge of a secret recipe possessed by his master; he made the article, and sold it in packets like the original, a proceeding which brought a prompt injunction. Lord Byron once obtained an injunction against a publisher for announcing Poems by Lord Byron; the publisher would not swear to his belief that the poems were really written by his lordship; and of course he was pronounced to be in the wrong. One iron-merchant stamped another iron-merchant's mark on some bars intended for the Turkish market; but he was soon stopped in this. A publisher brought out a Catalogue of Etchings by the Queen and the Prince Consort, with descriptions; the details had been obtained surreptitiously, and yet the publication was announced to be by permission of the royal personages; of course the law soon put a stop to this piece of knavery. Two men of the same name made shot-belts and powder-flasks; the less known of the two profited by this, in what shopkeepers call an "untradesman-like manner;" but he did not overshoot the boundary of the law. One omnibus proprietor was prohibited by injunction from running an omnibus bearing names and designations similar to those previously employed by another. A carrier's business was sold in two parts to two purchasers; each claimed to use the original owner's name, and the law had to decide between them. The printer of a Bath newspaper left his property in trust for the widow and children; the widow allowed the foreman, who was a favourite of hers, to use the office and the type for printing a rival paper; but this was pronounced to be a wrong to the children. Labels concerning certain Vegetable Pills, exactly like those of the original pills which had obtained a large sale (except in the insertion of small type here and there), were pronounced to be too close an imitation to be allowable.

These are some of the many indications which the law books afford of the recognition of trade marks as private property, and of the difficulty often experienced in determining whether the right has been infringed or not. Five years ago, a Merchandise Marks Act was passed, to protect any "mark, name, word, signature, letter, number, figure, or sign," used to denote any particular article made specially by one firm or person. And in like manner vessels, cases, wrappers, boxes, tickets, bands, reels, labels,

and the like, so long as they are honestly devised for an honest purpose, are to be regarded as property. Under the new law, all forgeries or infringements of such symbols are punishable by fine or forfeiture. For some reason or other, the hop trade seems to be difficult to shield from rogues. Acts have from time to time been passed to protect the marks on bags or pockets of hops; and the protection now is very complicated. Strict rules are laid down as to the inscribing, on the bags and pockets, of such particulars as will identify or associate the grower unmistakably with them. The truth is, that the growers of fine hops are sensitive both in fame and in purse. There are rogues in hops as well as rogues in grain, in steel, in blacking, in pills, in Cough-no-more drops.

A QUEEN'S CONFESSION.

I AM failing, wasting, dying,
Without plaint or moan,
Life's enchantments all around me,
And the world my own.

Throned aloft in regal splendours,
Should not life be sweet?
With a crown upon my forehead,
Kingdom at my feet?

Every day, adoring suppliants
In my presence bend;
Every day, fresh throng of suitors
For my grace contend.

"Wondrous fair" they call me, "fairest";
"Envy of all eyes;"
I am sick at heart with listening
To their flatteries.

What avail the pomp and lustre
Of my grand estate,
When my woman's heart amidst it
Dwellet desolate?

All men's love to me is worthless,
Save the love of one!
Who could see the stars with vision,
Dazzled by the sun?

Night and day his image haunts me,
While I sleep or wake;
Little deems he of the anguish
Suffer'd for his sake.

From his sires no borrow'd glory
Blending with his own,
All unrivall'd, 'mid the famous
He stands first—alone!

His the greatness of a spirit
Gentle, firm, and free:
Grace and goodness are his titles,
Manhood his degree.

Were I but the lowliest maiden,
Loveliest in my land,
But to do him daily service—
Stoop to kiss his hand!

Sunder'd are we, by the false world,
Far as east from west.
Woman's heart what dost thou, beating
In a royal breast?

And of me he thinks not—dreams not—
While mine eyes grow dim,
And my spirit slowly wasteth,
For the love of him.

And so far I seem above him,
While so low I lie,
In the dust—the merest object—
Mock'd with majesty.

Oh, the cruel weight of glory,
Crushing out my life;
The fair semblance glozing over
The fierce inward strife!

Scarce the first peal shall have sounded
Of his bridal bell,
Than its merry tones shall mingle
With my funeral knell.

Woman's life is love. A woman,
If of love denied,
Found a kingdom all too narrow
For my heart—and died!

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE LUDDITES.

THE Luddite rioters of Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire derived their name from General Lud, their mythical leader, that awe-striking name and title being, however, borne by several of their chiefs at different times and in different districts. The deplorable outrages committed by these men—the breaking into houses to seize fire-arms and obtain money for the purposes of their mischievous and dangerous association—lasted for nearly forty years, during which time, with the exception of a few lulls, the great manufacturing districts were in as disturbed and lawless a state as the Border country when such marauders as Hard-Riding Dick and William of Deloraine drove honest men's cattle, burned keep-towers, and harried farm-houses.

All social diseases have their climax. The night, they say, is darkest just before daybreak. To all miseries and misfortunes there is a culminating period. It was in 1812 that the Luddists were fiercest, maddest, and most desperate, deriding all philosophy and forgetting all the tenets of political economy in the fierceness of their indignation. Their object was to destroy the new frames which about the end of the last century were introduced ("with power") to finish woollen goods. Up to this time, cloth had been finished by a tedious and costly process, a man being required to each machine, and three times the expense being incurred. The machine was a ponderous unsightly instrument, square at the extremity of the blade, but otherwise not unlike the shears used by sheep-shearers. One blade was passed under the balk cloth to be finished, and the other over it, the latter cropping off the nap of the wool as the blades were dexterously pushed backwards and forwards by the workmen. The men engaged in this primitive occupation were known by the name of Croppers. The process was as much behind the age as the Hottentot

system of spinning is behind the latest processes of Manchester. The croppers, whose occupation was thus interfered with, became as violent as the silversmiths of Ephesus, and were the chief leaders in the Luddite riots. They were generally of the stubborn resolute Yorkshire race; ignorant, violent, determined, holding together for good or ill, and resolved to destroy the new frames, which they believed would throw poor men out of work and starve their families.

There is a wild old Yorkshire legend extant, which pretty well proves the opinion entertained of the croppers by their contemporaries. We give it in the words of a most reliable authority: "The tradition is, that in consequence of their dissipated and wicked ways, all the croppers at their departure hence went to a certain place that—to describe it negatively—was neither purgatory nor paradise, and that in the course of time they became so numerous in that particularly warm region, and withal so very, very unruly, that the devil was at his wits' end what to do with them, and had no pleasure of his existence in their company. Get rid of them he could not. There they were, and, notwithstanding all remonstrances, declared that they would neither depart nor yet mend their manners. One day, while pondering upon his difficult position, a brilliant idea suddenly occurred to his Satanic Majesty. He knew the fondness of the croppers when on earth for ale, whether good, bad, or indifferent, so he went to the door of the infernal regions, and bawled out with all his might, 'Ale! ale! ale!' The effect was magical. At the joyful sound the croppers were instantaneously seized with a burning thirst. They rushed out to a man helter-skelter to where the delightful news came from. No sooner were they safely out than Satan quietly but quickly slipped in, banging the door to and locking it after him, shouting through the keyhole to the astonished and deluded croppers outside, 'Now, d—n you, I have got you out, and I'll keep you out, and I'll take good care no more croppers ever come in here!' And this is stated to be the reason that from thenceforth no more croppers entered the infernal regions."

No Ribbonmen ever banded together with more sullen determination in their movements; their drilling and their attacks were conducted with military precision. Mere agricultural labourers might have shown as much courage, but could not have formed such subtle combinations. Every man had his allotted place by number (as in a regiment) in the musket, pistol, or hatchet, companies. The form of initiation was known by the technical name of "twisting in." The oath taken was as solemn and terrible as that used in the secret tribunals of the middle ages. It was as follows: "I, ———, of my own voluntary will, do declare and solemnly swear that I never will reveal to any person or persons under the canopy of heaven the names of the persons who compose this secret committee, their proceedings, meetings, places of abode, dress, features, connexions, or

anything else that might lead to a discovery of the same either by word, or deed, or sign, under the penalty of being sent out of the world by the first brother who shall meet me, and my name and character blotted out of existence, and never to be remembered but with contempt and abhorrence; and I further now do swear, that I will use my best endeavours to punish by death any traitor or traitors, should any rise up amongst us, wherever I can find him or them; and though he should fly to the verge of nature, I will pursue him with unceasing vengeance. So help me, God, and bless me to keep this my oath inviolable."

At the time of the crisis of disorder in 1812, when the Luddite conspiracy was netting over the greater part of two counties, Enoch and James Taylor constructed the obnoxious frames in their smithy, which stood on what is now the play-ground of the town school at Marsden. These enterprising men had begun life as common blacksmiths, but by industry, perseverance, and inventive genius, had become known as skilful machine-makers. The giant hammer used in the Yorkshire smithies was in 1812 playfully known among the grimy artisans who wielded it, as "ENOCH," and when the Luddites made one of their midnight marches to destroy a finishing-frame, the cant saying was—alluding to the firm at Marsden and the hammer that was to crush their work—

"Enoch made them, and Enoch shall break them."

Suffering, and believing that they would suffer more, these impetuous men totally forgot that all improvements in a trade tend to enlarge that trade; that all lessening of cost in the production of a fabric tend to increase the sale of that fabric; and that if the finishing-machines reduced the number of croppers, the manufacture of them undoubtedly led to the employment of more hammermen. To these truths they were indifferent; all they knew, was, that the new frames lessened the immediate work for the croppers, and they were determined not merely to destroy those already in use, but to terrify employers from further adopting them.

Yet the croppers themselves, as long as they could get work, were well-to-do men, their wages being twenty-four shillings a week. The Marsden people were, indeed, seldom in distress, for the great cotton trade was already developing, and warp and weft ready for the handloom were brought from Lancashire fortnightly and put out to Marsden weavers. But let us be just; the times were hard everywhere, and a shilling did not bring then what it had brought before, and what it brings now. Men worked week in and week out, and only just, after all, kept the wolf from the door. Oh! there was a sharp biting suffering, before thoughtful working men could combine in that thirty years' conspiracy that brought many brave lads to the gallows, and sent many to pine away the rest of their miserable and wasted lives in the dismal restrictions of New South Wales. Time is full of common sense; it brings men to the

truth; yet for nearly a whole generation it never stopped these disturbances, erroneous as they were. The man who thinks that these troubles indicated no foregone misery and wrong, would call a dying man's groans and screams mere practical jokes.

The Yorkshire nature is staunch and dogged; it was not going to bear starvation quietly, while proud, arrogant, and often cruel manufacturers were fattening on the very flesh and blood of the workman and his pining children. The poor man had borne the contemptuous denial of his rights, the incessant suspension of the laws of the land, trade monopolies, tyrannical, stupid, and heartless governments, civil and religious disabilities, and unjust and useless wars; but dear bread—that was the last straw that broke the camel's back. The artisan saw only in the new machinery means to still further enrich his oppressors and starve himself. When the rich man can be weary of life, is it to be wondered at that the poor man finds life sometimes intolerable? The panacea seemed to be combination. General Lud got recruits in Derbyshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, Nottinghamshire, and especially the south-western districts of Yorkshire. There were food riots at Sheffield, Mansfield, and Macclesfield. Food riots are as certain a proof of something wrong in the body politic, as certain pustules are proofs of small-pox. The stocking-weavers in Nottinghamshire began the bad work by holding nocturnal meetings, by forming secret societies, by appointing delegates and local "centres," by extracting black mail from manufacturers, and requiring implicit obedience in their adherents, after administering an oath. From shattering frames, the Yorkshire men began to talk of upsetting the government. Religion was even pressed into the rioters' service, and a crusading spirit inculcated on those who joined the Luddites. The disorders came to a head in 1812, partly from the lenity shown to Luddite prisoners at the Nottingham Assizes in March, and more especially by the dreadful price which provisions had then reached. The poor hardly ever tasted nourishing flesh-making wheaten bread; tea and coffee were almost unknown; clothing was extravagantly dear; and the workman had to gain strength for the twelve hours' toil in the bad atmosphere of a mill, from a paltry meal of porridge. All this was hard to bear even with freedom; but it was intolerable in a country where the intellect and conscience of the nation were enslaved, and where the poor had no other privilege than that of paying an undue share of the taxes levied on them by an enormously wealthy and tolerably selfish landed interest.

The riots soon overran the West Riding, beginning at Marsden. After trying their destructive powers on a small scale there, the frames at Woodbottom and Ottiwells were marked out for destruction, and the lives of their owners, the Armitages and the Horsfalls, were threatened. These gentlemen took prompt and energetic measures for the protection of their property. A bridge over the river at the Woodbottom Mill

had an iron gate placed across the centre which could be securely fastened against all invaders. It had iron spikes at the top, and a row of iron spikes down each side. This bridge—with its gateway and protecting spikes—remained in its original integrity until a very recent day.

"At Ottiwells," adds a local authority, "at the upper end of the road fronting the mill, and on an elevation, level with the present dam, a cannon was planted behind a wall pierced with openings three feet high and ten inches wide. Through these apertures, the cannon could be pointed so as to command the entire frontage of the mill, and fired upon an approaching enemy. This somewhat primitive battery still exists, but the artillery disappeared long ago; and though now walled up, the outlines of the embrasures formerly left for the cannon to be discharged through, may yet be distinctly discerned. In addition to these means of defence, the workmen employed at the mills were armed, and kept watch and ward during the night."

Mr. Horsfall, resolute and prompt, was not to be easily frightened, and the Marsden croppers were none of them Luddites. The inhabitants of Marsden and the surrounding villages were also compelled to deliver up all fire-arms in their possession, until the reign of terror should pass away.

There were also infantry and cavalry in Marsden. The 10th King's Bays, the 15th Hussars, and the Scotch Greys, were alternately billeted (at quite inadequate rates) in the town, impoverishing and sometimes ruining the landlords, irritating the high-spirited, oppressing the neutral, and contaminating the whole neighbourhood. These regiments were not allowed to remain long in one place, for fear of the men becoming tainted with Luddite opinions. The soldiers marched every night to the market-place at Marsden, and, having been paraded, were then told off into two divisions, the one to patrol on the road to Ottiwells and Valeside, and the other to spend the night between Marsden, Woodbottom Mill, and Lingards. As their movements were well known, and the clash of their swords and the tramp of their horses' feet were to be heard at a long distance at night, it was easy for the Luddites to steal away behind hedges, crouch in plantations, or take by-roads to their work of destruction. The cats had belled themselves this time, and the mice could play as they liked.

On the 11th of April fire was set to the gunpowder lying above the West Riding. On that day, the croppers at Mr. Wood's mill at Longroyd Bridge, near Huddersfield, were planning a night attack on the mill of a Mr. Cartwright, at Liversedge. The leading conspirator was an impetuous cropper, named George Mellor (twenty-two). His chief lieutenants were Thomas Smith (twenty-three), William Thorpe (twenty-two), and a mean subtle fellow, afterwards an informer, Benjamin Walker (twenty-five). Joshua Dickenson, a cropper, came to the shop on the Saturday before named, and brought a pint of powder, a bag

of bullets, and two or three cartridges, to distribute among the Longroyd Mill men. They met at night, about ten o'clock, when it was not quite dark, about three miles from Cartwright's mill, in the fields of Sir George Armitage, at the obelisk (or, as the Luddites quaintly nicknamed it, "the dumb steeple"). When more than a hundred men had assembled, Mellor and Thorpe, the two young leaders, mustered the Luds, and called them over, not by names, but by numbers, in military fashion; there were three companies—the musket, the pistol, and the hatchet companies; the rest carried sledge-hammers, adzes, and bludgeons. They were formed in lines two deep, and William Hale (No. 7), a cropper from Longroyd Mill, and a man named Rigge, were ordered by Mellor to go last and drive the Luds up, and see that no coward stole off in the darkness; for there were many Luds who only joined through fear of being assassinated, and had no heart in the matter. The order to march was at last given, and the band proceeded over wild Hartshead Moor, and from thence into a close sixty yards from Rawfold Mill, where the musket-men put on masks, got ready their fire-arms, and took a draught of rum to cheer them on to the attack. Mellor then formed his company of musket-men into lines of thirteen abreast, and moved on to the doomed mill, followed by Thorpe and his pistol-men.

In the mean time, Mr. Cartwright, who had apprehensions of an attack, was in the great stone many-windowed building. The great water-wheels were still; the only sound was the ripple of the water in the mill-dam. The alarm-bell, rising above the roof, stood out dark against the sky. There was no light at any window, and no noise. The five workmen and their allies, the five soldiers, were asleep. The armed men, intent on destruction and ready for murder, to their design stole on like ghosts. Soon after twelve, Mr. Cartwright, who had just fallen asleep, was awoken by the violent barking of a large dog kept chained inside the mill for such a purpose.

The millowner leaps out of bed to give the alarm, and as he opens his bedroom door he hears twenty or thirty of the three hundred panes of glass on the ground floor shattered in; at the same time there is a rattle and blaze of musketry at the ground and upper windows; the bullets whistle, and splinter, and flatten against the inner walls. At the same time a score of sledge-hammers are heard working at the chief door, and voices shouting and threatening at the other entrances, and indeed on all sides, except that on which the mill-pool lies.

The hour is come at last. But Mr. Cartwright is Yorkshire too, resolute, bold, and of a good heart. He shouts to his men, and they fly to arms, and load and cock their muskets. He and one or two of his workpeople run to the alarm-bell and pull fiercely at the rope, till it clashes out its summons to the Hussars at Liversedge and friends near or far.

This drives the Luddites stark staring mad; the firing becomes hotter; and a dozen of them cry out:

"Fire at the bell-rope!" "Shoot away the bell!" "D—— that bell! get it, lads!"

(For, they knew the soldiers would be on them with their sabres if that bell clang many minutes longer.) Presently the bell-rope breaks, and two men are sent up to ring and fire alternately. Cartwright and his men fire from the upper loops of the mill obliquely at the howling crowd that flash off their guns, and ply their hammers, and snap their pistols at the detested mill, where the ten men are glaring at them from under covert. The fire from and against the mill is hot, pelting, and furious.

"Bring up Enoch!" roar stentorian voices.

A big hammerman advances to the door, and pounds at it with Enoch as if it were a block of iron.

The rest shout:

"Bang up, my lads!" "In with you!" "Are you in, my lads?" "Keep close." "In with you, lads!" "D—— them. Kill them, every one!"

Mellor then cries, with horrible imprecations,

"The door is opened!"

But it is not. They are wrong this time. Enoch has been hard and heavy at it; it is true, the panels are broken, so that a man's head might go through, but the lock and bolt are not burst yet. The planks are split with hatchets, the malls have broken and chopped it into holes, but the door still keeps faithful and fast. The stone jambs of one entrance are wrenched out, the frameworks are smashed in, still Cartwright and his men keep up their fire from between the flagstones that barricade the upper windows, and some of the Luddites are struck. There is a cry that some one is shot, and a man has fallen on his face. Booth is down, and there is hot blood on Dean's hands. Dean has been shot through the door as he plied his hatchet.

There are only nine panes of glass left in the ground floor; but Enoch has failed this time. The firing has now gone on for twenty minutes, and still flashes to and fro over the mill-pool, from door to window, and from window to door. A man named Walker is looking in at a broken window, when a ball from one of Cartwright's men strikes the edge of his hat. The enraged Luddite instantly leans in and fires at where the flash came from, taking the best aim he can. As he said afterwards:

"I was determined to do it, though my hand was shot off for it, and hand and pistol had gone into the mill."

It is very dark, nothing can be seen on either side but the jet of fire upwards and downwards as the besieged fire from behind the paving-stones, and the Luddites from their platoons.

But now from the clamorous crowd outside came groans and screams; and the mob, either intimidated, dreading the coming sabres, or falling short of powder and ball, began to slacken their fire. That gave the mill people fresh courage, for they knew the Luddites were

losing heart. Now, the firing entirely ceased, except a shot or two at intervals. The wounded men were groaning with pain, and their comrades were trying to carry them off. The Luddites broke and separated towards Huddersfield; one man fell in the mill-dam; others slunk back to the Dumb Steeple Field; a few crept up the beck.

Mr. Cartwright, listening, could hear the heavy groaning of the poor wretches left under the windows wounded, but he was afraid to go out lest it should be afterwards said he had murdered the stragglers in cold blood. Then, the victorious defenders rested and rejoiced, or kept the alarm-bell going. On a friend arriving, Cartwright went cautiously out and examined the field of battle, and removed the wounded men to a public-house near. When the day broke, Cartwright went and examined the ruined mill: the windows were destroyed, the doors chopped and broken, the paths to Huddersfield strewn with malls, hatchets, and hammers. There was a Luddite's hat floating in a dismal way about the mill-dam.

That night many glimpses were obtained of the retreating rioters.

Some of the frightened Luddites were soon tracked. On the night of the attack on Rawfold Mill, a man named Brooks, who was wet through and without a hat, called at High Town on a man named Naylor, from whom Mellor, the leading spirit all through this bad affair, borrowed a hat for his coadjutor. On the day after, a woman living at Lockwood saw a great many cloth-dressers come to the house of a man named Brook, whom she heard evidently telling "some sorrowful tale." She could tell that, by the motion of his hand. She heard only a few words, and those were:

"That of all the dismallest duns anybody ever heard, that was the dismallest, and that you might have heard it half a mile, and I had rather be ellemmed to death than be in such a stir again."

Before any of the men could be arrested, the irritation produced by the failure of the attack on Rawfold's mill had led to a fresh crime. A day or two after the repulse, the croppers at Mr. Wood's mill at Longroyd's Bridge were talking together, lamenting the loss of life among the Luddites at Cartwright's mill. Mellor, always foremost, then said there was no way of smashing the machinery but by shooting the masters. No one present seems to have protested against this proposition. Mellor, who had been to Russia, had brought back with him a large pistol of a peculiar kind, with a barrel half a yard long. It had been sold to a man named Hall for some pigeons. This pistol was borrowed on the afternoon of the 28th of April. At Hall's house, Mellor loaded this pistol so heavily, that Hall asked Mellor if he meant to fire that? He thought the piece would jump back. Mellor replied, coolly, "Yes; I mean to give Horsfall that." About five o'clock that day, Mellor came into a room at Longroyd Mill, where a man named Walker was at work

with three other men, and asked him to go with him and shoot Mr. Horsfall. The man did not then consent; but half an hour after, Mellor came again, put a loaded and primed pistol into his hand, and told him he must go with him and shoot Horsfall. Walker examined the pistol, found it nearly full, and consented.

This Mr. Horsfall—the man whom the four Luddites waited for in the narrow strip of a plantation on the Huddersfield road—was an excitable impetuous man, violent in manner, but kind and forgiving to his own workpeople. Against the Luddites, however, he was always implacable. Though he had offered to his neighbours, the Armitages, to pull down the obnoxious frames, he had been heard to express his wish to ride up to the saddle-girths in Luddite blood. The children, as he rode through Lingard's Wood, used to run out and cry, "I'm General Lud!" and he would invariably pursue the urchins with his horsewhip. This rash and impulsive man was about forty, and in the full flush of vigorous manhood. It was said that the Luddites had, on the night of the defeat at Rawfold's, tossed up a shilling to settle whether Cartwright's mill or Horsfall's mill should be first attacked.

The other men were in a wood twenty yards nearer Huddersfield. They were to fire after Mellor and Thorpe had fired.

This was at about six o'clock. At about half-past five Mr. Horsfall has mounted at the door of the George Hotel, Huddersfield, rash and defiant as usual, and ridden off. A few minutes after he was out of sight, Mr. Horsfall's friend, a Mr. Eastwood of Slaithwaite, who had often expostulated with the daring and obnoxious millowner on the imprudence of his intemperate language about the Luddites, called at the George to propose, for protection and companionship, to ride home with him. On hearing he had gone, he cantered quickly after him, hoping to overtake him. About six, Mr. Horsfall pulled up his horse at the Warren House Inn at Crossland Moor. Finding there two of his old workpeople, Mr. Horsfall gave each a glass of liquor in a friendly way. He did not himself alight, but on the saddle tossed off a steaming glass of rum-and-water, and then rode off flushed with the grog. A man named Parr was about a hundred and fifty yards behind him. All the way from Huddersfield there had been an intermittent stream of people returning homeward—farmers in gigs, labourers with carts, and young squires riding gaily back to their country places.

When Mr. Horsfall comes abreast of the plantation, Parr sees four men in dark-coloured clothes stooping about under the boughs. All at once there comes a crack, as of a gun, and a puff of smoke. Mr. Horsfall's horse jibs around, and the rider falls with his face on the horse's neck. Two shots had been fired. By a great effort the wounded man raises himself painfully up by the horse's mane, and calls out "Murder!" At that moment a man in a bottle-green top-coat (one of the four in ambuscade)

springs on the wall with one hand and both feet.

Parr, riding up, seeing this, called out to the murderer, "What, are you not contented yet?" and rode fast up to the wounded man, who was already dripping with blood. Horsfall said to the farmer coming so providentially to his assistance:

"Good man, you are a stranger to me, but pray ride on to Mr. Horsfall's house" (his brother's), "and get assistance. I am shot."

Parr, supporting him in his arms—for he grew sick and faint, and was falling—said:

"Are you Mr. Horsfall of Marsden?"

As he groaned "I am," the blood spurted from his side, and he fell off his horse.

Parr then drew him to the side of the road, and a clothier, named Bannister, supported him in his arms till two boys came up with a cart and removed the dying man to the Warren House.

When the surgeon came, he found poor Horsfall's pulse weak faint and tremulous, and he was pale and sick. One ball had passed through his left side to his right side, and nearly cut the femoral artery. The other ball had pierced his left thigh. He died in about thirty-eight hours.

A labourer in the adjacent fields, who saw the murder perpetrated, was seized with terror, and fled. Another man, ignorant of the murder, saw four men run and clamber over a wall into Dungeon Wood. In getting over the bars, part of a pistol was seen under one of the men's coat, and the ploughman said to himself:

"There go Luds; we shall have mischief to-night!"

The man (probably Mellor), seeing the pistol was observed, drew his top-coat down over it. Smith and Walker hid their pistols in two ant-hills in the wood, and also Mellor's powder-horn. Mellor and Thorpe then ordered their companions to go Honley way, and gave them two shillings to buy beer. They went on two miles further to Honley, and there drank seven or eight pints of ale. There was a drunken collier there, and the collier, pleased with Smith's excellent whistling, got up and tried to dance. Soon after, some pale frightened men came in from Huddersfield market, and brought word that Mr. Horsfall had been shot, and was lying half dead at the Warren House.

The next day, Walker was sent for by Mellor to come into his shop at Longroyd Mill. Mellor, Thorpe, and Smith, then produced a Bible, and ordered him to kiss it, and swear to keep the secret "in all its circumstances." Six other workmen had already been sworn. Mellor had burnt his finger in firing, and it was then bound up, while Thorpe's face had been scratched in running through the plantation.

Mellor and Thorpe's pistols Mellor had left at his cousin's at Dungeon Wood, where the apprentices hid them under some flocks, and after that in the laite. At this house Mellor also left his own bottle-green top-coat and Thorpe's, and took his cousin's drab coat away as a disguise.

The Luddites were now triumphant, and quiet

and honest people were frantic with fear. We draw upon our local authority for a picture of the aspect of things at this crisis. There were, however, brave men still resolute and determined. "At Marsden, on the receipt of the intelligence, the authorities, undismayed, prepared for all emergencies and redoubled their precautions. The head-quarters of cavalry were at the house now belonging to Mr. Robert Taylor. It was then the principal inn in the village, and known as the Old Red Lion, kept by a landlord named John Race. The large room still extending over the entire building—now applied to a far different purpose—was converted into barracks for the cavalry, their horses being kept in the adjoining stables. At Ottiwells, where a portion of the infantry was continually on guard during the night, prompt measures against a probable attack were taken. Watch and ward was maintained by the soldiery and the local constabulary, a strict surveillance was kept over all suspected individuals, and no lights were permitted in any dwellings after nine o'clock in the evening. It was naturally anticipated that Woodbottom Mill and its proprietors would be the next objects of vengeance, and preparations were made to frustrate it. For months past, Enoch and James Taylor had slept in the mill in consequence of their lives being threatened and their own dwellings being unsafe, and they formed part of the mill garrison at night. Their future partner, Arthur Hirst, was the woollen engineer at the mill, and he vigorously laboured to convert the factory into a fortified place, becoming for the time a military engineer. The windows of the first story were barricaded. The doors and window-shutters were coated inside with sheet iron. All communication between the first and upper stories could be cut off, and the defenders inside were enabled to fire upon an attacking force from the upper stories while sheltered themselves. A trap-door on a floor over the water-wheel had been so ingeniously planned by Arthur Hirst, that if the rioters had gained an entrance they would, on touching the flooring, drop through it into the wheel-race below."

Such was the fear of the vengeance of the Luddites, that Mellor and his companions remained undiscovered for nearly a year. Though two thousand pounds (a large sum for poor workmen) was offered for their apprehension, they remained going in and out at Longroyd Mill just as usual, though several dozen men must have known of their guilt. At last, Benjamin Walker, tempted by the reward, betrayed them, and was admitted evidence for the crown. "A special commission was held at York before Baron Thomas and Judge Le Blanc for the trial of the Luddites, sixty-four in number, who were concerned in the disturbances in the West Riding. The assizes commenced on Saturday, January 2nd, 1813, and terminated on the 12th of the same month. Amongst the prisoners were three of the murderers of Mr. Horsfall, namely, George Mellor, William Thorpe, and Thomas Smith. The evidence against them was

conclusive. The prisoners were defended by Henry, now Lord Brougham. At that day it was a peculiarity of the law in trials for such crimes as the prisoners were charged with, that while their counsel could cross-examine the witnesses for the crown, and examine the witnesses for the defence, they could not address the jury on behalf of the accused. This palpable and cruel injustice no longer exists. Mr. Justice Le Blanc, the presiding judge, summed up the evidence clearly and impartially. At the close of the summing up the jury retired, and returned in twenty-five minutes, bringing in a verdict of 'Guilty' against all the prisoners, who, upon being asked if they had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon them, severally declared that they were 'Not Guilty,' Thorpe adding, 'Evidence has been given false against me, that I declare.' Before and after the conviction an impression possessed many minds that Smith was not as culpable as the rest, and that he was as much sinned against as sinning. This feeling was strengthened by the fact that the jury singled him out from the rest, and, the day before the execution, recommended him to mercy; but the recommendation was disregarded. The trial concluded on Wednesday, the 6th of January. In those days death followed quickly upon conviction, and on the Friday following the execution of the three men took place at York. In the short interval between conviction and execution the prisoners were very penitent, yet persistently refused to make any acknowledgment of their guilt. Mellor declared 'that he would rather be in the situation he was then placed in, dreadful as it was, than have to answer for the crime of their accuser (Walker);' adding, that 'he would not change places with him for his liberty and two thousand pounds.' To prevent the possibility of rescue, the place of execution was guarded by a strong force of cavalry and infantry, and at nine o'clock in the morning, in the presence of a vast assemblage of people, the murderers met their doom. Though deeply affected, they made no confession of their guilt. On the Saturday but one following, fourteen more persons were executed at York for crimes of a similar character; a wholesale execution which has since had no parallel in England."

Walker, the informer, was ever after shunned and detested. His ill-earned money did not prosper; he became poor, and in his old age had to apply for parish relief at Huddersfield.

"The members of the firm of Messrs. Abraham and John Horsfall took the death of their son and nephew greatly to heart; and the father, Mr. Abraham Horsfall, from thenceforth appeared to imbibe a dislike to Marsden. The use of the obnoxious machinery was discontinued at Ottiwells, and cropping by hand resumed; and in a few years afterwards their mill property in Marsden was disposed of, Bankbottom Mills passing into the possession of Messrs. Norris, Sykes, and Priestley; and Ottiwells to Messrs. Abraham and William Kinder. It is related

that, after his son's death, Mr. Abraham Horsfall never again entered the mill at Ottiwells, and when riding past on his way to Bankbottom, he invariably averted his face from the mill, as if its very sight was hateful and painful to him."

On the 9th of January, Haigh, Dean, Ogden, the three Brooks, Walker, and Hirst were tried for the attack on Cartwright's mill. Haigh, Dean, Ogden, Thomas Brook, and Walker were found guilty and hung. The rest were acquitted.

After this wholesome severity, the Luddites never made much head in Yorkshire. The spirit of resistance was roused, leaders were wanting to the rioters, and the better class of workmen began to shrink from combinations that, beginning in destroying machinery, soon ripened into murder.

Brandreth and his treason, terribly expiated on the scaffold at Derby, belongs more to the history of political agitation. The Nottingham riots were not attended with circumstances so interesting as those we have given, and the burning of Messrs. Wire and Duncroft's manufactory at West Houghton, in Lancashire, on the 24th of April, 1812, we have no room to describe here.

The record of the Luddite riots is a black and warning page in the social history of England. It is a melancholy picture of ignorance, of useless crime, and of cruel vengeance, yet it was by such painful and blood-stained steps that the English workman learned the madness and folly of combinations against progress. Cobbett, with his fine vigorous Saxon sense, refuted the arguments of the Yorkshire rioters in his admirable and most useful "Letter to the Luddites." He says:

"To show that machines are not naturally and necessarily an evil, we have only to suppose the existence of a patriarchal race of a hundred men and their families, all living in common, four men of which are employed in making cloth by hand. Now, suppose some one to discover a machine by which all the cloth wanted can be made by one man. The consequence would be that the great family would (having enough of everything else) use more cloth; or, if any part of the labour of the three cloth-makers were much wanted in any other department, they would be employed in that other department. Thus would the whole be benefited by this invention. The whole would have more clothes amongst them, or more food would be raised, or the same quantity as before would be raised, leaving the community more leisure for study or recreation. See ten miserable mariners cast on shore on a desert island, with only a bag of wheat and a little flax-seed. The soil is prolific; they have fish and fruits; the branches or bark of trees would make them houses, and the wild animals afford them meat. Yet, what miserable dogs they are! They can neither sow the wheat, make the flour, nor catch the fish or the animals. But let another wreck toss on the shore a spade, a hand-mill, a trowel, a hatchet, a saw, a pot, a

gun, and some fish-hooks and knives, and how soon the scene is changed! Yet they want clothes; and in order to make them shirts, for instance, six or seven out of the ten are constantly employed in making the linen. This throws a monstrous burden of labour on the other three, who have to provide the food. But send them a loom, and you release six out of the seven from the shirt-making concern, and ease as well as plenty immediately succeeds. In these simple cases the question is decided at once in favour of machines."

These arguments are irrefutable, and may be thus summarised: Improved machinery lowers the price of production. The cheaper a fabric is, the greater is the demand for it, and it at once undersells the fabric produced without machinery. Where the demand for a certain fabric increases, more hands are of course employed. Younger persons can work at machinery than at handicrafts where strength is required. Suppose machinery abolished in Lancashire: that would not prevent its being employed elsewhere. The wife and children would be thrown out of work by the stopping of the lighter machinery. The husband and father, having to support his family alone, requires higher wages. Prices are raised to meet this drain for more wages. Trade again flows to the cheaper market. The trade in the non-progressive or riotous places dwindles. Fewer workmen are required; down go wages; and Poverty, Famine, and Death, those cruel teachers of political economy, creep into the half-deserted factories, and push the workmen from their seats into the graves that have long been gaping at their feet.

In February, 1812, Mr. Ryder brought in a bill rendering frame-breaking a capital offence. The act passed, and was continued in force till March 1, 1814.

TWELVE MONTHS OF MY LIFE.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER XI.

I GATHERED myself under the shelter of the shadow of death. Sitting behind the bed-curtains in the darkened sick-room, I fought with my own heart for dear life, till the feeble moans beside me filled me with dismay at the unnatural division of my thoughts at such a time, and I drew nearer the bed, keeping my eyes upon the suffering face and holding the suffering hand, while by desperate force of will I concentrated all my existence into one feeling and a hundred acts of sympathy for my stricken father. For he was still my father, and stricken, though he had wrung all the joy out of my life. Must he die now, and take it with him where it could avail him nothing? How gladly would I have gone in his place, and left to him prosperity, with Luke Elphinstone's friendship! I crushed my own identity out of the sick-room into the outer world to which it belonged, and became merely a silent woman with noiseless feet and watchful eyes. I was my father's nurse, nothing more.

Luke Elphinstone was troubled for me; indeed, I think he was. I believe he was troubled about more than me, but at that time I did not know, I would not think about the matter. He used to come to the door to ask for my father, and he looked worn and haggard about the eyes. I used to think, as I closed the door, I did not believe he had so much unselfish feeling in him. This was because I had shut my thoughts upon other matters.

I have often wondered since, looking back, how any one could so stave off, single-handed, the near assaults of an impending lifelong misery as I did in those darkened days, sitting in the lonely quiet of a dim room. It was the shadow of death that hung between me and the future like a great shield. So long as the doctor came every day, and shook his head, saying, "Patience, my dear young lady!—it is all he will require of you more in this world, and that only for a little time"—so long as he said this, I sat forgetting my own name and features, and deaf and dumb to the voices that came crying to me through the chinks of the door. But when he came at last, and said, "Ah, Miss Mattie, there is hope! Cheer up, my dear, and go out to the garden for a little air," then the pent-up currents of life came rushing back into my veins, and I went forth into the brilliant autumn daylight and moaned for the callousness of the sunshine, and railed in my burning heart against the cruelty of the world.

I shrank from my lonely listless saunters out of doors. The garden was still gay, though its summer glories were dead; there were sad winds about, and the leaves were falling; dropping, dropping. One could not walk but they came fluttering in one's face and beating about one's breast, like passionate tears from the trees, that in all the magnificence of their fading beauty lashed their tawny boughs against the sky, and complained because the fiat of decay had gone forth against them. I hated the harsh rustling of the dead leaves under my feet. I had not even the heart to make myself an autumn posy. I looked at the flowers, and left them as trifles which had no longer any interest; I fled if a blackbird uttered a note. I left the glowing out-door world, in which I seemed already a stranger, forgotten and forsaken by all my old friends of sight and sound, and returned to the dim dull house, to the empty shadowy rooms, to the ticking clock on the staircase, the streak of stealthy light on the wall, the muffled steps, the whispering voices.

At evenings, when I had to leave Elspie in charge of the sick-room awhile, I made my walk up and down the long lobby where my mother's ghost was believed to pace at night. And here all that had occurred in my last hours at Eldergowan came back, as a dream will return bit by bit far on through the day after it has been dreamed. I remembered that Mark had owned his love for me, had reproached me, invited me to trust him, to tell him my troubles. Had I been less hard, had I shown less coldly

determined to go my own way, would he have so suddenly and rashly bound himself to one for whom he cared nothing? Yet why should he not care for Sylvia? What, then, had I lost, since his love was so easily transferred? Oh, much—much; I had lost very much! A crazy idea this that I was chasing through my brain. What did it matter to me? What could it ever have mattered to me? I hastened to look on my father's altered face and nerveless hands, lest my heart should cry out against him.

There seemed to me something inexpressibly sad in the fact that Mark had loved me. Had I, being free, made a mistake which women have made before now, giving forth the music of their hearts and finding no response, it would not have been half so hard. Had I learned that his happiness was in the keeping of others, I could have plucked the love out of my heart, and shed it in flowers under his feet—ay, and under the feet of his bride. But Mark had set his heart upon me, had stretched out his hand to me, and I had turned away. This was what I had to forget as I sat by my father's head, and counted the hours of each weary day going past.

Luke dropped completely out of my life at this time. Where was he? What was he doing? I did not know. I did not think at all of the future. I thought only of what I had lost.

How faithful and kind were my two friends, Dr. Strong and Miss Pollard, I could never tell. The little woman shone out in the time of trouble like gold thrice refined. She watched me as tenderly as a mother, and mourned over my pale cheeks and thin hands. In the goodness of her heart she became a sort of Nemesis, overtaking me at all hours of the day with spoonfuls of tonic draughts, glasses of wine, and mutton-chops. I did not like her doses, but I liked the hand that gave them, and often swallowed them against my will for the sake of seeing her look happy. So neat she was, so quick, so quiet and cheery, with her kind sympathetic eyes that saw everything and intruded into nothing, and her childish button of a mouth touched at the corners with a simple content. When I had a thought to spare, I gave it to her, big with admiration.

"If ever you are ill, Dr. Strong," I said to him one day when we had both been watching her at some of her handiwork—"if ever you are ill, I hope you will have Miss Pollard to nurse you."

"No man could have a better fate," said the doctor, solemnly; and put on his hat and went out. And, after he had gone, I could not help wondering at the oddity of his answer, and thinking that he had taken my words for more than they were worth.

Mrs. Hatteraick had come to the Mill-house several times while my father lay waiting, as we thought, for death; but I had never spoken to her outside the door of the sick-room, and never even there except in whispers about the patient. But one afternoon she came during

the time when my father was supposed to be recovering, and we walked up and down the orchard paths together.

The chill of advanced autumn was in the air; the dear old lady had on her furs; a fire burned invitingly in the drawing-room; but it seemed that by mutual consent we must go out of doors and walk while we talked. The winds hurried about as if they should never have time for all the devastating work they had to do. River and sky were cold and grey as steel. Yellow leaves flapped on the creaking boughs, and the crimson apples glowed between. A sad unthrifty ripeness of beauty struggled with the disfigurements of decay. It was a hectic, withering, weeping world.

"You have heard our strange news, Mattie?" said Mrs. Hatteraick, clinging to me as she leaned with her frail hand on my arm.

"Yes, Mrs. Hatteraick," I said; "I hope it will make you all happy."

"I do not look for it," she said. "It is too strange—it is unnatural. She will never make my son's happiness. He is so changed—he is gloomy and bitter. He has not done this thing in his right senses. If the woman loved him, I should not despair, but she does not. Oh, Mattie, Mattie! the world has gone wrong with my son! and it's your fault. We took you into our hearts; we counted you all our own. You saw how it was with us, and you never said a word."

"Do not blame me," I said—and I said it very meekly, for my heart felt quite broken at the time—"do not blame me. We have each our own share of trouble to bear."

She stopped our walk, put back the hair that was blowing about my eyes with her trembling hands, and looked in my face.

"Mattie dear," she said, "you are not happy in this engagement of yours. Tell me about it. I am not Mark. I am not Sylvia. An old woman going fast towards her grave can keep a secret. Tell me, are you happy?"

I felt what was coming, for my pride was sinking, sinking; but I struggled as long as I could.

"It need not matter to any one," I said, "whether I am happy or not. It must not matter."

"Those are hard words for the young, my darling," she said. And oh, she said it so pitifully, so lovingly. "You do not like this Mr. Elphinstone, who is to be your husband," she went on; "I know that, and I may as well know the rest. He is very rich, I hear, but it is not that which influences my Mattie. There is something else that cannot be got over?"

"Mrs. Hatteraick," I said, "don't you think that when there are things that cannot be got over it is best to be silent?"

"Silence is an excellent rule, my love," she said; "but there must be exceptions, or hearts would break."

Had mine been sheathed in steel, it must have been pierced by the home-thrusts of her tender-

ness. I spoke at last, and told my story, passionately, stormily. I could not stop myself, and yet while I was speaking I knew that it would have been better I had kept silent. Where is the use of saying that which can only be said ill? I think Mrs. Hatteraick felt this as my words rang about her ears. I think, by the failing of her voice and the whitening of her cheek, that she did. Sympathy is but the aggravation of some sorrows when hope is a dead letter. Silence had been best for me.

CHAPTER XII.

My father continued to get better, and Sylvia returned to the Mill-house. I knew that she had no home to receive her, and I wrote, asking her to come to us before her marriage, for, as long a time as might suit her. In the beginning of November she came.

Mark drove her over, one wet evening. I stood at the open hall door to welcome her. I had tasked myself to do everything kind. Mark would not come in, though he came up the steps, carrying Sylvia's cloak. He must return to Eldergowan at once, he said, and neither I nor Sylvia pressed him to remain. He was very straight, and stern, and soldierly, as he walked up the steps, and the idea passed across my mind that this was how he must have looked going to battle. I kept my eyes on Sylvia as I shook hands with him, and I said it was a very wet evening indeed, and after he had driven away I stood a minute on the threshold looking out at the drifting rain, and wondering, with a sort of frantic fear, if I should always feel like this, all through my life.

At this moment, Luke came round the house talking to a farm-servant about the cattle plague which had made some appearance in the neighbourhood.

"Stamp it out!" I heard Luke saying in a high voice. "The only thing to be done is to stamp it out."

The words came to me suddenly on the wind like a sort of wild reply to my wondering, and I took them home and made my own of them.

"Stamp it out!" I cried, starting out of my sleep that night. "Stamp it out!" I whispered, clenching my hand under my apron, when I saw a photograph on Sylvia's dressing-table. "There is nothing to be done but to stamp it out!" I murmured, when I happened on a dead flower pinned in the bosom of one of my muslin gowns, and dropped it deep into the heart of the fire.

I wonder how Sylvia felt coming back that evening. She looked battered with the wind and rain, and very worn and weary, as she stood in her wrappings in the hall and looked around her. I dare say everything she glanced upon had its own tale to tell her, in the way that still life has got, of restoring to you unexpectedly with interest whatever you endowed it with in the hey-day of your sorrow or delight. Her face was thinner and sharper, and her eyes had an uneasy look. I knew what she had

done, and I guessed what she suffered. I ought to have pitied her.

There were no sweet words nor caresses between us. "Thank you, Mattie, for this kindness," she said, in a graceless sort of way, and went up to her own room. Her reception was dismal enough, though I did wish it had been otherwise. I had done nothing to make the house less dull than was its wont. The gilding seemed to have got rubbed off my finger-tips. What they touched they left as sombre as they had found—and this little loss had a pain of its own, for a woman loves the charm that her fancy sheds here and there in her home, and when her household magic leaves her, she knows it for a woful sign that her life has gone awry.

I had asked Miss Pollard to stay with me that evening, so that we three, Luke, Sylvia, and I, might not have to sit at table alone. She left early, however, and soon after she went away I was summoned up-stairs to my father's room. An hour passed, and I could not help wondering how Sylvia and Luke had spent it tête-à-tête. At the end of that time I heard the drawing-room door open, and the hall door bang violently, notwithstanding it had come on a furiously wet and windy night. When I went down to the drawing-room half an hour later, Sylvia was sitting alone, bent over the fire, her face flushed and tear-stained. I think I came upon her unawares, for I had of late got the habit of moving noiselessly; and she seemed ill-pleased to see me. She gave me such a wild angry look that I had almost turned and left the room to her without a word, but it came across my mind that the estrangement between us would grow too bitter to be endurable if I did so. I went up and put my hand upon her, and said, "What is the matter, Sylvia?" And I tried to put all the softness that I could into my voice.

"Matter?" she said, laughing; "why, prosperity is turning my head a little, I think. Luke has been congratulating me on my wonderful good fortune, and I have been sitting here since, reflecting that I ought to be a little distracted by delight. Think of it, Mattie! I came here a poor, penniless, friendless creature, with only a few gay gowns between me and beggary, and, lo and behold! instead of having to go back into the world to seek for a roof to cover my head, I am about to be raised to the rank of wife of one of the noblest gentlemen God ever made! This is what people's congratulations tell me every day, and if I believe firmly in my own bliss, it is no wonder I go a little mad thinking about it sometimes when I am left alone!"

"Sylvia," said I, "I think if you have no feeling of respect or affection for that noble gentleman you have mentioned, you ought at least to feign a little. It would be more for your own dignity, never to speak of his honour."

"Dignity!" she said; "do you think I care any more either for myself or my dignity? There

was only one thing I cared for, and you denied it to me, and there is nothing left in the world that can cause me one touch of regret. As for affection, I give as much as I have received, and that is fair enough."

She had picked up a ball of wool that Miss Pollard had left behind her on the floor, and was tossing it and catching it, like a child at play, while she tripped these speeches lightly off her tongue, only the gleam of her eye as it followed the ball in the air and a sort of grating strain in her voice telling that all she said was not meant for an extravagant joke.

And this was Mark Hatteraick's wife. A brave soldier, who had fought well, lived purely, ripened into such a man as any heart could worship, was to end by having a woman like this sitting by his fireside. Pity for him made me save.

"You had better change your mind," I said, "before you wreck a good man's happiness."

"Ha! Mattie, has he found a champion at last?" she said; and then she rose from her chair with a yawn. "I wonder," she said, "if all our lives long you and I will be such friends as we are to-night?"

"God forbid!" I said, "for the sake of Christian charity."

"You speak pretty plainly," she said, "considering I am a guest in your house."

"You make me forget where I am, and who I am," I said, trembling so that I could hardly speak or stand.

"Oh, never mind!" said Sylvia, carelessly, as she took her candle. "What a night it is!" she went on, as a dash of rain came across the window. "Luke will be pretty well drenched, wherever he is. He might as well have been sitting there by the fire, preventing, by his presence, our amiable conversation. Good night!" she added, pleasantly, and went away with as light a step as if she had already forgotten every word that had passed between us.

Though I had asked Sylvia to be my guest for her own convenience, my time was so occupied by my father that I could pay her but little attention. She was left much to her own resources, and passed her days in any way she pleased. She shopped in Streamstown with Miss Pollard, and received parcels from London. She sewed a little at muslins and laces, but a dreary idleness engrossed her more than anything else. She seemed to dread loneliness, and would beg of Miss Pollard to bring her work and sit with her; or boldly walk into the nursery to bestow her company on Elspie. She sometimes even crept into my father's sick-room and sat silently behind the curtains. More than once she heard things thus, which I had rather she had not heard, rambling regrets and self-accusations from the poor sufferer, in which my mother's name and mine were constantly mentioned, eager recounting of his gains and plans, allusions to the time when ruin had so nearly come upon him, and Luke Elphinstone had saved him. I did not know whether

Sylvia listened to, or minded, these things. Sometimes I thought she heard none of them.

Mark appeared at the Mill-house occasionally—very seldom, I thought; but Sylvia seemed to think he came often enough, and, indeed, judging by the shortness of his visits, and Sylvia's frame of mind after they were over, one would be inclined to think these two could have little that was agreeable to talk about. Her manner and temper grew worse and worse. When Luke and she and I met at table, she was gay enough, but there was a harshness in her gaiety that made it painful. Only for stray little gleams of kindness that sometimes shone out of her still, I should have thought her nature had undergone a thorough change.

One day I came down the stairs and hall when Mark was just descending the steps outside. I had not seen him for a long time, but he merely bowed and raised his hat; he did not turn back to speak to me. I felt the colour rush over my face, perhaps for the coldness, perhaps for the slight, perhaps for the sudden memory of what had been, and what might have been. While I stood gazing blankly through the doorway into the copper-beech tree, Sylvia came forward from somewhere and stood beside me.

"He is generous and honourable, but *not* changeable," she said abruptly, with a touch of her old softness. "It was all my doing. I was determined to do it, from a crazy motive of my own, and I did it. Never blame him. It was all my fault—all of it, at least, that was not yours. Blame yourself most. If I had a lover so true, I would go through fire and water to cleave to him."

And then she walked away into the drawing-room and shut the door, without waiting for my answer.

For some time after Sylvia's return to us, Luke went out regularly every night after tea, and spent the remainder of the evening in his counting-house at the mills. I do not know when he first began to give up this habit, nor do I remember even thinking much about how Sylvia and he got on during the long evenings together; but I recollect that it was just about the time my father got a relapse, and occupied more fully than ever all my time and thoughts, that Sylvia left off coming tapping to the doors for admittance, and begging to be allowed to bestow her company upon some one.

For about a fortnight I saw very little of her, and then I remember meeting her on the lobby one evening just as I was leaving my father's room.

"Let me go in," she said.

"My father is asleep," I said, holding the door.

"Let me in," she repeated, "or I shall go mad."

I was too much accustomed to her oddities to heed this, but I allowed her to go into the room and sit to watch, while I went down-stairs to speak to an old servant who had come a long way to see me. I was almost an hour absent, and when I came back I found her pacing up

and down the lobby. She put her arm through mine, and made me walk with her.

"Elsie is in there," she said. "Stay here. This is where the foot goes pattering up and down at night. Is it true the story that Elsie tells about it?"

"I cannot say," I said. "I'd rather not speak of it. It is too painful."

"Elsie says," she continued, "that it is when you are in trouble that your mother cannot rest. I hear her up and down, up and down, every night. Mattie! would it not be an act of mercy to give that poor soul rest?"

"I don't know what you mean, Sylvia," I said. "I tell you again, this is too painful to be talked about."

"If you were happy, she would rest," persisted Sylvia, not appearing to take the least note of my replies. "I have been hearing a story about you from your father; yes, he awakened up and began telling me about it. It is hard that the world should have gone so crooked with us both, Mattie, but it might come right still. While there is life there is hope."

"Yes, Sylvia," I said, thinking she alluded to the prospect of my father's recovery.

She put her arms round my neck and kissed my face all over—my forehead and eyes, my cheeks and lips.

"I am sorry I ever tormented you, Mattie," she said. "Will you let us be true friends?"

"I do not understand your humours, Sylvia," I said, "but I have no objection to be your friend. I wish you nothing but good."

And here my story narrows itself down to one keen point. A day arrived when two great events came and clashed together: the day of my father's death.

I had been sitting with him all the forenoon, as usual, and he had been talking to me in a manner that was quite new with him. He had become very gentle and chastened. His mind was quite clear, and he looked at me with love in his poor eyes, held my hand, and called me his "good child!" The change wrung my heart, but it was very sweet. I did not remember that these holy spells of peace come sometimes before death, as if enough had been suffered, and the tired body rested a little, while the soul awaited the heavenly order for release.

In the afternoon I felt ill, over-excited, and over-fatigued, and Miss Pollard having come and taken my place, I went away at her desire to rest awhile in the quiet of my own room. Coming out of the darkened chamber to the bright daylight on the lobby, I looked out of the window and noticed what a clear brisk frosty day it was. The wheels were plunging on, as usual, with their sturdy song of work. It was a superstition of mine that their sound had different tones and meanings at different times, and at this moment it struck me that they were holding forth to the cold smiling sky and the bracing air about how people can live very well without sunshine if they have only their liberty and a strong will. And I admitted

the hope that when my father should be quite recovered he might help me to break my engagement with Luke, and we two might go away to some quiet corner of the world where no one should know us, and we might spend our lives together in peace.

I had just drawn my white curtains between me and the world when my door opened, and, starting up, I saw Sylvia come in. She was equipped for out of doors, and looked splendidly beautiful, all dressed in grey silk and black velvet, with a swansdown ruff round her neck, and some bright berries under the brim of her bonnet.

"I am going for a drive with Luke, Mattie," said she, smoothing a wrinkle out of her glove as she spoke, and clasping it round her wrist.

"Are you, indeed?" I said, looking at her in amazement.

"Yes," she said. "I thought I had better tell you. Have you any objection?"

"No," said I, "certainly not, if you have none yourself."

"Remember, I asked you," she said, "and that you told me I might go." And then she disappeared.

I have said before that I had grown so accustomed to Sylvia's oddities that I could hardly be surprised at anything she might say or do; nevertheless, I wondered a good deal about this new freak, and in wondering about it I fell asleep, and slept soundly till the mill-bell, ringing at six for the workpeople to go home, awakened me. It was quite dark, and Miss Pollard came in and stirred up my fire and lighted my gas.

"Dinner is ready, my dear," she said; "but Mr. Elphinstone has not come in, nor can I find Miss Ashenhurst."

"Have they not come back yet?" I asked.

"Come back!" exclaimed Miss Pollard.

"Yes," said I. "Sylvia came in here before I went to sleep, and told me she was going for a drive with Luke."

"You must have dreamed it, my dear," said Miss Pollard. "She could not do such a thing."

"I don't think I dreamed it," said I.

We went down to the drawing-room and sat by the fireside, waiting. Six o'clock was our dinner-hour; Miss Pollard and I waited till half-past seven, and still there was no news of Sylvia and Luke. Then we dined together, and when it grew later yet I begged Miss Pollard to send away the maid who came with her cloak and umbrella, and to remain with me all the night.

Early in the evening it had come on wet and windy, and towards midnight there was a perfect hurricane battering about the windows.

"You may as well go to bed, my dear," said Miss Pollard, when one o'clock had struck. "They are not likely to return now. Wherever they are, they must stay under cover to-night." And she looked very white and horrified as she spoke.

But I could not go to bed, and we sat over

the fire. We did not talk much; our thoughts were too strange to be put into words. Miss Pollard glanced fearfully at me from time to time, and averted her eyes as if dreading I should read her mind. Every now and again she made some ingenious suggestion as to what might have happened to keep Luke and Sylvia abroad. Two or three times I slipped up-stairs and listened at my father's door, and once I stole into his room, and saw that he slept peacefully. That was the last time I saw him living. I came down again, and found that my faithful little friend had fallen asleep on the sofa by the fireside. I covered her up with shawls, and then I passed another hour walking restlessly about the room, racked with a thousand bewildering thoughts. At last, I threw myself into an arm-chair in a state of utter exhaustion, and remembered nothing more till I awakened with a sudden shock, and the conviction that something strange and awful had occurred. The fire had died out, and Miss Pollard was gone. There were confused sounds outside the door, hurrying feet, and smothered exclamations. I flew to the door and opened it, expecting to see Luke or Sylvia lying dead in the hall. But it was not that which had sent this panic through the house. I rushed up-stairs, crying, "What?—what? Tell me, for God's sake!" But people met me on the lobby and dragged me into my room. I heard Dr. Strong's voice on the lobby, and a feeble sound of Elspie weeping. By-and-by Miss Pollard came to me, and then I learned it all. My father was dead. A second stroke of paralysis had come upon him in his sleep, and he had died on the instant.

Later on in the morning they allowed me to go into his room, which was all hung with black and white, and kneel down close by the poor grey head that lay so stiff on the pillow, and have out my passion of grief and forlornness, no eye being there to see. Oh, the poor grey head! the straight meek figure, the hand that could never more receive a benefit from me! What mute, piteous reproaches I suffered in those hours, looking at the silent lips from which I could not now remember to have ever heard a hard or angry word. I could only recollect my own bitterness and rebellion against his will, and the sole comfort I had was in the reflection that my enforced obedience had saved him in the day of his tribulation.

I had wearied myself out with weeping, and was kneeling with my face buried in my arms, half-stupified, when the door opened, and Sylvia came in softly, a streak of sunshine creeping after her into the gloomy room. It did not shock me to see her. I had so forgotten her absence that it required her restored presence to make me remember all that had occurred before my father's death had stunned me. She came slipping in, gathering her silks about her for fear of noise, knelt and kissed the poor dead hand, while the tears came down her face. Presently she was weeping convulsively, quivering and sobbing; I had never seen her so before.

But after she had done, it seemed that it could not have been grief that had shaken her, but rather that she had been casting off with these showers of tears the last of a heavy load with which her heart had been burdened for many a day. She looked more bright and lovely than ever, when she came and put her arms round me, and said:

"Poor Mattie! poor Mattie! Come away, I must speak to you."

She drew me out of the room with her. As soon as we were out on the lobby she stopped, and looked in my face.

"Mattie," said she, "there is one thing I must speak of before anything else. I am married to Luke." And she laid her pretty hand on mine, showing the ring shining on her finger.

"You chose a strange time and a strange manner for your marriage," said I.

"It was accident," said she; "but you are worn out, your head burns." She almost lifted me in her arms, and carried me into my room, covered me up on the bed, pulled down the blind, bathed my head in cold water, and then she sat down beside me.

"Now you must listen to my story," said she. "I shall not fatigue you by making it long. I am not going to ask your pardon for what I have done. It will be as much for your happiness as for mine."

"Let that pass, Sylvia," I said. "You consulted your own happiness. Never mind mine."

"You are ungrateful, Mattie, for I did think of you," she said. "But this is how it happened. We drove very far away to a village—I do not know its name—quite close to the sea. The furious rain and storm came on, and we had to seek shelter in a cottage on the roadside. The night got worse and worse, and the people in the cottage assured me that I could not go outside the door before morning. I went up to Luke and asked him what I should do. He said, 'Remain,' and I did not say another word against it. I knew then that my fate and yours were both sealed. The poor woman of the house, who was a respectable widow, made me a bed in her own little room, and I was comfortable enough, but I heard Luke walking up and down the kitchen all night. In the morning, however, when I came out to look about me, he was not to be seen. I put on my bonnet and walked out, asking my way to the village church. Some marriages were going on, and I sat down in a pew and witnessed them. By-and-by I saw Luke come in and stand waiting beside a pillar. When the other people were ready to go away, he beckoned to me, and I followed him up to the altar, and we were married. I think it was the oddest marriage I ever heard of."

I said I dared say it was, and I felt Sylvia a greater puzzle than ever as I looked at the glow of intense feeling in her face, contrasting curiously with the coolness of her matter-of-fact recital. But some one came in at the mo-

ment to tell that Mrs. Hatteraick had arrived, and it was a long time after that before I had another conversation with Sylvia Elphinstone.

Mrs. Hatteraick remained at the Mill-house till after the funeral. I did all I could to mollify her exceeding disgust at Sylvia's conduct, but her joy at her son's freedom, and I think at mine, too, did more to move her to forgiveness than anything I could say. Luke was very sheepish in my presence at first. If I had been Sylvia, I should have been ashamed of him, but Sylvia was too happy to be disturbed by any mortal annoyance.

Mrs. Hatteraick carried me off with her to Eldergowan. I was obliged to go; I was not allowed to have any will in the matter. And, indeed, I found myself without a home in which I had any claim to stay. Before I left the Mill-house, I went through a little ceremony with Luke. I made him take with his own hand the diamond ring from my finger and give it to Sylvia, who hung it to her chain.

Two quiet months passed, during which all the happy charm of the Eldergowan homestead gathered back about my heart with more than its old force. All around me seemed doing everything in their power to make it the most difficult thing in the world for me ever to leave Eldergowan again. I soon saw that Mark Hatteraick was resolved to make it impossible, if that might lie in his power. I said that it should not lie in his power, for I was terribly jealous of his short engagement to Sylvia. But the keeping of this resolution was such sore work that it nearly wore me to death, and, lying on a sick-bed, I came at last to the conclusion that it is the merest folly for strong love to think of bearing malice in a woman's heart.

The first day I was able to walk out, Mark asked me to go for a ramble with him and the children to the Eldergowan woods. A high wind was sweeping through the trees overhead with a grand roar, and we could hear the children's voices in the distance shouting to each other about the dry cones, for which they were searching in the underwood. On that day Mark and I had a long, long talk. I am only going to tell a few words of what he said.

"Mattie," he said, "did Sylvia ever tell you anything of how my strange engagement to her came about?"

I remembered her words, "Do not blame him; it was all my fault;" and I said:

"She told me something—that it was her doing."

"I am glad she was so generous," he said. "I thought her happiness depended upon me, and I was stung by your conduct, which I then judged unfairly in my ignorance." After I had given my promise, I would have forfeited half my life to recal it, for I knew I never could love Sylvia Ashenhurst. Shall I say any more upon this subject, or shall I let it drop for evermore?"

"Let it drop," I said.

After that he said a great deal more in quite a different manner, but I am not going to write it down here for everybody to read. He finished by asking me to be his wife. I do not know what I answered, but I know that I am his wife now. And this was the way that my year ended.

I have been out in India with my husband, leaving my two little children at home with their grandmother, and now, on my return, I find many things changed. Mrs. Hatteraick is well, and still the dearest mother that ever a husband gave to his wife, but Polly and Nell are quite grown-up girls. Miss Pollard has vanished from the village, but Mrs. Strong is flourishing in the doctor's home. Elspie, who lives, of course, with me, is very feeble, and I do believe it is only the sight of my children that keeps her alive. She is peaceful now in her mind, she says, because the bairn is happy, and the mistress takes her rest. It may be that I ought to have kept this part of my story, about my mother's spirit, to myself, but it is written down now, believe it or not, who will.

In the Mill-house those many changes are made which I have described in the beginning of my story. Yesterday I drove over to see Sylvia. She met me with a baby in her arms and two curly heads bobbing about her knees, a beautiful buxom matron. She filled the hands of the little ones, mine and hers, with cakes, and hushed them out into the sun, like a flock of chickens, to play, while she and I had our cup of tea and our chat. Luke came in and joined us. I think he is greatly improved, much better and happier than ever he would have been with a wife who had loved him less than Sylvia. He is pretty well as a man, except when he stands beside my Mark.

I lay down my pen and go to the window to look out on the dear familiar woods and fields of my Eldergowan home. I fancy I can see the smoke from the Streamstown Mills hanging faintly among the clouds in the distance, and the old purring of the wheels comes across my heart like the murmur of memory's voice which has been whispering back to me all the incidents of this little tale which I have been telling. Very solemn thoughts come and go about my father and mother and Dick, and I search along the horizon for the trees of the graveyard. But solemn thoughts are soon scattered in this house. Here is grandmamma coming round the gable with two little trots scattering grain to the pigeons. Here, too, is Mark coming across the lawn with his gun. How brave and beaming he looks. He will come into this room in a minute, and then I shall have finished the last word of this story that he asked me to write; and I shall put the manuscript in his hands.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at St. James's Hall, London, for the last time this season, on Monday the 13th of May.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I. A BACKWARD GLANCE.

PHILIP EARNSHAW, Mabel's father, a scientific chemist of some standing, had worked his way to a good position in the scientific world, by dint of enormous industry and considerable talent. He had a younger brother, who was also a chemist, and for whom his influence procured an engagement as superintendent of some large chemical works in the north.

This brother, John Earnshaw, was a lively well-looking young man, fonder of play than of work; but on the whole fairly steady, and generally considered by his intimates a "very good fellow." One day he astonished and shocked his family, who were rigid Presbyterians, by bringing home as his wife a young lady who had been performing for a couple of seasons at the theatre of the little provincial town in which he lived. Marry an actress! No words can describe the horror of his relatives; curiously enough, it was the most distant of his kinsfolk who appeared to find the enormity of John's proceeding the most intolerable. It seemed as if the acuteness of their suffering on the occasion were in exact proportion to the unlikelihood of their ever being brought into personal contact with the young couple. One old lady, who had resided for five-and-thirty years in one of the Orkney Islands, and who had never manifested the slightest intention of quitting them, took the trouble to write a long letter to her third cousin, John Earnshaw, for the express purpose of informing him that, after the way in which he had disgraced the family, she felt reluctantly compelled to cast him off for ever.

And it must be confessed, that over this letter her cousin and his bride enjoyed a very hearty and innocent laugh.

Mary Earnshaw was no beauty. She was scarcely even pretty. But she was sweet, modest, sensible, and as simple-minded and unsophisticated a girl as one would be likely to find in—well, say in Belgravia—perhaps even a trifle more so.

She loved her husband with a very devoted and unselfish affection, and set herself earnestly

to become a good notable housewife, and to make his home happy. In both endeavours she thoroughly succeeded. They lived for ten years in peace and contentment, and during that time three fine children were born to them. John Earnshaw continued in his position at the chemical works, and, as neither he nor Mary was ambitious, nor greedy after riches, he found his salary sufficient for their wants.

But a heavy shadow of misfortune darkened their lives. Literally a shadow that blotted out the external sunshine from John Earnshaw, and, for a season, quenched the rays of hope and cheerfulness within him. He became blind.

The affliction fell upon him gradually, and at first its dreadful extent was not suspected. But a time of agonising suspense followed, when husband and wife went through alternations of hope and despair that racked them almost beyond endurance. At last the final sentence was pronounced. Total and hopeless blindness for life.

And now, John Earnshaw, even in the first fulness of his affliction, perceived how great a blessing God had given him in the brave faithful loving woman whom he had taken to his bosom. Of all John Earnshaw's relations, his brother Philip alone had abstained from expressing any violent disapprobation of his marriage. He acknowledged John's right to choose for himself, and, having made acquaintance with his pleasant sister-in-law during a flying visit on business to the north, became evermore her staunch friend. Mary Earnshaw's simple heart overflowed with gratitude to her husband's brother. She had looked forward to his visit with awe and trepidation. Philip was a very great personage in the estimation of his brother's household; and when he came, and, instead of a dry stern pedantic man of science, such as she had pictured to herself, she found a handsome, genial, courteous gentleman, who behaved to her with a mixture of tenderness and deference such as one might show to a younger sister, her delight and gratitude knew no bounds, and she enshrined Philip in her heart from that time forth as one to be only less beloved and honoured than her husband.

When the calamity of blindness fell upon John Earnshaw, Philip was newly married. He had made a love-match after living a bachelor until middle life, and had taken to wife a

charmingly pretty young creature, the portionless daughter of a country curate. His scientific reputation had not been productive of much pecuniary gain, and he was not without money-troubles. He felt his brother's great affliction very sorely; the more so that he himself was powerless to give him any substantial help. John was, of course, obliged to resign his situation at the chemical works. His employers were kind in words, and, for a time, in deeds. They sent him to London at their own expense to consult a famous oculist, and they continued to pay his salary for some time after he had ceased to earn it. But at last all that came to an end, and it seemed as though absolute beggary stared him and his family in the face.

Mary Earnshaw then rose up with a brave undaunted heart, to help her husband and her children.

"She was determined," she said, "to return to her old profession."

No opposition would have availed to dissuade her from this step, and, indeed, what better prospect had the helpless family? So Mary Earnshaw resumed her maiden name—out of deference to the highly sensitive feelings of her husband's family in the Orkney Islands and elsewhere—and, calling herself Mrs. Walton, returned to the stage.

For years her struggle was a very hard one; but, as she said, God was good to her, and she preserved her health and strength through all the fatigues and vicissitudes of a very laborious life.

By-and-by her children began to contribute something to the weekly earnings. Her eldest girl—about eight years older than Mabel—adopted her mother's calling, and they generally succeeded in getting an engagement together in the same theatre. When this could not be managed, Polly's salary had to be relinquished; for neither father nor mother could bear the thought of parting with their child. And indeed "let us keep together" was the device of the family, and the object of their constant endeavours. The only son, Polly's junior by a year or two, showed some ability as an artist, and was able to turn his talent to account and to contribute to the weekly income by scene-painting. In short, the worst times of poverty and struggle were over for Mrs. Walton (as she was now always called) before the death of Mabel's father. This took place when Mabel was nearly six years old, and she and her mother were left totally unprovided for.

The reader knows that Mrs. Earnshaw became the humble companion and dependent of an old lady residing at the Welsh watering-place where she met her second husband. In this position her child was a burden on her, and the difficulties of placing her in any suitable home, within reach of the widow's slender means, were almost insuperable.

But Mary Walton, mindful of her old affection for Philip, held out her honest helpful hand

to her widowed sister-in-law, and took the little fatherless Mabel to her own home.

"What keeps five of us will keep six," said the little woman to her husband, cheerfully: "and I do believe your brother would have done as much for any of our children."

With her aunt's family, therefore, Mabel continued to live, up to the time of her mother's second marriage. She went with them whithersoever the vicissitudes or necessities of their profession carried them. And whatever else she learnt in her aunt's household, this lesson, at least, was taught her by hourly example: that family affection and confidence, unselfish care for others, and cheerful industry, can rob poverty of its grimness, and cast a ray of bright enchantment over the most prosaic details of a hard and precarious life. When Mrs. Earnshaw accepted Benjamin Saxelby, she was obliged to confide to him, with much nervous terror and many tears (for she knew his opinions and modes of thought well enough to dread the disclosure), what manner of people the relatives were, with whom her little girl had been and was living. Mr. Saxelby was duly and conscientiously shocked by the confession.

"Of course, my dear," he said, "we must have your daughter—our daughter—away at once. And if it be possible to make this person whom she is with, and who seems to have behaved very kindly to the child, any pecuniary remuneration, I will do what I can. But it must be a *sine qua non* that Mabel shall hold no further communication with these people. I feel it to be my imperative duty to insist upon this."

So Mabel was taken away from the warm-hearted family who had learned to love her very dearly, and was forbidden to speak of them more.

Her aunt, unselfish as ever, encouraged Mabel in all good feeling towards Mr. Saxelby, telling her that it was a good thing for her mother and herself to find an honest kind protector who would do his duty by them. She uttered no word of complaint to the child of the harsh cold letter in which money-payment was offered her in exchange for her motherly care and affection, and in which she was civilly informed that, according to Mr. Saxelby's most conscientious judgment, she and her family had entered very far on the broad way that leadeth to destruction. Nevertheless, she shed some of the bitterest tears over that letter that she had shed for years.

"I think," she said to her husband, whose indignation knew no bounds, and who was for sending an angry and cutting reply: "I think Mrs. Philip might have spared me this. But perhaps Mrs. Philip cannot help it. She never was famous for having a will of her own; and, after all, the man is to be her husband, and I suppose he thinks he is doing right. But, John dear, isn't it very strange that he *should* think so?"

During a year or two after Mabel's removal from her aunt and uncle, letters arrived for her

at intervals from one or other of the family; but she was not allowed to answer them. Her mother now and then sent a brief note to the effect that Mabel was well: which brief note was always submitted to Mr. Saxelby's inspection before being despatched. At last came a letter to Mrs. Saxelby, signed Mary Walton Earnshaw, saying that she and her husband had felt for some time that Mr. and Mrs. Saxelby desired to put an end to communication between the two families, and that, though they should never cease to love their dear brother Philip's daughter, they would send her no more unwelcome letters.

From that time forward, no mention was ever made to Mabel of her father's relatives, and they dropped completely out of her life. But she cherished a loving memory of them in her faithful heart.

CHAPTER II. A JULIET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SOME six weeks after Mabel had left Hazlehurst, her mother received from her the following letter:

"Eastfield, December 30, 18—.

"Dearest Mamma. My last letter told you so much of my life here that I have little more to say on that score. The work is irksome and incessant; but, for the present, I am well, though when I saw my pale face in the glass last night, I thought I looked quite *old*. What I am chiefly writing about now, is a discovery I made yesterday. You know that I lent Corda Trescott my Robinson Crusoe. Well, her father, it seems, brought it back himself; but it was in the first moments of our great sorrow, and I did not think of mentioning the circumstance to you, nor did I open the book. I don't know why I put it in my trunk to bring away, but there I found it when I unpacked my clothes. Last night I came upon the book, which had been lying beside my little desk ever since my arrival at this place, and I opened it mechanically. Between the fly-leaf and the title-page I found the enclosed little note from Corda. Now, dear mamma, I mean to write to the Trescotts to ask for Aunt Mary's address, and then I shall send her a letter, which I will first forward for your perusal. I hope, dear mamma, that you will not oppose my doing so. My life here is wretched; that is the truth. I would keep it from you if there were any hope of an improvement in the state of things, but there is none. As to my profiting by the masters' lessons, that is a farce. I am wasting my life; and for your sake and Dooley's, as well as my own, I feel that I must make an effort in another direction. I promised you to give this school-plan a six-months' trial, and I will keep my promise; but I am convinced that it will never afford a decent livelihood for myself. How, then, can I hope to do anything for Dooley or for you? Let me have your consent to attempt the career that has been my dream for so long. I think—I believe—I could achieve success; at all events, take my most solemn assurance that I cannot be more miserable in

mind than I am here. I grieve—oh how I grieve!—to distress you, darling mother, but I *know* it is right. Love me, and forgive me, dearest mamma, and kiss my own sweet Dooley's soft cheeks for your ever loving

"MABEL."

The following was Corda's little note enclosed in the letter, and written in a large round childish hand:

"Dear Miss Mabel. I am very obliged to you for lending me this book, and I am very glad to find that Missis Walton is your aunt, for she is a very kind lady, like you, and she gave me the fairy stories and she was very kind to me, and papa knew her in Yorkshur, and please accept my best love from your grateful little friend,

"CORDELIA ALICE MARY TRESCOTT."

Mabel had indeed passed a weary time at Eastfield. The school was by no means a first-class one. A kind of odour of poverty exhaled from the house. Every necessary comfort was pinched and pared down to the narrowest possible dimensions. Mrs. Hatchett, the schoolmistress, passed her life in that most depressing of human occupations, a struggle to keep up appearances. Gentility was her Moloch, to whom she offered up such little children as came within her clutches. Perhaps, however, the parents who sent their children to Mrs. Hatchett's school, were more to blame than that lady herself. Second-rate tradespeople in a small way of business chiefly composed her clientele; and these people expected that their daughters should receive a "genteel" education, at a yearly rate of payment which would scarcely have sufficed to board and lodge them in a thoroughly good and wholesome manner. So the little girls were crammed four into one small sleeping room; and had their stomachs filled with heavy suet-pudding instead of eating nourishing food, and breathing pure air. But they learned to torture a pianoforte, and they had a foreign governess who taught them lady's-maid's French with a Swiss accent (though this was of less consequence, as none of the girls were ever able to speak a syllable of the language thus imparted), and their parents flattered themselves that they were doing their duty by them, and giving them a "genteel" education.

The contemplation of this state of things was painful to Mabel's clear sense and upright conscience. But she had little leisure to consider the abstract evils of the case, for the pains and penalties inseparable from a system of hollowness and falsehood pressed very closely upon her.

As she had told her mother, the promise that she should have opportunities of profiting by the lessons of the masters was a mere farce. The literal words of her engagement were, that she should be allowed to devote her "leisure hours" to her own studies. She had no leisure hours. Her days were occupied in

an incessant round of drudgery of an almost menial kind. Having arrived at East-field so late in the year, it was arranged that she should not return to Hazlehurst for the Christmas holidays. They were not of very long duration in Mrs. Hatchett's establishment, and Mabel did not think herself justified in draining her slender purse by a journey to her home and back again for only a short stay. So she made up her mind to wait until Easter for a sight of her mother and Dooley.

Mrs. Hatchett was not cruel, or malicious, or arrogant, unless driven to those vices by the Moloch whom she worshipped, and to whom she sacrificed herself quite as much as others. But she was covetous, and immeasurably dull.

Mabel passed the Christmas holidays in utter dreariness and desolation; and still that phrase can only, strictly speaking, be applied to the first few days of that period. After a little while, though all the outward circumstances of her life remained unaltered, she discovered a new interest and occupation.

Her discovery of the note in her copy of Robinson Crusoe had confirmed a vague impression she had previously entertained, that Corda's kind friend and her Aunt Mary might be one and the same person. It had, moreover, opened a possible channel of communication with her uncle's family. The more she tried to peer into the chances of her future life, the stronger grew her desire to attempt the stage as a profession. The daily pressure of her present existence was squeezing all the buoyancy out of her heart, and, she feared, would crush her bodily health. The atmosphere of Mrs. Hatchett's house was slow poison to her.

She had a great enjoyment in dramatic expression. She had a large share of that idiosyncrasy which delights in the portrayal of strong emotion, under the sheltering mask of an assumed individuality. Of her own feelings Mabel was reticent. But she thought she could abandon herself freely in the utterance of Imogen's wifely love, Cordelia's sorrows, or the witty witcheries of Beatrice. She knew something of the seamy side of a player's life, and was not dazzled by that seductive brilliancy of the footlights which has enchanted so many young eyes. She was devotedly fond of her little brother, and ambitious to obtain for him the education of a gentleman. This motive strengthened her resolution. She would lie awake for hours, painfully considering how it would be possible for her to make a beginning as an actress. It was naturally towards her Aunt Mary that her main hopes and expectations turned. But, in her ignorance of Mrs. Walton's present place of abode, she cast about in her mind to find some practical and immediate object on which to expend her energy. She had the very useful habit of doing, first, the duty that lay nearest to her.

All Mrs. Hatchett's pupils went home for the Christmas holidays with the exception of two little South Americans from Rio Janeiro, who remained at the school. These children were entrusted almost entirely to Mabel's care.

Among the two or three books she had put into her trunk on leaving home, was a pocket Shakespeare:—a little old well-worn edition, in terribly small print, that had belonged to her father. During the holidays, when all the sleeping-rooms were not needed for the children, Mabel enjoyed the luxury of a chamber to herself. On many and many a cold winter's night did the lonely girl sit on the side of her little bed, wrapped in a shawl, and straining her eyes over her Shakespeare, by the dim light of a miserable candle. She was studying the principal female characters in Shakespeare's plays.

Poor Mabel! As she committed to memory, line after line of that noble music whose cadence has so special a charm for the ear, and as she declaimed aloud whole speeches of Portia, Imogen, Cordelia, Rosalind, Juliet, the sordid cares, the monotonous drudgery, the uncongenial associations of her life, were all forgotten. The mean room, with its bare scanty furniture, faded away, and Mabel roamed, in doublet and hose, through the sun-flecked forest of Arden, seeing the mottled deer glance by under the great oaks, and hearing the stream that "brawled along the wood" babble a murmurous accompaniment to the deep voice of the melancholy Jacques, or Touchstone's dry satiric laughter. Or, she walked through the quaint mazes of a garden in Messina, and sitting hidden in the

pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter,

listened with a "fire in her ears" to Ursula and Hero discoursing of the Signior Benedick and her disdainful self.

Or, she paced the stately halls of Belmont; or, stood before the choleric old King, to speak Cordelia's simple truths and lose her dower. Or, she leaned forth from a balcony amidst the soft beauty of a southern summer night, and drank in the passionate vows of Romeo, as he stood with upturned face whereon the moon-light shone, beneath her window.

O youth, O poetry, O mighty wizards, ruling boundless realms of fancy and of beauty, how at the touch of your enchanted wands this "muddy vesture of decay" grows clear and light, and we hear all the quiring of the spheres!

She would wake to the realities around her at the closing of her book, as one wakes from a dream. And having no one to whom to confide her hopes and plans, or from whom she could look for sympathy with her wonder at, and admiration of, the genius whose creations were, for her mind, living, breathing, immortal realities, she grew to look forward to the solitary

hours spent in her own room as the only hours worth her living for.

With her dreams, too, mingled at times bright prospects. Visions of fame, and of the sweet incense of praise, and the triumphant music of applause. She was but seventeen, and in spite of all her practical sense and severe repression of too sanguine hopes, there were moments when her youth asserted its rich privilege of building fairy castles in the air. But the castles, however stately, were always peopled by those she loved.

As the last days of the holidays drew nigh, Mabel studied hard; making the most of the few precious hours of freedom that remained to her, before the weary round of school-life should recommence. She had studied herself nearly perfect in Juliet, and was in the habit of reciting long passages from the play aloud at night, until, in her enthusiasm, she would be startled by the sound of her own voice raised in passionate entreaty or vehement grief, and ringing through the desolate house.

One night—the last before the girls came back—she began, while undressing, to repeat the long soliloquy that precedes Juliet's drinking of the sleeping potion. As she spoke the thrilling words in which the love-sick girl breathes out the terrors that crowd upon her fancy, she seemed to see the lofty antique chamber into which darted one blue streak of bright Italian moonlight, the dark shadow-haunted recesses of the spacious room, the dagger with rich handle and sharp blade, the little phial on whose mysterious aid her fate depended. And then she conjured up the appalling picture of the silent stone-cold sepulchre,

The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,

and all the ghastly remnants of mortality. The unquiet spirit of the murdered Tybalt glided by, seeking Romeo, with an awful frown upon its death-pale face; and with a stifled shriek she raised the potion to her lips, and dashing herself down, fell—not on Juliet's couch, but, from the enchanted realms of poetry, down to Mrs. Hatchett's establishment for young ladies at Eastfield. With a heart yet beating fast, and nerves all quivering with emotion, Juliet transformed crept shivering into bed.

CHAPTER III. MRS. SAXELBY TAKES COUNSEL.

THE receipt of Mabel's letter threw Mrs. Saxelby into a state of considerable agitation. It did not come upon her with the shock of a surprise. She had known, from the tone of the very first letters from Eastfield, that her child was unhappy in Mrs. Hatchett's house, and that the school could not be of such a class as to give any credentials worth having, to a teacher coming out of it. Mrs. Saxelby was weak and selfish, but she had her share of maternal love—of that love which is inseparable from self-sacrifice in some shape. Had it been merely her desire set against Mabel's, she might

have yielded without a struggle. But she was a woman whose opinions (if not her tastes) were absolutely the echo of the opinions of those around her. During the past five years she had relied on Benjamin Saxelby's judgment, and had adopted his views. And how unhesitatingly he would have condemned such a scheme as Mabel's, she well knew.

Oh for some one to advise her! By this, Mrs. Saxelby meant, some one to say: "I command you to do this thing;" or, "I tell you to abstain from doing that." She read and re-read her daughter's letter. "How nice it would be," she thought, "if dear Mabel could be rich and happy and prosperous. Dear me, I've been told that some actresses hold quite a position in society. But, of course, if the thing be wrong in itself, *that* ought not to weigh with me. Yet, I can't feel sure that it is so very wicked. Philip did not think so, and Mary Walton made his brother an excellent wife. But, then, Benjamin thought it most dangerous and improper for Mabel to remain in her home; not that I believe she ever learned anything but good there. Oh dear, oh dear! I wish I knew what to do. I suppose I cannot forbid her writing to her aunt in any case. And perhaps, after all, something may happen to prevent her attempting this scheme."

It is no disparagement to Mrs. Saxelby to admit that she certainly did feel the chance of a comfortable home for herself, and education for Dooley, twitching at her, as a strong temptation. Her life at Hazlehurst was utterly dull and colourless, and she missed Mabel every hour.

The one day in the week that brought her a glimpse of cheerfulness was Sunday. When the weather did not make it absolutely impossible, there was the morning walk to church with Dooley (who had become quite a regular attendant there, and had made the personal acquaintance of the mild old clergyman in the silver-rimmed spectacles). Then, on Sunday afternoons, Clement Charlewood was a frequent visitor. He walked or rode over to Hazlehurst nearly every week, and Dooley never failed to find in a certain outside pocket of his coat a packet of sweetmeats, the discovery of which occasioned ever new delight and surprise. Did Mrs. Saxelby ever entertain any idea that Clement's frequent visits were not made *quite* disinterestedly? She used to maintain, afterwards, that she had always suspected that he came as much to hear of Mabel as to see herself. But I am inclined to think that she was mistaken there.

On the Sunday afternoon after the receipt of Mabel's letter enclosing little Corda's note the hoofs of Clement's horse were heard clattering sharply on the hard frosty road. Dooley, stationed at the parlour window with a big illustrated Bible, the pictures in which formed his Sunday diversion, announced that "Mr. Tarlewood was tummin'," and ran to the door to meet him.

"I am riding on to leave Duchess at the inn,

Mrs. Saxelby," called Clement, lifting his hat as he saw her at the window. "May I take Dooley so far with me? I undertake to bring him back safely."

Dooley, having received permission to go, rushed into the house again, and had his hat stuck on his head all askew by Betty, whose eyes were occupied in staring at Mr. Charlewood and his steed; then she wrapped the child in a warm shawl of his mother's, and lifted him on to the saddle before Clement. Dooley's little pink legs protruded from his bundle of wraps, and stuck out horizontally on either side of the horse. As his hat was all awry, so his flaxen curls were dishevelled and waving. But he looked supremely happy as he grasped the bridle with little frost-reddened fingers, and incited Duchess to put forth her mettle by many imperious gees and shouts of "Tum up! Do along, Dutess!" and several strenuous though unsuccessful efforts to make a clicking noise with his tongue.

As Mrs. Saxelby watched this from the window, and marked the kind smile on Clement's face as he held the little fellow in his protecting arm, a sudden impulse came into her heart to take counsel with Clement touching Mabel's letter. "He is a very clever man of business, and he is fond of Mabel and of all of us, and he will be able to advise me," thought the poor weak little woman.

When Clement and Dooley returned on foot, having left Duchess in a warm stable at the inn, Mrs. Saxelby received them in the little parlour. She had a bright fire in the grate, and the aspect of the room was pleasant and cozy. Clement wondered to himself, as he sat down beside the clean hearthstone, *what* it was that gave to that poor meanly furnished little room an atmosphere of peace and comfort such as he never found in any of the rich rooms at Bramley Manor. The cottage at Hazlehurst he felt to be a home, whereas Bramley Manor was only a very handsome house. The difference, though undefinably subtle, was quite appreciable.

"And how is Miss Earnshaw?" said Clement, stroking Dooley's curls. "I hope you continue to have good news of her?"

"Thank you, she is not ill."

There was a tremor in Mrs. Saxelby's voice, and a stress on the last word, that caused Clement to look up quickly.

"You have heard nothing disagreeable, I trust?"

"N—no; that is to say—I wonder if you would mind my reposing a great confidence in you, Mr. Charlewood? I have no right to ask it, but I should be so grateful for your advice."

"A great confidence implies a great responsibility," returned Clement, gravely. It was his character to be earnest and to take things seriously; and the bound his heart gave at Mrs. Saxelby's words—suggestive of some revelation regarding Mabel—made him change colour for the moment.

"I repeat, I have no right to burden you

with any responsibility," said Mrs. Saxelby, meekly. "But I—I—feel towards you almost as to a son."

Clement flushed, and pressed Dooley's curly head so hard that the child winced.

"Dooley, my boy, I beg your pardon. Did I hurt you?" asked Clement, somewhat confused.

"'Oo did hurt me, but 'oo is very sorry," returned Dooley, endeavouring to combine candour with courtesy.

"Dear Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement, earnestly, "pray do not suppose that I have any selfish dread of responsibility. I am very sensible of your kindness and confidence. Only I doubted whether you might not have found a more competent counsellor. One who has a higher regard for you and yours, I do not think you would find easily. Was it something concerning Miss Earnshaw that you wished to say to me?"

"Yes. I received a letter from her on Friday morning. I am afraid she is very far from contented in Eastfield."

"I dot a letter from Tibby, too!" said Dooley, triumphantly.

"Yes, my darling. Go and tell Betty to wash your hands and face and brush your hair, and then you may bring your letter to show to Mr. Charlewood. I don't like," added Mrs. Saxelby, as the child left the room, "to speak before him. He is very quick, and his attachment to his sister is so strong, that I really believe, baby though he is, it would break his heart to think she was unhappy."

"But I hope, Mrs. Saxelby, that there is nothing serious."

"Ah, but there is, though. Something very serious. There! Read that letter, and tell me your opinion."

Mrs. Saxelby experienced a little trepidation as she gave Mabel's letter into the young man's hand, and felt that she had taken an irrevocable step. Clement read the letter steadily through, and the long sigh of relief that he drew at its close, came upon him almost as a revelation. The news was very annoying, very distressing, but—it was not hopeless, not irremediable. What revelation regarding Mabel had he feared, which would have seemed to him so much harder to bear? He did not answer the question even to himself, but he knew in the moment when he laid the letter down, that he loved her with all the strength of his heart, and that he would henceforth bend the powers of his will and energy to the endeavour of winning her to be his wife.

"You don't speak, Mr. Charlewood."

"I am not sure that I thoroughly understand the contents of this letter. But I suppose I have guessed their meaning pretty accurately. I presume that the career to which Miss Earnshaw alludes as having been her dream for so long, is—is—the stage?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Saxelby. "Now the truth is out. The Aunt Mary she speaks of in her letter, is an actress. We never mentioned that

part of the family during Mr. Saxelby's lifetime, for he had a very strong objection to—" Mrs. Saxelby finished the sentence in her pocket-handkerchief.

"Not an unreasonable objection, I think," said Clement, almost sternly.

"You think so? You really think so? But you ought to understand, Mr. Charlewood, that my sister-in-law has been an excellent wife and mother. Quite exemplary, and"—Mrs. Saxelby blushed a little—"and she was very kind and good to me, and to my fatherless little girl. Mabel was almost brought up in her uncle's family."

"Do I understand," said Clement, "that you are asking my advice as to your answer to Miss Earnshaw's letter?"

"Yes, indeed I am. *What* do you think I ought to do?" Mrs. Saxelby crossed her hands, and raised her soft blue eyes imploringly.

Perhaps no more subtle flattery can be addressed to a man, than through an appeal made to his superior wisdom and experience, by a woman who asks his advice, and appears to lean helplessly and reliantly on his strength. When the appeal is made in the shape of a great confidence, which he supposes to be entrusted to himself alone, and when the appellant is a still graceful and pretty woman, the incense is so intoxicating, as to be well-nigh irresistible.

Clement—far from being a vain man—was not insensible to this flattery. And though Mrs. Saxelby had just confessed her utter inability to form a judgment for the guidance of her own conduct, he had a confused impression at that moment that she was a very sensible person, and that he had never hitherto done full justice to her discernment.

"Dear Mrs. Saxelby, I appreciate your confidence very highly indeed, and I feel diffident in offering advice on so delicate and important a matter. But, since you ask me, I will frankly tell you, that if Miss Earnshaw were my sister, or my—my cousin—I would not hesitate to put a decided veto upon her scheme."

"I thought so," returned Mrs. Saxelby. "I fancied that would be your opinion. But what am I to do with her? You see what she writes. And after all, you know, Mr. Charlewood, her chief anxiety is for me and Dooley."

"Miss Earnshaw is the most excellent young lady I know. Believe me, I have the highest admiration and—and—respect for her. But it is the duty of her true friends to shield her from the consequences of her own generosity and inexperience. Of course, as her mother, you feel that strongly."

"Mabel is not easily turned from what she thinks right, Mr. Charlewood."

"Undoubtedly. But if this course could be shown her to be not right?"

"Ah, how is one to do that? I may have my own convictions" (Mrs. Saxelby never did have her own convictions, being always willing to cling to other people's); "but to per-

suafe Mabel of their correctness—that is not so easy."

"She would not disobey your commands?"

"No. She would not do that. She has always been a loving and dutiful child. But how can I have the heart to condemn her to the hopeless drudgery she is now engaged in? You see, she fears that her health may absolutely give way."

"But, Mrs. Saxelby, it does not follow that all her life need be sacrificed to this drudgery. Surely a better position might be found for her. And, besides: would you not like, Mrs. Saxelby, to see your daughter, and talk to her yourself?"

"Oh, so much! But that is out of the question until Easter. The Christmas holidays are just over."

"I mean, could you not run over to Eastfield for a day? I have long been intending to ask my friend Dooley to a bachelor dinner. If you would come too, Mrs. Saxelby, I should esteem it a great honour."

"To dinner?"

"Yes; at Eastfield. I have business that will oblige me to go there, at the end of the week. We could dine at the hotel, and I would convey you and Dooley home in the evening. You might thus have an opportunity at once of speaking to Miss Earnshaw, and conferring an obligation on me."

"You are very good; but——"

"Pray don't raise any difficulties, dear Mrs. Saxelby. If it were summer-time, I would bring a carriage and drive you over. But in this weather I fear I must ask you to come by the train. You will be warmer. And the journey will be so much shorter for Dooley at night."

Mrs. Saxelby hesitated only at the idea of going to Eastfield as Clement Charlewood's guest, for she had an uneasy sense that Mabel would disapprove of her doing so. However, Clement's strong purpose prevailed; as almost any strong purpose, strongly urged, was sure to prevail with Mrs. Saxelby. She at last consented to accept the invitation; meanwhile, she would write to Mabel to prepare her for the visit, without returning any decisive answer to her letter.

"Of course you will hold my confidence sacred, and mention what I have said to no one," said Mrs. Saxelby, as Clement was about to take his leave.

"I shall certainly mention it to no one without your express permission. I did think at one time of asking one of my sisters to play hostess for us at our little dinner; but, under the circumstances of our visit to Eastfield, you will prefer that no other person should be asked?"

"Oh, please no. I don't want *anybody* to know a word. If Miss Fluke were to hear——"

"Miss Fluke!" exclaimed Clement, with a start. "The last person on this earth to be thought of! If she were to speak to your daughter on this subject—which she would not

refrain from doing—would be certain to do if confided in—she would drive Miss Earnshaw to extremity, and offend her beyond forgiveness. Miss Fluke! In Heaven's name do not think of Miss Fluke!"

"Benjamin thought very highly of her," said Mrs. Saxelby, in a deprecating manner.

"Good-bye till Saturday, and no Miss Fluke! I will send a fly for you at twelve o'clock, if that will suit your convenience, and will meet you myself at the station at Hammerham."

"Good-bye; and thank you very, very much, dear Mr. Charlewood."

Dooley had been standing wistfully for some minutes by Clement's side, holding a letter in his hand; finding himself unnoticed, he had crept away to the window, where he climbed upon a chair, and knelt with his forehead against the glass.

"Good-bye, Dooley!" said Clement, coming behind him.

"Dood-bye," said the little fellow, in a low voice, but he neither moved nor looked round.

"Won't you shake hands?"

"No," returned Dooley, dryly.

"Dooley, I'm ashamed of you," cried his mother. "Not shake hands with Mr. Charlewood?"

Dooley turned round slowly, and held out his tiny hand; then they saw that the child's eyes were full of tears.

"Why, Dooley, my boy, what's the matter?" asked Clement.

No reply.

"And there's your sister's letter, that you never showed me, after all. Mayn't I see it now?"

"No."

"No?"

"Oo don't want to tee it," said Dooley, checking a sob, and turning resolutely towards the window again, with the letter pressed against his breast.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Saxelby aside to Clement, "I see what it is. He is so sensitive about any slight to Tibby. Her letters are his great joy and pride, and he fancied you did not sufficiently appreciate the privilege of seeing one."

Clement took the child in his arms, and kissed his forehead with almost a woman's tenderness. "Dooley," said he, "I will be so grateful to you if you will let me see Mabel's letter. I will indeed. I love her, Dooley," he whispered, pressing his cheek against the child's. Dooley looked at him with a solemn searching gaze, and then gave the letter into his hand without a word.

Clement read it and duly admired it, and was careful to remark that it was addressed to "Dooley Saxelby, Esq., Hazlehurst, near Hammerham;" upon his reading which direction aloud, Dooley chuckled with irrepressible glee, and stuffed a corner of his pinafore, still wet with tears, into his mouth.

Clement walked to the village inn for his horse, mounted, and rode briskly toward Ham-

merham. His head was full of whirling thoughts, and the beat of his horse's hoofs seemed to be keeping time to the rhythmic repetition of a name.

What name?

MABEL, MABEL, MABEL, EARNSHAW.

FENIAN JAMES FITZPATRICK.

THE day's partial thaw is succeeded by a clear sharp frost to-night. A solemn stillness reigns over field and fell. The very air is sleeping, and not a cloud fleckers the great dome of heaven. All the expanse is flooded with pale moonlight. The fir-trees, still bearing fleeces of snow in tiers upon their fan-like arms, cast grotesque shadows on the lawn. Three bright lines of light blaze in the barracks yonder on the hill. They keep the lights burning all the night through now, for there are few men within, and they are watching. A solitary owl hoots in the deep thicket near our barn. From the distant steeple, white and clear against the sky, ring out the chimes. A dog disturbed, barks sharply far away down in the valley, others of his kind take up and repeat his warning; for a moment there is a chorus of sharp terriers and deep-toned mastiffs, then all is still again. The silence saddens and oppresses one; we feel to be alone in the vast world. Our favourite constellations glitter in the sky unclouded and serene, but silently. I count them all, the Pleiades, Orion, Perseus, and Andromeda. Some set and disappear behind the range of hills, others to rise and flash above the wood. All are asleep within, and I long for some sign of active life to break the grave stillness of the hour.

Yes, there is life. A mile away behind the house they are burning furze upon Knockree. The huntsmen will not thank those who destroy the cover. Yet these are not furze-burners, now that I look again. The light is too steady and too red. It must be just above the ledge on which the police-station can be discerned, white above its own dark shadow. It is extinguished, and flashes out again. Once more I try to fix the spot where it appeared, once more it blazes out, and stronger than before. Is that an electric flash, marking out a path of light among the trees, and glancing off the red-barked pine? Signal answers signal, as I live! They speak to each other across the gorge, those men upon the hill and some round my own homestead. All is still as death, but near me there are others awake, and watching like myself.

The stealthy drawing of a bolt, the rattling of a chain, the creak of a hinge upon the gate, and suddenly the clank of hoofs on the hard roadway. My horses are away! Have they broken loose, or are they ridden? I shout, and in reply hear from the skirt of the wood, horrible in the night's quiet, that demoniac war-whoop which James Fitzpatrick learned of the Indians

—a succession of yells ending in chuckling laughter. It is Fitzpatrick; he has thrown off the mask at last! Distant, ever more distant, is the clatter of the hoofs, now ringing more clearly as they mount the hills, now dying away in the hollows. At last it is heard only at distant intervals, and then no more.

According to his own story, James Fitzpatrick had left Ireland three years before "the war." Wandering through "the States," doing a turn of work, now here, now there, he became a sort of slave-driver on a cotton-plantation in South Carolina. When the war between North and South broke out, he bore arms in the Confederate ranks, and fought at Beaufort and New Orleans under the Palmetto flag. Either as a deserter or a prisoner, he changed sides, and served with Sherman during his famous march from Atlanta to Charleston, and fearful were the tales he told to our frightened but eagerly listening children of blood, and death, and plunder he had seen. Leaving this service, too, he never told us how or why, he became "lifter" to a corn-merchant at Chicago—an employment for which his powerful and active frame well fitted him. He offered his services to me a few weeks after his return to Ireland "for any wages I pleased to give." I had just obtained a life interest in a small farm of twenty acres of arable land, with ten acres of ornamental wood. The place had been shamefully neglected, and my ignorance of farming was supreme. Fitzpatrick was recommended to me as a "handy man," ready to "put his strength" to any kind of labour; and such I found him.

His experience in "the territories" of America had taught him much. He was equal to three ordinary men in capacity for work and facility in expedients. He kneaded and baked our bread, cared and milked our cows, made our butter, did a trifle of blacksmith's work, repaired our gates and fences, and executed rough jobs of carpentry. We found out that he washed, clear-starched, and "did up fine things" as well as any laundry-maid. There was nothing he was not willing to attempt and could not manage to do in some way, so as to answer the purpose for a time. He soon brought our small farm "to rights," working himself energetically but noisily, and making others work. With our children he was all in all; their great authority and lawgiver in the art of constructing rabbit-hutches, setting snares for hares or birds, and building toy ships to sail upon the pond. He knew where the hawk had her young, and the woodcock built her nest. Great was the store of wild birds' eggs the boys gathered on the moor and "blew" under his direction. As a help he was invaluable to us, but there was a restlessness and wildness, sometimes a degree of violence, in his character which caused uneasiness. He spoke of our farm as his own, and openly said what he would have done next year; but the Irish steward identified himself so far with his master, that this occasioned no surprise. We knew not then that he had pur-

chased an "Irish bond" on our small estate. He boasted more than once to others that "he could buy and sell us" if he pleased. I was informed he threatened to leave those behind him who would revenge him if I dismissed him, but the evidence was vague and wavering. The Irish peasant will not "peach," and if in passion he blurts out a charge, under examination he softens down his words and leaves you powerless. In this case I could find no fair reason to dismiss Fitzpatrick, and placed as I was amidst strangers not of my own creed, I would do nothing without the clearest proof. One part of his character did give me real uneasiness. He hated, or professed to hate, the priests of his own communion. He forsook his "duty," seldom going to chapel, never to confession. The language he ventured to use towards his own priest was unmeasured in abuse; yet the parish priest was a gentle aged man, kindly and charitable, never interfering in politics save to condemn the Fenians.

Early in the month of October, Fitzpatrick requested me to sign, in evidence of his identity, an American draft for one hundred and eighty dollars, drawn in his favour at New York. This, he said, was the amount of his savings at Chicago, which he had left in bank until "gold got cheap." His account was not improbable, for I knew him to be hard-working and thrifty. On the third Sunday of December he brought another note, but this time for two hundred and fifty dollars. I refused, but in quiet terms, to sign such a document on Sunday. A sudden fear flashed across my mind, for these American bills were objects of suspicion. I determined on the moment, come what would, to dismiss Fitzpatrick. On my refusal to sign the note his face grew purple, and he dashed from the room, more resembling a maniac than a sane man. On that night he fled.

There was no rest for the remainder of the night. We closed the yard-gates, bolted and barred the rooms below, and waited for the winter's dawn. To send for the constabulary, I should leave the house to females and children. I should have to pass through the wood to reach the lodge; and who could tell whether the keeper was not in the plot? An hour passed away, and then came the tramp of men upon the gravel. They paused before the house, and the sound of grounded arms was plain. A short rapid glance from the window showed us the police. There were twelve in the patrol. Three, and the sergeant a little in advance, faced the hall door full in the moonlight; two were dimly seen in the dark shadow of the trees on either side; the rest had mounted the yard gate, for we heard them moving on the pavement.

"Very sorry to disturb you, sir, but we have orders."

"Wait one moment, sergeant, I will let you in."

"We have a warrant, sir, against Fitzpatrick, which is his room?"

A few words sufficed to show that Fitzpatrick

had known the warrant was issued almost as soon as the police themselves. The accurate and timely information possessed by the leading Fenians was sometimes a complete puzzle to the authorities. They seemed to know beforehand when and where, and in what force, a search would be made. The escape of Stephens from Richmond Bridewell was only one of a series of proofs that the conspiracy had active and unsuspected agents in offices of trust. Two, if not three, years had been spent by Stephens and his colleagues in preparation. Efforts were made, often aided innocently by most loyal men, to obtain situations for confederates in prisons, hospitals, and public offices. There were confederates in the camps, in barrack, and in the neighbourhood of police-stations. The slightest movement on the part of the constabulary, the receipt of a letter at an unusual time, the arrival of a mounted orderly at a guard-house, the silence and mystery generally observed by men about to be engaged upon a movement of importance, were all noted by vigilant, but unseen or unsuspected watchers. A simple system of light signals by night, scouts on the tops of hills during the day, betrayed the line of route taken by military or police. The uncouth and silent peasant screening the sand on the mountain-side; the tramp who infested your grounds; the pedlar with his "lucifers," and song books, and bits of showy ribbon; the labourer looking for work with his spade upon his shoulder; the ragged and shoeless urchin pretending to mind the sheep; the girl half hidden among the furze playing with her kid, were all scouts, well-paid scouts—for a trifle serves as a great bribe where the wages of a working man are but seven shillings weekly—doing the bidding of an unknown agent under pain of death. Chiefly the leaders sought to place confederates, or persons likely to be seduced, about the families of persons holding office under the crown. A word casually dropped at the breakfast-table would be repeated in the servants' room or stable-yard. During the crisis the master of the household generally stated where he would be found at any hour of the day, and when he intended to return. Any movement out of the routine course was suspected and watched. A sentence heard at the dinner-table, and most innocently mentioned in the kitchen, seemed to have wings. The purport of it, if it concerned the conspiracy, was known miles away before nightfall.

A search was made in the room so recently occupied by the fugitive. Little was found: a pair of military gloves, two copies of the Irish People—not the genuine Irish People suppressed by the government, but an American publication transmitted in quantities to Ireland, either separately or folded in the pages of other New York newspapers. A plank of the floor had been taken up, and lay on its side against the wall. Here, it was supposed, "the rifle" had been secreted. Bedding was tossed up and carefully examined, with no result. In passing down the stairs leading to the room, the

lamp held by the sergeant flashed its light upon a paper affixed to the wall. It was wafered up, and covered with short pencil strokes, opposite words written in ink. Under the words "Head," "Hands," "Fingers," "Feet," "Toes," were marks I did not comprehend. The sergeant knew at once the importance of the document. These names indicated the position held by the members of the conspiracy. The "hands" were superior to the "feet," but both had authority. The "fingers" were the "privates" who had been supplied with arms. The "toes" were unarmed as yet. The down-strokes indicated the attendance at drill.

"There is evidence here to hang him, if he's caught," said the sergeant. "A document like this we do not often find."

So the very man whom we had, until lately, trusted most, and who was thoroughly acquainted with the whole tenor of our lives, was the chief organiser and paymaster of the Fenians in our district!

Before mid-day on Monday we knew all. They amongst whom we lived, and who never had uttered one word of warning, were voluble in offering information now. Every one knew something about Fitzpatrick, and came to tell it. On holidays, or in the evenings after the hours of work, "our man" drilled his recruits among the sand-hills, or seduced and swore men in at the canteen. He reviewed his levies and distributed pay, on starry nights, at the edges of the moor. Now was explained why we often heard the sound of horses' hoofs so late at night, and why our ponies appeared exhausted and spiritless in the morning.

Five arrests were made early in the morning of Fitzpatrick's flight. Two publicans, who had a thriving trade, disappeared, without informing their nearest relatives why, or whither—at least, so they said. The whole district was in commotion, and every labourer was suspected, or professed to hold others in suspicion. I sent my family up to Dublin, although we were guarded more securely than we had reason to suppose. Our children told us how they had seen "the sergeant and his men" lying flat among the trees around the house by night. My wife and daughters found that, on their visits to the village, men of soldier-like bearing, but in civilians' clothes, hovered near them. Often I hailed and spoke to the patrol, who appeared to rise up out of the earth. Our servants, however, gave warning, and we feared to engage others. The lodge-keeper alone stood his ground, and kept the house with me.

Gradually the alarm through the district subsided. Arrests were no longer made, and not the slightest injury was done to person or property. I had my family safe in Dublin, and my mind was free. Six days before the rising there had not existed with us the slightest suspicion that an outbreak was intended. The military authorities and police thought otherwise, and they were right. The precautions taken by the

State were now the chief proofs that the conspiracy still existed, and the very means wisely adopted to obviate or anticipate danger gave birth to apprehension.

A hot pursuit was set on foot after James Fitzpatrick, but in vain. He had timed his flight cleverly, and taken the railway to Dublin at a station nine miles off, although there were two stations nearer. My ponies were brought back next day, and gave proofs of having been ridden desperately hard. Who accompanied Fitzpatrick we never knew. It was supposed he had made for Liverpool, and had hidden himself amongst the dockyard labourers for a time, and then started for New York. The constabulary gathered up and carefully recorded all the evidence they could collect concerning him—to little purpose, as I imagined. But they said, if ever a rising should actually take place, "Fitzpatrick would surely be in the thick of it." He would dare anything, they believed, and could not settle down.

During the interval between the flight of Fitzpatrick and the rising at Tallaght, we heard occasionally vague rumours concerning him. "He had become a great man, entirely," "He was full of money," and "would soon be back in Ireland with the States army." But we gathered some decided information from the New York papers, which, in their reports of Fenian meetings, recorded his name as that of an accredited agent of "the Irish republic," regularly commissioned to explain the position of the conspiracy in Ireland. He was named in small capitals as "Head Centre" and "District Organiser of the I.R.B." His story harmonised with that told by all the rest who had fled from Ireland, and appeared as "agents" in the cities of the United States. "There were thousands of men, wholly or partly drilled and disciplined, ready to rise, if they had but arms." Arms, or money to buy arms, would enable "the men in the gap" to liberate Ireland from the British yoke. He openly announced his determination to return to "the front," and to join in striking "the final blow" against British tyranny. All this was considered as a device to induce the Celtic element in the United States to subscribe once more to the Fenian treasury. We believed Fitzpatrick to be but a type of a numerous class, Irish in nothing but their birth. Habituated to violence and rapine during the American civil war, the return of peace found them unfitted for industrial employment, and ready to become the instruments of any American intrigue which promised them congenial occupation. Whiteboyism, Terry-altism, Ribbonism, the Phoenix mystery, had been carried to America by a million of emigrants, and there developed into secret societies of vast extent and considerable political influence. The Irish element in these societies was believed to have combined to a man in Fenianism, and to be wielded by clever and unscrupulous leaders for political objects or pecuniary advantage. As a theoretical organisation on paper, the Fenian

scheme was remarkably complete; but, as the emissaries of the conspiracy must have known, that not one person worthy to be called, by the most liberal application of the term, a citizen—not one in decent position or respectable employment, could be induced to take part in the scheme from first to last, it was not generally believed they would ever oppose to the enormous power of the government the loose and hungry waifs and strays, the debauched and dissolute idler of the towns, and the weak-minded and feeble-bodied youths, who constituted in Ireland the Fenian army.

When this army had melted away at the first touch of the constabulary on Tallaght Hill, Fitzpatrick was diligently sought for. The authorities were aware that he had acted as one of the leaders in the affray, and it was supposed, rightly or wrongly, that he would willingly purchase his own safety by supplying information. "Generals," "captains," "head centres," strove who should be the first to betray those whom they had led, but there was good reason to suspect that Fitzpatrick knew more of the American side of the conspiracy than the rest. He was one whose appearance could not be mistaken. He was not amongst the miserable rabble paraded in the Castle-yard the day succeeding the rising; he was not found among the straying fugitives picked up by the police; he certainly had not succeeded in getting through the Wicklow mountains, or making "for the south." We concluded that he had slipped back to Dublin somehow, and hidden himself amidst the crowd.

In the wards of an hospital he lay powerless and moribund when I recognised him. A ball had struck him right on the breast-bone, and, glancing off, ran in a semicircle to the shoulder, and there, breaking the clavicle, passed out. A thick blue welt, tight as a rope, marked the track of the ball. The blood oozed drop by drop from the narrow puncture, and would not be stanchd. The stars in their courses had fought against the Fenians. Never was there known in Ireland so bitter a month as the March which the conspirators madly chose for their attempt. For two endless nights and two inclement days Fitzpatrick had lain in a furrow freezing to death. Then the gathering of a flock of crows around his hiding-place led to his discovery. He was carefully lifted up and borne away, no longer an enemy. He could not have been more kindly tended. He could only look his thanks. This only I gathered from his whispered words, spoken at long intervals:—that he had been treacherously shot by one of his American confederates because he knew too much.

All that he knew, lies buried with him. We buried him among "his own people," in a sunny graveyard. He was the last of his kin in Ireland. I see his grave every Sunday, and the children have made it bloom with daffodils and primroses. There is often a little group gathered around the place. They know as yet nothing

of treachery or treason, but much of old companionship and pleasant hours on sunny days upon the moorland.

A MYSTERY STILL.

NEARLY half a century ago, a young fellow with a smartish air, though of a small ill-proportioned figure, landed at the Cape of Good Hope, bringing letters of introduction to the governor of that colony from a well-known eccentric Scottish nobleman. This fair-faced slender youth held the humble rank of an assistant-surgeon in the army.

He soon showed that he possessed the power of self-appreciation to such a degree as required a little taking down. But this was found to be no easy task. He had the faculty called, in French, *l'audace*, often a good substitute for ability; but when the two go hand in hand, they carry all before them, in one shape or other; and as the young surgeon was as clever as he was impudent, he made a position for himself, and, what is more, he kept it.

Doctor James—we give part of his name as it stood in the Army List in 1865—was a physician by Edinburgh diploma. As we shall show by-and-by, he never held any regimental rank, passing, contrary to all precedent, to his full surgery on the staff.

By dates from unquestionable records, he seems to have received his diploma at the early age of fifteen. Whether these dates corresponded with his certificate of baptism it is impossible to say, as, under all circumstances, it may be doubtful whether such a document ever existed.

Whatever might have been the status of military medical men fifty years since, James liked his calling, and, socially speaking, was a gentleman every inch of him: though this is not literally saying very much for him, seeing he was but a little man. He had a fair allowance from some source or other; but he never spoke of any relatives or friends out of the military profession. His habits were too expensive to be met by his mere pay and allowances. He kept a horse and a private servant, and, as a strict vegetarian, would touch none but the most delicate fruits of the earth. Potatoes and apples were, to him, "filthy roots;" the odour of cabbage turned him sick; but he liked peas, and craved for asparagus, sea-kale, peaches, grapes, melons, figs, custard apples, and, above all, mangoes. Coffee was the only stimulant he could bear, except when ill, and then he would sip diluted champagne or brandy, medicinally.

Some called him a toady; but, his letters of introduction placed him at once in the best society of the colony. Neither had he health for general visiting. With those among whom he lived, he made friends, and kept them. His testiness was harmless, his abilities were unquestionable; and it having been intimated to the governor that the young medico's duties were to be made as light

as the rules of the service would permit, he was installed as honorary physician to his excellency's family, and soon obtained such a reputation, both as physician and surgeon, that private practice came to him without his seeking it. His queer ways and irritable temper rather increased than diminished his prestige, and he held his own through good report and evil report.

When first called in to a patient, he would have the room cleared of everything previously prescribed, and would almost invariably order, as preface to his course of treatment, a bath of Cape wine! Happen what might, he claimed the whole credit of a cure, or blamed others for failure. He was, to be sure, sent for at times as a last resource. If the patient recovered, Doctor James had all the merit; if death ensued, "Doctor James had unfortunately been summoned when the case was hopeless."

His excellency spoiled him. He became a kind of tame imp, encouraged as amusing and harmless enough; but, like such imps, he took advantage one day of his position, and was impertinent. He had the entrée of the governor's private cabinet. One morning, sauntering in, he had the assurance to make some querulous remarks on an official document lying on the table. Finally, he worked himself into such an offensive pet, that his excellency resolved to give him a lesson; so, snatching the little fellow up by the collar of his uniform, he swung him over the window-sill—a few feet above the grassy garden—and shook him. James screeched and cried *peccavi*. He was forgiven, and never offended there in the same way again. Still, every one was persuaded that such unwarrantable humours as he exhibited, were only tolerated by reason of certain influences that remain a mystery at this day. His next adventure might have ended his career. The story from Government House got bruited abroad, and much fun was raised at Doctor James's expense. Some laughed about it, in such a way as that James could not but be aware of the fact. He had been looking out for a chance of checking the sauciness of some of the young fellows in the garrison, and here was the chance at last. One morning, a tall cornet, whose contemptuous manner had much irritated him, was sauntering along under the trees of a charming walk, in one of the most public parts of Cape Town—where, to this day, the people are wont to sit upon the stoeps, men smoking, women knitting, and grave little Dutch children toddling up and down—when James strutted up to the young dragoon: a member of the governor's staff. James stopped the way with a defiant air. Some ill-conditioned person had made the most of the cornet's disparaging jests. James was glad of this opportunity of asserting himself. High words ensued, the doctor's shrill voice piercing the air, and thus drawing attention (as he intended it should) to the encounter, which ended in a challenge. Next morning a quiet little duel took place. It ended well. Hands were shaken, and cornet and doctor became good friends for life. If the affair ever came

to the ears of the governor, he thought it best to ignore it, according to the fashion of the day.

Doctor James afforded a good illustration of the triumph of mind over matter. Tetchy as he was, he never excited any professional jealousy, albeit, in defiance of all precedent, he was promoted on the staff as full surgeon without doing a day's regimental duty. Frail in body, unique in appearance, and eccentric in manner, he ensured respect by his capacity; and, as he could be courteous when he pleased, his oddities were excused by his colleagues. He must have realised at this period considerable sums by his private practice, but he never changed his mode of living. He kept a black servant, a serviceable pony, and a small dog called Psyche. Most of Psyche's successors bore her name. This queer quartet usually took their walks abroad in company, and were a well-known group at Cape Town.

On Doctor James's return to England, he was offered an appointment at another colonial station. Here, owing to the climate, or possibly to non-appreciation, he grew discontented, and, without making any official application for leave of absence, on plea of sickness or "urgent private affairs," took his departure for England.

He would chuckle as he related the story of his unlooked-for reappearance before the director-general of the medical department in London. "Sir," said the director, "I do not understand your reporting yourself in this fashion. You admit you have returned without leave of absence. May I ask how this is?"

"Well," said James, coolly running his long white fingers through his crisp sandy curls, "I have come home to have my hair cut."

He more than once defied the rules of the service with impunity, and invariably boasted that he could have his choice of quarters. And he had. He was counted a lucky fellow; but who he was, or what he was, never ceased to be a question of debate among his brethren less fortunate than he.

It would scarcely be supposed that he would submit to the banishment of St. Helena, but he thought "it might suit him very well," and he accepted it. It did suit him very well, until he made it too hot to hold him. The climate pleased him. The fruits and delicate vegetables were strong considerations with him. His health was more settled than in former days, his reputation was high, and he had brought with him his usual letters of introduction. Despite his shuffling gait, he might have been no more than thirty, although he had been an M.D. nearly twenty-four years! His smooth face, his sandy hair, his boyish voice, and a tolerable set of teeth, contributed essentially to his juvenile appearance.

He was now principal medical officer. He installed himself in a pretty cottage at the head of James Town, and revelled in the tropical fruits, as many who read this account will remember. A certain mango-tree was his favourite

bower. He paid well for all he had, and those who had the best opportunities of knowing him asserted that, selfish, odd, and cranky as he was, he had kindness for the poor, and was charitable without ostentation. He would go about, bestriding his pony in strange fashion, with an umbrella over his head. His saddle was a curiosity. It was so comfortably padded and so safely shaped, that, once wedged into it, it was a marvel how he got out of it. In uniform he was a caricature. His boot heels were two inches above the ground, and within the boots were soles three inches thick. Add to these boots very long spurs, crown the sandy curls with a cocked-hat, and complete all with a sword big enough for a dragoon, and you have the doctor complete. The pony was enveloped in a net from ears to heels, and swung the tassels about impatient of the gear. The black man attended at the beast's head, and Psyche tripped after them, the doctor's treble waking up the hot silence of the one narrow street shut in by barren rocks, and Psyche's bark making discord at intervals.

He established himself in the old fashion at Government House, where he was suffered to talk of his aristocratic acquaintance, sometimes alluding to those of other days in a manner sufficiently puzzling. As at Cape Town, he became the family physician, or considered himself such, and gave himself his usual airs when called in to a private family. He effected some great cures, and gained the confidence of his patients. His presence at the hospital was a signal for the juniors to be all on the alert. The soldiers liked him and trusted in his skill; but woe betide the laggard medico who was not there to receive the P. M. O., or who had swerved one hair's-breadth from his instructions.

All went on harmoniously enough for upwards of a year, when the doctor, in an evil moment, picked a quarrel with an officer of the garrison. The affair led to a challenge, which the doctor declined in no dignified way, and it was followed by his open expulsion from the garrison mess as an honorary member. Finally, the governor called for a court of inquiry, which resulted in James being sent home under arrest.

The writer of this article witnessed his exit from James Town. On one of those still sultry mornings peculiar to the tropics, the measured step of the doctor's pony woke up the echoes of the valley. There came the P. M. O., looking faded and crestfallen. He was in plain clothes. He had shrunk away wonderfully. His blue jacket hung loosely about him, his white trousers were a world too wide, the veil garnishing his broad straw hat covered his face, and he carried the inevitable umbrella over his head so that it screened him from the general gaze. The street was deserted, but other eyes besides the writer's looked on the group through the Venetian blinds. No sentry presented arms at the gates, and the familiar quartet proceeded unnoticed along the lines to the ship's boat in waiting.

His influence had been at work for him be-

fore he landed. He was released from arrest, outrageous as his conduct had been, and again had his choice of quarters. He went to other stations, in the tropics, to Greece, and the Mediterranean. He retained his taste for Government House society, and as he grew older got less testy. He began to think of death and sepulture, and would have had a friend in the West Indies take an oath that, if he (James) died there, he should be buried in the garments he wore at the time. The friend declined to swear, but James did not quarrel with him.

His last voyage was made as an amateur. Our winter drove him to the West Indies again, where he gave out "confidentially" that his reasons for leaving England were very sad: "a broken-off engagement with a young and beautiful creature, and some trouble in money matters. He had lost documents, jewels, and family records, on board a vessel which had foundered at sea. He was unhappy, and he wanted solace. His former opponent in the duel was commander-in-chief, and he and James were capital friends.

The summer of '64 brought him back to England, with Black John and a little dog, whose name was not Psyche. As the creature is probably living, she shall be nameless. Doctor James must now have been quite seventy years old. His friends of former days held by him to the last; he was often ailing; and the kind ladies of his Cape patron's family would take him out driving in the park, and would have him to dinner, with provision of suitable fruits and cakes and coffee.

It was asserted that he aspired to the honour of being a K.C.B., and that his new uniform was ordered for the last levee of the season. No doubt, his service entitled him to some distinction; and his influence still existed somewhere. One day he returned to his lodgings from a carriage ride, shivering and feverish. He went to bed, and despatched Black John with his excuses from a dinner engagement for next day, Sunday.

On that Sunday morning Black John went into his master's room, as usual, to lay out his body linen. Six towels were among the invariable items of his toilet, and though Black John never assisted at it personally, he was aware that his master wrapped these cloths about him; whether he did so for warmth, or to conceal any personal defects in his emaciated form, was a mystery. No wonder the form was emaciated, for James had accustomed himself for many years to periodical blood-lettings, either by leeches or lancet.

On Black John's return to the room, he found his master worse, but nothing would elicit his permission to send for the medical friend who had been in attendance on him previously, for bronchitis. The faithful valet was alarmed, but he and the dog were the only watchers on the sufferer throughout the sultry July day. James lay dozing and powerless. It was after midnight when he rallied.

He sat up and spoke to John, wandering at times, and expressed concern at his long attendance through so many hours; he would have had John take some slight stimulant, which the faithful soul declined. Suddenly James fainted on his pillow. The valet used restoratives, which revived him.

"John," gasped the invalid, "this must be death." But John did not think so.

"You are only weak, sir," he said: "let me give you some champagne and water, or the least drop of brandy in a wine-glass of water." For James would take such stimulants in great extremity, and he was now in great extremity. He sipped a little from the glass, and said, more gently than usual: "Have some yourself, John; you need it, and you will not mind drinking after me." They were his last distinct words. John again declined refreshment, fearing he might fall asleep, but, at his master's request, went to lie down in an adjoining room; thinking that "the general," as James chose to be designated by his valet, would get some rest.

Always considerate to his dependents, "the general" had been almost tender to John. He had spoken to him of his lonely life. "It was not always so, John," he had said: "once I had many friends. I have some still, and those are very good to me; but they are not the friends of early times; they will think of me, though, and if you want help, they will remember you for my sake. Now go and lie down. I think I shall sleep."

He never woke again. At daylight, John entered the sick-room. The curtains were closed, so he took the night-light and approached the bed. "The general" had died without a struggle. His eyes were closed. The worn features were calm. There had been apparently no pain.

John drew the sheet over the face, and descended to the kitchen for a charwoman, who he knew would be there at that hour. He summoned her to assist at the last toilet of the dead "general." As she closed the door of the room, he retreated to his own, and laid himself down, tired out. He was closing his eyes, when the charwoman hurried in. "What do you mean," she said, "by calling me to lay out a general, and the corpse is a woman's?"

John was utterly unprepared for this, although, like many others, he had fancied the "general" to be "different from other people in some way or another." There had been floating suspicions respecting the sex of the doctor, but John declared he had never thoroughly shared in them. He had lived with the "general" three years, and, whatever doubt he might have had at first, he had latterly dismissed from his mind.

According to John's account, the poor creature—the "old girl," as the ghastly adept in her calling terms her—was not treated in her last toilet with the courtesy she had never wanted during her military career. Before the poor corpse was laid in its grave, news reached the registrar-general of the discovery, and he at once called for a report from the proper authority. The report was, "that after a post

mortem examination, it was found that Doctor James, of her Majesty's service, was not only a woman, but had at a very early period of life been a mother!

The deceased's effects were taken possession of by accredited agents. Notwithstanding the large sums of money she must have received as fees during her long course of private practice, she died penniless. The question arises, How had she spent the fortune she had made? As hush-money, or in support of the child who, if still living, must be an elderly person?

James left no will. There was nothing to leave, but the poor dog. A nobleman's valet came for the animal; settled accounts with Black John, even to giving him the return passage-money to the island whence he came; and no one has since appeared claiming any relationship with the eccentric being, who was even more mysterious in death than in life.

Doctor James was buried at Kensal Green late in July, 1865, and is registered under the name borne from the time of his entering the army as hospital assistant.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

WAGER OF BATTLE. THE TRIAL OF ABRAHAM THORNTON FOR THE MURDER OF MARY ASHFORD.

On a bleak acclivity seven miles to the north-east of that vast centre of industry, Birmingham, there is a small town named Sutton Coldfield, a place of about four thousand inhabitants. On Monday, the 26th of May, 1817, Mary Ashford, a blooming girl of about twenty years of age, acting as servant to her uncle, a small farmer named Coleman, who lived at Langley Heath, in the parish of Sutton Coldfield, and three miles from Erdington, prepared to start for Birmingham market on some errands for the family. This servant-girl, standing before the bedroom glass in her pink frock, scarlet spencer, and little straw bonnet streaming with primrose-coloured ribbons, was in more than a girl's usual flutter of pretty vanity and holiday excitement; for that night, being Whit-Monday night, there will be the annual club-feast and dance at Tyburn House (an inn), a mile from Erdington, and she will meet there all the young beaux of half a dozen miles round, and, above all, a young man whom she has often seen on Sundays—that thick-set, sturdy young bricklayer, Abraham Thornton, a farmer's son at Erdington. Smiling at her own pretty reflexion in the glass, Mary Ashford looks over her shoulder (after the manner of girls) to see that her shawl sets well, ruffles out her bonnet-bows, and, with little quick bird-like touches, arranges her glossy hair and the set of her pink gown. Then she ties up in a bundle her clean frock, white spencer, and white stockings, for the dance in the evening. She trips away at last, with a merry laugh at her uncle's warnings to be home early, and runs singing down the lane, happy and innocent as a bird the first day it can use its wings. At about ten o'clock that May morning, when thrushes are singing, hedges

flowering, and everything is happy and rejoicing, Mary Ashford calls on her friend, Hannah Cox, servant to Mr. Machin, to leave her bundle at her (Hannah's) mother's, who lived opposite. She is to call in the evening on her way from market, change her dress, and go to the dance at Tyburn with her friend. At about six Mary Ashford returns, changes her dress, dons the clean coloured frock and the white spencer, puts on a new pair of Hannah's shoes, and between seven and eight sets out, full of anticipation, pretty girlish chatter, and surmise.

The club-feast at Daniel Clarke's inn (Tyburn House—ill-omened name) was, like all other club-feasts, as bad a place for an innocent young woman as could well be. The house would ring with tipsy shouts, the windows shake with the competing shuffles of the dancers. They are always alike, these club-revels: owlish old men sit outside on the ale benches, the young wild striplings of the place, half drunk, are bragging and quarrelling; the low-roofed room is reeking with smoke; the ale is passing round much too fast; the language is coarse; all but the women are fevered or besotted with beer. Nothing healthy or honest about the amusements, but, on the contrary, everything degradedly stupid, drunken, "raffish," and debasing.

Hannah Cox, rather frightened at the revel, remained up-stairs with her sister, and only stayed in the lower room a quarter of an hour, just to see a dance or two, and who was there. She did not observe Thornton. But the dancing-room had some magnetic attraction for poor Mary, and she remained there all the time. A little before eleven, Hannah thought it time for respectable girls to go, and came down to look for Mary. She met her at the door of the room, when Mary said she would not be long, but would come to her soon. Hannah then walked about twenty yards on the road, and waited on the bridge. Presently a man named Benjamin Carter came out, and Hannah, getting restless, sent him in to call Mary. Soon after, Mary came out with Abraham Thornton. She was going to sleep at her grandfather's, and walked homewards first, followed by Carter and Hannah. Carter walked a little way further, and then went back to the revel. Near an inn called the Old Cuckoo, Hannah lost sight of Mary and her young man. On reaching her mother's house at Erdington, Hannah went calmly to bed. In the morning, twenty minutes to five by the cottage clock, Hannah was awoke by a knocking at the door. She went down, and found it was Mary Ashford, calm and in good spirits, and in the same dress as she had danced in the night before. As Mary changed her dress and put on again the old pink frock and scarlet spencer in which she had gone to market on the day before, she told Hannah she had slept at her grandfather's at the top of Bell-lane. She then wrapped her boots up in her pocket-handkerchief, tied the rest of her dress and some marketing things

in a napkin, and, after staying about a quarter of an hour chatting, went away.

Poor Mary, no longer honest, no longer pure, no longer happy, had deceived Hannah. She had not slept at her grandfather's; she had been about the whole night, rambling here and there with Thornton. John Humpidge, a labourer of Whitton, leaving a friend's house at Penn's Mills about a quarter before three, saw Thornton and a girl at the "ford-rift," at a stile leading into Bell-lane. Humpidge wished Thornton good morning, but the girl held her head determinately down, and the bonnet hid her face. This girl was Mary Ashford; of that, there can be no doubt. It is beyond dispute. Thomas Aspre, a man of Erdington, on his way to Birmingham that morning, crossed Bell-lane, leaving it on his right, and Erdington on his left. It was about half-past three; he then saw Mary alone, walking very fast past a horse-pond in the lane, in the direction of Mrs. Butler's, at whose house she called to change her dress. At about four the lost girl was seen by another Erdington labourer, named Dawson, coming from Erdington. John Kesterton, a farmer's man at Erdington, who had got up soon after two to "fettle" his horses, put them to the waggon at four, and watered them at the pond in Bell-lane. At a quarter-past four Kesterton turned the horses round, and made straight for Birmingham, through Erdington. Turning to look back a little past Mrs. Butler's by some chance impulse—for the road was quiet and lonely enough at that hour—he saw Mary Ashford, whom he knew well, coming out of the entry to widow Butler's cottage. He smacked his whip to make her turn, and she turned and looked at him. No one was with her. She turned up Bell-lane, and seemed to be in a great hurry. She had on a straw bonnet and a scarlet spencer, and carried a bundle in her left hand. The road she took led both to her grandfather's, where she ought to have slept, and her uncle's, to whom she was servant.

At five o'clock, George Jackson, a Birmingham gun-borer, who had left Moor-street, Birmingham, on his way beyond Penn's Mills to seek work, came past the workhouse at Erdington. He turned out of Bell-lane about half-past six into the ford-rift leading to Penn's Mills, going along the foot-road till he came to a pit close by the footpath. As he came near it he observed, to his extreme horror, in the pure morning sunlight, a bonnet, a pair of shoes, and a bundle, close by the slope that overhung the pit; one shoe was all over blood. The pit was in a grass-field separated from the carriage-road only by a hedge, and near a stile. The things were about a foot below the top of the slope, and about four yards below spread the dark water of the pit-mouth. There had evidently been a murder, and the body must lie weltering in that pool. Kesterton, frightened, instantly ran to Penn's Mills, half a mile off, for assistance; but at the nearest house, finding a man named Lawell coming out,

he told him to stop and guard the things while he ran to the mills. Some labourers came from the mills and passed an eel-rake through the water. Yes, there it was—a woman's body, duckweed and leaves and mud on the pale cold face. It was poor Mary Ashford, recognised in a moment by her scarlet spencer and pink gown; murdered beyond a doubt; her clothes were steeped in blood. She had been abused, then murdered. That was the universal belief.

One of the workmen at Penn's Mills instantly went along the harrowed field beyond the pit to see if he could trace the footsteps of the poor girl and her murderer. Going to the pit from Erdington there were footprints of a woman and a man; they were close together, and appeared like the footprints of persons running, both by the stride and the depth of the impressions. Near the pit, the footprints doubled backwards and forwards, as if one person had chased the other. The footsteps were trackable on the grass, but not on it, and were visible on the harrowed ground. The prints were traceable on the grass by a dry pit, then towards a water-pit in the harrowed field. The woman's steps were nearest the pit. The footprints of a man were also visible the contrary way, as if running back on the harrowed ground to the gate at the far corner across the footpath, which led across a clover-field towards Pipe Hall, and by a short cut to Castle Bromwich. There was a man's footprint near the edge of the declivity; there was blood about forty yards off the pit, and some as near as fourteen yards; there was also a track of blood lying thick upon the clover in the direction of the pit. The footpath was about one hundred and forty yards from the dry pit on one side, and the wet pit on the other.

Thornton was instantly arrested, and examined at Tyburn, the scene of that unhappy revel. He owned to guilty association with the girl, and at once made the following statement:

He said he was "a bricklayer; that he came to the Three Tuns at Tyburn about six o'clock the night before, where there was a dance; that he danced a dance or two with the landlord's daughter, but whether he danced with Mary Ashford or not he could not recollect. Examinant stayed till about twelve o'clock; he then went with Mary Ashford, Benjamin Carter, and a young woman, whom he understood to be Mr. Machin's housekeeper, of Erdington; that they walked together as far as Mr. Potter's; Carter and the housekeeper went on towards Erdington, examinant and Mary Ashford went on as far as Mr. Freeman's; they then turned to the right, and went along a lane till they came to a gate and stile on the right-hand side of the road; they then went over the stile, and into the next piece, along the foot-road; they continued along the foot-road four or five fields, but cannot exactly tell how many. Examinant and Mary Ashford then returned the same road; when they came to the gate and stile, they first got over; they stood there ten minutes or a quarter

of an hour talking; it might be then about three o'clock. Whilst they stood there a man came by (examinant did not know who); he had on a jacket of a brown colour; the man was coming along the footpath they had returned along; examinant said, 'Good morning,' and the man said the same; examinant asked Mary Ashford if she knew the man; she did not know whether she knew him or not, but thought he was one who had been at Tyburn; that examinant and Mary Ashford stayed at the stile a quarter of an hour afterwards; they then went straight up to Mr. Freeman's again, crossed the road, and went on towards Erdington, till he came to a grass-field on the right-hand side the road, within about a hundred yards of Mr. Greensall's, in Erdington; Mary Ashford walked on; examinant never saw her afterwards. It was nearly opposite to Mr. Greensall's. Whilst he was in the field he saw a man cross the road to James's, but he did not know who he was; he (Thornton) then went on for Erdington Workhouse to see if he could see Mary Ashford; he stopped upon the green about five minutes to wait for her; it was four o'clock, or ten minutes after four o'clock. Examinant went by Shipley's, on his road home, and afterwards by John Holden's, where he saw a man and woman with some milk-cans, and a young man driving some cows out of a field, whom he thought to be Holden's son. He then went towards Mr. Twamley's mill, where he saw Mr. Hatton's keeper taking rubbish out of the nets at the flood-gates. He asked the man what o'clock it was; he answered, 'Near five o'clock, or five.' He knew the keeper. 'Twamley's mill is about a mile and a quarter from his father's house, with whom he lives. The first person he saw was Edward Leake, a servant of his father's, and a boy; his mother was up. He took off a black coat he had on, and put on the one he now wears, which hung up in the kitchen, changed his hat, and left them both in the house; he did not change his shoes or stockings, though his shoes were rather wet from having walked across the meadows. That examinant knew Mary Ashford when she lived at the Swan at Erdington, but was not particularly intimate with her; that he had not seen Mary Ashford for a considerable time before he met her at Tyburn. Examinant had been drinking the whole evening, but not so much as to be intoxicated."

Abraham Thornton, against whom public opinion ran high, was tried for the murder of Mary Ashford, before Mr. Justice Holroyd, at the Warwick assizes, on August 8th, Mr. Reynolds appearing for the defence. The prosecution chiefly relied on the deceased having been last seen with the prisoner in the fields not long before she called at Butler's and changed her dress. Great stress was also laid on the footmarks in the newly harrowed field adjoining the pit where the poor girl's body was found. They exactly fitted Thornton's and Mary Ashford's shoes. There were some nails projecting from the side of one of Thornton's shoes, and

the traces of those two nails were visible in several of the footsteps, particularly in one in which a bit of short stick had thrown the foot up. It was also proved that the prisoner had spoken to a man at the Tyburn House dance, and asked who Mary Ashford was, then recognising her as having been a servant at the Swan Inn, Erdington, declared that he should go home with her that night, as he had known her sister before. He was dancing with her when Hannah Cox, after waiting half an hour at the bridge for Mary, had sent Carter for her.

Black as these things looked, the defence was very able and very convincing. It was contended that little stress could be laid on the footprints. Labourers' shoes, made by the same shoemaker, almost exactly resemble each other. Moreover, so many persons from Penn's Mills had crowded to the field and pit on hearing of the murder, that all means of identifying the first footprints were soon destroyed. All the footprints, in fact, except two that were at once covered with boards, were effaced by a heavy thunderstorm that broke soon after over the scene of guilt. If Thornton's story were true, the footprints were really his and Mary Ashford's, for they had been in those fields on their way from Tyburn House. Mary Ashford left Butler's house at nineteen minutes after four. At about half-past four Thornton was seen by William Jennens, a milkman, as he was milking cows at Mr. Holden's farm, passing towards the meadows leading to Castle Bromwich. He was walking very gently, and was not at all heated or agitated. About five minutes after five John Heydon, gamekeeper to John Rutter, Esq., at Castle Bromwich, saw Thornton as he (Heydon) was taking up the flood-gates and examining the nets at Castle Bromwich Mill. Thornton told the keeper he had been taking a girl home from the Tyburn club. He was sober, and did not appear heated, but said he was "much tired." He stayed a quarter of an hour talking. He then went on in the direction of his father's house. The Bromwich stable-clock was proved to have been fifteen minutes faster than Birmingham time; it was, therefore, only seven or eight minutes before five when Thornton spoke to the keeper. It was, therefore, wisely and convincingly contended that it was impossible the prisoner, between nineteen minutes past four and twenty-five or thirty minutes past four, when he was seen by the milkman, could have abused and murdered Mary Ashford, and got over the intervening distance.

The distances were most material in the case, and must be examined before Thornton's case can be fully understood. Mary's nearest road to the pit from Butler's house measured one mile two furlongs and thirty-eight yards. From the pit to Holden's, even across hedge and ditch, was one mile four furlongs sixty-one yards. But then the hedges would have delayed him, and, taking the way a murderer would probably have gone for expedition, the distance would have been two miles two furlongs forty-

seven yards from the pit to Holden's, making a total distance of three miles four furlongs eighty-five yards. This calculation, which is bound on all sides by the most stringent observation, left only eleven minutes for the deceased's walk from Butler's house to the pit, for the assault, the death, and the struggle, after a pursuit (as the prosecution surmised), and the carrying the girl's body thirty yards to the pit, and placing the bundle and shoes on the slope. To do all this, Thornton, a stout short man with clumsy legs, must have leaped over the country at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. It was also proved that deceased had no wound or bruise upon her, and that the blood found proceeded from natural causes. Mr. Sadler, the prisoner's solicitor, complained much at the time of the cruel reports spread against Thornton, the pamphlets and songs, that rendered it difficult to find an unbiased jury. The county magistrates themselves were strongly prejudiced against Thornton, and had pursued their investigations with the acrimony of partisans, who had quite made up their mind that Thornton had abused and murdered Mary Ashford after she left Butler's house; although it was proved (by circumstances which we need not recapitulate) that Thornton and the girl had been together all night, and that Mary Ashford had returned to her friend with a lie in her mouth, smiling, and without a word of complaint.

It also appears that the Reverend Mr. Bedford, a county magistrate, went to Birmingham jail and reproached Thornton for having denied that he had seen the girl after she went home to dress. He also expressed his astonishment at Thornton being able to eat (he was at dinner), and said to him, very unwisely:

"You'll be hanged, and your body will be given to the surgeons to be dissected; you've long deserved it, for you've cost your father many a hundred pounds for getting you out of scrapes like this before."

It was also clear that the deceased could have thrown herself from the bank six feet high into the water. There was no sign of a struggle near the pit, and although there were two labourers' houses within a hundred and fifty yards of the pit, and men were beginning to stir for milking, bird-minding, and stable-cleaning, there were no cries for help heard, notwithstanding Mary Ashford was a vigorous and robust girl in the prime of life.

The prisoner's conduct after leaving Mary Ashford was quiet and straightforward. He got home about five. He then changed his black coat for a damson-coloured one, but did not change his shoes or stockings, though the former were wet. When arrested at ten o'clock, he at once confessed he had spent all night with Mary Ashford, but said he had left her near Butler's, and after having waited five minutes for her on Erdington-green. There was nothing to impugn this statement, and Thornton was acquitted by the jury.

In reviewing this intensely interesting case

earnestly, judiciously, and dispassionately, we are fully of opinion that the verdict was a just one. It is true Thornton confessed that he waited to see the girl on her way to her uncle's; but he could not have committed the crime (for which there was no motive), and arrived calm and cool at the flood-gates in the time. There is only One who will ever know who committed that cruel crime—if it were a crime; but let us examine the worst possible conjectures. If Thornton murdered the girl, he must have met her again, assaulted her, then thrown her, while fainting, into the pit, to prevent discovery; but her previous guilt renders this unlikely. Or, she might have pressed him to promise marriage, and he in a rage might have thrown her into the pit; but, if this were on her mind, how could she have returned in such good spirits to her friend at Butler's? Three other conjectures (reconcilable with Thornton's innocence) seem to us more reasonable.

First, she might have been assaulted and murdered by some rambling tramp from Birmingham, or some labourer on his way to work. Tramps can easily escape, for they leave no clue; labourers have a right to be out early, in the fields. But, then, why were the things placed deliberately on the edge of the slope? By design of the murderer? We doubt it.

Secondly, did Mary Ashford try to go down to the water to wash, and, in the attempt, drown herself?

Thirdly (and this we think is the most probable), the girl alone, the excitement of the guilty revel and its fatal consequences gone off, the flush of perhaps more beer and spirits than a country girl was in the habit of taking having passed away, there came a sudden pang—a bitter and unbearable pang of conscience—an awakening of innocent horror at the night and its results—a dread of consequences, of shame, of discovery; then one look round of bitter parting at the fields, the sky, the awakening birds, and the dewy flowers; then a hurried placing down of the bundle, the shoes, and the bonnet, and a desperate plunge into death.

Had there been a struggle, short as it might have been, there must have been traces of it at the pit's edge, and there would have been bruises on the girl's throat or chest.

Public feeling was far too much set on Thornton's death, to be satisfied with this verdict of acquittal.

A letter-press description, strongly coloured, together with a sketch of the pit and a drawing of Mary Ashford, were published by Mr. Linos, and engraved by Mr. Radcliffe, of Birmingham. A hot-pressed map (15 by 11) also appeared, and "An Antidote to Prejudice" was followed by "An Investigation of the Case." The Rev. Luke Booker also published a moral review of the conduct and case of Mary Ashford, in refutation of the arguments adduced in defence of her supposed violator and murderer, which concluded with: "*A proposed Epitaph*.—As a warning to female virtue, this monument is erected over

the remains of Mary Ashford, a young woman chaste as she was beautiful, who, in the twentieth year of her age, having incautiously repaired to a scene of amusement, without proper protection, was brutally violated and murdered on the 27th of May, 1817, in the parish of Aston.

Lovely and chaste as is the primrose pale,
Rifled of virgin sweetness by the gale,
Mary! The wretch, who thee remorseless slew,
Will surely God's avenging wrath pursue.
For, though the deed of blood be veiled in night,
'Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?'
Fair blighted flower! The muse, that weeps thy doom,
Rears o'er thy sleeping dust this warning tomb!"

To answer the last-named work there was published "A Reply to the Remarks of the Rev. Luke Booker, LL.D., in a pamphlet entitled 'A Moral Review of the Conduct and Case of Mary Ashford, &c.' By a Friend to Justice."

There also appeared, "Observations upon the case of Abraham Thornton, &c.; showing the danger of pressing presumptive evidence too far, together with the only true and authentic account yet published of the evidence given at the trial, the examination of the prisoner, &c. And a correct plan of the locus in quo. By Edward Holroyd, of Gray's Inn."

There were also two very wild dramas on the subject: one of them entitled "The Murdered Maid; or, The Clock Struck Four! A drama in three acts." The other, "The Mysterious Murder; or, What's the Clock? A melodrama in three acts. Founded on a tale too true."

Funds were procured, and a clever local solicitor, raking up an old un repealed statute, induced the brother of Mary Ashford, as her heir, to take proceedings for an "appeal of murder" against Abraham Thornton, who was arrested by the sheriff of Warwick on the 1st of October. On the 16th of November term, William Ashford appeared in the Court of King's Bench, at Westminster, as appellant, and Abraham Thornton was brought up on a writ of habeas corpus as appeller. Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Reader defended Thornton. Lord Ellenborough and the other judges took their seats at eleven. Ashford's counsel were Messrs. Clarke, Gurney, and Chitty. Ashford was a short slight-made young man of twenty, with sandy hair and blue eyes; Thornton, a short, very fat, robust man, with full cheeks, fresh complexion, and a confident smile on his by no means forbidding countenance. The court was densely crowded, and the place almost taken by storm. Lord Yarmouth and Lord Montford were conspicuous among the spectators.

There was a vague feeling that the old trial by ordeal was to be revived—single combat in the lists—a tournament in full plate armour, with trumpets blowing, and the law-judges standing by to cheer on the two combatants; the drowsiest and most briefless old lingerer on the

back benches at the Westminster court kindled with curiosity, and began to pore over Bracton and Spelman for the last precedent of such an extraordinary way of discovering the innocence or guilt of a prisoner who had already stood his trial.

Mr. Le Blanc concluded the reading of the record by saying, "Are you guilty or not guilty of the said felony and murder whereof you stand so appealed?" Mr. Reader now put into the prisoner's hand a slip of paper, from which he read, "Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same with my body." Mr. Reader had likewise handed a pair of large gauntlets or gloves to the prisoner, one of which he put on, and the other, *in pursuance of the old form, he threw down for the appellant to take up.* The glove was not taken up. Ashford's counsel disputed the right of Thornton to "wager of battle," and were ready to fight it out with tongues and not spears.

Mr. Le Blanc: Your plea is, that you are not guilty, and that you are ready to defend that plea with your body?

The prisoner: It is.

The appellant then stood up in front of Mr. Clarke.

Lord Ellenborough: What have you got to say, Mr. Clarke?

Mr. Clarke: I did not expect, my lord, at this time of day, that this sort of demand would have been made. I must confess that I am surprised that the charge against the prisoner should be put to issue in this way. The trial by battle is an obsolete practice, which has long since been out of use, and it would appear to me extraordinary indeed, if the person who has murdered the sister should, as the law exists in these enlightened times, be allowed to prove his innocence by murdering the brother also, or, at least, by an attempt to do so.

Lord Ellenborough: It is the law of England, Mr. Clarke; we must not call it murder.

Mr. Clarke: I may have used too strong an expression, my lord, in saying murdering the brother; but, at all events, it is no less than killing. I apprehend, however, that the course to be taken is in a great measure discretionary; and it will be for the court to determine, under all the circumstances, whether they will permit a battle to be waged in this case or not.

Mr. Clarke then put in a counter-plea that the applicant was incompetent, from youth and want of bodily strength, to fairly meet the appellee in battle, and trusted the court would waive the right of battle, and direct a new trial by jury.

On November 22nd the case again came on, and Ashford counter-pleaded that there were circumstances which induced the most violent presumption of Thornton's guilt, and that in such cases the law was that he could not be permitted to wage battle, but must be tried by his country. The proceedings were then postponed till the next term. This interim lawyers all over England devoted to antiquarian researches

into the absurd old custom revived as a clever checkmate to the iniquitous persecution of an acquitted man. It was found that in Spelman's time there had been a quashed case of the same kind. In Monstrelet, a case was discovered in which Brunete, a gentleman of Hainault, charged Soltier Bernaige, a gentleman of Flanders, with murder. Brunete overcame his adversary, forced him to confess his crime, and gave him over to the headsman. Then in St. Palaye's *Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie* they discovered the case of the Dog of Montargis (since distinguished on the stage), who in judicial combat forced the Chevalier Macaire to confess the murder of his (the dog's) master, the Chevalier Aubri de Montdidier. Shakespeare's Henry the Sixth furnished another instance—Dugdale, Bracton, and Fleta all agreed that the following was the form the trial should assume: If the appellant took up the glove, the defendant would lay his right hand on the Gospels, and taking hold of the appellant's right hand with his left, would swear that he did not commit the murder. The appellant, with the same formula, would assert the guilt of the defendant, kissing the book as he repeated the oath. The lists were to be sixty feet square, the sides due north, south, east, and west. Places were to be provided for the judges and the bar. On the day fixed the court was to proceed to the lists from Westminster Hall at sunrise, the judges in their full robes. When they were seated, proclamation would be made for the combatants, who were then to appear with bare heads, arms, and legs, each led by a person carrying his bâton of an ell long and tipped with horn, and preceded by another carrying his square double-leather target. On entering the lists, the combatants were to make *congés* to the judges, and take the following absurd oath against witchcraft and sorcery:

"Hear this, ye justices, that I, —, have this day neither ate nor drunk, nor have upon me bone, stone, nor grass, nor have done anything, nor any other for me, whereby the law of God may be depressed, and the law of the devil exalted. So help me, God!"

Then, after a proclamation of silence, under pain of imprisonment for a year and a day, the combat was to begin, and to continue till either party was vanquished or till the stars appeared in the evening. If the appellant was defeated, he would be subject to a year's imprisonment and fine, and must make restitution as damages; but if the appellant turned *craven*, and gave up the fight, he became infamous, and lost the privileges of a freeman. If the defendant was defeated, he was to be instantly executed—nor could even the king pardon him; but if he was victorious, or could maintain the fight till the evening, he was to be honourably acquitted.

There was also much serious and very angry discussion as to whether Blackstone was right in thinking that the wager of battle was originally a Saxon substitute for the werewild,

or compensation money; or whether it was not rather a substitute for the Norman trial by combat.

On the 24th of January, 1818, the vexed case was again tried. Thornton replied, stating all the facts in his favour, and claiming a right to the combat. On the 29th, it was again discussed; and on February 7, Mr. Tyndall appeared for the defendant. On April 16, Lord Ellenborough gave the final decision. He said:

"The general law of the land is that there shall be a trial by battle in cases of appeal, unless the party brings himself within some of the exceptions. The only exception relied on in this case is the exception with reference to the case in Bracton, which relates to a case so clear as to exclude all doubt, and would not admit of proof to the contrary, by means whereof the party never could deny the fact alleged. The discussion which has taken place here, and the consideration which has been given to the facts alleged, most conclusively show that this is not a case that can admit of no denial or proof to the contrary; under these circumstances, however obnoxious I am myself to the trial by battle, it is the mode of trial which we, in our judicial character, are bound to award. We are delivering the law as it is, and not as we wish it to be, and therefore we must pronounce our judgment, that the battle must take place, unless the party reserves for our consideration whether, under the circumstances of the case, the defendant is entitled to go *without a day*, which is a point for further consideration; and on the part of the appellant it shall be considered necessary to advise on that point. At present we pronounce that there be trial by battle, unless the appellant show reason why the defendant should not depart without a day."

On April 21, Ashford not having accepted the wager of battle, the appeal was urged, and Thornton was discharged. The crowd were so threatening and turbulent, that he had to be concealed in a private room until they dispersed.

This was the last instance of trial by battle being demanded in an English court. In the following session, the rusty old act of parliament under which the appeal was made, was repealed. Wager of battle had only been snatched up as a weapon of defence, exciting as great astonishment in Thornton's adversaries as the bows and arrows used by a Tartar regiment at Austerlitz produced on the Grenadiers of Napoleon. It is a pity that our statute-book should still contain pages as mischievous and dead as that page of whose removal we have given the brief history.

Poor Mary Ashford's grave at Sutton Coldfield is still a place of pilgrimage for holiday visitors from Birmingham. The tombstone, with the epitaph before given, was erected by subscription. As for Thornton, who had up to this time been respected at Erdington, he went to America, where he followed his trade of a bricklayer, married, had children, and died

some years ago. In the January only of this very year (1867), William Ashford, the brother of the murdered girl, and for many years a fish-hawker, was found dead in his bed in New John-street, Birmingham. He was seventy years old. The causes of Mary Ashford's death, only the Last Day can now reveal.

THE BOTATHEN GHOST.

THERE was something very painful and peculiar in the position of the clergy in the west of England throughout the seventeenth century. The church of those days was in a transitory state, and her ministers, like her formularies, embodied a strange mixture of the old belief with the new interpretation. Their wide severance also from the great metropolis of life and manners, the city of London (which in those times was civilised England, much as the Paris of our own day is France), divested the Cornish clergy in particular of all personal access to the master-minds of their age and body. Then, too, the barrier interposed by the rude rough roads of their country, and by their abode in wilds that were almost inaccessible, rendered the existence of a bishop rather a doctrine suggested to their belief than a fact revealed to the actual vision of each in his generation. Hence it came to pass that the Cornish clergyman, insulated within his own limited sphere, often without even the presence of a country squire (and unchecked by the influence of the fourth estate, for until the beginning of this nineteenth century, Flindell's Weekly Miscellany, distributed from house to house from the pannier of a mule, was the only light of the west), became developed about middle life into an original mind and man, sole and absolute within his parish boundary, eccentric when compared with his brethren in civilised regions, and yet, in German phrase, "a whole and seldom man" in his dominion of souls. He was "the parson," in canonical phrase: that is to say, The Person, the somebody of consequence among his own people. These men were not, however, smoothed down into a monotonous aspect of life and manners by this remote and secluded existence. They imbibed, each in his own peculiar circle, the hue of surrounding objects, and were tinged into distinctive colouring and character by many a contrast of scenery and people. There was "the light of other days," the curate by the sea-shore, who professed to check the turbulence of the "smugglers' landing" by his presence on the sands, and who "held the lantern" for the guidance of his flock when the nights were dark, as the only proper ecclesiastical part he could take in the proceedings. He was soothed and silenced by the gift of a keg of Hollands or a chest of tea. There was the merry minister of the mines, whose cure was honeycombed by the underground men. He must needs have been artist and poet in his way, for he had to enliven his people, three or four times a year, by mastering the arrangements of a

guary, or religious mystery, which was duly performed in the topmost hollow of a green barrow, or hill, of which many survive, scooped out into vast amphitheatres and surrounded by benches of turf, which held two thousand spectators. Such were the historic plays, The Creation, and Noe's Flood, which still exist in the original Celtic as well as the English text, and suggest what critics and antiquaries these Cornish curates, masters of such revels, must have been; for the native language of Cornwall did not lapse into silence until the end of the seventeenth century. Then, moreover, here and there would be one parson more learned than his kind in the mysteries of a deep and thrilling lore of peculiar fascination. He was a man so highly honoured at college for natural gifts and knowledge of learned books which nobody else could read, that when he "took his second orders" the bishop gave him a mantle of scarlet silk to wear upon his shoulders in church, and his lordship had put such power into it that when the parson had it rightly on he could "govern any ghost or evil spirit," and even "stop an earthquake."

Such a powerful minister, in combat with supernatural visitations, was one Parson Rudall, of Launceston, whose existence and exploits we gather from the local tradition of his time, from surviving letters and other memoranda, and, indeed, from his own "Diurnal," which fell by chance into the hands of the present writer. Indeed, the legend of Parson Rudall and the Botathen Ghost will be recognised by many Cornish people as a local remembrance of their boyhood.

It appears, then, from the diary of this learned master of the grammar school—for such was his office, as well as perpetual curate of the parish—"that a pestilential disease did break forth in our town in the beginning of the year A.D. 1665; yea, and it likewise invaded my school, inasmuch that therewithal certain of the chief scholars sickened and died." "Among others who yielded to the malign influence, was Master John Eliot, the eldest son and the worshipful heir of Edward Eliot, Esquire, of Trebursey, a stripling of sixteen years of age, but of uncommon parts and hopeful ingenuity. At his own especial motion and earnest desire, I did consent to preach his funeral sermon." It should be remembered here that, howsoever strange and singular it may sound to us, that a mere lad should formally solicit such a performance at the hands of his master, it was in consonance with the habitual usage of those times. The old services for the dead had been abolished by law, and in the stead of sacrament and ceremony, month's mind and year's mind, the sole substitute which survived was the general desire "to partake," as they called it, of a posthumous discourse replete with lofty eulogy and flattering remembrance of the living and the dead. The diary proceeds: "I fulfilled my undertaking, and preached over the coffin in the presence of a full assemblage of mourners and lachrymose friends. An ancient

gentleman, who was then and there in the church, a Mr. Bligh, of Botathen, was much affected with my discourse, and he was heard to repeat to himself certain parentheses therefrom, especially a phrase from Maro Virgilius, which I had applied to the deceased youth, 'Et puer ipse contra digmas.'

"The cause wherefore this old gentleman was thus moved by my applications was this: He had a first-born and only son; a child who, but a very few months before, had been not unworthy the character I drew of young Master Eliot, but who, by some strange accident, had of late quite fallen away from his parents' hopes, and become moody, and sullen, and distraught. When the funeral obsequies were over, I had no sooner come out of church than I was accosted by this aged parent, and he besought me incontinently, with a singular energy, that I would resort with him forthwith to his abode at Botathen, that very night; nor could I have delivered myself from his importunity, had not Mr. Eliot urged his claim to enjoy my company at his own house. Hereupon I got loose, but not until I had pledged a fast assurance that I would pay him, faithfully, an early visit the next day." "The Place," as it was called, of Botathen, where old Mr. Bligh resided, was a low-roofed gabled manor-house of the fifteenth century, walled and mullioned, and with clustered chimneys of dark grey stone from the neighbouring quarries of Ventor-gan. The mansion was flanked by a pleasance or enclosure in one space, of garden and lawn, and it was surrounded by a solemn grove of stag-horned trees. It had the sombre aspect of age and of solitude, and looked the very scene of strange and supernatural events. A legend might well belong to every gloomy glade around, and there must surely be a haunted room somewhere within its walls. Hither, according to his appointment, on the morrow, Parson Rudall betook himself. Another clergyman, as it appeared, had been invited to meet him, who, very soon after his arrival, proposed a walk together in the pleasance, on the pretext of showing him, as a stranger, the walks and trees, until the dinner-bell should strike. There, with much prolixity, and with many a solemn pause, his brother minister proceeded to 'unfold the mystery.'

"A singular infelicity, he declared, had befallen young Master Bligh, once the hopeful heir of his parents and of the lands of Botathen. Whereas he had been from childhood a blithe and merry boy, 'the gladness,' like Isaac of old, of his father's age, he had suddenly, and of late, become morose and silent, nay, even austere and stern—dwelling apart, always solemn, often in tears. The lad had at first repulsed all questions as to the origin of this great change, but of late he had yielded to the importunate researches of his parents, and had disclosed the secret cause. It appeared that he resorted, every day, by a pathway across the fields, to this very clergyman's house, who had charge of his education, and grounded him in

the studies suitable to his age. In the course of his daily walk he had to pass a certain heath or down where the road wound along through tall blocks of granite with open spaces of grassy sward between. There in a certain spot, and always in one and the same place, the lad declared that he encountered, every day, a woman with a pale and troubled face, clothed in a long loose garment of fricze, with one hand always stretched forth, and the other pressed against her side. Her name, he said, was Dorothy Dingle, for he had known her well from his childhood, and she often used to come to his parents' house; but that which troubled him was, that she had now been dead three years, and he himself had been with the neighbours at her burial; so that, as the youth alleged, with great simplicity, since he had seen her body laid in the grave, this that he saw every day must needs be her soul or ghost. 'Questioned again and again,' said the clergyman, 'he never contradicts himself; but he relates the same and the simple tale as a thing that cannot be gainsaid. Indeed, the lad's observance is keen and calm for a boy of his age. The hair of the appearance, sayeth he, is not like anything alive, but it is so soft and light that it seemeth to melt away while you look; but her eyes are set, and never blink, no, not when the sun shineth full upon her face. She maketh no steps, but seemeth to swim along the top of the grass; and her hand, which is stretched out away, seemeth to point at something far away, out of sight. It is her continual coming; for she never faileth to meet him, and to pass on, that hath quenched his spirits; and although he never seeth her by night, yet cannot he get his natural rest.'

"Thus far the clergyman; whereupon the dinner clock did sound, and we went into the house. After dinner, when young Master Bligh had withdrawn with his tutor, under excuse of their books, the parents did forthwith beset me as to my thoughts about their son. Said I, warily, 'The case is strange, but by no means impossible. It is one that I will study, and fear not to handle, if the lad will be free with me, and fulfil all that I desire.' The mother was overjoyed, but I perceived that old Mr. Bligh turned pale, and was downcast with some thought which, however, he did not express. Then they bade that Master Bligh should be called to meet me in the pleasance forthwith. The boy came, and he rehearsed to me his tale with an open countenance and, withal, a pretty modesty of speech. Verily he seemed 'ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris.' Then I signified to him my purpose. 'To-morrow,' said I, 'we will go together to the place; and if, as I doubt not, the woman shall appear, it will be for me to proceed according to knowledge, and by rules laid down in my books.'

The unaltered scenery of the legend still survives, and, like the field of the forty footsteps in another history, the place is still visited by those who take interest in the supernatural tales of old. The pathway leads along a moorland waste, where

large masses of rock stand up here and there from the grassy turf, and clumps of heath and gorse weave their tapestry of golden and purple garniture on every side. Amidst all these, and winding along between the rocks, is a natural foot-way worn by the scant rare tread of the village traveller. Just midway, a somewhat larger stretch than usual of green sod expands, which is skirted by the path, and which is still identified as the legendary haunt of the phantom, by the name of Parson Rudall's Ghost.

But we must draw the record of the first interview between the minister and Dorothy from his own words. "We met," thus he writes, "in the pleasure very early, and before any others in the house were awake; and together the lad and myself proceeded towards the field. The youth was quite composed, and carried his Bible under his arm, from whence he read to me verses, which he said he had lately picked out, to have always in his mind. These were Job vii. 14: 'Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions;' and Deuteronomy xxviii. 67: 'In the morning thou shalt say, Would to God it were evening, and in the evening thou shalt say, Would to God it were morning; for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see.'

"I was much pleased with the lad's ingenuity in these pious applications, but for mine own part I was somewhat anxious, and out of cheer. For aught I knew, this might be a *dæmonium meridianum*, the most stubborn spirit to govern and guide that any man can meet, and the most perilous withal. We had hardly reached the accustomed spot, when we both saw her at once gliding towards us; punctually as the ancient writers describe the motion of their 'lemures, which swoon along the ground, neither marking the sand nor bending the herbage.' The aspect of the woman was exactly that which had been related by the lad. There was the pale and stony face, the strange and misty hair, the eyes firm and fixed that gazed, yet not on us, but on something that they saw far, far away; one hand and arm stretched out, and the other grasping the girdle of her waist. She floated along the field like a sail upon a stream, and glided past the spot where we stood, pausingly. But so deep was the awe that overcame me, as I stood there, in the light of day, face to face with a human soul separate from her bones and flesh, that my heart and purpose both failed me. I had resolved to speak to the spectre in the appointed form of words, but I did not. I stood like one amazed and speechless, until she had passed clean out of sight. One thing remarkable came to pass. A spaniel dog, the favourite of young Master Bligh, had followed us, and lo! when the woman drew nigh, the poor creature began to yell and bark piteously, and ran backward and away, like a thing dismayed and appalled. We returned to the house, and after I had said all that I could to pacify the lad, and to soothe the

aged people, I took my leave for that time, with a promise that when I had fulfilled certain business elsewhere, which I then alleged, I would return and take order to assuage these disturbances and their cause. January 7, 1665. At my own house, I find, by my books, what is expedient to be done; and then, Apage, Sathanas! January 9, 1665. This day I took leave of my wife and family, under pretext of engagements elsewhere, and made my secret journey to our diocesan city, wherein the good and venerable bishop then abode. January 10. Deo Gratias, in safe arrival at Exeter; craved and obtained immediate audience of his lordship; pleading it was for counsel and admonition on a weighty and pressing cause; called to the presence; made obeisance; and then by command stated my case—the Botathen perplexity—which I moved with strong and earnest instances and solemn asseverations of that which I had myself seen and heard. Demanded by his lordship, what was the succour that I had come to entreat at his hands? Replied, license for my exorcism, that so I might, ministerially, allay this spiritual visitant, and thus render to the living and the dead release from this surprise. 'But,' said our bishop, 'on what authority do you allege that I am entrusted with faculty so to do? Our Church, as is well known, hath abjured certain branches of her ancient power, on grounds of perversion and abuse.' 'Nay, my lord,' I humbly answered, 'under favour, the seventy-second of the canons ratified and enjoined on us, the clergy, Anno Domini 1604, doth expressly provide, that "no minister, *unless he hath* the license of his diocesan bishop, shall essay to exorcise a spirit, evil or good." Therefore it was,' I did here mildly allege, 'that I did not presume to enter on such a work without lawful privilege under your lordship's hand and seal.' Hereupon did our wise and learned bishop, sitting in his chair, condescend upon the theme at some length with many gracious interpretations from ancient writers and from Holy Scripture, and I did humbly rejoin and reply, till the upshot was that he did call in his secretary and command him to draw the aforesaid faculty, forthwith and without further delay, assigning him a form, inasmuch that the matter was incontinently done, and after I had disbursed into the secretary's hands certain moneys, for signatory purposes, as the manner of such officers hath always been, the bishop did himself affix his signature under the *sigillum* of his see, and deliver the document into my hands. When I knelt down to receive his benediction, he softly said, 'Let it be secret, Mr. R. Weak brethren! weak brethren!'

This interview with the bishop, and the success with which he vanquished his lordship's scruples, would seem to have confirmed Parson Rudall very strongly in his own esteem, and to have invested him with that courage which he evidently lacked at his first encounter with the ghost.

The entries proceed: "January 11, 1665.

Therewithal did I hasten home and prepare my instruments, and cast my figures for the onset of the next day. Took out my ring of brass, and put it on the index-finger of my right hand, with the scutum Davidis traced thereon.

"January 12, 1665. Rode into the gateway at Botathen, armed at all points, but not with Saul's armour, and ready. There is danger from the demons, but so there is in the surrounding air every day. At early morning, then, and alone, for so the usage ordains, I betook me towards the field. It was void, and I had thereby due time to prepare. First, I paced and measured out my circle on the grass. Then did I mark my pentacle in the very midst, and at the intersection of the five angles I did set up and fix my crutch of raun (rowan). Lastly, I took my station south, at the true line of the meridian, and stood facing due north. I waited and watched for a long time. At last there was a kind of trouble in the air, a soft and rippling sound, and all at once the shape appeared, and came on towards me gradually. I opened my parchment-scroll, and read aloud the command. She paused, and seemed to waver and doubt; stood still; then I rehearsed the sentence again, sounding out every syllable like a chant. She drew near my ring, but halted at first outside, on the brink. I sounded again, and now at the third time I gave the signal in Syriac—the speech which is used, they say, where such ones dwell and converse in thoughts that glide.

"She was at last obedient, and swam into the midst of the circle, and there stood still, suddenly. I saw, moreover, that she drew back her pointing hand. All this while I do confess that my knees shook under me, and the drops of sweat ran down my flesh like rain. But now, although face to face with the spirit, my heart grew calm, and my mind was composed. I knew that the pentacle would govern her, and the ring must bind, until I gave the word. Then I called to mind the rule laid down of old, that no angel or fiend, no spirit, good or evil, will ever speak until they have been first spoken to. N.B. This is the great law of prayer. God himself will not yield reply until man hath made vocal entreaty, once and again. So I went on to demand, as the books advise; and the phantom made answer, willingly. Questioned wherefore not at rest? Unquiet, because of a certain sin. Asked what, and by whom? Revealed it; but it is sub sigillo, and therefore, nefas dictu: more anon. Inquired, what sign she could give that she was a true spirit, and not a false fiend? Stated, before next yule-tide a fearful pestilence would lay waste the land, and myriads of souls would be loosened from their flesh, until, as she piteously said, "our valleys will be full." Asked again, why she so terrified the lad? Replied: 'It is the law: we must seek a youth or a maiden of clean life, and under age, to receive messages and admonitions.'

We conversed with many more words, but it is not lawful for me to set them down. Pen and ink would degrade and defile the thoughts she uttered, and which my mind received that day. I broke the ring, and she passed, but to return once more next day. At even song, a long discourse with that ancient transgressor, Mr. B. Great horror and remorse; entire atonement and penance; whatsoever I enjoin; full acknowledgment before pardon.

"January 13, 1665. At sunrise I was again in the field. She came in at once, and, as it seemed, with freedom. Inquired if she knew my thoughts, and what I was going to relate? Answered, 'Nay, we only know what we perceive and hear; we cannot see the heart.' Then I rehearsed the penitent words of the man she had come up to denounce, and the satisfaction he would perform. Then said she, 'Peace in our midst.' I went through the proper forms of dismissal, and fulfilled all as it was set down and written in my memoranda; and then, with certain fixed rites, I did dismiss that troubled ghost, until she peacefully withdrew, gliding towards the west. Neither did she ever afterward appear; but was allayed until she shall come in her second flesh to the Valley of Armageddon on the last day."

These quaint and curious details from the "diurnal" of a simple-hearted clergyman of the seventeenth century appear to betoken his personal persuasion of the truth of what he saw and said, although the statements are strongly tinged with what some may term the superstition, and others the excessive belief, of those times. It is a singular fact, however, that the canon which authorises exorcism under episcopal license, is still a part of the ecclesiastical law of the Anglican Church, although it might have a singular effect on the nerves of certain of our bishops if their clergy were to resort to them for the faculty which Parson Rudall obtained. The general facts stated in his diary are to this day matters of belief in that neighbourhood; and it has been always accounted a strong proof of the veracity of the Parson and the Ghost, that the plague, fatal to so many thousands, did break out in London at the close of that very year. We may well excuse a triumphant entry, on a subsequent page of the "diurnal," with the date of July 10, 1665: "How sorely must the infidels and heretics of this generation be dismayed when they know that this black death, which is now swallowing its thousands in the streets of the great city, was foretold six months agone, under the exorcisms of a country minister, by a visible and suppliant ghost! And what pleasures and improvements do such deny themselves who scorn and avoid all opportunity of intercourse with souls separate, and the spirits, glad and sorrowful, which inhabit the unseen world!

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IV. THE TRESCOTTS AT HOME.

"I'm blowed if this ain't a rum game!" exclaimed Mr. Alfred Trescott to his father, enunciating the words with some difficulty, by reason of the cigar which he held between his teeth.

The Trescott family was assembled in Mrs. Hutchins's front kitchen on the Sunday evening on which Mrs. Saxelby had taken counsel of Clement Charlewood. The mistress of the house was from home, and the master had retired to the attic in which he slept. Mr. Hutchins, poor hard-working man, always went to rest at about seven o'clock on Sunday evenings, and usually enjoyed a long and uninterrupted slumber, to judge by the sonorous snores that made the lath and plaster of Number 23, New Bridge-street, tremble.

Mrs. Hutchins had become an ardent disciple of Miss Fluke, and was, at that moment, listening to the supererogatory sermon which Miss Fluke denominated "Sabbath evening lecture." Mrs. Hutchins found, to her pleased surprise, that she got nearly as much excitement out of Miss Fluke's spiritual exercises as from Rosalba herself; and she found, too, that whereas she must frankly own to seeking Rosalba for her own personal amusement and delectation, it was possible to lay claim to great merit and virtue on the score of her frequent attendance at the religious meetings held under the patronage of the Reverend Decimus Fluke and his family. In short, the profession and practice of the Flukian school of piety combined the usually incompatible advantages of eating one's cake and having it too. So Mrs. Hutchins was at present a model parishioner, and had—to use the jargon in vogue amongst the congregation of St. Philip-in-the-Fields—"got conversion."

Little Corda, still pale and delicate, but quite recovered from her accident, was sitting on a wooden stool before the hearth, with her head leaning against her father's knee, and her musing eyes fixed on the glowing caverns in the coal fire. Mr. Trescott was copying music at the deal table, which was strewn with loose sheets of manuscript orchestral parts, giddy

with the sand that had been thrown upon the wet ink to dry it quickly, and save time. Alfred took his cheap cigar from between his teeth, and repeated, with more emphasis and distinctness than before, that he was blowed if this wasn't a rum game.

"Alf," said Corda, looking up very seriously, "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. I wish you wouldn't say 'blowed' and 'rum.' They're quite vulgar words, and you ought not to use them. People might think it was because you didn't know any better. But you do know better, don't you?"

"Pussy-cat. I haven't time for your nonsense," was her brother's gracious reply; "I was talking to the governor."

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Trescott, irritably, "what is it? What do you want? One, two, three, four—tut! you've made me write a bar twice over."

"Don't be crusty, governor," returned his son, coolly. Alfred was of an irascible and violent temper himself, but his father's nervous irritability usually made him assume a stoically calm demeanour. He felt his own advantage in being cool, and besides he had an innate and cruel love of teasing, which was gratified by the spectacle of powerless anger. "You needn't flare up; it'll only make you bilious, and I shan't be frightened into speaking pretty. I was saying that this letter of Miss Earnshaw's is a rum game."

Mr. Trescott finished the page of manuscript on which he was engaged, sprinkled some pounce over it, piled the loose sheets one upon the other in a neat packet, and then, gently moving Corda's head from its resting-place, turned his chair round from the table, and stared at the fire with hands buried deep in his pockets, and a thoughtful frown on his face.

"It's very natural," he said, after a long silence, "that if Mrs. Walton is her aunt she should want to get her aunt's address. I was sure, from the first moment I saw that girl's face, she was very like some one I know. And it's Mrs. Walton's blind husband, of course. There's a likeness between her and Polly, too; but Polly isn't so handsome."

"But ain't it a little odd, don't you think, that Miss Earnshaw shouldn't know her own people's address, but should have to write to us for it? Or is that very natural too?"

"Well," said Mr. Trescott, "I will send her

the last address I heard of their being at. That's all I can do. I suppose Mrs. Walton is still in the York circuit."

"Umph!" said Alfred, with a dry mocking laugh, "I wonder what my high polite friend Mr. Clement Charlewood would say if he knew. His folks all go to old Fluke's shop, and fall into sky-blue convulsions at the very mention of a theatre. I pick up a lot about them from that young ass, Walter."

"What *should* Mr. Clement Charlewood say if he knew? What is it to him?" asked Mr. Trescott.

"Why, I should think it wouldn't suit his stuck-up airs to have a wife whose relations went cadging about the country, as the Waltons did when we first knew them."

"A wife?"

Alfred nodded emphatically. "I ain't going to spin a yarn as long as my arm to explain it, governor; but I have good reason to believe that it's a case of unmitigated spoons with my friend the hodman."

Corda was listening attentively. She asked with flushed cheeks and eager eyes: "Is Mr. Charlewood going to marry Miss Mabel, Alf?"

"I don't know, pussy-cat," rejoined her brother, carelessly. "But look here, young 'un; just you keep your little tongue between your little teeth. Don't chatter to the fair Mrs. H., or to any one, about what I may say before you."

"I never talk to Mrs. Hutchins," said Corda, with a mortified expression of countenance; "and I'm sure I would never chatter about what you say, to anybody. But I *should* like Mr. Charlewood and Miss Earnshaw to be married! They're both so nice and kind. Wouldn't it be beautiful, papa?"

"Perhaps it might, darling. But we know nothing about the matter."

Alfred laughed provokingly, and nodded again.

"Well," said he, "I don't care a rap for the whole boiling. They may all go to the devil, head-foremost, for me!"

"I do care," said Mr. Trescott, nursing his lame leg, and beating the sound foot upon the ground rapidly, "I *do* care."

"That's a blessing for all parties," said Alfred; "but if you take that family under your patronage, you'll have your hands full. Walter is playing a nice little game with Skidley. Those chaps at the barracks are settling his business as clean as a whistle. Ha! ha! ha! 'Pon my soul, it was as good as a play to see 'em the other night at Plumtree's! That fool Wat Charlewood thinks he can play billiards. Lord, how they gammoned him! Old Charlewood will have to stump up to some tune, if Master Wat goes on much longer. Skidley's got lots of his I.O.U.s. So's Fitzmaurice."

"Set of soundrels!" muttered Mr. Trescott between his teeth.

"Well, pretty well for that," said Alfred, "but they can't do *me*."

"Ah, Alf, Alf," said his father, with a sigh,

"I wish to Heaven you would give up that sort of thing altogether!"

Alfred shrugged his shoulders impatiently, but made no reply. Then there was a long silence amongst the three. A silence broken only by the loud ticking of that clock which Corda had listened to so many nights in her sick-bed.

"I spoke to Copestake yesterday morning about the close of the season," said Mr. Trescott at length. Copestake was the manager of the Hammerham theatre.

"Well?" said Alfred.

"Well, he don't see any chance of going on much after Easter; and it falls early this year. He wouldn't re-open till September. I don't quite know what to do."

"What to do? Why, we can't afford a six months' vacation. We must cut it, as soon as we get a chance."

"I was thinking, Alf, whether we mightn't manage to hang on about the neighbourhood without going quite away. In a musical place like this, there are always chances of something to do. And I have a few pupils already. And there are people's concerts, round about. And perhaps I could get a little copying to do, and so ke it out till next season. I think it's so much better to take root in a place if possible. So much better for *her*," he added, glancing down at Corda. (His face always softened when he looked at his little girl, but now it grew sad as well.)

"Ah, you'll find that won't pay, governor. No; better cut it. I would write to old Mof-fatt at once, if I was you, and go to Ireland, bag and baggage."

He had no strong desire to "take root," as his father phrased it. Alfred Trescott never cared to remain long in one place. He was conscious of possessing very considerable musical powers; and many of those who heard the lad play in his early youth, still maintain that he had gifts which might have gained him an European reputation; but they perished, for want of the one talisman that alone can ensure success—industry. It was strange to listen to the tones breathing exquisite tenderness and feeling which his bow produced, and then to hear himself the next moment uttering hard insolent cynicisms that chilled the heart. He could make his violin discourse eloquently and pathetically, carrying one's very soul aloft, as it seemed, on the soaring sounds. But the music ceased, and the musician remained cold, selfish, cruel, and cunning; sneering at sentiment, and denying goodness. Nevertheless, he was possessed at times by a feverish ambition, and indulged in wild dreams of brilliant success, and of all the sweets that such success can bring. Then he would delude himself into thinking that in a new place, among strangers, and surrounded by other scenes, he could, as he phrased it, "make a fresh start," and work his way upward. But the fresh start must have been within him; and no outward circumstances or surroundings could avail him anything.

It was true, that he did really know a good many particulars about the Charlewood family through Walter. That poor boy's friend, the Honourable Arthur Skidley, was a thoroughly black sheep. He was the younger son of a very worthy nobleman, whose limited means were quite inadequate to supply his extravagances. Already his sister's portion had been pinched to pay his debts, and his father had made some personal sacrifices to the same end. Mr. Arthur Skidley held a commission in a regiment of foot, and was stationed in Hammerham. Walter's weakness for "swells," and "tip-top family," and such-like dreary delusions, had led him to hover round Arthur Skidley as a moth flutters round the flame of a candle. And Walter had singed his wings severely. In fact, he was deeply in debt to his dear friend Arthur, even his very liberal allowance not having nearly sufficed to pay his gambling losses. Instead of having the courage to speak to his father, and face his anger at once, he went on in the hope of retrieving himself, and of course sank deeper and deeper in that slough of despond. Young Trescott, wary as a fox, and keen as a hawk, had read the whole history at a glance. He could present an agreeable exterior when he chose. Then, too, his singular beauty of face and figure prepossessed most people in his favour. Altogether, he was not unpopular at such places as Plumtree's, though Skidley had at first tried to stare him down, but that attempt had proved a signal failure—he might as well have tried to stare down a rattlesnake.

Alfred Trescott had taken a bitter aversion to Clement Charlewood. There was between them an antagonism of character almost similar in its nature to the chemical repulsion which certain substances exercise towards each other. With Walter, the case was different. Alfred sneered at him behind his back for his weakness and gullibility, but he rather liked him on the whole, and would, perhaps, have been even capable of doing him a kindness, had such kindness been possible without the least self-sacrifice on his own part.

The Trescotts had got back to the subject of Miss Earnshaw's letter, when Mrs. Hutchins returned from her evening lecture, and entered the kitchen laden with good books, and bringing a gust of freezing outer air with her as she opened the door. The expression of Mrs. Hutchins's face was not such as to counteract the chill of the cold air that accompanied her entrance. She looked solemnly, sternly, at the heap of manuscript music still lying on the table; and, raising her eyes to the ceiling, sighed. Her presence put a stop to the discussion, and soon after her return, Corda was sent to bed. Mr. Trescott carried his music paper to his own room, saying he must sit up to finish some band parts that were wanted for the next evening; and Alfred put the latch-key into his pocket, and betook himself to some congenial society.

"What's up now, I wonder!" mentally ejaculated Mrs. Hutchins, when she was left alone.

"We're mighty close all of a sudden. The very minute I come in they was all as mum as anythink."

And then Mrs. Hutchins proceeded to make a careful search in every corner of the kitchen; turning over the books that lay on the dresser, examining every scrap of paper, even peeping into a leathern tobacco-pouch of Mr. Trescott's, which had been left on the chimney-piece. As she put it down again, her eye was caught by an envelope lying singed among the ashes underneath the grate. She pounced on it, and, holding it close to the candle, examined it carefully. It was directed to — Trescott, Esq., 23, New-bridge-street, Hammerham. The post-mark was much defaced, that corner of the letter having been scorched a good deal. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hutchins succeeded in reading E, and the final letters, L D.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a cunning smile, "Eastfield, eh? It's that there Miss Earnshaw, I'll lay anythink! What can she be writing to Trescott about? I've a good mind to mention it to Miss Fluke, and see if I can't get summat out of her."

Strengthened by this virtuous resolution, Mrs. Hutchins partook, with a good appetite, of a hearty supper of bread and cheese, and went to rest.

CHAPTER V. A DAY AT EASTFIELD.

"ONE, two, three, four, five, six; one, two, three, four, five, six. Third finger on C. Two, three, thumb under, four, five, six—six is the octave above, Miss Dobbin."

The wretched, ill-used, jingling old pianoforte was giving forth spasmodic discords under the unskilful fingers of a pale fat little girl, and Mabel sat beside her, with burning head and quivering nerves, engaged in that most wearing of drudgeries, an attempt to convey an idea of tune and rhythm to an utterly dull and obtuse ear.

Surely, of all kinds of teaching, giving music-lessons is the most exhausting to the nervous system. The horrible apprehension and anticipation of the wrong note before it is played, and then the more horrible jar when it does come, must be torment to a delicate ear. And then, in a school, the distracting monotony of repetition, the grinding out of the same dreary tune, over and over again, by one dull child after another!

"Six is the octave above, Miss Dobbin," said Mabel, wearily. "But, that will do. Your half-hour is over."

As Miss Dobbin rolled heavily off the music-stool, the parlour door was thrown open, and the servant-girl held out two letters between her outstretched finger and thumb, which she had carefully covered with her checked apron.

"Miss Earnshaw. Arternoon delivery. This here's from your mother, miss; I dunno' th' other," said the girl, examining the direction.

"Thank you, Susan," said Mabel, taking the letters quietly.

When she had got them in her hand, her

fingers closed tightly over her mother's letter; but she put it into her pocket with the other, and waited with outward patience until all the children had finished their afternoon practice. Then she ran up to her sleeping-room, and opened her mother's letter first. Her mother and Dooley coming to Eastfield next day. What could it mean? As she read on, her astonishment increased. Coming to Eastfield with Mr. Clement Charlewood! And no word of reply as to the subject on which she had written to her mother! It was incomprehensible. She read the letter again.

"You will come and dine with us, dearest Mabel. Saturday being a half-holiday, I know you will not be very busy. Ask Mrs. Hatchett, with my best compliments, to spare you. We shall arrive in Eastfield by the 2.15 train from Hammerham, and will send for you at once. All explanations when we meet. Dooley is mad with delight."

Coming to Eastfield with Mr. Clement Charlewood!

Mrs. Saxelby had mentioned from time to time in her letters that young Mr. Charlewood called frequently; that he was very kind and friendly; that he and Dooley got on capitally together; and so forth. But all this had not conveyed to Mabel the confidential terms on which he now was with her mother. Indeed, if Clement Charlewood could have known how seldom Mabel's thoughts had dwelt on him at all, during the time of her sojourn in Eastfield, he would have been much grieved, and a little mortified. He had thought so much of her.

Mabel sat pondering on the side of her bed, with her mother's letter in her hand, until a pattering footstep on the stairs disturbed her, and a breathless little girl came running up to say that Miss Earnshaw was wanted to read dictation to the French class, and was to please to come directly.

"I will follow you immediately," said Mabel, rising. "Run down and prepare your books."

As soon as the child was gone, Mabel pulled the other letter out of her pocket, and read it hastily. It was a very brief note from Mr. Trescott, written in a cramped thin little hand, and ran thus:

"23, New Bridge-street, Hammerham,
Jan. 12.

"Dear Madam. In reply to your favour of the 7th inst., I beg to say that the last time I heard of Mrs. Walton she was engaged, with her family, in the York circuit. I do not know whether she is still there; but I have little doubt that a letter addressed to her, care of R. Price, Esq., Theatre Royal, York, would find her. Mr. Price is the lessee.

"I am, dear Madam,

"Your obedient Servant,

"J. TRESCOTT.

"P.S. My little girl sends you her best love, and often speaks of your kindness to her.—J. T."

Mabel's day came to an end at last, and at

about nine o'clock, when all the pupils were in bed, she tapped at the door of Mrs. Hatchett's sitting-room, and went in to ask permission to accept her mother's invitation. Mrs. Hatchett was sitting near a starved and wretched little fire, and a small table beside her was covered with bills and letters. Mrs. Hatchett was making up her accounts. She was a thin white woman, with a long face. Mabel could never help associating her countenance with that of an old grey pony which drew the baker's cart, and came daily to the door. There was a length of upper lip and a heavy ruminating stolidity in Mrs. Hatchett's face, highly suggestive of the comparison.

"Be seated, Miss Earnshaw," said the schoolmistress, waving her hand, encased in a black woollen mitten; "I will attend to you immediately."

Mabel sat down, and Mrs. Hatchett's pointed pen scratched audibly over the paper for a few minutes; then she collected her bills and papers, tied them into bundles with miscellaneous scraps of faded ribbon, and signified, by a majestic bend of the head, that she was ready to give audience. Mabel duly presented her mother's compliments, and requested permission to be absent on the following afternoon. Mrs. Hatchett accorded the desired permission, and Mabel went to bed.

When, at three o'clock next day, a fly arrived at Mrs. Hatchett's to take Mabel to the hotel, she stepped into it, almost angry with herself at the apprehensive dread she felt. When the fly drew up at the door of the hotel, there stood Clement Charlewood waiting to receive her, and in another minute she had run up-stairs and was clasped in her mother's arms, with Dooley clinging round her.

"Dearest mamma! Darling Dooley! Why, what foolish people we are, all of us," exclaimed Mabel. "Any one would suppose we were quite sorry to see each other!" For the tears were standing in her own eyes, and Mrs. Saxelby was wiping hers away. By-and-by, when the first flush had died from Mabel's cheek, her mother noticed that she was pale and hollow-eyed, and that she had grown very thin.

Then Mrs. Saxelby explained that Mr. Charlewood had said he would go and attend to the business which had called him to Eastfield, and would leave her free to speak with her daughter.

"Oh, he is here on business?" said Mabel.

"Well, yes, partly. But it is business that I dare say will all be done in half an hour; he wished to invite Dooley to dinner, and took this opportunity of having us all together."

"Then this is Mr. Julian Saxelby's dinner, is it?" said Mabel, kissing her little brother's curly head.

"Es," replied Dooley, "but it ain't all for me. 'Oo, an' mamma, and Mr. Tarlewood is to have dinner too. I love 'oo, Tibby," added the child, pressing his fair forehead against his sister's breast, and clasping her waist with his arms.

"My own little Dooley! And I love you so, so much. Now sit still there, darling, whilst I talk to mamma."

Dooley was very willing to sit still with Mabel's arms round him, and his head on her breast, and he nestled close up to her.

"Dearest mamma, you did not answer the main point in my letter. I suppose you meant to reply to it by word of mouth?"

Mrs. Saxelby held one of Mabel's hands in her own, and was clasping and unclasping her fingers round it nervously.

"Dear Mabel," she said, "I do hope you'll think better of it. I think it is an altogether mistaken idea. And mind, Mabel! I do not speak on my own unaided judgment."

"On whose, then, mamma?" asked Mabel, with a flushed cheek.

"Ah, there, there, there. If you get angry, Mabel, I cannot speak. I shall lose myself directly."

"Not angry, mamma—not angry, but sorry. Why should you not trust your own unaided judgment? And who is there in the world whose opinion I am bound to prefer to yours?"

"Mabel, you know that I cannot rely on my own unaided judgment—I never could. And this, besides, is a matter that requires knowledge of the world and experience."

"Knowledge of what world? The world that I wish to enter, you and I have already some knowledge of. In this matter advisers would probably be more ignorant and inexperienced than we are. Mamma, are we to set aside what we *know*—what we have proved—in deference to the vague prejudices of other people? Is it reasonable? Is it honest?"

Mabel pushed her hair back from her brow with one hand as she spoke, and looked at her mother with kindling eyes. The action had been an habitual one with Mabel's father, and for the moment Mrs. Saxelby seemed to see her first husband's face before her.

"Mabel," she said, with an effort, "listen to me. Don't suppose that I am insensible to the dreariness of your present life. You remember that I never wished you to accept this engagement. The pay seemed to me too miserable, and the work too trying. But it does not follow that you should be tied to this drudgery for life." Mrs. Saxelby recalled Clement's words, and quoted them as accurately as she could.

"To this drudgery, or to another drudgery like this. It matters very little," answered Mabel. "It's not all for myself, mamma—not even *chiefly* for myself—that I want to embrace another career. But, after all, I am *I*. I cannot be another person. This life is misery to me."

Poor Mrs. Saxelby was terribly puzzled. Her recipe had failed. She had taken advice, and had administered the prescribed remedy to the patient. But the patient tossed it on one side, and would not be persuaded of its virtues. Mrs. Saxelby began to feel rather angry with Clement Charlewood. What was

his advice worth? She had followed it, and it had produced no effect.

"My dearest mother, you say you have been taking counsel with some one. With whom?"

"Well, Mabel, Mr. Clement Charlewood has been speaking about your prospects, and——"

"Mr. Clement Charlewood! Surely you have not been taking counsel with *him* on this matter!"

"Now, Mabel, Mabel, if you are violent it is all over. Yes, I have been taking counsel—in a measure—with Clement Charlewood. Why should I not? He is very clever and very kind."

"Mamma, I am very sorry that you thought fit to speak to him as to my future. However, as it is done, it cannot be undone. But how should Mr. Clement Charlewood be a more competent judge than yourself of the course I propose to follow? You cannot assert that you have any real conviction that a theatrical career implies a vile or a wicked life!"

"Oh, Mabel!"

"I know, dear mother, that such words must sound horribly false in your ears. But yet, that and no other is the plain unvarnished meaning of the people who would dissuade you from allowing me to try it."

"No, no, no, Mabel; not necessarily that. But there are risks, temptations——"

"Temptations! There may be temptations anywhere, everywhere. Here in Eastfield, in Mrs. Hatchett's house, do you know what temptations assail me? No; happily you do not; I would not harass you, and humiliate myself, by writing them. But there is no kind of petty meannesses, of small miserable cheater, which is not practised by Mrs. Hatchett. There are temptations held out to me to be false in fifty ways. To connive at over-charges in her accounts, to lie, to cheat."

Mabel walked up and down the room with her hands pressed tightly on her burning temples, and the salt tears trembling in her eyes.

Mrs. Saxelby remained rocking herself to and fro on the sofa, in a state of doubt and bewilderment. With her, the latest speaker was almost always right. And her daughter's influence was fast obliterating the memory of Clement's words of counsel. Suddenly Mabel stopped.

"Do you forbid me," said she, "to write to my aunt?"

Mrs. Saxelby felt relieved. Here was at least a concession that she felt herself at liberty to make. Here was a respite—a putting off of any final decision.

"Certainly you may write to your aunt, Mabel. I never intended to forbid your doing that. I am sure no one can have a higher regard and respect for your aunt than I have. You will see what *she* says. I believe she will try to dissuade you from your scheme."

"Thanks, mamma. I will write to her. You are not angry with me, my own mother?"

Mrs. Saxelby clasped her daughter in her arms, and kissed her broad open brow again and again.

"I wish I could see you happy, my child," said the poor mother, wistfully.

"I shall be happy—we shall all be happy—as long as we continue to love one another. Only let no one come between us. Let no one come between us. Let us take our own path, and cling together."

CHAPTER VI. MRS. SAXELBY DOZES.

WHEN Clement returned to the hotel at five o'clock, to dinner, he found the mother and daughter listening smilingly to Dooley's elaborate account of all the interesting personages in Hazlehurst. He had already related how the kind old clergyman always spoke to him, and called him a good boy; had sketched vividly several thrilling adventures, in which his "pussy kitten" and a big dog, belonging to one of the neighbours, played the chief part, and was now deep in the private memoirs of the pig. So they all sat down to dinner in a merrier mood than might have been anticipated.

Clement did not venture to put any questions as to the result of Mrs. Saxelby's interview with her daughter. Mabel's manner to him was still reserved, but kinder than when they had parted. She felt his goodness to her mother, and Dooley's evident fondness for "Mr. Tarlewood," inclined her heart towards him. Mabel had always liked Clement Charlewood, and felt that he was to be relied upon. But her over-sensitive pride had received a wound from Penelope's sharp tongue, that made her still wince when she thought of it, and caused her to guard herself carefully from anything like softness of manner towards Clement.

After dinner, Dooley's health was drunk with all solemnity: Dooley himself standing up in his chair to do honour to the toast, and quaffing a brimming beaker of very weak sherry-and-water—say, water-and-sherry.

There was a cheerful fire on the hearth; the curtains were drawn, the lamp was shaded, and the room looked snug and home-like. Mrs. Saxelby was installed in a large easy-chair, with her feet on a cushion; and Dooley, beginning to show symptoms of sleepiness, curled himself up on the hearth-rug at Mabel's feet, and hid his face in the folds of her dress.

"At what hour does our train start?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"I purposed returning by the 8.20 train, if you have no objection," answered Clement. "The next after that, is at midnight, and would be too late."

"Ah! And then we can set down Mabel on our way to the station. There is more than an hour before we need start. How delicious the warmth of the fire is! It makes one quite drowsy."

In fact, after a few desultory attempts at polite conversation, Mrs. Saxelby leaned back in her chair, and slumbered peacefully. Mabel held a slight screen in her hand, to shield her eyes from the glare of the fire, so that her face was partly in shadow, and Clement, sitting on the opposite side of the table, watched her furtively, and admired the delicate turn of the

throat, the round graceful head, and the shining gloss of the dark hair lighted up fitfully by red gleams of firelight. But he, too, had noticed that Mabel had grown thin and pale, and that there were dark hollows under her eyes, betokening suffering and weariness.

His heart yearned within him to take the slight girlish creature in his arms, and bid her lay down her load of care and trouble on his breast.

"You see I was right in saying *au revoir* when we parted, Miss Earnshaw," he said, in a subdued tone.

"Oh, I did not mean by my *adieu* that I should never see you again, Mr. Charlewood. I simply meant to express that thenceforward our paths in life would be so very different. In that sense our parting was a final one."

"If I believed that, it would be very painful to me. But you would not care?"

Mabel was silent.

"You will perhaps be angry with me, but I cannot help saying how grieved I am to learn from Mrs. Saxelby that you are not happy, here at Eastfield."

"Thank you. I did not expect to be happy here."

"You think, perhaps, that I have no right to enter into such topics with you; but Mrs. Saxelby has thought it well to confide in me. I did not seek her confidence, but I appreciate and respect it. I have not been meddling or importunate, believe me, Miss Earnshaw."

"I acquit you of anything of the kind," said Mabel, earnestly. "I am incapable of doing you so much injustice as to suspect you of being meddling, Mr. Charlewood."

"Miss Earnshaw!" There was something in his voice, subdued as it was almost to a whisper, that startled Mabel, and made her cheek flush deeply. "Miss Earnshaw, I—I wish—I am painfully conscious of being at a disadvantage with you; but I wish I could persuade you to trust me as—as—a brother."

"To trust you, Mr. Charlewood? I do trust you."

"No, not as I would have you trust me. Mrs. Saxelby has told you that she confided to me your project of going on the stage?"

"Mamma did tell me so."

"I strongly urged her to dissuade you from that project."

"She also told me that."

"And have you allowed yourself to be convinced?"

"Convinced! Mr. Charlewood, on most questions I would defer to your judgment, but not on this. I have a vivid recollection of my life in my uncle's family, and I say that they were good people—good, true, honest people, living a much higher and nobler life than this Mrs. Hatchett, for example, who scarcely ever speaks a true word, or smiles a true smile, or looks a true look, from morning to night."

"You speak harshly," said Clement, with a pained manner.

"I speak quite truly. I cannot judge the woman's heart. There may be motives, excuses—what do I know? But it is vain to frighten me with a bugbear, represented by such a woman as my Aunt Mary, and then bid me turn and admire Mrs. Hatchett."

"Your aunt, I have been led to understand, is an exceptional person."

"She is so; and so, I trust, is Mrs. Hatchett. But I do not believe that the profession people follow makes them either good or bad."

"Dear Miss Earnshaw, you cannot know all the considerations that weigh against your scheme. A woman should shun publicity. At least, that is my idea."

"A woman should shun dishonesty, evil speaking, lying, and slandering. All these things are very rife in the privacy of my school life. But we will cease this discussion, if you please. I appreciate your good motive, Mr. Charlewood; and, if you will let me say so, I am very grateful to you for your friendship towards mamma. As to me, I suppose I have put myself out of the pale of your good graces. But I am not cold-hearted or ungrateful. Perhaps some day you may think better of me."

The moment's softening of the candid brow, the unlocking of the haughty lips from their scornful curve, the half-timid, half-playful look of appeal in her face as she uttered these words, had an irresistible charm for Clement. He leant his folded arms upon the table, and bending across it, until his hair nearly brushed the head she held up to screen her face, whispered tremulously, "Mabel, I love you."

She turned upon him for a moment in the full blaze of the lamp a countenance so white, and lighted by such astonished eyes, that he was startled. Then the tide of crimson rushed over neck, cheek, and brow, and she dropped her head upon her outspread hands, without a word.

"Mabel, Mabel," he said, "won't you speak to me? Have I offended? have I hurt you?"

Here Mrs. Saxelby, turning in her chair, opened her eyes for a moment, and said with great suavity, "I hope you are entertaining Mr. Charlewood, Mabel. Don't mind my closing my eyes; I can hear every word you say." And the next moment she gave utterance to the gentlest and most lady-like of snores.

"Mabel," said Clement, in a voice that trembled from the strong effort he was making to command himself, "I beseech you to speak to me, or I shall think I have pained you beyond forgiveness."

Mabel slowly raised her face, which was now quite pale again, and looked at him; but she said no word, and her mouth seemed fixed into a frozen silence.

Clement rose from his chair, and coming round to where she sat, knelt on the ground beside her, close to the child who lay nestling at her feet.

"Mabel," he said, "I did not intend to speak

to you so, and now. But the words I have said, however poorly uttered, are the truth. I love you with all my heart, so help me Heaven!"

She clasped her hands so tightly together, as to press a slight plain ring she wore, deep into the soft flesh.

"I am very sorry," she said at last, with an effort.

"Very sorry! Oh, Mabel!"

He rose and covered his eyes with his hand for a moment.

"Very sorry! And I would give the world to make you happy."

"Pray, pray do not speak to me any more now. I cannot bear it."

"No, no. I will not distress you. I will be patient. I will wait. I have taken you by surprise, and have been brusque and awkward. Do not give me your answer now. You will let me write to you, see you again. Only this one word more. Believe that I shall always, always be your friend—your dearest and closest friend on earth, if you will let me—but, come what may, a faithful and devoted friend."

She had hidden her face in her hands once more, but he could see by the heaving of her breast that she was weeping.

"I do not ask you to speak to me, Mabel. But if you believe that I will be true to that promise, and if you trust me, give me your hand. I shall understand and shall be grateful. You won't refuse me so much, for old friendship's sake."

For the space of a minute she sat motionless, save for the sobs which shook her frame. Then, without raising her head or looking up, she held out to him her little hand, all marked and dented by the pressure of her ring.

He took it very gently between both of his, and, bending over her, whispered, "God bless you, Mabel." And then there was silence between them.

When Mrs. Saxelby awoke at the jingling entrance of the tea-tray, she found that Clement had partially withdrawn the heavy curtains from the window, and was gazing out into the blackness of the night.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Saxelby, apologetically, "I beg a thousand pardons, Mr. Charlewood. I'm afraid I've been dozing." The good lady had been wrapped in a profound slumber. "I'm so sorry, for I fear that dear Mabel has not been the liveliest companion in the world. Poor darling! She is tired and worn. I shall be so thankful when Easter comes, that she may get away from this place."

Then they had tea, and Dooley had to be aroused and wrapped up for his journey, and then it was time to go. They drove first to Mrs. Hatchett's, and set down Mabel.

Very little was said on the journey back to Hammerham. Mrs. Saxelby merely told Clement that she had given Mabel leave to write to her aunt, but nothing was decided on. Clement leaned back against the cushions of the railway carriage and mused. The day had been a disappointment. That was his predominant feel-

ing. He had hoped, he scarcely knew what, from this little expedition; and now, everything looked very blank, very dreary.

Mabel stole quietly into the garret, already occupied by three tired little girls, and lying down in her poor bed, cried herself to sleep in the darkness.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

A STRING OF HIGHWAYMEN. I. DICK TURPIN.

MR. RICHARD TURPIN rode many miles from the time he left the cradle till he reached the gibbet, but he never rode from London to York, nor, in fact, did any one ever accomplish that extraordinary ride. The myth is, however, founded on a real incident. In 1676, one Nicks, a robber haunting the road between Chatham and London to rob sailors returning to town with their pay, and Kentish traders on their way to London, plundered a traveller at four o'clock in the morning on the slope of Gadshill, the spot immortalised by Shakespeare, and for ever associated with Falstaff's delightful poltroonery. Being on a blood mare, a splendid bay, Nicks determined to prove an alibi in case of danger. He rode off straight to Gravesend; there detained an hour for a boat, he prudently baited his horse; then crossing the water, he dashed across Essex, full tilt to Chelmsford, rested half an hour, and gave his horse some balls. Then he mounted and flashed on to Bramborough, Bocking, and Wetherfield, fast across the downs to Cambridge; quick by by-roads and across country, he slipped past Godmanchester and Huntingdon to Fenny Stratford, where he baited the good mare and took a quick half-hour's sleep. Then once more along the north road till the cathedral grew up over the horizon larger—larger, and whiz—he darted through York gate. In a moment he had led the jaded mare into an inn stable, snapped up some food, tossed off some generous life-giving wine, and in a fresh dress—say green velvet and gold lace—strolled out, gay and calm, to the Bowling-green, then full of company. The lord mayor of the city happening to be there, Nicks sauntered up to him, and asked him the hour. "A quarter to eight." "Your most obedient." When Nicks was apprehended and tried for the Gadshill robbery, the prosecutor swore to the man, the place, and the hour; but Nicks brought the lord mayor of York to prove an alibi, and the jury disbelieving in Sir Boyle Roach's bird anywhere out of Ireland, acquitted the resolute and sagacious thief.

Nevertheless, Richard Turpin's career is not uninteresting, as he was a tolerably fair type of the highwaymen of George the Second's time, although there was nothing especially gallant or chivalrous about the rascal. His career shows the sort of people from whom the highwaymen obtained their recruits, the light in which society regarded them, and the inevitable ride up Hol-

born-hill to Tyburn-tree, to which two-thirds of them came after a short career of alternate beggary and riot.

Richard Turpin was the son of the landlord of the Bell at Hempstead, in Essex, who bound him apprentice to a Whitechapel butcher. Having served his time, Turpin set up as a butcher in Essex, on the economical principle of stealing all the cattle he sold. Being at last detected, he joined some smugglers in the hundreds of Essex; but finding this mode of life too precarious, the ex-butcher headed a gang of deer-stealers which infested Epping Forest. Deer-stealing growing dangerous, Turpin and his men took to burglary, beginning by getting four hundred pounds from an old woman at Laughton, under threat of roasting her on the grate. At Rippleside, also, they broke into a house, blindfolded the farmer and his family, and secured eighty pounds each. "That'll do," said Turpin; and getting bolder now, the gang (in Turpin's absence) resolved to attack various persons who had attempted to betray them. Four of them broke into the house of Mason, a forest-keeper, killed Mason, threw him under a dresser, drove the women naked into the farm-yard, broke everything in the house, and were lucky enough to see a hundred and twenty guineas stream from an old punch-bowl that they wantonly smashed. Six of them next broke into the house of Mr. Saunders, a rich farmer at Charlton, in Kent. They bound the farmer's friends, who were at cards, and then forced Saunders to go with them and open all his boxes, closets, and escritaires, till they had obtained a hundred pounds in money and all the plate. They drank a bottle of wine, ate some mince-pies, and forced the fettered prisoners to take some brandy. They then packed up the booty, and made off, threatening to return and murder all the family if they dared to move outside the house for two hours, or if they ventured to advertise the marks on the plate. This robbery was planned at Woolwich. After effecting it, the robbers crossed the water to an empty house in Ratcliff-highway, and there quietly divided their spoil. They now got so daring and reckless that, as early as seven o'clock one January evening in 1738, they forced their way into the house of a Mr. Lawrence, at Edgeware. They only obtained about thirty pounds, but threatened to burn the farmer alive if he did not discover where his money was hid. A reward of fifty pounds for their apprehension had no effect in alarming Turpin's gang; for the next month they broke into the house of Mr. Francis, a farmer, near Marylebone, and stole thirty-seven pounds, some rings, diamonds, and a silver tankard. The women were bound and guarded by one of the band, while Turpin and another, with loaded pistols, stood over the men, who were tied up in the stable.

Kent, Essex, and Middlesex were now in arms; for no one seemed safe, and the pottering old constables, and the fussy and still more imbecile county magistrates, were powerless. Mr. Thompson, one of the king's park-keepers,

having, however, got a promise from the Duke of Newcastle for payment of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of Turpin or any of his colleagues, the thieves began to grow more wary. One night, as Turpin and three others were carousing in an alehouse in an alley at Westminster, the constables burst in and seized three of the robbers, but Turpin leaped through a window and escaped. These three men were eventually hung in chains very soon after.

Turpin, finding that nearly all his old friends were given to the crows, now set off for Cambridgeshire. On his way, he stopped a well-dressed man and threatened to blow out his brains because he bantered him, and was not quick enough in handing out his purse.

"What! dog eat dog?" said the man. "If you don't know me better, Mr. Turpin, I know you, and shall be glad of your company."

It proved to be King, a notorious highwayman, who at once entered into partnership with Turpin in all his robberies. As no landlord, however rascally, would now entertain these rough-riders, the two men dug a cave, hidden by brambles, hazels, and thorns, near the high road between King's Oak and Loughton road. The cave, large enough to hold both them and their horses, was well situated for reconnoitring. Turpin's wife supplied them with food.

They one night stopped a Mr. Bradele, and their treatment of him is characteristic of highwaymen's etiquette. Mr. Bradele gave up his money readily, but was loth to part with his watch, till his little girl cried, and begged him to surrender it. King then insisted on having an old valueless mourning-ring, but seeing Mr. Bradele prized it, he said he and his pal were too much of gentlemen to deprive him of anything he valued so much. Mr. Bradele then offered to leave six guineas at the bar of the Dial, in Birch-lane, and to ask no questions, if he might keep his watch and his ring. King accepted the offer.

Soon after this a servant of Mr. Thompson, the park-keeper, and a daring higgler set out to trap Turpin in his cave. Turpin took them for poachers, till the servant presented his gun, and called on the highwayman to surrender. Turpin gradually retreated to his cave, took up his loaded carbine, and shot the too-venturous servant dead. The other then ran off. Turpin soon after was nearly surprised at an inn at Hertford, and then made for London, through the forest. Finding his horse tire, he stopped Mr. Major, owner of the famous racer, *White Stockings*, changed horses, and dashed off to London. Mr. Major confiding his loss to Mr. Boys, landlord of the Green Man at Epping, Mr. Boys took it very much to heart, and devoted his time to discovering Turpin's lair. He at last found Mr. Major's horse at the Red Lion Inn, in White-chapel. He seized the man who came to fetch it, who proved to be King's brother, and who confessed that a tall lusty man in a white duffel coat was then waiting for it in Red Lion-street. Mr. Boys going out, and seeing it was King, the highwayman, instantly attacked him. King

drew a pistol and flashed it at Boys's breast, but it missed fire, and his second pistol got entangled in his pocket. Just then Turpin dashed up, and King shouted:

"Dick, shoot him, or we're taken, by——"

Turpin instantly fired, missed Mr. Boys and shot his friend, who died a few days afterwards. King taxed Turpin with cowardice and treachery, and betrayed his haunt in Hackney-march to Mr. Boys; but advised him to be cautious, as Turpin usually carried three brace of pistols, and had a carbine slung at his back.

Turpin's haunts being now known, the not very chivalrous scoundrel stole off to Lincolnshire, where he lived by sheep and horse stealing, and by raids into Yorkshire, hiding at Machet Cave, North Cave, and Welton, and often riding back to Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, with a string of stolen horses, which he sold, without exciting much suspicion. Our most romantic reader will have observed the utter want of true courage and gallantry in this man's whole career. Never fighting against odds or in fair combat, always intent on the guineas, and taking care to be superior in force to the traveller he stopped, cruel to unarmed farmers, he was a mere mounted thief, and nothing else. In the first real dangerous scuffle he loses his head, and shoots his old companion, either by treachery or mistake. Burglar, sheep-stealer, horse-stealer, smuggler, his hands were now red with murder, and the whole country was up against him. No more revels in Westminster lanes, Blood Bowl-alley, or Thieving-lane; no more selling plate to Jew receivers. The thief-takers were on his heels.

Turpin's blustering insolence and cruelty led at last to his betrayal. Returning one day from shooting at Long Sutton, he wantonly and in cold blood shot one of his neighbour's fowls, and threatened to blow out the brains of a friend who remonstrated. He was instantly apprehended, at once discovered to be the famous horse-stealer and highwayman, and was sent off in chains to York Castle. The farmers crowded to the prison to identify their ruthless spoiler, and he became one of the shows of the ancient city. Nothing, however, daunted him; he spent his time joking, drinking, and telling stories, and was "as jovial, merry, and frolicsome, as if he was quite at liberty and insured for a good hundred years of life." He scoffed at the chaplain, and expressed no remorse for any of his thousand and one villainies.

His vanity was chiefly busy in preparing for the last scene, and he bought a new fustian frock and a pair of pumps to take his leave of the world respectably. The morning before his execution he gave three pounds ten shillings among five men, who were to follow the cart as mourners, and to purchase black hatbands and gloves for several more. He also left a gold ring and two pairs of shoes to one of his mistresses, who lived at Brough. John Stead, a horse-stealer, was his companion in the cart; but all eyes were turned on Turpin as he bowed to the ladies, and waved his cocked-hat with the

courage and effrontery of his class. After he mounted the ladder, he talked half an hour with the hangman, then threw himself resolutely off, and died in a moment.

He was only thirty-three, but in that time he had crammed as much mischief as a man well could. His body lay in state all that day at the Blue Boar at Castle-gate, and the next morning was buried in St. George's churchyard within Fishergate-postern. The next evening the surgeons dug up the body for dissection, and removed it to a garden. The mob, with a sympathy so often misplaced, was furious, and carried the corpse on a board covered with straw in triumph through the streets of York; they then strewed the coffin with lime, replaced the body, and interred it in the old place.

II. HALF-HANGED SMITH.

Naval officers, who have been saved from drowning at the last moment, have recorded their impressions of their feelings, as they sank down fathoms deep into a liquid grave; at that moment, we are told, the pressure on the brain sometimes seems to wake the memory into supernatural activity, and every small detail of past life defiles in one instant before the eyes. Men, after weeks of cannibalism, have described the miseries that drove them to that horrible extremity, and the remorse that followed the act. After the Black Hole business at Calcutta, there was one reflective man who survived to set down in writing the horrible phenomena of excessive and prolonged thirst. Not many philosophers, however, have escaped from the gallows to tell us the feelings that follow hanging; of the few that have, Half-Hanged Smith's experiences are the most curious.

Smith was the misguided son of a farmer at Malton, Yorkshire. He was bound apprentice to a packer in London, and afterwards went on board a man-of-war, and distinguished himself in Sir George Rooks's gallant attack on the French and Spanish galleons at Vigo in 1702. He then enlisted in the Guards, became thievish and dissolute, and turned house-breaker and highwayman. On the 5th of December, 1705, he was arraigned on four different indictments, convicted on two, and sentenced to death.

On the 24th, he rode to Tyburn, performed his devotions, and was hung in the usual way. When he had been suspended fully fifteen minutes, there was a murmur in the distant crowd, that gradually grew into an excited shout of "Reprieve, reprieve!" The mob divided into two parts, a horseman, waving a broad paper, dashed up to the gibbet: Smith was reprieved. The mob instantly cut the rope, caught the man in their arms, bore him into the nearest house, and bled him till he slowly recovered.

When he perfectly regained his senses, he was asked what were his feelings at the time of execution, to which he replied: "That when he was turned off, he, for some time, was sensible of very great pain, occasioned by the weight of his body, and felt his spirits in a strange commotion, violently press-

ing upwards; that having forced their way to his head, he, as it were, saw a great blaze, or glaring light, which seemed to go out at his eyes with a flash, and then he lost all sense of pain. That after he was cut down, and began to come to himself, the blood and spirits, forcing themselves into their former channels, put him, by a sort of pricking or shooting, to such intolerable pain that he could have wished those hanged who had cut him down."

After this narrow escape, Smith pleaded for pardon, and was discharged. He was always after known among the London thieves and constables as "Half-Hanged Smith."

The old ties were, however, too strong; again he got on the road, and was found tampering with other people's doors. He was soon after again tried at the Old Bailey for house-breaking, but the jury being uncertain, and leaving it to the twelve judges, Smith was eventually acquitted. Fortune was never tired of rescuing this rogue, surely born under a lucky star, for, at a third trial, he obtained his liberty by the sudden death of the prosecutor.

Such escapes were not very uncommon before the new drop rendered death inevitable when the bolt was once drawn. In 1740, a man named Dewell, who had been hung, came to life on the dissecting-table at Surgeons' Hall, and in consideration of this was, on his recovery, only transported. There is an Edinburgh story of an old woman who recovered, after hanging, from the jolting of the cart that was taking her to the churchyard. There was a thief at Dublin, too, who was recovered after being hung, and who had the boundless audacity to appear in the Ormond Quay Theatre the same night, and hoarsely, but boastingly, report the fact to the delighted "boys" in the gallery.

III. THE PRESS-ROOM AT NEWGATE.

On the 1st of November, 1720, two highwaymen, named Spiggott and Phillips, with three companions, all in masks, stopped the Wendover waggon, near Tyburn. The thieves tumbled the boxes out of the waggon, carried off the portmanteau of a Buckinghamshire gentleman, knocked the waggoner down, and one of them, who came on foot, rode off with a pack-horse. The portmanteau contained a gold watch, twelve Holland shirts, two pairs of laced ruffles, four turnovers, two cambric bosoms, two pair of stockings, a hat, a periwig, and twelve guineas. A Mr. Merrit and some officers instantly assisted the disconsolate carrier, and hid themselves in an inn in the Broadway, Westminster, where the highwaymen were in the habit of coming to hire horses. Spiggott, Phillips, and a third man came into the stable for horses about ten o'clock in the morning. Merrit and his men instantly closed on them. A man named Rowlet fell on Spiggott, tripped up his heels, and scuffled with him for nearly half an hour. The highwaymen fired two pistols, and shot Rowlet through the left shoulder. Spiggott was trying to draw his sword, and had got it half out. A constable, named

Bryan, snatched the sword and thrust at Spiggott, but missed him, and ran a butcher through the leg. Spiggott swore he would kill a thousand of them before he would be taken; but eventually more men tumbled on him, and he gave up his sword, and cried, "I've done." Phillips presented a musketoon at Hill the constable, but fortunately it only flashed in the pan.

The men were instantly identified by John Watkins, a Monmouth carrier. They had stopped his pack-horses on the 12th of November, at Bishop's Grove, on Hounslow-heath. Spiggott had clapped a pistol to his breast, bade him stand, and swore if Watkins did not tell which horse the money was on, he would kill them all. Phillips, in the mean time, drove off a pack-horse with goods valued at two hundred and fifty pounds. A gentleman named Sybbald also deposed to Spiggott and two other men having stolen fifteen guineas from him on the 25th of August, on Finchley-common. One of them had the cape of his coat buttoned up over his chin, and the other kept the ends of his long wig in his mouth, for disguise. One of them secured his servant; the others held pistols on either side of him, made him dismount, and turned his horse loose on the common.

At the bar, Spiggott and Phillips declared they would not plead till their horses, furniture, and money were returned to them. As they continued to obstinately "stand mute," and refused to plead to their indictment, they were at once ordered to be pressed to death—a cruel and inhuman punishment, worthy only of the Inquisition, and long since abolished. The executioner tied their thumbs together. In the press-room, Phillips consented to plead; but Spiggott was determined to save his effects for his family, and to escape the ignominy of the gallows. The ordinary of Newgate earnestly endeavoured to dissuade the highwayman from thus hastening his own death and shortening the little time left for repentance, but Spiggott only replied:

"If you come to take care of my soul, good; but if you come about my body, I must be excused, for I won't hear one word."

Spiggott was then stretched on the stone floor of the dim room of torture, his feet bare, his face covered with a light cloth. His arms and legs were widened out, and fastened by cords to either side of the wall. The doctor was summoned, and while the turnkeys were clanking the weights into a heap, ready for use, the miserable wretch was legally informed that as much stone or iron as he could bear, "and more," would be placed upon him till he consented to plead. The first day he would be given three morsels of barley bread, but no drink; the second day three gulps of any water (not running water); and this would be his diet till he died, after which his goods would be all forfeited to the king.

But he would not plead; so they began to pile him with masses of iron, till three hundred and fifty pounds weight rose in a ponderous pyra-

mid upon his chest. The poor wretch lay sometimes silent, as if insensible of pain; then again he would fight for life, and fetch his breath quick and short. The chaplain, more merciful than the jailer, knelt and prayed by his side, and several times asked him why he would hazard his soul by such obstinate self-murder. The only answer Spiggott ever made was to murmur faintly:

"Pray for me! pray for me!"

There was something touching in the fact that the unhappy creature frequently complained of the prodigious weight laid upon his face, though there was really only a light cloth, purposely left hollow. It was supposed that the blood forced into the brain and veins of the face caused this horrible sensation. After half an hour of this agony, the jailers increased the weight fifty pounds more, so that there was now four hundred-weight on his chest. Then, with the life slowly pressing from him, Spiggott at last groaned to take it off, and he would plead. Instantly the cords were cut, and the weights removed; the man was raised by two turnkeys, some brandy was put to his mouth, and he was carried, pale and almost insensible, to the court to take his trial. He remained for two days faint and almost speechless. Then he recovered a little strength, but relapsed, and expressed a wish to receive the sacrament, thinking he should not live till execution-day. He afterwards rallied somewhat, and attended prayers in the chapel twice a day.

This intrepid man had no reasons for bearing this torture except a wish to prevent his goods from being forfeited. He did not wish his children to be reproached with his death, and he desired, above all things, that the informer Lindsey might not boast of having sent him to Tyburn. He was especially incensed against Lindsey, whom he had once rescued from death at the peril of his own life, and got wounded in the struggle.

Spiggott would sometimes wish he had died in the press; for, just before he was taken out, he had fallen into a stupor of benumbed sleep, and had hardly any sense of pain left. At other times he rejoiced that he had still time left for repentance. He was the son of an ostler at Hereford, he was twenty-nine years old, a cabinet-maker by profession, and had three children living. He said he could not remember ever shedding tears but once in his life, and that was when he parted from his little boy in Newgate.

Phillips, his companion, was a Bristol sailor, and some years older. He had served in the Dover man-of-war, under Admiral Byng (not the unfortunate scapegoat of a blundering government), and had fought in several actions against the Spaniards. He was a wicked, audacious, obdurate villain, took a pride in recounting his villainies, and used to boast how he and Spiggott had robbed a hundred passengers from different waggons in one night, and left them bound in a row upon the road.

He derided the ordinary, swore and cursed when the other men were at prayers, and

shouted ribald ballads when they sang Sternhold and Hopkins's psalms. He would not suffer any one to read or pray, or even look serious, and especially tormented poor Spiggott, his friend, by beating out his candles and rattling his irons when he went to prayers. The more devout the others got, the worse he became, beating and kicking them up and down the condemned cell. The prisoners at last entreated that he might be removed from them. He remained obstinate to the last, saying under the very gallows "that he did not fear to die, for he was in no doubt of going to heaven."

Spiggott owned to about a hundred highway robberies, chiefly on Hounslow-heath and the Kingston and Ware roads. He said he did not desire to live; for since his punishment he could hardly breathe, and he should only drag through life a weak and unhealthy man. Both men were executed at Tyburn on the 8th of February, 1723.

IV. GALLOPING DICK.

The chief interest about this man is, that his career exemplifies the system of confederation between highwaymen and postboys that led to so many of the robberies on the road. Richard Ferguson, alias Galloping Dick, was the son of a gentleman's servant in Hertfordshire, and was brought up as a stable-boy, and subsequently as postilion at an inn in Piccadilly. There he became drunken, dissolute, and abandoned. Getting acquainted with highwaymen, they soon began to bribe him to give information at Abershaw's rendezvous of the times of chaises' starting, and when travellers with money were likely to pass. When driving post-chaise between Hounslow and London, he had afterwards daily to drive past the gibbet where his old companion, Abershaw, hung jingling in chains. He seems to have lived for some years partly as a driver and spy, and partly as a highwayman. One of his greatest robberies was the stopping the East Grinstead waggon at Brixton-causeway—he and six others. Dick's skill in managing horses led him always to choose a nag fit for a quick retreat; for Dick was prudent as well as brave. On one occasion, he and two others stopped and robbed two gentlemen on the Edgware-road, but three other gentlemen riding up soon after, the five together gave hot pursuit, and Dick's two companions were run down, and soon afterwards tried and executed. When his associates complimented Dick on this rapid retrograde movement, he boasted that he could gallop a horse with any man in the kingdom. Henceforward he acquired the nickname of "Galloping Dick." He was repeatedly at Bow-street, but always succeeded in getting clear; at last some Bow-street patrols caught him in 1800, and sent him to Aylesbury for trial.

When left for execution, Dick decorously prepared himself for death, and made his ending with considerable resolution and penitence.

V. ROBBING THE MAIL.

We have already shown that there was little romance and less chivalry about these vermin of the roads. They were not at all like that gallant gentleman in square-cut scarlet coat, gold-lace hat cocked awry, high black boots, and little light fetters that tinkle playfully like watch-chains all over him, who sits on the edge of a table in the Beggar's Opera, and sings about the "heart of a man" in that jaunty devil-may-care way that only stage tenors can assume. They were much more like that grim, broken-down old rogue in Hogarth's picture of the gambling-house, who mopes over his losses by the fire, unconscious even of the glass of strong waters proffered him by the blackguard boy of the house. You see the brass butt of a horse-pistol peeping out of his pocket. Well, its owner, before midnight, will be stopping a coach at Hounslow or Finchley, and perhaps in a week more will be swinging on a gibbet somewhere down the great north road.

The fact is, the life was a degraded, hopeless, bad, and scurvy one. There was no room for brave men in it. A coach was seldom stopped unless the assailants preponderated in force. These thieves were greedy, cruel, and heartless. They stripped the poor carrier and frightened country-woman as soon as the rich grazier or the portly country squire. Half the bag of guineas they got was spent on Jew dealers, who charged three hundred per cent for bartering stolen plate, which the highwaymen could not otherwise turn into money. The thief-taker always knew where to have these poor rascals when they refused to pay their black mail, or became worth a good reward. Not one man among them, *not one*, from 1660 to 1800, ever earned a name for remarkable courage. Let us sketch two more of these pests of the eighteenth century, and then leave them.

On the 16th of April, 1722, the Bristol mail boy was stopped near Colnbrook by two mounted highwaymen named Hawkins and Simpson. The boy had been joined by a friend as he rode past the Pied Horse at Slough, blowing his horn. The robbers had handkerchiefs in their mouths, and had pulled their wigs forward over their faces. A rogue on a chesnut horse held a pistol to the boy's head, saying to him, "You must go along with me." He then took the boy's bridle, and led him down a narrow lane. The other man led the other postboy. He then asked Green, the first boy, if he was the lad who swore against Child (a highwayman who had been hung the year before for robbing the same mail). He said he was not; he'd only been postboy a little while yet, and had never been robbed. The two men with the pistols then swore horribly, and said:

"Why then you must be robbed now, and pay your beverage; we will be revenged upon somebody, for poor Child's sake."

They cut the bridles, turned one horse adrift, and rode off on the Bristol boy's black gelding, leaving the lads bound back to back,

and tied to a tree in a ditch. After a great deal of struggling, the lads got loose from the tree, but could not get from each other, so they scrambled back to back to an inn at Langford, and returning to the spot found the bags cut open and the gelding loose.

In the mean time the two highwaymen had ridden off from Harmonswoth-lane, and taken the Bath and Bristol bags to Hounslow-heath. Thence they rode through Kingston and Wandsworth, and, going down a by-road, searched the bags, and threw the refuse over a hedge. At night, locked in a private room at the Cock and Goose, in the Minorities, the thieves examined their spoil for the first time minutely. They found the total to be three twenty-pound notes, one twenty-five-pound note, half of a fifty pound, and two halves of twenty-five pounds each. Hawkins and Simpson were tracked, on the Monday following, to a midwife's house in Green Arbour-court, in the Little Old Bailey, at about half-past eight at night. The house was quite dark, and the old woman was frightened; but the constables told her to light a candle, as they had come to search for stolen goods. The highwaymen, who were in the loft above, hearing this, called out:

"We are the men you want, but — the first that comes up is a dead man."

Mills, a constable, called out to them, "You may shoot as soon as you will, for we are as ready to shoot as you." Upon which the men came down quietly and surrendered themselves. When they were told that a comrade (Wilson) had turned evidence, Hawkins said:

"Why, then, we are dead men; but we had rather lose our lives than save them in such a base and infamous manner as that villain Wilson has saved his."

Simpson and Hawkins were tried at the Old Bailey sessions, May, 1722. They both appeared well dressed, in "fair tye-wigs and ruffles." Simpson wore "a genteel suit of light cloth, and Hawkins a silk nightgown (such as you see the rake wearing in Hogarth's pictures)." Hawkins was the son of a small farmer at Staines, and had been butler to Sir Dennis Dutry, who discharged him for pawning some plate. One night, beggared at the gambling-house, he scraped together some money, bought a horse and a pair of pistols, and rode off to Hounslow-heath. There he robbed the passengers in a coach of eleven pounds, and returning to the King's Head, at Temple Bar, stayed there till it was all spent. Wilson, the informer, had been clerk to a lawyer in Lincoln's Inn. Simpson had been a publican at Lincoln, afterwards footman to Lord Castlemain. The favourite haunt of these men was a public-house near London-wall. As the landlord kept livery stables, his customers could get horses at all hours. Hawkins and Simpson, during their companionship, had stopped half the mails out of London. In one morning they robbed the Worcester, Gloucester, Cirencester, Bristol, and Oxford coaches, and the next day the Chichester and Ipswich. To use their own

words, "we were constant customers to the Bury coach, and think we touched it ten times." Their evening rides were generally between Richmond, Hackney, Hampstead, and Bow. Sometimes they went their rounds behind Buckingham-wall. The insecurity of London is remarkably shown by one or two facts in the career of these men. On an August evening in 1720, Simpson and Hawkins robbed a coach in Chancery-lane, and another in Lincoln's Inn-fields. In going off, to use their own confession:

"We met with my Lord Westmoreland, who had three footmen behind his coach. We had some difficulty in robbing his lordship, for the watch poured in upon us; but a pistol being fired over their heads, they retired pretty fast, and gave us an opportunity of escaping."

Hawkins behaved penitently in prison, and shed tears at the sermon before his execution. Simpson was calm, firm, and composed. On their way to execution, they scarcely ever raised their eyes from their books to regard the vast crowd, nor would stop at St. Giles's for the usual bowl. Hawkins died with great difficulty, entreating the people to pray for him, but Simpson was more composed. Their bodies were carried to Hounslow-heath, and there hung in irons.

LITTLE BLUE EYES.

WE were bored to death, Ted and I, and it was at Overcourt. There was a circulating library, to which no one subscribed, and which consequently did not circulate; there was a croquet-ground, with a total absence of hoops, balls, and mallets; there were little boats (possibly for rowing) with the bottoms out; and there was a shop which sold worse cigars than are to be found even at Boulogne.

Gentlemen, I appeal to you. Can I say more? Still, being there for a week, and with no money to take us elsewhere, there it was necessary to remain. I trust I make this reasonably clear?

It was our nightly custom, and our one amusement, to walk up and down the only promenade of the place (for whom it was made has not yet been discovered: Ted thinks for visitors), smoking ourselves "seedy." Ted, who did not care to give in to adverse circumstances, used to try what singing would do towards enlivening us.

He composed a little song, really beautiful in its simple truth and earnest fervour. Here it is:

And now another day is done;
And when we see to-morrow's sun,
We'll know another day's begun,
Let's hope that, too, will soon be done.

There was not a girl in the place, or we should have allowed her to make two conquests, thereby doing our little best to increase her girlish vanity, and render her generally insupportable at home. Such was the state of

affairs on the first day; but towards noon on the second day we saw a rainbow for one thing—and, for another, two girlish figures on *our* walk, dressed both alike in brown carmelite dresses, brown carmelite jackets made loose to the figure, and large brown salad-bowls for hats, neatly trimmed with brown ribbons.

Anything more hideous it is impossible to imagine. Whence had the frightful apparitions come, and why did they haunt our only walk? We had wished for girls, like the bad queens in the fairy tales; but—we appealed to each other—had we wished for such as these? We both politely replied we had not, and continued our observations at a safe distance. "I'll tell you what," says Ted, after a short pause, "I'm blest if I'll yield up our walk to them. If they don't like our being there, they can do the other thing, and go off. But Overcourt is not like London; and if we give it up to them, we shall have nowhere to go; besides, even then we should meet at church."

Quite so. Always considerate, Ted is. I am not virtuous myself, but I admire virtue in others, particularly in Ted, and should think it wicked to put any difficulties in his way, when he is ready to sacrifice himself. So down we go to the sea, under the delusion that we are going to astonish them, even as they had astonished us, though, we flattered ourselves, in a rather different manner.

Not at all. They looked—not at us, but at their hateful brown carmelites, very much as if they didn't like them, and dexterously gave the salad-bowl, which were doing service for hats, a pull which made them, if anything, uglier than they were before. But they took no more notice of us than if we had been a couple of caterpillars.

Very slowly we walk along (Ted putting on his Regent-street airs), throwing less and less expression into our eyes every time we pass them. They are, or appear to be, utterly unconscious of our presence.

I begin to think Ted's a most unmeaning countenance.

So the morning passes, until it seems that we are fated not to see their faces, they keep them so religiously turned away. When suddenly the wind, which had before been helping these girls, now sides with us, and blows one of the salad-bowls over the cliff into the sea.

And there is the damsel all forlorn. Such a pretty girl, such a bright piquant little face, such a charming addition to Overcourt, which, after all, is not so bad—under certain conditions.

Need I say that I rushed frantically on to the beach and secured the frightful hat, while Ted stood staring helplessly above like an utter fool? To those who know us I feel it must be quite unnecessary to say so. But perhaps it may be as well to mention, that when I returned, hat in hand, to the summit of the cliff, I found Ted and the pretty girl as fast friends as it is possible to become in three minutes and a half: which indeed exceeds the time I was away.

She thanked me in a very steady little voice, and in a set speech which I believe she had composed during my absence.

Very sensible of her, too; anything must be better than listening to Ted's drivellings. I never saw such a fellow! Intelligent enough with men, you have only to hand him over to a woman, and he undergoes transformation, appearing as idiotic as if he had been born a down-right fool. He always declares he wasn't. I don't know. I should like to have asked his mother.

We all say good-bye, for the little beauty puts on her huge extinguisher (not a whit uglier for having been in the water), and, hiding as much of her pretty face as possible, makes another set speech about "going home" and "papa," and, giving me her hand at parting (charming little girl, but she needn't have given it to Ted—I am afraid she has not much discernment), takes possession of her sister and decamps, looking, the moment we lose her bright face and pretty natural manners, as preposterous a little figure as one could wish to see.

"*That's* my style!" says Ted, with great satisfaction, after watching her disappear in the distance. "A jolly-looking girl, with a bright good-tempered face, and eyes that look straight at you with no sort of affectation of shyness, yet without effrontery. Too simple-minded for a coquette, too natural for a prude."

I remark, dryly, that that's *my* "style" too; but Ted has become suddenly deaf, and doesn't hear me. We agree, however, that Overcourt improves on acquaintance, and each of us has serious thoughts of visiting it again next year.

The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me, And all for the sake of my little nut-tree.

The next day she dawns again upon our horizon—with papa this time as a horrid cloud to play propriety—and with the little sister, who is also very pretty, but somehow not so taking, not so piquant and original. My little beauty has been going in for personal adornments. The curly brown hair is all tied up with a long blue ribbon to match her eyes, and floats upon the brown carmelite; the salad-bowl is in shape again, even though the shape is atrocious, and is trimmed with blue ribbons like those in her hair.

The little lady is not troubled with shyness; she introduces us to "papa," who doesn't even pretend to look glad to know us, but remarks à propos of nothing, unless, indeed, it be the blinding glare of the sun upon the cliffs, that he thinks "it is going to rain."

We tell him *we* don't, both politely, of course, but both at the same time, so that it is quite impossible for him to hear either of us, which, his pretty daughter perceiving, looks wickedly up at me.

Very foolish of her, if she had only known it. I can never answer for myself what I may or may not do with a pretty girl glancing up at me with innocent blue eyes curiously sparkling

with a wickedness that belongs not to the sweet face and laughing rosy mouth. The odds, I feel guiltily, are sadly in favour of my kissing her there and then, though papa plays propriety like a strict old dragon. Fortunately (that is, fortunately for our future intimacy, not fortunately as regards present gratification), Ted chimes in, and, by causing her to drop her eyes, delivers me from a sin, or banishes it to an unknown future.

How intimate we all grew in the course of that long summer morning! Long before its close, "blue eyes" had revealed to me many charms besides her pretty face and natural unaffected ways. It didn't do to treat her to our usual common-place talk; she saw through it at once, and quietly showed that she did so in a few quaint remarks very prettily turned. She was not in the least clever in the light of saying sharp things. She was too thoroughly kind-hearted to be sarcastic, and her quaint little speeches were as natural to her as—as Ted's clumsy blundering ways are to him. A most amusing little blue eyes, and well versed in all the provincial small-talk of the place. Among other things, she told us of a ball to be given at Harwich, to which both she and her sister had a great wish to go, only they didn't feel quite sure of their dress.

"You see," she went on, "we have nothing here but these brown carmelites, and I don't think they would look very well."

I didn't think so either; but I wasn't going to tell her so. I praised the hideous attire, and pronounced it, with the addition of a few artistic touches (I haven't the least idea what I meant), just the thing for a dance.

Ted put in *his* oar, fully agreeing with me. "Besides," he added, "you *mustn't* be too bewitching, your papa wouldn't like it; such pretty daughters are a horrid responsibility, without your trying to make things worse."

"Seriously, though," said blue eyes, "you think we can go as we are?"

We assured her with perfect gravity that we "thought so;" and the pretty face brightened directly.

"It won't matter much, after all," she said, "at the sea-side. And we can put on our hair-cloth bodies, which will take off a little of the heaviness."

We stood aghast. What were haircloth bodies?

It wouldn't do, however, to show our ignorance, so we said, "Yes, *that* would do nicely," and the thing was considered settled.

It was agreed that we should meet them at the ball. Blue eyes was there before us, and of course papa and the little sister also, but *they* were as nothing to us. Blue eyes was there in her thick white haircloth body; a great improvement on the brown carmelite, still inconsistent with the gay scene around her.

Fortunately for her, however, she was pretty enough to wear what she liked, or rather in this case what she had. She knew no one, and her father was very particular, and wouldn't let

her dance with everybody, or nearly everybody, who asked her. He got her a few partners through one of the naval officers stationed at Harwich, and whom he knew; but beyond this, and us, he laid his "veto."

Ted and I were in our element. We danced every dance with her after the first or so, and each waltz was better than the last. She was a most indefatigable little dancer, and several times nearly caused me to give in, though she was light enough in all conscience, and a mere nothing to hold.

But with Ted it was different. The dear boy danced till he was frightful to look at, and would have shamed a boiled lobster that had any sort of self-respect left in him; yet still he would not give in, and the wicked little sprite had no compassion.

I began to be afraid that Ted would have a fit, and that blue eyes would be the cause of it. Ted always times things so ill. It is not as if he had a room to himself to have one of his fits in. In an uncomfortable bed at midnight, in a double-bedded room, there should be I, sleepless, with Ted groaning horribly, and sprawling at full length on the floor, like some hideous overgrown frog. Clearly, then, I must put a stop to it.

So I go up to them, and—smiling at his partner—tell Ted he will make himself unwell, and will be quite knocked up in the morning; and I amiably propose to blue eyes that I be allowed to finish this eternal waltz.

Ted looks refractory and stubborn, though steaming; and blue eyes, very quietly, declines the exchange.

Blue eyes prefers Ted!

After all, what *is* Ted! A gentleman by birth and position, it is true, and amusing enough withal; but surely blue eyes, like all other girls, thinks most of looks, and here I flatter myself I *do* come in. I am of the average height, slight, dark, and of prepossessing appearance; decidedly better-looking than the general run of men; while Ted is ridiculously tall and broad, of the true Saxon type, with fluffy yellow hair, blue eyes, shining white teeth, and all the rest of it. It is impossible; *no* girl in her senses could prefer Ted.

Yet—after supper—on the stairs?

This is what happened after supper on the stairs.

Blue eyes, looking (very properly, too) mortally ashamed of herself, sitting on the edge of a most uncomfortable step, with one little hand clasped in Ted's, who was spooning in the most alarming manner (alarming at least to any one who knew how his fits were usually brought on), and finishing up by a deliberate offer of marriage.

Blue eyes then made one of her absurdly formal little speeches, bringing in "papa" three times; and finally ended where she might as well have begun—by accepting Ted.

But I was resolved to give her an opportunity. Young, poor little thing, and inexperienced!

Next morning, on the sands, I contrived to meet her, and delicately hinted at the state of my feelings towards her: thereby giving her a chance of an escape from Ted, if she were so inclined. Apparently she was *not* so inclined, for she seemed unusually dense, and carefully misunderstood me the whole time. When I had quite finished, she told me what had happened on the stairs last night, and demanded, in her pretty imperious little manner, to be congratulated: "papa" having interposed no objections.

Congratulate her! Blue eyes engaged, and not to me! I looked unutterable things at Ted when he joined us; but that young man paid not the smallest attention to me. I looked at blue eyes. She seemed very happy.

How to account for this, now? Take Ted, when she might have taken *me*? And yet in her right mind! I can only account for it, on the supposition that she had never heard of his fits. Nor indeed had I myself ever heard of his having any other fit than a love-fit: only, when *that* was on him, in the height of that everlasting waltz, he looked as if he were fit to fall into any number of other fits—and (though I am greatly attached to him) I wish he had.

A MAN-OF-WAR IN THE ACORN.

AN oak-tree, wrestling with the wind,
Shook down an acorn where I stood;
I turn'd aside, I would not crush
That little orphan of the wood.

It was as smooth as the brown egg
That prisons in the nightgale,
By fairy files was notch'd and barr'd,
Its cup symmetrical as frail.

In bowls like this the moonlit dew
Elves gather from the violet flowers,
Or from the hawthorn shake the drops
Remaining from the noonday showers.

A spirit showed me, hid within
The acorn's little dusky shell,
A floating tower, perhaps to ride,
Three centuries hence, on waves that swell

Around the iceberg's sapphire cliffs,
Or the rough Baltic's storm-swept strand;
Perhaps to threaten with its fire
Some bastion of the Eastern land.

Yes! see above the bulwarks smile
Frank sunburnt faces, as the guns
Vomit their thunder-burst of flame—
Those cheers are from old England's sons!

See down go colours, spars, and mast,
Blood-spouting like a dying whale
The rival ship has struck, and now
The dear old flag flaunts in the gale.

Then once more rings the lusty shout,
And once more rings the stirring cheer,
O'er the dark blue rolling waves
That smites the proud foeman's heart with fear.

Sail on, brave ships, spread nobler faith,
A truer creed, a wider love;
For on your sails from opening skies
Glance rays of glory from above!

Sail on, sail on, ye wingèd towers!

Far be your angry thunders hurl'd,
And bear our Heaven-lighted flag
Around a subjugated world.

The vision fades. Now let me plant
With reverent hand, the acorn seed,
Deep in the kindly English soil,
On which the oak loves best to feed.

May happy summers nurse the bud,
And April's brightest, softest showers
Widen this germ to nobler life,
And give its limbs a giant's powers!

Rock, but rend not, ye winter storms!
Spare, spare, the helpless little tree;
Earth, nurse it kindly till it float,
Bulwark of Home and Liberty!

CURRAGH CAMP.

IN the bare and sombre aisle of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, close to the blank and heavy wall which now supplies the place of arches and clustering pillars, on the right hand as you enter through the great gate, there is a strange old monument. It is the recumbent figure of a warrior sheathed in complete armour, with his shield upon his left arm, his hands clasped as if in prayer, his legs crossed like those of dead Crusaders. Close under the shield there is a figure as of one sawn asunder in the midst. The features and dress indicate that this is the memorial of a woman. The two are hewn out of ponderous blocks of granite, darkened, mellowed, and polished by age. An inscription, itself ancient, let into the wall above, informs the stranger that "the roof and bodie" of Christ's Church fell down nearly three centuries since, and broke the monument beneath. Painfully deciphering the old characters, you learn that the mailed figure is that of the great Strongbow, the conqueror of Leinster, and that the mutilated effigy beside him represents the doom of Eva, his wife, daughter of King Dermot. The legend runs, that once when Strongbow had but ninety knights to keep the castle of Dublin, Eva betrayed the weakness of the garrison to her countrymen, and that Strongbow, in the excitement of victory, condemned the traitress to be sawn in two. One portion of her body was cast to the dogs, the other was reserved for hallowed ground. There exist many forms of the legend, but one historical fact is clear; it is through this Eva that the Queen of England holds the royal manor of the "great plain of Kildare."

Long prior to Eva's sin against the English pale, the church and the poor had rights over the pastures of the Curragh. You can see in strong relief against the golden sky on summer evenings—for then the sunsets on the Curragh are gorgeously beautiful—the tall and graceful round tower of Kildare, and the long lancet windows of the ruined cathedral, contrasting, even in desolation, with the tasteless erection of modern times beside it. Here Saint Brigid,

with her sister-nuns, kindled every night a beacon fire upon the tower, to guide wanderers upon the Curragh to warmth and shelter. Here she fed and clothed the converts she won from paganism. She formed one of that triunity of Irish patrons commemorated in the monkish line:

Brigida Patricius atque columba pius.

Hard she found it to keep all the poor who claimed dole at the abbey gates, for famine had raged sore in the land, and the black-death followed famine; but the prayers of Brigid had virtue in them, and when the daughter of an old king of Leinster lay dying, and there was no hope in man or Baal, Saint Brigid raised her, and then the king told the saint to name what reward she pleased. So seeing the spearmen driving the poor men's sheep from the Curragh, she said, "Give me for my poor so much of that green pasture as this holy robe of mine shall cover." So the king laughed almost in mockery, and granted her request. Then angels came and took the holy robe from the saint's shoulders, and bore it gently over the centre of the Curragh, and there it grew and spread until it hung a vast crimson canopy over the whole plain, which still retains the form of that sacred vestment. From that hour to this, the dwellers round the Curragh claim and enjoy the rights of pasture which Saint Brigid and the angels won for them.

Last summer a royal commission was appointed to investigate the origin and extent of these popular rights. The government desired to lease the Curragh to the War Department, and to construct permanent stone barracks for six or seven thousand troops. It was intended to preserve all vested rights, or to give compensation should these be interfered with, if claimants could establish their title—a hard thing for the poor to do. Evidence, both oral and documentary, was produced abundantly. There were letters patent, crown grants, and charters conceded to abbeys now in ruins. These rather proved the rights of the landowners round the plain than those of the commoners. These did not repeat to the commissioners the old tradition, but they spoke to each other of the legend of Saint Brigid, and believed it. And when Lord Strathnairn gave his evidence, proving that the sheep-owners and the military benefited and accommodated each other, and spoke like a good soldier in behalf of popular rights, the poor said, "The Curragh is our own still, and Saint Brigid's doing is not undone." So the white sheep in many thousands now dot the green expanse of the Curragh.

The Curragh is not "a plain," though often so designated. It is formed by a succession of low, gracefully sweeping hills separated by sheltered dells. These hills are nearly all alike in form, and during the spring and summer, and in kindly seasons up to the depth of winter, these appear as mounds of gold from the glowing blossoms of the furze. They are covered, except where the furze crops up, from base to

summit with short crisp verdure, ever browsed upon by thousands of sheep. Under an alluvial deposit, they are formed of limestone, gravel, and grey sand to the depth of two hundred feet and more. Amidst the limestone and the upper clay are found small boulders of granite, whose rounded and polished surfaces exhibit proofs of the action of water, and mutual attrition through ages. No rain ever rests on these hills, or lingers in the valleys; it percolates rapidly through the light loam down to the looser gravel far beneath. One hour after the most violent rainfall the roads are dry and white, and the elastic turf, smooth and level as a carpet, quickly exhales the moisture. Indeed, the natural drainage of the Curragh is so "thorough," as to be a cause of some inconvenience. Three or four small pools alone afford water for the sheep and kine, and for the wild birds which float over the plain in flocks. Round the Curragh edge, where the land is low, long narrow channels detain the drainage water. This water is of a pale green colour, and is reputed to be peculiarly nourishing for horses. On the south-eastern side of the Curragh, a holy well supplies the people far and near. The camp derives its supply from deep excavations connected by channels with a large reservoir into which the water is drawn by a powerful steam-engine, and then is forced to the highest portion of the camp. No stream seems to rise on the immense surface of this expanse. The rain runs to the bottom of the drift, and forces passages for itself in the lowlands far away. To one looking over the Curragh from the great Rath of Moteenanon, it presents the appearance of vast waves of verdure, as if a mighty sea of drift and gravel had suddenly been fixed for ever in the moment of its greatest agitation, and then been covered with green. Here and there the dells and miniature valleys seem to have been hollowed out by eddying torrents, as the great deluge rolled by into the boundless bog of Allen. One vast elevated spine, two miles in length, runs across the Curragh from west to east. It is higher, broader, vaster far than any of the other hills. A torrent must have swept furiously on either side, and thrown up the debris and alluvial from the distant mountains. It rises a huge island from a sea of green, itself green, except where men have cut the turf away, and built up roads in Roman fashion. In the most remote period, and in the domain of legend, nations made the Curragh their battle-ground. On the eastern end of the Long Hill are five of those circular earthwork forts or raths, which, in Ireland, are always said to be the work of Danes. Further on are two; then, clustering near the great central citadel of Moteenanon, are five; and stretching away from hill to hill are others, far as the eye can see. Here, too, are "croch-auns" and sepulchral mounds, some of which have been explored and yielded precious relics, treasured now by the Royal Irish Academy. On the western end a rath, higher than the rest, still bears the terrible name of "Gibbet

Rath," and a long line of raised sward, whose grass is ranker than the rest, tells how sanguinary was justice in the ancient time. This rath is now a favourite place from whence to view the brilliant array of an army in review, or engaging in sham fight. Few think of the gibbet and the creaking chains, and the ghastly things which once were graced and dangled overhead, or of that line of graves.

As you descend from Newbridge, a station on the Great Southern and Western Railway, twenty-two miles from Dublin, at a sudden sweep of the road, close by a neat Wesleyan church built of corrugated iron, you see at once the immense line of the camp far above on the topmost ridge of that Long Hill I spoke of. A tall clock-tower, whence every portion of the Curragh can be seen, shoots up in the centre. Close in front six pieces of cannon guard the flag of England. On the right of the tower is the Catholic chapel, on the left the Protestant church, each capable of containing eighteen hundred worshippers. Here are the schools, marvels of neatness and efficiency. Here also are the post-office, conducted with true military precision and regularity, the savings-bank, the telegraph station, and the fire-engine dépôt. If you could see through the hill, you would discover on its further side a considerable market where traders bring their goods, and the country people their produce. A busy stirring scene it is, and a gay one too, when the trig, neatly dressed, and comely wives of soldiers come forth to cheapen and purchase what they can. How is it that soldiers, married "with leave," can keep their wives and little ones so trim on such scanty pay? They are fair-haired, clean-skinned English girls, most of them; and they present the very picture of health and of content. But here they buy all sorts of goods; nothing comes amiss in the camp. Purchasers and "the ready penny" are found for everything the garden or the farm can produce; and hence the peasantry, in the vicinity of the camp, are very independent. But away from the clock-tower, to the right and left, stretches the camp. The "huts" look like a long brown wall seen from the distance. In the foreground, as you look up from the direction of the iron church, you see, in general, few signs of life. The officers and men are playing cricket yonder; a long waggon is bringing slowly over the hill casks of beer and porter to the camp; the sunlight flashes from a line of bayonets in the hollow: but from this spot you could not suppose that a small army lay quiet behind that long brown wall. Yet let the trumpet sound, at once, before the last notes have died away, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, are in their places, a grand and spirit-stirring spectacle of armed men ready to meet the enemy, and willing to march on the instant wherever duty called them.

The whole camp then swarms like a disturbed ant-hill, and the air seems alive with the quick voices of command and the sharp clash of arms.

"The camp" consists of ten spacious squares, marked by the first ten letters of the alphabet. Every square affords accommodation for a complete regiment and its officers. A large covered water-tank, a fountain, a regimental library, mess-rooms, orderly-rooms, reception-rooms, and guard-rooms are in each square. The cavalry usually camp on the near side of the Long Hill, in Donnelly's Hollow, so called from the terrific combat which gave Donnelly the pugilistic championship of Ireland half a century ago. The men are usually placed under canvas here, the horses in extensive stabling recently erected. In summer and autumn the long rows of white circular tents rising from the green sward present a most pleasing and interesting picture.

The abattoirs are at some distance from the camp. The commissariat department, on the extreme right of the Long Hill as you descend from Newbridge. Near the iron church are the constabulary barracks, a court-house, and the magistrates' lodge, all constructed of wood, but models of neatness and cleanliness, surrounded with blooming gardens. The soldiers' quarters in camp are confined, but clean and airy. The married soldiers have not sufficient accommodation, but in autumn and summer the greater portion of the day is spent in the open air.

For then all is energetic life. Here, strong young horses are broken in; there, those already trained go through their daily exercise. Yonder dark blue squares are masses of artillery in order of parade. The morning sun flashes on their Armstrong guns. See how the horses literally dance in time to the music of the band. Yonder, are the lancers performing their most graceful but deadly exercise; now, the little red and white flags tipped with shimmering steel form a long line in the air; now, they flutter against an enemy in front; now, the fatal thrust is given to a foe close beside the lancer's steed. You can trace in the distance on the hills the brilliant array of the dragoons, all a blaze of dazzling brass. Should this be a field-day, the generals and staff are out; the artillery thunders in the hollows, the infantry maintain a rain of rattling fire, regular and steady; the cavalry urge their horses to the charge. A vast cloud of white smoke, lit up with rapid flashes from the cannon, rolls over the plain. When the wind sweeps it away, cavalry, infantry, artillery, all are gone; but you hear their thunder in a distant hollow, or you see one great line of steeds and men sweeping, like a wave, above the hills. Such is our every-day life in summer. In winter comparatively few troops are camped at the Curragh; the cavalry are withdrawn to Newbridge or to Dublin, or placed in barracks through the country.

But in summer and autumn, unless the season be unnatural and unkind, the Curragh is the most delightful place imaginable. The air, scented with the odour of fresh grass and the perfume of wild flowers, exhilarates and cheers. "It acts like champagne on me," said an invalid

soldier; and so it does. Nor are we without amusements when the morning's work is over. The sportsman finds large flocks of green and grey plover, woodquists, partridges, cranes, and now and then a hare, even if he has not the run of a preserve. The Liffey and its tributary streams afford some sport to the angler; the neighbouring canal abounds in splendid perch. Our brigade and field days naturally attract visitors from Dublin, and the camp is generous in its hospitality. Then there are races at all seasons of the year, where money is lost and won. The Curragh races are famous in the sporting world, and at the Curragh Edge some of the winners of the Derby and St. Leger have been bred and trained. In winter we have the fox-hounds and the harriers, and "the meets" of the "dashing Kildares" are famous. Sometimes we have a presentation of colours to a regiment, and then all the fashionables of Dublin pour out to the Curragh, peep into the huts, and get up an impromptu dance upon the short grass or in the mess-rooms. When in the warm autumn the setting sun lights up the west with a vast sea of gold and crimson, the bands of the regiments in camp stationed on the hill slopes perform military and operatic pieces. You can hear the strains of martial music far away on the still evening air. Then the officers' ladies, transferring tables, chairs, and sofas to the sward, are "at home," dispensing tea and coffee. The great slope of the Long Hill glimmers with lamps like fire-flies. Here, at the al fresco tables, pleasant parties for to-morrow are rapidly arranged. Poulafouca, the Devil's Glen, the Seven Churches, and other places celebrated for their scenery, are distant only a few hours' easy drive.

But the Fenians had broken up our society rudely before the crisis came. Detachments were ordered off continually, few officers remained, and then the ladies departed on visits to relatives or friends. The camp became still and silent; the pickets were strengthened; we were as in a fortress which might be assailed, and the men were kept "within the lines," ready to march.

At this time the Great Southern and Western Railway proved one of the most powerful auxiliaries of the government. A short branch line connects the camp with the main trunk, and thus troops were conveyed secretly and almost silently at an hour's notice from quarters to any part of the disturbed districts. Regiments arriving from England in the early morning were paraded at the Curragh the same day, and drafted away immediately. Troops from Dublin were incessantly passing up and down the line to Newbridge and the camp, and from both to Limerick Junction, Tipperary, Mallow, &c., just as need required. There was no bustle or confusion. The military telegraph—one end of which is in the centre of the camp—transmitted "orders." These were instantly in the hands of the general in command. In no one case was there delay or accident. On the night of the 5th, or morning of the 6th of March, the

insurgents did some injury to the railway below Limerick Junction. They compelled some of the workmen on the line to shift the rails and move the sleepers, but a few hours set all to rights. The telegraph-wires were occasionally dragged down and severed. A rail was now and then placed across the line, but no more serious injury was done. It seemed as if the Fenians had no heart in the work, and shrank from committing any deed which might place them outside the pale of pardon by the gravity of its consequences. The railway company stationed signalmen, a mile from each other, along the line, and these, passing up and down until they met each other, secured the safety of the trains. At the several stations there seemed to be only the ordinary traffic. When the trains stopped, an officer of constabulary rapidly scrutinised the third-class carriages, and then the whistle sounded, and the trains moved on. Outside and above the station wall might be seen the shakos and gun-barrels of three or four of the police. A sudden agitation among the little crowd, and a loud exclamation, were the only indications that a capture had been made. The moment a man was arrested on suspicion or by warrant, all dropped away from him; he was at once left alone in the hands of the police, and heard no word of sympathy or pity.

These railway lines seemed almost to have been planned in anticipation of the rising, so directly do they touch the very centres of sedition. Running through the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Queen's, Tipperary, Limerick, and Cork, the railway possesses stations at Limerick Junction (where four lines meet), at Tipperary, Kilmallock, Charleville, and Mallow. From the latter town a branch runs off to Millstreet; to Killarney—where the first "rebel army" melted away among the Toomies mountains—and Tralee. The most distant of these places is but four or five hours' journey from the camp. A march of a quarter of a mile brought the men from their huts to the camp station, and then away they were whirled, full of spirit, and longing to see their enemy.

The "canteens" form a very remarkable feature of the camp. They are really extensive stores, replete with every imaginable commodity which man or woman could need. When the camp contains some thousand men and a due proportion of women, children, and followers, these canteens afford an opportunity for studying human nature in all its forms. You would know the well-conducted from the careless soldier by the mode of asking for what they needed, as well as by the articles they bought. You could guess the life, the love, the circumstances of every trim and neat-shod English girl by the purchases she made—self-denying, self-sacrificing ever. You would wish that you were rich, that you might add a little to that store of comforts the baby of a wife prepares for her husband. "He is on guard to-night, sir, and oh, it is so wet and cold!" How she weighed her few pence against the many things she wished to give him. Many an unheard blessing

have they got, those pretty, gentle English girls, far away from home and friends, but finding the world in one. Would that the State could care for them as they deserve!

These canteens are admirably conducted, yet at first they were supposed to favour the propagation of sedition. An American Celt, bearded, bronzed, and swaggering, clucked those pretty golden dollar pieces in his hand, when a few soldiers gathered round the doorway, or leaned, with their backs against the wall, in the sun. Then there was an invitation "to have a drink."

When good liquor is given away, many a soldier will not refuse to share it. We know that "when the brains are out" men will talk idly and at random, partly in complaisance to their entertainer, and led by him. They may hear songs without understanding their import, and join in a chorus, too, if the air be popular or cheerful. They may be hurried into "kissing a book" without well knowing what they are about, and then they are sworn Fenians! Several were thus seduced, and, of course, betrayed, when they refused to proceed further. To protect the soldiers against these emissaries, the canteens were for a while closed against civilians. But the number of soldiers misled was greatly exaggerated. It was an important object with the Fenian leaders to impress the lower classes with a belief that many of the troops were with them. Several soldiers were tried by court-martial, and as the advocates for the prisoners availed themselves of every technical point of law, the trials were exceedingly protracted. The proceedings were fully reported in the public journals, and created an impression, as they appeared day after day, for weeks, that a considerable portion of some regiments was disaffected. A more erroneous inference was seldom drawn. The very men who had been induced to drink by foreign agents would have blown out the brains of a comrade who dared to act the traitor when the real trial came.

There was a moment when the camp might possibly have been, not taken, but burned, if the insurgents had possessed but pluck and daring. They had been prepared to attempt an attack upon the camp, too. Prior to the rising, a little pamphlet, containing what were called "the prophecies of Saint Columbkille," was most extensively circulated. In this ridiculous but mischievous publication it was foretold that "the Curragh camp should be burned in the spring of 1867." Now the huts are of wood, dry and inflammable, and if, when a wind prevailed, one or two had been set on fire, the entire range might have been consumed. Our defenders, about the middle of March, were reduced for three or four days to less than three hundred men of all arms. A thousand really determined men might have gained some prestige for the conspiracy had they even made the attempt and failed. "Five hundred resolute Fenians," said I, to a sergeant of artillery, "who would not quail if half their number fell, might do us a great mischief." "True, sir,"

said he; "but this sort of cattle do not like the open." In a few words he described the Fenian tactics. After the affair at Tallaght, the insurgents carefully avoided showing themselves on open ground near a military force. Twice, indeed, we had an alarm, utterly groundless in each case, but they proved how vigilant and ready were our men. While we were thus few in numbers, the whole extent of the camp was brilliantly lit up every night. One broad band of light, two miles in length, shone out of the darkness on the hill against the winter's night. But no enemy ever came, and soon we prepared to welcome home those who had gone from us for a time, and to commence with the budding spring our duties and our pleasures once again.

SOCIAL SIFTINGS.

It is curious to watch the winnowing and siftings continually going on in society—to see how some men rise to the top; perhaps only like prismatic bubbles, with a prosperity as brilliant and as evanescent; while others sink down among the dregs, where their feet stick fast and never move again: how certain members of the same family carry all before them, while others drop out of the line before half the running is made—yet both apparently started fair together, evenly handicapped and of equal training. Everywhere we see these strange siftings and vicissitudes—the "struggle for existence" going on through the whole of life, social as well as physical, and, in spite of venerable advice to the contrary, the race being for the most part to the swift and the battle to the strong. Sir Bernard Burke's admirable book on the Vicissitudes of Families is the completest as well as the most interesting exponent of such changes existing; and although reviewers have already made large draughts from its contents, enough remains behind for many a half-mournful citation. Romance and truth were never so thoroughly blended. As a record of exceptional family histories, these volumes by Ulster King of Arms challenge, for the amusement they contain, the subtlest invention; for they trace down to its final resting-place in the mire of the valley, many a lofty family tree which once stood on the very crest of the hill. Who, at one time, could equal the Plantagenets? But among the latest descendants of that house were a cobbler and a sexton. A butcher and a toll-gatherer were among the lineal descendants of a king's son (Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward the First), and as such entitled to quarter the royal arms and to call cousin with the Queen; while the direct descendants of Oliver Cromwell, one of the greatest Englishmen that ever lived, matched these royal dregs in poverty and obscure condition. Thomas, the great-grandson of Oliver, was a grocer on Snow-hill; and his son, Oliver, was an attorney in London. In the female line, one was married to a shoe-

maker; another to a butcher's son, her fellow-servant; a third to a jeweller; and a fourth to an attorney, at his decease keeping a small day-school for her bread. A Percy, it must be owned with rather a shady title, was a trunk-maker, and contended manfully for what he deemed his rights. One of the great Nevilles, a direct descendant of the proud "Peacock of the North," sued royalty for a pittance to keep her from starvation. John, Earl of Traquhair, cousin of James the Sixth, stood begging in the streets of Edinburgh, receiving alms "as humbly and thankfully as the poorest suppliant;" and an Urquhart of Burdsyard, one of the famous Urquharts of Cromarty, came as a wandering beggar to his own hall door.

Then think of a "Princess of Connemara" dying of misery on board a small sailing vessel, and enabled to be on board at all only by the charity of friends. She was one of the great Martins of Galway, and came into nominal possession of an estate of which the then owner boasted to George the Fourth that it gave "an approach from his gate-house to his hall of thirty miles length." But Irish recklessness and Irish hospitality in time crumpled up those thirty miles of land into a six-foot plank on board a wretched sailing vessel, and the poor half-starved princess, the last of her great house, died an exile and a pauper. The Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, commonly called Dick Martin's Act, was framed by that same Richard Martin of Galway. It was a pity that he could not exchange a little of his excessive tenderness for animals for some common sense and consideration for human beings.

The story of the glove-maker, William Maclellan, Lord Kirkeudbright, is also another singular instance of social changes. The Kirkeudbright estates were carried off by creditors in 1669; and, as there was nothing left but the empty title, the various heirs and possessors of that dignity forbore to use it, and got their living as they best could; the lord under present notice getting his as a glove-maker. He used to stand in the lobby of the Assembly Rooms in Edinburgh selling gloves to the ball-goers; for, according to the fashion of the time, a new pair was required for every fresh dance. He used to join the company at the ball following the election of a representative peer, at which he himself had given his vote. Then, as a gentleman and nobleman, he danced with the ladies to whom he had been glove-maker and servant all the rest of the year. His son went into the army, attained the rank of colonel, and, "not satisfied with anything short of legal recognition, submitted his peerage claim to the House of Lords, by whose decision he was declared seventh Lord Kirkeudbright on the 8th of May, 1773."

"The Norwiches rose and fell by the smiles of woman." In the beginning of things, "Margaret Holt, the heiress of Brampton manor, gave her heart and hand to Simon de Norwich, and endowed him with her mansion and lands;" and his grandson, another Simon

de Norwich, also married an heiress, and acquired much goods and lands thereby. So the wheel of fortune went merrily round for many a generation, until the hitch came in the time of Sir William Norwich, who drank, and gamed, and rioted through life more luxuriously than virtuously, losing his estates at card-playing, it is said, to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—by no means one of the kind to let loose what she had once grasped. He withdrew to Harborough, and died there in great poverty, 1741. Though buried with his kindred in Brampton church, no stone or tablet marks the spot or records his name. The title passed to another branch of the family; but a title without estates is but a poor patrimony, and the last English descendant of the Norwiches, "Sir Samuel Norwich" was for many years a sawyer in Kettering. He was the eldest son of Sir John who died in the parish workhouse, and whose widow was a laundress. She was very poor and very ignorant, and died in 1860, aged eighty. The present heir of the family and holder of the title, Sir William Norwich, is in America, and said to be doing well; so perhaps the old family will be revived in the future generations, all the wiser for their bitter experience.

The story of Viscount Kingsland is again one of the strangest of strange romances. Descended from one of the old Anglo-Norman families of Ireland—the Barnewalls of Meath—the Viscounts Kingsland were among the foremost families of olden times; but, by the severance of land from title the estates passed into other hands, and the name alone remained to a race of paupers as a high-sounding mockery in a reality of social misery. At last the mockery itself fell into disuse, until Mr. Hitchcock, a solicitor, took up the case and carried it to so much of a triumphant end as the reader may determine according to his own lights. We will give Mr. Hitchcock's letter—addressed to Ulster King of Arms—in extenso, not being able to improve on it:

"Dublin, September 26, 1862.

"My dear Sir Bernard. When the late Lord Kingsland established his claim to the peerage, I was a mere boy; but as my father was the solicitor to whose enterprise, talent, and pecuniary support he was indebted for success, he was very much at our house during the progress of the proceedings, and his extraordinary story became as familiar to the family 'as household words.' I am therefore enabled from recollection, although half a century has elapsed since the time of which I speak, to give you some outline of his antecedents. He was born in some obscure part of Dublin, and 'educated' in the vicinity of Castle Market, where it was said he made his 'first appearance in public' in the 'onerous' part of a basket-boy, his success in which character led to his promotion in the course of time to the more elevated position of under-waiter at a tavern in Dawson-street. It subsequently appears that, although in so lowly a sphere, he entertained a dreamy notion, derived

from family tradition, that, as he bore the name of the Kingsland family, he might by some turn of the wheel of fortune become entitled to its honours and estates. The Lord Kingsland of that time was a lunatic, residing in an asylum in France, and was under the guardianship of his relative, Lord Trimleston. A false rumour of that lord's death reached Matthew Barnewall while he was officiating at the tavern in Dawson-street, and acting upon the traditional notion of heirship, under the advice of his then companions and friends, Matthew mustered a strong force of the employés of the tavern and the market which had been the school of his early training, and with that formidable array proceeded forthwith to survey the family mansion, of which he took instant possession. There he cut down timber, lighted bonfires, and for some short time indulged in the exercise of rude hospitality to the companions who had escorted him, and the rabble which he collected in the neighbourhood. His rejoicings were, however, but short-lived. Lord Trimleston, the guardian of the lunatic peer, applied to the Court of Chancery, and poor Matthew was committed to Newgate under an attachment for contempt. While in the prison he was advised to apply to my father for his legal advice and assistance, through which he was after some time set at liberty. At that period he was quite unable to trace his pedigree, and being utterly illiterate—unable even to write his name—he could give but little assistance to his legal adviser in testing the justice of the claim which, in the midst of his almost Cimmerian darkness, he still insisted upon to the right of succession to the Kingsland peerage. My father, however, being a man of sanguine temperament, as well as superior talents, saw that there was something in the claim, and took up the case with such ardour, that he soon discovered a clue, which led him step by step through the difficulties which lay in the way of tracing a pedigree amidst so much ignorance, until at length there was but one missing link in the chain; and this was, after much research, supplied by the evidence of one Lucinda Ambridge, a woman upwards of a hundred years old. In the mean time, the lunatic peer *actually* died; and when Matthew's pedigree was completed, and the proofs forthcoming, the claim was brought before the House of Lords, and, after due investigation admitted. During the progress of tracing the pedigree, and pending the decision of the House of Lords, the expectant peer was clothed and supported by my father, and was frequently at our house. He was at first very modest, and could scarcely be enticed beyond the mat at the hall door, and when brought into the room, he sat, as such men do, on the least possible edge of a chair. By degrees, however, he grew in confidence, and, being a good-humoured man, his conversation was very amusing, what Lord Duberley would call his 'cacalology,' or Dr. Pangloss his 'cacology,' being extremely rich. It would not be easy to do justice in description to his ex-

ultation and pride at being acknowledged by the House of Lords. But his elevation was accompanied by a sad drawback. The property which should have gone with the title, consisting, I believe, chiefly of church advowsons, had lapsed to the crown, owing to some want of conformity to the established Church on the part of some of the ancestors, and could not be recovered. A poor peer's pension of five hundred pounds a year was granted to the new Lord Viscount Kingsland and Baron of Turvey; but, alas! my father never was paid anything for his outlay and professional labour. All he got was the éclat, and the satisfaction of having achieved so great a triumph. Lord Kingsland was married in early life to a woman in his then class, who died before his elevation to the peerage, leaving only one child, a son, who lived to be the Honourable Mr. Barnewall, and heir apparent to the peerage, but died within a few years after his father had established his claim. After some time, Lord Kingsland married a Miss Bradshaw, an English lady, but died without issue; and consequently the title is extinct, although it is said, and probably with truth, that an heir could be found amongst the poorest classes in Dublin. My lord's sayings and doings are most amusing. As I mentioned his cacology, I will give you a sample. His second wife took great pains to improve him, but in vain. When he came here under her tutelage, she watched his words, and always corrected him, even before company. One day, being asked to take some lunch, he declined, saying, 'I have been eating *selvedges* all day.' My Lady, correcting, said, 'Sandwiches, my Lord.' He replied, 'Ah, my Lady, I wish you'd be quiet, you're always *rebuting* me.'

"Poor fellow! He had a hard time of it. What between my lady and his own lordship, he must have often wished himself back among the free-and-easy 'Bohemians' of his early association."

When the lordly Nevilles went down to the dregs, Cole, the blacksmith, rose to the surface—rose so high, indeed, that his grandson bought the Nevilles' castle of Brancepeth. The family of Cole, however, fell as suddenly as it rose—its prosperity being little but a prismatic bubble of great show and splendour while it lasted, but of no stability; and after the life of Sir Ralph, the second baronet, the great house that had been raised on the foundation of the smithy crashed to the ground, and the last grandson of Sir Ralph died in such utter want that he had to be buried by the charity of a cousin. Then there was the strange story of the Earldom of Huntingdon, and how Mr. Nugent Bell dug and delved among the ruins and rubbish of the past till he had unearthed his friend's claim, and transferred Captain Hastings, R.N., from the quarter-deck to the House of Lords; but the most romantic of all "Ulster's" stories is that of the Anglesey claim.

In 1706, Arthur Lord Altham married Mary Sheffield, the natural daughter of the Duke of Buckingham. In 1715, some years after the

marriage, Lady Altham gave birth to a son at Dunmain, the family residence in Wexford, which son was christened by the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, chaplain of Lord Altham, and called, after his grandfather, James Annesley, Earl of Anglesey. Two gentlemen of repute in the parish, Anthony Colclough and Anthony Cliffe respectively, were the godfathers, and Mrs. Pigot, of Tintern, was the godmother. The Earl of Mount Alexander swore to the birth of the child, inasmuch as he had heard Lord Altham say, with an oath, that "his wife had got a son which would make his brother's nose swell," which is apparently an unusual version of putting that member out of joint. Indeed, there seemed in those days nothing to which to object in the transaction, and everything was open and confessed enough. Two years after the birth of the child Lord and Lady Altham separated, and my lord took the boy with him from place to place till he cast anchor in Carlow, where he took back a former mistress, with whom he finally settled in Dublin in the year 1722. She called herself then Lady Altham; though the real wife was alive, poorly pensioned, and in delicate health. In 1729, the real Lady Altham died. Lord Altham, of course, like all Irish peers, wanted money. He could not raise it unless joined in the loan by his son, who was too young for this. He therefore (this is the theory) resolved to get rid of him as a useless burden, and sent him to a person called Cavanagh, from whom, however, the lad escaped back to Lord Altham. But when he reached his old house he was refused admittance, denied acknowledgment; and so perforce went out into darkness and distress, and became henceforth a vagabond about the streets. In 1727, Lord Altham died, and his brother became Lord Altham in his stead, succeeding ten years after to the earldom of Anglesey as well.

A year after his brother's death, Lord Altham sought out his nephew, kidnapped him—so the story runs—and shipped him on board the Janus, under the name of James Hennesley. He was taken to America, and sold to a planter, one Drummond, in Pennsylvania, and kept on the plantation for thirteen years. An old woman, a fellow-slave, was very kind to him, and when she died, perhaps feeling that he had lost his only friend, he tried to make his escape, but was recaptured, and transferred to another master because of the brutality of Drummond. The twelve months' servitude, which was all now remaining of the original bond, was lengthened into five years, as a punishment for his attempt. Here, in his second term, a young Iroquois Indian girl fell in love with him; and it seems that his master's daughter did something of the same kind too; whereupon the Indian nearly murdered her mistress, and then drowned herself. James Hennesley was again sold; and this time placed on a plantation near that of his old master, Drummond, where two Indians, brothers to the young Iroquois girl, tried to murder him; but succeeded only in wounding him severely, and giving him two months' sickness. Then, so he

said, he discovered a plot, wherein the mistress of the establishment, his master's wife, had agreed to rob her husband, and escape to Europe with the slave of a neighbouring planter. His peccant wife sought to tamper with the young man's fidelity; but, failing in this, she tried to poison him. Now he escaped in reality, and went as a sailor before the mast on board a British man-of-war; where Admiral Vernon heard his story, and, believing in it, sent him to England to try his luck in the law courts. His first appearance there was as prisoner on the charge of murder, he having accidentally shot a man named Egglestone; and when asked whether he would plead guilty or not guilty, his answer was a fine bit of melodramatic indignation:

"My Lord, I observe that I am indicted by the name of James Hennesley, *labourer*, the lowest addition my enemies could possibly make use of; but though I claim to be Earl of Anglesey, and a peer of this realm, I submit to plead not guilty to this indictment, and put myself immediately upon my country, conscious of my own innocence, and impatient to be acquitted even of the imputation of a crime so unbecoming the dignity I claim."

He was acquitted. After this came the more important trial for the earldom, in which also James Hennesley was victorious; and thus it came to pass that the vagabond of the streets, the ill-used slave on the plantation, became Earl of Anglesey and a peer of the realm. But he never assumed the title, and died in 1760, leaving two sons, who did not long survive him, the one dying in 1763, and the other in 1764. There was another trial about the same earldom a few years later, but it is not sufficiently interesting to report.

Some analogy to this great Anglesey case may be found in the strange Tiebhorne story going on at this moment, and likely to go on for some time yet before it is finally arranged. When Sir James Francis Doughty, tenth baronet, and father of the late Sir Alfred Tiebhorne, eleventh baronet, came to the title and estates on the death of his brother in 1853, he had two sons, Roger Charles, born in 1829, and Alfred Joseph, born in 1839—the two boys being of the ages of fourteen and twenty-four respectively. The year after his father's accession, Roger, an ex-lieutenant in the 6th Dragoons, left England in anger; declaring that he would never return during his father's lifetime; and sailed for South America to see what fortune and energy would give him in a new life. However, the ship in which he had embarked was wrecked, and young Tiebhorne was assumed to have gone to the bottom with the rest. Years passed on. Alfred grew up, and married the daughter of Lord Arundel of Wardour; and in 1862 Sir James, the father, died, and Alfred succeeded to the title and estates. But he did not keep them long. He was wonderfully extravagant during his short period of possession, and ran through his property with that mad haste which some young men have to free themselves from the encum-

brance of wealth. "He raced, built yachts, and got over head and ears in debt," says one account; his last plaything being a pony, which used to come on the table after dinner. In February, 1866, he died without children; but two months after Lady Tichborne gave birth to a son, who thus became the infant baronet and the supposed lawful heir. Early on New Year's day last, a man, professing to be the Roger Charles Tichborne supposed to be dead twelve years and more, arrived at Tichborne Park, and claimed the estates. He saw his mother, the Dowager Lady Tichborne, and satisfied her as to his identity; he saw, too, some of the older tenantry at Alresford, and after having convinced them that his eyes twinkled and his right knee turned inwards, as the real young Roger's used to do, and after having given one man, by particular request, "a full-faced view of his back," he was accepted among them all as the right thing, how oddly so ever his return had been brought about, and hailed as the indisputable heir of the estate. The young Lady Tichborne, however, and her friends, naturally dispute his claim in favour and defence of the child's rights; and the matter is still unsettled; giving frequent occasion for newspaper paragraphs of conflicting views—some holding to the new man's identity, and others to his false impersonation, and each putting forth various anecdotes of more or less questionable authenticity, proving the right and justice of the two beliefs. The man's account of himself is full of interest and adventure. When he left England, in 1853, he went to South America, crossing from Peru to Rio Janeiro, and there embarking in a small schooner, the *Bella*, of Liverpool, bound for Jamaica. The schooner foundered by the way. Proof of this was given by sundry spars and fragments picked up at sea, sufficient at least to convince the underwriters who paid the insurance, and the family at Alfreton, who mourned the son they make dead to themselves and the world at large. But Roger, or at least the man who assumes to be Roger, says that he was rescued from the wreck by a schooner, the *Osprey*, and by her conveyed to Australia, where he took the name of De Castro, living at a place called Wagga-Wagga, and following the not very aristocratic calling of a horse-dealer and butcher. Here he heard of his father's death, and young Alfred's accession to the title; but not wishing to disturb his brother, he said, of whom he had been always fond, he kept himself and his claims in abeyance, until news of his death, too, came to him, and that he had died without leaving any children behind him. He was told this by one Andrew Bogle, an old negro servant of his uncle's, Sir Edward Doughty; and on hearing it he determined to come back to England with his wife and child, and claim the title and estates which were his by right. How the case will turn remains to be seen, but which way so ever it

goes, it will form in the future, as now in the present, a cause célèbre.

The Smyths of Ashton Court had a fight for their possessions. There was something of quite old-time high-handedness in the way in which "Sir Richard Smyth," accompanied by his solicitor, Mr. Rodham, waited upon Mr. Way, the uncle and guardian of the young heir, demanding the keys of the mansion, and the instant discharge of the servants, and giving them all two hours for preparation and departure. That first interview ended by both claimant and solicitor being handed over to the servants, and "deposited outside the house"—a mild periphrasis for being "kicked out of the house." Mr. Rodham would not have more to do with the matter, but Mr. Cattlin, another solicitor, would. The tenantry had notices not to pay their rents save to himself, as "Sir Richard's" agent; and Sir Richard and his family affected quite courtly pomp at Bristol where they lived; which was a slight change in the condition of a man who, but a year ago, had been a pauper. All sorts of rumours were afloat concerning wills and legal documents of supreme importance; and on the last day of Trinity Term, 1853, Mr. Cattlin served Mr. Way with a writ of ejectment, at the same time informing the family solicitors that "he was in possession of a will under the seal and signature of Sir Hugh Smyth, which rendered the title of his client, Sir Richard Smyth, indisputable." "Sir Richard," it must be observed, claimed to be the old man's heir by a first and secret marriage. Also, there was a brooch, a seal, a portrait, and a pigtail. Mr. Bovill, the plaintiff's counsel, made out a capital case. But after Sir Frederick Thesiger had handled it, the case collapsed. By skilful cross-examination he brought out these startling facts: that the so-called Sir Richard Smyth was in truth neither more nor less than the son of old John Provis, of Warminster; that he himself had had the name of Jane Gookin (plaintiff's grandmother) engraved on the brooch; that he himself, too, had ordered the seal with the Smyth arms, and the motto, "Qui capit capitor," the faulty vowel slipping into the legend undetected; that he had tampered with writings, and forged the documents; and that, being inexpert, he had written the will, dated 1823, on parchment prepared in a certain only too modern way; and that he had sent the will to himself through Frederick Crane. His last proof, a pigtail two feet long, with which he said he had been born, as was his son—though his was only six inches long—was not held conclusive against the evidence of fraud and forgery; and the jury brought him in guilty, and the judge sentenced him to twenty years' transportation. The forged will, the Bible, the jewels, the picture, and the pigtail were all impounded, and are still in the possession of the family. The suit cost the Smyths nearly six thousand pounds; but they have the pigtail to show for their money.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VII. THE STORMY PETREL OF PRIVATE LIFE.

A DAY or two subsequent to Mrs. Saxelby's visit to her daughter at Eastfield, the family at Bramley Manor was visited by a domestic storm, which, though leading to no serious immediate result, was the cause of a great deal of pain and anger, and left behind it an amount of heart-burning and soreness, which only a family quarrel can produce.

The Honourable Arthur Skidley's regiment being ordered away from Hammerham, and that gentleman's consequent departure being imminent, it became necessary for Walter Charlewood to reveal to his father the amount of the debt he had incurred, and to prefer a request for a considerable sum of money. Mr. Charlewood was a very wealthy man, and—as may usually be observed of men whose business renders their income more or less elastic—he spent his wealth with a liberal hand. Among the luxuries he desired for himself and his children, was the society of persons superior by birth or rank to themselves. And he had an unexpressed but decided notion that this, like other good things, was to be attained by a judicious expenditure of cash. Still, the magnitude of the sum he was now called on to advance, so far exceeded his estimate of the value received, that he began to discover that the acquaintance of even so dashing and aristocratic a personage as the younger son of Lord Higsworth might be purchased too dearly.

"I won't pay it, sir," he had said in the first moment of his anger and surprise. "I won't advance a farthing."

"It's a debt of honour, father. I shall be disgraced."

"Then *be* disgraced," Mr. Charlewood had retorted; adding, in the heat of his wrath, a recommendation to his son to be something else also for his folly. But, of course, he knew very well that he must and that he would pay Walter's debts for him. He grumbled to his wife, telling her that Watty's reckless and selfish extravagance was all owing to her weak indulgence. He scolded Augusta into a fit of the sulks, when she ventured to ask some

question as to the offence her brother had committed; he even snubbed his favourite Penelope, in the extremity of his ill-humour and vexation. In short, for more than a week, black looks and sharp speeches were very rife in Bramley Manor; and Walter—his jaunty self-confidence utterly subdued for once—sneaked about the house like a whipped schoolboy, avoiding his father's eye, and creeping surreptitiously at unaccustomed hours into his mother's boudoir to be petted and consoled, and to have the ruffled plumes of his self-love gently smoothed by caressing fingers.

It was a peculiarity of Miss Fluke that she invariably appeared among her friends whenever foul weather seemed to be imminent in the domestic sky: scenting the approach of tempest by some fine instinct, and hovering over the angry billows like a stormy petrel.

Miss Fluke came to Bramley Manor, and had not been closeted ten minutes with Mrs. Charlewood before the latter had revealed to her, with many lamentations and considerable use of her pocket-handkerchief, the story of Walter's troubles, and his father's stern displeasure.

"Charlewood was 'arsh, I consider. Very 'arsh. Of course I know Watty ought to have spoken sooner. But law, there! Who can wonder? Young men will be young men; and Watty has never been accustomed to think anything about money. 'Ower, 'is father 'as paid the debt, and I suppose he'll come round in time. A 'undred or two. Nothing to Charlewood. He'll never miss 'em."

Miss Fluke shook her head with much severity.

"*Dear* Mrs. Charlewood," she said, "ought we not to look upon this in the light of a judgment?"

"A judgment! Goodness me, Miss Fluke!"

"Yes; it shows what comes of worldliness, and pleasure-seeking, and the society of the ungodly. I have a very interesting little tract here, which is full of precious experiences. Do you think Walter would read it, if I left it for him?"

"I—don't—know," said Mrs. Charlewood, doubtfully.

"Well, there it is, at all events. I'll put it on your table. The incidents relate to a little boy of five years old (the child of a drunken cobbler), who got conversion and became quite a little saint on earth. It is called *The Little*

Soul's Punctuation, or A Full-Stop for Small Sinners. It applies very well indeed to Walter's case, and would do him great good if he'd be persuaded to read it in a proper spirit."

"Thank you, Miss Fluke," said Mrs. Charlewood, with a shade of offence in her manner, "but I think you make rather too much of Watty's little error. He has a lively disposition, has Watty. Quite lively. 'Igh his spirit may be, and 'aughty. But his 'art is right."

To do Miss Fluke justice, she was no respecter of persons, and had no more idea of sparing the rich Mrs. Charlewood than the poorest inhabitant of her father's parish. She therefore at once opened fire; bringing all her big guns to bear on her hostess, and sending such a broadside of texts about her ears, that poor Mrs. Charlewood's round red cheeks grew pale as she listened, and she was thankful when Augusta's entrance into the room created a diversion.

"Have you heard," said Miss Fluke, turning to Augusta with a sudden pouncing movement, "have you heard about Mabel Earnshaw?" Miss Fluke's eyes were opened to their full extent, and she glared ominously, first at Mrs. Charlewood and then at her daughter.

"No," replied Augusta, languidly sticking a needle into some wool-work, and apparently finding it necessary to repose a while before pulling it out again, "I never hear anything about her now."

"What is it about Mabel?" asked Mrs. Charlewood. "No bad news, I 'ope."

"Awful," returned Miss Fluke, concentrating an incredible amount of moral reprobation into her utterance of the word, and performing an elaborate and vigorous shudder: "most awful."

"Lord bless my soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood.

"Oh, if it's anything horrid, don't tell me, please," said Augusta, putting her jewelled fingers in her ears. "I can't bear hearing horrid things."

"As any accident 'appened?" said Mrs. Charlewood.

"Unless a merciful Providence turns her heart, Mabel Earnshaw is going to perdition headlong," was Miss Fluke's alarming reply. To go headlong to perdition did not, however, appear to belong, in Miss Augusta's estimation, to the category of "horrid things." She immediately took her fingers out of her ears, and prepared herself to listen with composure.

"Dear Miss Fluke," said Mrs. Charlewood, with her hand on her side, "I declare you've given me quite a turn. Well, there! I should be awfully sorry if any 'arm 'appened to Mabel Earnshaw. She used to be a great favourite of mine; and I can't abear to drop folks, and turn my back on 'em so coolly as some people."

Augusta faintly raised her handsome eyebrows, and tossed her head, but took no further notice of her mother's implied rebuke.

"Well," said Miss Fluke, "I have to tell you what you'll hardly credit, but what is true. Mabel Earnshaw is going——" here Miss Fluke

suddenly changed her tone, and uttered the three last words of her speech very rapidly in a loud distinct whisper, "going—ON THE STAGE."

Then she sat back in her chair, and contemplated her hearers, with her arms folded tightly across her breast.

"No?" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood. Miss Fluke made no verbal reply, but nodded five or six times with extraordinary vehemence.

"How absurd," said Miss Augusta. "But I don't know that I'm very much surprised. Mabel was getting queerer and queerer lately, and besides, you know, she never *was* quite like other people."

"Dear me! How I should like to have known her, whoever she was," cried Penelope, appearing at the door, attired for walking, and accompanied by her brother Walter. "How d'ye do, Miss Fluke? Do tell me, Gussy, who was that delightful individual who 'never was quite like other people.' She—I think I heard you say *she*—must have been a refreshing creature."

"Oh, I dare say you'll think her latest craze all right and charming. Very likely. I was speaking of Mabel Earnshaw, and she's going on the stage; that's all," rejoined Augusta, coolly.

"What!" cried Miss Charlewood, fairly startled, for the instant, out of her self-possession (a rare circumstance with her), and dropping into a chair. "Mabel going on the stage! I don't believe it."

"I grieve to assure you that it is too, too, too, too, true," said Miss Fluke. "I know it for a fact, on the best authority."

"Oh, that of course," replied Penelope, with very unceremonious brusquerie. "People always know things on the best authority. But who told you?"

"Well, Miss Charlewood, *since* you ask me, I am bound to tell you that it was—her own mother!" Miss Fluke brought out this last revelation as if it were the crowning horror of the business.

"I wonder why in the world Mrs. Saxelby should have thought of telling *you* such a thing?" said Penelope.

The speech was not a polite one; but Miss Fluke was quite impervious to its discourtesy.

"The fact is," she replied, looking round with severe gravity upon her auditors, "I asked her."

Miss Fluke *had* asked Mrs. Saxelby as to her daughter's intention of becoming an actress, and had, moreover, made a pilgrimage to Hazlehurst for the express purpose of so doing. Mrs. Hutchins, by dint of prying and listening to her lodgers' conversation, had arrived at some suspicion of the truth. She had discovered from Corda that Miss Earnshaw had relatives on the stage. She had concluded at once that the letter with the Eastfield post-mark, addressed to Mr. Trescott, was from Miss Earnshaw. And partly for the gratification of her own curiosity, and partly to curry favour with Miss Fluke, had revealed to that lady most of what she knew and guessed.

Miss Fluke's account of Mrs. Saxelby's fall

admission of her daughter's intention, filled the Charlewoods with surprise: though each member of the family received the news in a different manner, according to his or her peculiar character. Mrs. Charlewood, as became a devout Flukeite, expressed much grief and horror; though the real, kind motherly heart of the woman occasionally asserted itself in such exclamations as, "Well, I do 'ope Mabel may think better of it in time, and find a good 'usband to take care of her!" or, "There! I don't know whether it's wicked, but I can't 'elp wishing her success. 'Eaven forgive me!" Augusta professed languidly that, though of course it was very shocking, she for her part was not so much astonished as the rest, and that she had long been of opinion that such outrageous and improper conduct must be the natural result of strong-mindedness, and the setting up of one's own judgment against that of the people whose legitimate business it was to do all the thinking. Walter shrugged his shoulders at his sister, and lounging out of the room, opined that Miss Earnshaw would make a "stunning actress," and that he would certainly go and see her, if ever he had the opportunity. Whereupon Miss Fluke groaned audibly.

Penelope always found Miss Fluke intensely irritating, and it seemed as if Miss Fluke's presence excited her scornful spirit of contradiction to its highest pitch. Albeit, she remained quite silent during Miss Fluke's very long and elaborate description of her interview with Mrs. Saxelby at Hazlehurst, and her solemn and emphatic announcement of the appalling fact that Mabel "actually had an aunt who was a player, and that she had been brought up amongst those kind of people from childhood!"

"What a shame of Mrs. Saxelby to keep it so quiet! She never used to say a word about her family," exclaimed Augusta. "I call it getting into people's houses on false pretences."

Penelope turned on her sister with a sudden flash that was like the dart of a panther. "Mrs. Saxelby would probably have had no objection to speak of the position of her family connexions, Augusta, had she not thought it might have seemed like boasting, to us."

"Boasting?"

"Certainly. Mrs. Saxelby was always very nice and good natured; but she knew perfectly well that our revered grandfather had carried a hod."

Augusta coloured high with spite and vexation.

"Really, Penny," she said, flouncing up from her chair, "you are too absurd. Comparing *us* with—I won't stay to hear such things said!" Miss Augusta's rich silk dress trailed and rustled out of the room.

"Umph!" said Penelope, contemplatively leaning her chin on her hand. "How queer it all is, ain't it? Augusta is haughty enough for a duchess, and handsome enough for two duchesses. I'd back her for beauty and impertinence against Lady Clara Vere de Vere herself. And yet, you know, our grandfather *did* carry a hod, Miss Fluke!"

At dinner that evening none of the family alluded to the news. The cloud had not yet sufficiently cleared from Mr. Charlewood's brow to make his wife and children as much at their ease in his presence as formerly; and what little conversation passed between them was carried on almost in whispers. Clement, too, looked ill and anxious; and Penelope wondered in her own mind, as she observed his pale face and abstracted manner, whether he had heard of Mabel's design, and whether his dejection might not possibly be traceable to his knowledge of it. "I can't quite make Clement out," said Miss Charlewood to herself, as she watched her brother across the dinner-table. "At one time I thought it was a mere passing fancy that would die a natural death very comfortably; but now—I don't know—I'm afraid there's something more in it. Poor dear old Clem."

If Penelope Charlewood had what is called a soft place in her heart at all, it was occupied by her brother Clement. Later in the evening, when tea was brought into the drawing-room, and he had seated himself apart from the rest in a secluded corner of the large room, with a book in his hand, Penelope brought him a cup of tea, and then seating herself beside him, said in a low voice:

"We have heard some odd news to-day, Clem. Perhaps you know it already. Mabel Earnshaw is going on the stage."

Clement looked up, and the colour mounted to his brow, as he asked sharply:

"Who says so?"

"Miss Fluke says so. She came here to-day, fully primed and loaded with the tidings."

"Confound that woman! She is the most intolerable and meddlesome fool in Hammerham. I wish to God some man would marry her, and take her away!"

"Oh, Clem!" cried his sister. "What an awful wish against some man! But is it true about Mabel?"

"I wish, with all my soul, I could say no, Penny. But I by no means tell you that is a certain fact. Will you, to oblige me, refrain from repeating this tattle—at all events, until it is confirmed past doubt."

For once in her life, Penelope checked the sharp speech that rose to the tip of her tongue. Clement's earnest pleading look went to her heart, and called up a remembrance of some childish trouble they had shared and surmounted together. She gave him her hand, and watched him, as he left the room, with eyes that were veiled with unaccustomed moisture.

"Poor Clem! Poor dear old boy! He is the very best fellow in all the world; and if it could make him happy, I almost wish——"

What Miss Charlewood almost wished, she did not distinctly tell herself on that occasion, for she brought her meditations to an abrupt termination with an impatient shake of her head; and, opening the piano, rattled off a brilliant set of variations with a clear metallic touch and a rapid finger.

CHAPTER VIII. CLEMENT COMES FOR HIS ANSWER.

A FIRST declaration of love! Whenever Mabel had indulged in day-dreams, it had always seemed to her that the first utterance of words of love in her ear, must surely fill the whole world with a sort of glamour; that some mysterious and delightful revolution would take place in her being; and that, as the poets sing, the sky would appear bluer, the sun brighter, and all the world more beautiful.

These marvels were to come to pass, of course, on the hypothesis that she too would love, and that her maiden affection, lying coily within her heart of hearts, like a shut lily, would give forth all its hidden sweetness at the warm pleading of the beloved one, even as a bud is wooed by the sunbeams into a perfect flower.

Mabel was only seventeen, and the practical good sense and clear-sightedness of her character were oddly blended with an innocent romance, such as might have belonged to a princess in a fairy tale. Poor Mabel!

When she awoke on the morning after her mother's visit to Eastfield, roused by the toneless clangour of a cracked bell, she found no magic glamour on the earth, no deeper azure in the sky, no added glory in the sunshine. There was the mean bare breakfast-room. There was the morning psalm read aloud by Mrs. Hatchett, on a system of punctuation peculiar to herself, which consisted in making a full stop at the end of each verse, whatever its sense might be. There was Miss Dobbin; there was the ugly Swiss governess; there was the same old dreary round to toil through, that there had been yesterday, and that there would be to-morrow.

Stay though! Not quite the same, for to-day was Sunday, and though Mabel had to accompany the children to church in the morning and afternoon, the evening hours would be her own. None but those who have been subjected, perforce, to the close companionship of utterly uncongenial minds, can conceive the sense of positive refreshment that fell upon Mabel when she found herself alone: alone and unmolested, in her bedroom, with two clear hours before her to employ as she would.

"Is it all real?" she said to herself, as she sat down on her bed in the chill garret, with a shawl wrapped round her. "Is it real? I must think."

Her interview with Clement had been so strange and hurried, his declaration so unexpected, and her own agitation so excessive, that at first she had only felt stunned and bewildered, and, as she had told Clement, "very sorry." But by degrees a clear remembrance of what had passed came into her mind. His look, his words, the touch of his hand—she recalled them all vividly.

"He said, 'I love you. I love you with my whole heart!'"

She whispered the words in the silence of the room; but, softly as she breathed them out, their sound made the eloquent blood rise in her cheek, and she put her hands before her face,

as though there were a prying witness present.

If she believed Clement's words, she owed it to him to examine her own heart and give him the innermost truth that it contained. But to find that truth! Ah, that was difficult. How different it all was from any love-story she had ever pictured to herself!

Suddenly a thought pierced her heart like a swift sharp knife. What would Mr. Charlewood say? What would Penelope say? They would accuse her of having sought Clement, or laid traps for him, or of stooping to scheme and plot for the honour of an alliance with the Charlewood family. Mabel sprang to her feet, and paced up and down the room.

"I will go to my own people. I will follow my own path. I will show that I can reject vulgar wealth, and despise vulgar pride. There is a world outside their narrow limits—a world of art and poetry and imagination, which they can none of them conceive or comprehend. *He is good and kind, but he cannot understand me.*" The hot tears were streaming unchecked down her face. "I do not love him. I am sure now, that I do not love him. I will work and strive for mamma and Dooley; and, if I fail, they will not love me the less."

Penelope had been thoroughly right in her judgment, when she counselled her father to rely on Mabel Earnshaw's pride as his surest ally.

Mabel stopped at length in her restless pacing, and, going to her trunk, unlocked it, and drew forth the dingy, battered, precious little Shakespeare.

At first, she could scarcely fix her attention on the words before her. But soon the spell mastered her. She yielded herself up to it with all the enthusiasm of a nature peculiarly susceptible of such influences. And the spirit of poetry bore her up on its strong wings, above the dust and clash and turmoil of this work-a-day world. She came back with a mind refreshed and strengthened, as a healthy intellect must ever be by the legitimate exercise of its imaginative faculties, and with a spirit calmed and braced. She wrote to her aunt Mary, and despatched the letter to the care of the person mentioned by Mr. Trescott, and then waited with what patience she might for the result.

A week, which seemed to Clement the longest he had ever passed in his life, went by before he was able to return to Eastfield. But at length one morning Mabel was summoned from her post beside the jingling superannuated pianoforte, to Mrs. Hatchett's private parlour. She knew perfectly well who had come to speak with her; and though she had been preparing herself for the interview, and had conjured up a hundred times in her own mind the words that she would say, yet she felt as she approached the parlour that her thoughts were scattered, and that her spirits were as much agitated as on that memorable night.

"Come in, Miss Earnshaw, if you please. Here is a gentleman who desires to speak with you."

Mrs. Hatchett waved her hand towards Clement Charlewood, who stood beside the fireplace.

Mabel was white, but betrayed no other sign of emotion, and greeted Clement quietly.

"Mr. Charlewood," continued Mrs. Hatchett, referring ostentatiously to a card she held in her hand, "tells me that he is an old friend of your family. I have told him that as a general rule I do not approve of young persons in my employ receiving visits from gentlemen. However, in this case——" Mrs. Hatchett finished her speech by a dignified inclination of the head, and walked slowly out of the room. The good lady was, in fact, considerably impressed by Mabel's receiving a visit from a member of the rich Charlewood family.

Mabel sat down by the round centre table covered with tawdry books, and Clement remained standing opposite to her. For a minute or two, neither spoke. At length Mabel said: "Have you been to Hazlehurst lately, Mr. Charlewood? Have you seen mamma and Julian?"

"No. Had I gone to Hazlehurst, I could not have refrained from speaking of—of you; and until I had seen you again, I resolved to keep my secret in my own heart."

There was silence again for a space.

"I have come for my answer, Mabel. But before you give it to me, let me repeat my solemn promise to be your friend through all chances and changes. It may be that I shall never have the power to serve you, but at least believe that I shall ever have the will."

She raised her head and thanked him by a look.

"Tell me, Mabel, that you have thought of the words I said to you that night."

"I have thought of them; and I wish to answer them kindly and—gratefully. I know I ought to be grateful for such words, so spoken. But I cannot answer them as you would have me."

"There is no question of gratitude, Mabel. Why should you be grateful to me? I could not help loving you."

"Mr. Charlewood, I am very sorry."

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel!" cried the young man, passionately, "you cannot know how it cuts me to the heart to hear you say so! Mabel, dear Mabel, I know that in many ways I am not worthy of you, but I believe that I could make you happy, if you could bring yourself to love and trust me. I spoke too suddenly the other night, but I was hurried away by the thought of losing you, and by the prospect of your going away to embrace the career you contemplate. I knew for the first time how dear you were to me, by the pang of my heart when your mother told me of your project. Let me save you from it, Mabel, my beloved!"

He had taken her hand, which she had suffered to lie unresistingly in his; but at his last words she withdrew it, and looked up at him.

"Save me, Mr. Charlewood? I do not understand you."

"Forgive me, Mabel, if I offend you; but this is too serious a matter for polite commonplaces that mean nothing. God knows I am actuated by no selfish motive; if I knew I never were to see your dear face again, I would still urge you to abandon this scheme."

"And I would still reply that on this matter your mind and mine are as far asunder as the poles. We cannot see it in the same light, Mr. Charlewood. How should you, who have been born and educated in the midst of Hammerham millionaires, be able to conceive the true life of an artist? Pardon me; but you have rightly said this is not a matter for polite commonplaces."

Clement had fallen back a pace or two, and stood regarding her with a look of pained surprise.

"Mabel, you are angry, and your anger makes you a little unjust, I think."

"I am not doing injustice to your motive," she answered, quietly. "I know you speak the truth exactly as you see it, and in all singleness of mind; but do you not perceive how impossible it would be for us ever to agree on this matter?"

"Be my wife, Mabel, and the question will be set at rest for ever."

"That question; yes, perhaps," she answered, with a vivid blush; "but there would be a thousand other questions on which we should be at issue. And then your family——"

"My family?"

"Yes; do you think they would be willing to receive a penniless teacher out of Mrs. Hatchett's school, and welcome her as your bride?"

Clement's face brightened suddenly.

"Is it possible that you have been allowing such a thought to weigh with you? My child, you would not surely sacrifice my happiness, and perhaps your own, to a foolish pride? You *are* proud, Mabel; very proud. I did not know it till to-day; but if the thought of what my family might say is troubling you——"

"It is not at all troubling me."

"Well—if it is present to your mind—dismiss it. My people love you very much, Mabel; but even though it were otherwise, I say, not only that I do not think you ought to heed their disapproval, but that I am very sure you ought not to do so. If that is the only obstacle——"

"No, Mr. Charlewood, that is not the only obstacle. I—do not love you."

"Mabel!"

"Hear me out. I have thought of the words you said to me very deeply. I have tried to find the truth of my own heart. It was due to you that I should so try. I have told myself that if I loved you—loved you with such love as a girl should bear towards her future husband—surely I should be willing and happy to give up all other plans and projects for your sake. You would be the dearest thing on earth to me. Well! That is not so. I love my mother and my brother better. I love my own people who were good to us when we were helpless and desolate, better. I love my plans and dreams,

the path that I can cleave for myself, the chances of it, the hopes of it, the risks of it, if you will—I love all these with independence and freedom, better than I love you. You, who are true and good, will not tell me that I ought, so feeling, to accept your love.”

She had spoken rapidly in her excitement, and now paused almost breathless, with her flushed face raised to his, and her clear child-like eyes bright with latent tears.

He looked at her for a moment, and then, turning away, dropped his face upon his hands, and leaned against the mantelpiece. When he raised his head after a while, he was deadly pale, and his face wore a look of suffering that touched Mabel's heart.

“I am trying to do right,” she said, in a softer voice. I am grieved, sorely grieved, if I give you pain.”

“If you give me pain! No matter, Mabel; no matter for my pain; but can nothing turn you from this accursed project? Good God! it drives me almost mad to think of your leaving home, friends, everything, to cast in your lot with a set of strolling players.”

The change in her countenance, as he said the words, was as though a mask of stone had been placed over it.

“I think you forget, Mr. Charlewood, that you are speaking of my father's nearest and dearest relatives. It is useless to prolong this interview. We only drift further and further asunder. Good-bye, Mr. Charlewood. Forgive me, if you can, for the sorrow I have innocently caused you. You will forget it—and me.”

She held out her hand, but he did not take it.

“Are you so obdurate? Must we part so, Mabel?”

“It is better. Some day—years hence, perhaps—we may meet as friends. I shall always be grateful for your goodness to us. Good-bye. God bless you!”

She still held out her hand, but he did not seem to see or heed it. In another moment the door was gently closed, and she was gone.

PEARLS OF PRICE.

THE happy purchaser of Prince Esterhazy's pantaloons is a man to be envied. He may sit upon pearls, lie upon pearls, kneel upon pearls; or, if he elect to strip the pearls from the velvet garment, he can stock the market with them. The outer world seems to believe that the Esterhazy jewels were mostly diamonds. The brilliants were certainly glittering enough to produce quite a Blaze of Triumph. There was the diamond-studded cartouche-box, which brought about a thousand guineas at the recent sale; there was the diamond in the head of the walking-stick, seventeen hundred guineas; and the diamond-headed order of the Golden Fleece, four thousand guineas; and the chain with the lion's head diamond, ten thousand guineas; and the dia-

mond-hilted, scabbarded, and belted sword, seven thousand guineas; and the gorgeous diamond aigrette or plume, eight thousand guineas. But the garments which formed a background to these glittering brilliants, were braided and brodered with pearls, not with diamonds. The hussar jacket, the tunic, the vest, the pantaloons, were nearly white with these precious bits; and the twenty-two hundred guineas given for them were but little concerned with the velvet on which the pearls were sewn.

A glut of pearls in the market, owing to this grand distribution, is, we hear, to be increased by a real pearl nursery—an application of the new art of pisciculture to the pearl oyster—a method of coaxing the fish to produce pearls just in the place where men can most easily dredge or dive for them. Mr. Markham has within a few weeks given an account of certain proceedings in the East, tending to apply to the pearl oyster the same kind of discipline which Mr. Frank Buckland and other experimenters have applied to the edible oyster and the salmon.

As Mr. Markham's personal familiarity with the subject comes down to so late a date as last summer, it possesses a value beyond that of mere cyclopædic knowledge. The district which he notices is that of Tinnivelly, nearly at the extreme southern point of India, where the Gulf of Manaar separates the coast of the Carnatic from Ceylon. It is believed to have been the seat of a valuable pearl fishery from very remote times, and is known to have been a source of revenue to the Portuguese, Dutch, and English authorities, who successively ruled that part of India, employing four or five hundred boats, and fifty or sixty thousand persons, at a certain period every year. But the banks were fished too often. Pearl oysters, like other fish, become scarce if the fishery is pursued too recklessly; and this had gone to such a length that twenty-six years passed without the appearance (as tested by examination) of a sufficient number of them to make a fishery worth while at Tinnivelly. By degrees, however, the banks became again peopled with these much-valued fish. The Madras government ordered them to be carefully protected, and seven years ago the fishing recommenced.

The fishing for pearls is a strange employment, carried on by divers who can remain under water during a time that would stifle other men. The pearl-fishers belong to the caste of Parawas, and have been Roman Catholics ever since the early Jesuits converted them. They age rapidly, drink hard, but their general character is good, and they are capital boatmen as well as divers. Travellers credit them with a power of remaining under water for four, six, or eight minutes; but Mr. Markham states that the longest time for the Tinnivelly men is one minute eight seconds. The headman of the caste, an hereditary office, is called the Jati Talavcn. Quite early in the year, a fleet of boats starts off, at such an hour as to reach the banks, cast anchor, and begin operation at

daybreak. Each boat has about ten rowers and as many divers, with a steersman. There is a stage at each side of the boat; from this stage the divers descend into the water, five working while the other five are resting. The natives, by constant practice from childhood, have acquired the habit of using the toes as nimbly as we do our thumbs and fingers; and the pearl-diver avails himself of this power. He grasps with the toes of the right foot a rope from which a stone of twenty pounds weight or so is suspended, and with those of the left a net bag, having the mouth kept open by a hoop; with his right hand he grasps a second rope, and with his left he holds his nostrils. Some of them oil their bodies, and some stuff their ears and nostrils with cotton. Down they go, the heavy stone facilitating the descent, and the rope in the right hand maintaining their communication with the boat. Sometimes the diver hangs the net round his neck; but, at any rate, he uses his hands so nimbly as to pick up as many oysters as he can before his breath fails him, and this may amount to a hundred if the haul is a good one. He then gives a signal by means of his rope, and the boatmen draw him up. Thus in gangs of five they do their work, each gang being succeeded by another which have had their short period of rest; and all the divers make many plunges in the course of a day. The actual number of working hours is small; but the work is very trying, and cannot be unduly continued with impunity. The divers greatly dread the ground-shark, a terrible visitor in those seas; and, in the Persian Gulf fisheries, there is the sword-fish to add to the grim contingencies. The men pray, before the fleet of boats leaves the shore, that they may be protected from these enemies; fortified, too, in some districts by the exorcisms of shark-charmers, who manage to dovetail their paganism with their Christianity in a curious way.

What it is that these men bring up from the sea bottom is not exactly an oyster; it is rather like a large mussel, which has the power of forming a byssus or short cable of fibres with which to anchor itself to a rock; and, as each bank consists of rocky ground rising in patches from a sandy bottom (with perhaps thirty or forty feet of water over them), there is plenty of anchoring-ground for the fish.

After all, what *is* a pearl? Everybody knows that it is found within the shell, but everybody disputes as to the how and the why of its formation. When the boats—perhaps a hundred or more in a fleet, and each bringing (having its burthen of eight to fifteen tons) with it as many oysters as the richness of the catch will allow—have come to land, the oysters are thrown into pits, where they are allowed so far to putrify as to open easily, and reveal the treasure within. But there may be no such treasure. The oyster makes its pearl at its own good time, and there is no external sign to denote what the shell may contain. Whether the pearl be a disease; or a

foreign substance which the oyster wishes to hide by a varnish of that beautiful something that we call mother-of-pearl; or whether it be a congealed drop of dew swallowed by the oyster (as suggested by Pliny); or an ovum of exaggerated growth; or a collection of siliceous particles from the food eaten by the oyster; or an annoying parasite which the fish smother with the nacreous or mother-of-pearl substance, are questions still waiting for solution. The pretty term, mother-of-pearl, bears significant testimony to the prevalent belief that the substance of the pearl is the same in kind as the lustrous, iridescent lining of the shell—a lining which renders the pearl-shell valuable in the market, whether it encloses a pearl or not.

The pearl-fishery is quite a lottery—an uncertainty from beginning to end; and an intense speculative interest therefore surrounds it. The oysters are really bought before the shells are opened, and before it is known whether they contain any pearls or not. If there be any, the pearl may be worth a few shillings or hundreds of pounds. Mr. Markham states that, when a fishing is about to take place, one thousand oysters are fished up, opened, and put into a canoe; they are regarded as a sample of the whole fishery, likely, so far as can be guessed, to present a fair average quality. The pearls found in them are submitted to the inspection of the most experienced pearl-merchants, who classify them, according to a certain system, into no less than ten kinds: *anie*, pearls of perfect sphericity and lustre; *anathorie*, failing slightly in one or other of these two qualities; *masengoe*, failing slightly in both; *kalippo*, failing still more; *karonel*, double pearls; *pasal*, misshapen pearls; *oodwoe*, beauty (this seems rather indefinite); *mandangoe*, bent or folded pearls; *kural*, very small and misshapen; and *thool*, seed-pearls. The number of pearls of each of these classes found in the sample is announced by the experts, and this establishes the price of the shells at the outset; but the price fluctuates afterwards, according to the frequency of the prizes or rich hauls. In the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one, the price began at seventy to eighty rupees per thousand shells; but, as the result did not bear out the anticipations of the first purchasers, the price gradually lowered to forty, twenty, and even as low as seventeen rupees. The sales were held on the beach, about two miles north of the town of Tuticorin, at a place called the Silawatooree, a Tamil name for a fish-market. The shells were sold on large platforms, called kottoos; there were a few bungalows and hundreds of huts around, which were the scene of lively and exciting bargainings. In the preceding year, when the Tinnevely fishery revived after thirty years' stagnation, the price began at fifteen rupees per thousand shells, and went up to forty rupees. The number fished up and sold during that season was nearly sixteen millions; and the Madras government netted twenty thousand

pounds by them, after paying all expenses. After two good years, there were four successive years when the oysters almost deserted the banks; but there was a reappearance of them last year, and the government want to see whether the now-favourite art of pisciculture will come to their aid.

It would, indeed, be a novelty if we could rear pearls—manufacture them, so to speak, by coaxing the oysters which produce them. Captain Phipps, the present master-attendant and superintendent at Tinnevely, has a small iron steamer, the Godavery, a small teak-built schooner, the Emily, and a still smaller cutter, the Pearl, at his disposal; with these he subjects the oyster-banks to a daily examination, fishing them, or guarding them from other fishers. Sometimes free trade in pearl-fishing has been advocated; but this would lead to an exhaustion of the banks by reckless fishing. The harvest of chinchona bark in South America, and that of teak timber in the Malabar forests, are known to have been injured by a greedy eagerness to bring as much as possible to market as quickly as possible—to “kill the goose that lays the golden egg.” Captain Phipps is trying to guard the pearl-banks at Tinnevely from a similar calamity. He wishes to lay down a nursery of young pearl oysters, to replenish the banks. He has found a bank only six or seven feet under water, and here are his babies. An oblong space is enclosed; two-year-old pearl oysters are laid down on the bank within it; blocks of coral or of rock receive the spawn; and the young oysters from this spawn are removed to the deep-sea banks in due season. This removal is necessary, because it would be impossible to enclose an artificial space large enough to hold as many grown shells as are required for a remunerative fishery; and because it is believed that the quality of the pearl depends a good deal on the depth and clearness of the sea in which it is found. It is during the period of early growth that the pearl oysters are most exposed to danger on their native banks; and the nursery system will, it is believed, ensure to them a much briefer exposure to such dangers. As a single pearl oyster sometimes produces as many as twelve million eggs, there is abundant encouragement to give a fair trial to the nursery system. The nursery was stocked, last year, with young oysters obtained from various banks; and naturalists are watching the result with some interest. As the pearl oysters reach maturity in six years, the plan is that the fishing is not to take place earlier than this: if the oysters are of different ages on different banks, an annual fishery will be ensured; and there will be measures of conservancy adopted, by frequent examination of the banks, and weeding out of everything that is detrimental to the growth and well-being of the pearl-maker.

Mother-of-pearl lines nearly all the shells even of our own native oysters. There is a relation between the pearl and the mother-of-pearl which naturalists will probably know more about by

and-by than they seem to know now. Regarded commercially, there are many points of interest herein. The mother-of-pearl trade is prodigiously larger than that of pearls proper, in quantity if not in value. Birmingham alone finds employment for two thousand persons in cutting and working this substance. The quantity brought over varies from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds worth annually. Some of the shells are as large as the crown of a hat; and sometimes a workman is lucky enough to find a valuable pearl buried between the nacreous layers of the mother-of-pearl. The price of the best shells is from twelve to fifteen pounds per hundred-weight, and is rising on account of the briskness of the demand; but those which are yellowish in colour and deficient in lustre are purchasable at a much lower rate. It is among the manufacturing traditions of Birmingham that, once upon a time, a particular kind of shell went so utterly out of use as to have no market-price at all; that a dealer buried a considerable quantity because he could not sell them; and that he dug them up some years afterwards when a change of fashion led to a demand, and made his fortune. Sheffield, too, uses an immense quantity of mother-of-pearl, for the handles of penknives and other cutlery.

A kind of mussel found on the coasts of the Highlands yields what are known as Scotch pearls; but these have a dull and leaden appearance. The Chinese have a cunning way of putting little bronze images of Buddha inside a large pearl-mussel shell; the fish covers the images with its nacreous coating; and the Chinese then sell these pearly Buddhas as curiosities. From these inferior qualities upwards, the gradations of value are excessively numerous. The Panama pearls are long and drop-shaped, blackish or brownish in tint; those of India and Persia are finer. Unless a pearl is symmetrically pear-shaped, so as to show all its beauty as a pendent, the more spherical it is, the higher it is valued. The price of pearls varies even more rapidly than that of diamonds. They may be as low as ten guineas per ounce—they may be as high as ten guineas per grain; but if they are fine in shape and quality, and weigh more than a hundred grains each, there is no cut-and-dried rule for estimating their worth. The initiated talk of famous pearls as other connoisseurs do of famous Raffaelles and Titians; of the Marquis of Abercorn's great drop pearl; of the Crown-Princess of Prussia's pearl necklace; of the still finer one possessed by the Empress Eugénie; of the costly specimen presented some years ago to Queen Victoria by the East India Company. When the French Directory ordered the crown jewels to be valued in the early days of the Revolution, one pearl was set down at eight thousand guineas, and two others at six thousand each. Philip the Fourth, of Spain, had a pearl so famous that it had a name for itself—*la Peregrina*. The Imaum of Muscat is credited with the possession of a pearl worth thirty thousand pounds;

the Shah of Persia with one worth sixty thousand. As to Cleopatra's eighty thousand pounds pearl, an ingenious experimenter has calculated that the quantity of vinegar necessary to dissolve a pearl of that size would have infallibly choked the voluptuous empress.

THE LATE MR. STANFIELD.

EVERY Artist, be he writer, painter, musician, or actor, must bear his private sorrows as he best can, and must separate them from the exercise of his public pursuit. But it sometimes happens, in compensation, that his private loss of a dear friend represents a loss on the part of the whole community. Then he may, without obtrusion of his individuality, step forth to lay his little wreath upon that dear friend's grave.

On Saturday, the eighteenth of this present month, CLARKSON STANFIELD died. On the afternoon of that day, England lost the great marine painter of whom she will be boastful ages hence; the National Historian of her speciality, the Sea; the man famous in all countries for his marvellous rendering of the waves that break upon her shores, of her ships and seamen, of her coasts and skies, of her storms and sunshine, of the many marvels of the deep. He who holds the oceans in the hollow of His hand had given, associated with them, wonderful gifts into his keeping; he had used them well through threescore and fourteen years; and, on the afternoon of that spring day, relinquished them for ever.

It is superfluous to record that the painter of "The Battle of Trafalgar," of the "Victory being towed into Gibraltar with the body of Nelson on Board," of "The Morning after the Wreck," of "The Abandoned," of fifty more such works, died in his seventy-fourth year, "Mr." Stanfield.—He was an Englishman.

Those grand pictures will proclaim his powers while paint and canvas last. But the writer of these words had been his friend for thirty years; and when, a short week or two before his death, he laid that once so skilful hand upon the writer's breast and told him they would meet again, "but not here," the thoughts of the latter turned, for the time, so little to his noble genius, and so much to his noble nature!

He was the soul of frankness, generosity, and simplicity. The most genial, the most affectionate, the most loving, and the most lovable of men. Success had never for an instant spoiled him. His interest in the Theatre as an Institution—the best picturesqueness of which may be said to be wholly due to him—was faithful to the last. His belief in a Play, his delight in one, the ease with which it moved him to tears or to laughter, were most remarkable evidences of the heart he must have put into his old theatrical work, and of the thorough purpose and sincerity with which it must have been done. The writer was very intimately associated with him

in some amateur plays; and day after day, and night after night, there were the same unquenchable freshness, enthusiasm, and impressibility in him, though broken in health, even then.

No Artist can ever have stood by his art with a quieter dignity than he always did. Nothing would have induced him to lay it at the feet of any human creature. To fawn, or to toady, or to do undeserved homage to any one, was an absolute impossibility with him. And yet his character was so nicely balanced that he was the last man in the world to be suspected of self-assertion, and his modesty was one of his most special qualities.

He was a charitable, religious, gentle, truly good man. A genuine man, incapable of pretence or of concealment. He had been a sailor once; and all the best characteristics that are popularly attributed to sailors, being his, and being in him refined by the influences of his Art, formed a whole not likely to be often seen. There is no smile that the writer can recall, like his; no manner so naturally confiding and so cheerfully engaging. When the writer saw him for the last time on earth, the smile and the manner shone out once through the weakness, still: the bright unchanging Soul within the altered face and form.

No man was ever held in higher respect by his friends, and yet his intimate friends invariably addressed him and spoke of him by a pet name. It may need, perhaps, the writer's memory and associations to find in this a touching expression of his winning character, his playful smile, and pleasant ways. "You know Mrs. Inchbald's story, Nature and Art?" wrote THOMAS HOOD, once, in a letter: "What a fine Edition of Nature and Art is STANFIELD!"

Gone! And many and many a dear old day gone with him! But their memories remain. And his memory will not soon fade out, for he has set his mark upon the restless waters, and his fame will long be sounded in the roar of the sea.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

EMMET'S INSURRECTION.

IN 1803, the year after the discovery of Colonel Despard's conspiracy in England, Robert Emmet, the son of a Dublin physician, an impulsive young enthusiast, who had been for some years in voluntary exile in France, returned to Ireland with the purpose of initiating a second insurrection. Robert's elder brother, Thomas, a barrister, also an exile, and also eager for Irish independence, had met him at Amsterdam, and filled him with delusive hopes.

"If I get ten counties to rise," the dreamer said to a friend, "ought I to go on?"

"You ought if you get five, and you will succeed," was the answer.

Emmet was a handsome, sanguine, high-spirited, eloquent young man, of fine talents, great energy, and chivalrous courage; but led away by impetuous passions to a belief in a palpable

impossibility. He had entered the Dublin University at sixteen, and had even then been notorious for his wild republicanism. Moore the poet mentions him as his colleague at a juvenile debating-club, and even then in great repute, not only for his learning and eloquence, but for the purity of his life and the grave suavity of his manner. The dangerous subjects propounded by these hot-headed young politicians were such as "whether an aristocracy or democracy is more favourable to the advancement of science and literature;" and "whether a soldier was bound on all occasions to obey his commanding-officer." The object of these stripling conspirators was to praise the French republic, and to denounce England by innuendo or open sedition. The students were fired by recollections of Plutarch's heroes and Plato's Utopia; there were often real wrongs enacting before their eyes; their own fathers and brothers had been slain or hung; and, looking across the water, they could see French sympathisers stretching out their hands with promises of aid. The conclusion of one of Emmet's boyish speeches shows how much of the William Tell there was even then in his heart:

"When a people advancing rapidly in knowledge and power," said the debating club orator, "perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? *Why, pull the government up to the people.*"

Next day Emmet was struck off the college roll, and the plotting publicans and farmers were glad of a gentleman leader.

From a portrait of Emmet in later life, we can picture him in '93 with his tall ascetic figure, his long Napoleonic face, and his thin, soft hair brushed down over his high forehead. In 1802, care and thought had bent his brows into a too habitual frown, had compressed his lips, and turned down the outer angles of his mouth to a painful and malign expression; but still bend the brows or tighten the lips as time might, the face was always the face of a man of singular courage, and of acute though unbalanced genius.

There is a story told of this young politician in early life that proved his secretive power and resolution. He was fond of studying chemistry, and one night late, after the family had gone to bed, he swallowed a large quantity of corrosive sublimate in mistake for some acid cooling powder. He immediately discovered his mistake, and knew that death must shortly ensue unless he instantly swallowed the only antidote—chalk. Timid men would instantly have torn at the bell, roused all the family, and sent for a stomach-pump. Emmet called no one, made no noise; but, stealing down-stairs and unlocking the front door, went into the stable, scraped some chalk which he knew to be there, and took sufficient doses of it to neutralise the poison.

In 1798, when that self-willed and reckless but still generous and single-hearted young officer, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, commenced to conspire against the English government, the two

Emmets conspired with the United Irishmen, and Thomas, the barrister, was seized, with the other Leinster delegates. That seizure added the whole conspiracy as far as Dublin was concerned. Thomas Emmet said before the Secret Committee of Safety that he was sure that Lord Edward would have ceased to arm and discipline the people the moment that their wrongs were redressed, and force had become unnecessary. He denied that the conspirators had any intention of murdering the English judges and noblemen, they wished only to have held them as hostages for the conduct of England. At that same committee, Thomas Emmet told the Lord Chancellor boldly to his face that the '98 insurrection had been produced by the oppressive free quarters granted to the soldiers and yeomanry, the burning of houses, the tortures, and the military executions in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, and Wicklow. There is no doubt that the cruelties of Vinegar Hill and Wexford led to retaliations almost as cruel. The yeomanry, half of them raw lads, flushed with newly acquired power, and savage because their families had either suffered or been in danger, were often brutal and ruthless; innocent persons were shot, and harmless persons were plundered. Juries were too eager to condemn; judges inclined always to death. The chance had come to bleed the rebels, and the lancet was keen and cut deep.

In the prisons, well-born and refined men like Thomas Emmet suffered cruelly. The cells were crowded and unhealthy, the jailers insolent and cruel. There was no discipline, and the thieves' orgie was interrupted only by the tolling of the death-bell. In such a den the brave wife of this sincere but misguided man immured herself for twelve months, refusing to go out unless dragged away by force; only once stealing out at night, and in disguise (by the connivance of the jailer's wife, whose rough nature she had softened by her tears), to visit a sick child, for whom her heart was almost breaking. The sufferings of his brother and his brother's wife no doubt increased Emmet's hatred to the existing government more even than all the sabrings and platoon firing in Wicklow and Wexford. The Union Bill passed in 1801, after Grattan's scornful and passionate invectives; and Lord Castlereagh's triumph and cold arrogance frenzied the United Irishmen, and drove such men as Emmet to believe in open insurrection as their only hope.

Wolf Tone had spoken highly of the talents of the Emmet family. He described Thomas Emmet as a man of a great and comprehensive mind and a warm heart, one who would adhere to his principles through all sacrifices, and even to death. Of another brother Grattan said: "Temple Emmet, before he came to the bar, knew more law than any of the judges on the bench; and he would have answered better both in law and divinity than any judge or bishop of the land." The heart of the young conspirator, fresh from exile, burned as he heard with perfect faith all the exaggerated stories of the recent Protestant cruelties. He

remembered the promises of the French plotters; he did not foresee that Napoleon was too selfish and too busy just then to do much for Ireland; money was scarce, merchants were timid, the peasantry was cowed and scared; the Presbyterians were incensed by the cruelties at Wexford, and the Catholics distrustful of the north. Ardent and impetuous, Emmet had returned, eager to draw the sword, about the same time, and probably in conjunction with, an Irish officer named Russell, who had been released from Fort George after the troubles of '93, on condition of his transporting himself out of his Majesty's dominions, and who had now returned with a secret French commissioner as general-in-chief.

This Russell was a religious enthusiast, a wild interpreter of prophecies. He was to head an insurrection in Down and Antrim contemporaneously with a landing of the French in Scotland and with Emmet's seizure of Dublin Castle.

To other motives for ambition Robert Emmet now (in 1803) added the strongest of any. He fell in love, with all the passion of his vehement nature; he had won the heart of a daughter of that great forensic orator, Curran. Mr. Curran was irresolute in the cause of the United Irishmen, and he did not share in the dreams of the handsome young enthusiast. The prairie was ready to light, but the fire had still to be put. The lives of thousands of rash men were dependent on the momentary caprice of this fugitive, who, led away by enthusiasm, would have seen ten thousand men fall dead by his side, nor have felt a moment's regret, if he could only have planted the green flag and the "Sunburst" on the walls of Dublin Castle, and have filled its cellars with English prisoners. The one idea had grown dominant, and he had now braced himself to make the Curtius' leap. On his first return he had taken the name of Hewitt, and hidden himself in the house of a Mrs. Palmer, at Harold's Cross. There he corresponded with the leading conspirators, and sketched out his rough plans. On the 24th of March, 1803, he went with a Mr. Dowdall, who had been formerly secretary to the Whig Club, and contracted for a house at a place called Butterfield-lane, near Rathfarnham. But their mysterious and stealthy movements soon exciting suspicion, and the spot not being central enough, they soon left there. About the end of April, when Ireland's meadows began "the wearing of the green" more luxuriantly and rebelliously than ever, Emmet's friends took for their young leader a roomy malt-house in Marshal's-alley, Thomas-street, which had been long unoccupied. It was a retired place, the space was ample, above all, it was central and near the heart of the city, at which the first desperate blow was to be struck. There he lodged, while men were forging pike-heads, moulding cartridges, running bullets, stitching green and scarlet-faced uniforms, hemming green flags, and filling rocket-cases—taking only a few hurried hours of sleep on a mattress, when, exhausted in mind and body, he sank back amid the clang of the ham-

mers and the clatter and exultation of twenty hard-working associates. In one dépôt alone this indefatigable conspirator had accumulated forty-five pounds of cannon-powder, eleven boxes of fine powder, one hundred bottles quilted with musket-balls and bound with canvas, two hundred and forty-six ink-bottles filled with powder and encircled with buck-shot, to be used as hand-grenades, sixty-two thousand rounds of ball-cartridge, three bushels of musket-balls, heaps of tow mixed with tar and gunpowder for burning houses, twenty thousand pikes, bundles of sky-rockets for signals, and many hollow beams filled with combustibles. The arms were stored in various dépôts through the city, but chiefly in Mass-lane and Marshal's-alley. The White Bull Inn, in Thomas-street, was a haunt of the conspirators, and there tailors and other workmen were made drunk, decoyed to the dépôt, and forced to lend their aid. Spies and suspected persons found lurking near the dépôts were lured in and detained. The volcano would soon burst out, the hidden fires were already foaming upwards towards the surface.

When already the police agents were beginning to have glimpses of danger, and to patrol the bridges and quays of Dublin armed, an accident had almost betrayed Emmet's plans. An explosion took place at one of the dépôts in Patrick-street during the manufacture of some gunpowder. Those who know the recklessness of the lower orders of Irish, especially under excitement, may easily guess the cause of the accident. Some of the workmen, in the absence of their foreman, would smoke over a barrel of gunpowder, or some of the rebel smiths would hammer at the red-hot pike-heads, and drive the sparks to where their comrades were filling rocket-cases. The half-drunken rebels were suddenly astonished by a burst of flame and a roar of momentary thunder. One man, in dashing up to a window to escape suffocation, gashed open an artery in his arm, fell back, and bled to death. A companion was taken prisoner by the police, who instantly rushed in. Luckily, however, for Emmet, Major Sirr and the Dublin police, over-secure, were pacified by lies and misrepresentations, and the government took no alarm. The levees at the Castle went on as usual, though there were still rumours of a "rising" that made the Lord-Lieutenant order the patrols of certain stations to be doubled.

In the mean time, Robert Emmet was racked with fears and anxieties, and with sorrow for the recent loss of life (strange contradiction in a man who was about to send thousands to death). He dreaded detection just as the great enterprise was about to bear fruit. He moved now for the third time, hiding in the dépôt at Mass-lane. There, with feverish restlessness, he spent all day, urging on the blacksmiths and bullet-makers, and at night slept for an hour at a time, when exhausted, between the forge and the rocket-makers' table.

There were not yet more than eighty or a hundred conspirators actively engaged with Emmet, Dowdall, and Quigley, but these men

firmly believed all Dublin—nay, all Ireland—would rise when once they emerged from the dépôt, and their young Hannibal had shouted in the streets the first “Erin go bragh!” There was too much of Hamlet about Emmet for such an enterprise as this; he had not the experience of men, or the power of command, requisite to conduct such a revolt. He was too sanguine, too credulous, too mild and tender-hearted, too trustful, too easily deceived by promises and pretences. He did not know how the nation had suffered in ’98, and how humbled it was since the defeats of that year. He was not one of those Cæsar-like beings who overrule other men’s wills, and magnetise all with whom they come into contact. Some of his associates, fearing discovery, proposed at once flying to arms; others thought action still premature. Seven days were spent in these debates; at last it was agreed to surprise the arsenals near the city, and take the Castle by a coup de main. As in ’98, the mail-coaches were also to be stopped on the same day, as a signal for the country to rise.

Imagine the feelings of this man, to-day a fugitive skulking from Major Sirr and his armed agents, to-morrow, as he thought to be, the patriot chief who was to restore liberty to Ireland! To-morrow the lover of Sarah Curran would clasp his beloved to his breast, and be greeted by her father as a conqueror and a victor. To-morrow England, France, Europe, the world, would know his name—the good and free to bless, the weak and wicked to curse and execrate it. In such a fever of conflicting passions, Emmet drew up an impetuous manifesto from “The Provisional Government to the People of Ireland.” It concluded thus:

“Countrymen of all descriptions! let us act with union and concert; all sects—Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian—are equally and indiscriminately embraced in the benevolence of our object; repress, prevent, and discourage excesses, pillage, and intoxication; let each man do his duty, and remember that, during public agitation, inaction becomes a crime: be no other competition known than that of doing good; remember against whom you fight—your oppressors for six hundred years; remember their massacres, their tortures; remember your murdered friends, your burned houses, your violated females; keep in mind your country, to whom we are now giving her high rank among nations; and in the honest terror of feeling, let us all exclaim, that as, in the hour of her trial, we serve this country, so may God serve us in that which will be last of all!”

Towards dusk on the 23rd of July Emmet prepared for action. He put on a general’s uniform, green, laced with gold on the sleeves and skirts, and with gold epaulettes, white waistcoat and pantaloons, new boots, a cocked-hat with a white feather, a sash, a sword, and a case of pistols. About fifty men had assembled outside the dépôt; to these men Emmet distributed pikes and ammunition. In a moment, as if by enchantment, all the streets and alleys leading to

Mass-lane and Thomas-street swarm with ruffians clamouring for arms, filling cartouch-boxes, pouches, bags, and pockets, loading muskets, shaking links and torches, and waving swords and green flags. Already the narrow street near the rebel dépôt is one close-wedged bristling mass of pikes, and into the dusky summer night air spring every now and then signal-rockets, that burst into showers of starry fire. The men are flushed with whisky, and make the dingy houses ring with their shouts and shrieks of delight as Emmet, dark and determined-looking like the young Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi, slashes the air with his sword and waves his white-plumed hat. In Dirty-lane the insurgents, already numbering five hundred or more, fire off their blunderbusses and pistols, heedless of alarming the garrison they were intent on surprising.

One of Emmet’s own coadjutors describes this moment very vividly:

“About six o’clock, Emmet, Malachy, one or two others, and myself, put on our green uniform, trimmed with gold lace, and selected our arms. The insurgents, who had all day been well plied with whisky, began to prepare for commencing an attack upon the Castle; and when all was ready, Emmet made an animated address to the conspirators. At eight o’clock precisely we sallied out of the dépôt, and when we arrived in Thomas-street the insurgents gave three deafening cheers.

“The consternation excited by our presence defies description. Every avenue emptied its curious hundreds, and almost every window exhibited half a dozen inquisitive heads, while peaceable shopkeepers ran to their doors, and beheld with amazement a lawless band of armed insurgents, in the midst of a peaceable city, an hour at least before dark. The scene at first might have appeared amusing to a careless spectator, from the singular and dubious character which the riot wore; but when the rocket ascended and burst over the heads of the people, the aspect of things underwent an immediate and wonderful change. The impulse of the moment was self-preservation; and those who, a few minutes before, seemed to look on with vacant wonder, now assumed a face of horror, and fled with precipitation. The wish to escape was simultaneous; and the eagerness with which the people retreated from before us impeded their flight, as they crowded upon one another in the entrance of alleys, court-ways, and lanes, while the screams of women and children were frightful and heart-rending.

“‘To the Castle!’ cried our enthusiastic leader, drawing his sword, and his followers appeared to obey; but when we reached the market-house, our adherents had wonderfully diminished, there not being more than twenty insurgents with us.

“‘Fire the rocket!’ cried Malachy.

“‘Hold awhile,’ said Emmet, snatching the match from the man’s hand who was about applying it. ‘Let no lives be unnecessarily lost. Run back and see what detains the men.’

“Malachy obeyed; and we remained near

the market-house, waiting their arrival, until the soldiers approached."

The night was dark; the excitement along the quays, in the swarming "Liberty," and below the Castle, was tremendous. There is no excitement so wild as Irish excitement. Bands of pikemen were marching to various points of the city, and others were rushing, open-mouthed, to the depôts for arms and powder. Already drums were beating at the Castle and in the various barrack-yards, and patches of scarlet were moving towards the spot where rockets were sprung and guns discharged.

That night Lord Kilwarden, chief justice of the King's Bench, an amiable and just old lawyer, who had never lent himself to such ruthless severities as Lord Norbury and other partisans, had smilingly dressed at his country-house, and, trim, powdered, and in full evening dress, handed his daughter, Miss Wolfe, into his carriage, and with his nephew, a clergyman, driven cheerful and chatty to a party at the Castle. All the stories of this good and worthy man redound to his credit. In 1795, when he was attorney-general, a number of striplings and boys were indicted for high treason. The poor lads appeared in court wearing those open collars and frilled tuckers made familiar to us by Gainsborough's pictures. As Kilwarden entered the court, the Jeffreys of that day called out brutally:

"Well, Mr. Attorney, I suppose you are ready to go on with the trials of these tuckered traitors?"

Generously indignant and disgusted at hearing such language from the representative of divine justice, Kilwarden replied:

"No, my lord, I am not ready."

Then, stooping down to the prisoners' counsel, he whispered:

"If I have any power to save the lives of these boys, whose extreme youth I did not before know, that man shall never have the gratification of passing sentence upon a single one of these tuckered traitors."

The large-hearted man was as good as his word. He procured pardons for all the prisoners on condition of their voluntarily expatriating themselves. One lad alone obstinately refused to accept pardon on such a condition, and was tried, convicted, and executed.

The relatives of that unhappy boy persisted in considering their kinsman as an especial selected victim, and swore vengeance against the good old judge. On this unfortunate summer night the carriage got embedded in the mob; the pikemen soon closed round it; pistols and blunderbusses were held to the head of the powdered coachman, sunk deeper than usual into his seat with fear, and at the heads of the footmen clustering behind. There was a murderous cry, and a pikeman named Shannon tore open the door of the carriage. It was Shannon, a relation of the boy who would be hanged.

"It is I, Kilwarden, chief justice of the King's Bench!" the old nobleman blandly cries, as he tried to calm the fears of his frightened daughter.

"Then you're the man I want," roars Shannon, and digs his pike into the old lord's chest. Before it is withdrawn, half a dozen other weapons meet in the old man's body, and he is trampled underfoot. His daughter, alone and unattended, breaks through the pitying crowd, and is the first to enter the Castle, and sobbingly relate the horrors of that cruel night. Kilwarden's nephew was pursued and piked.

Many other murders, equally useless, equally unjust, are perpetrated that night. The savage, half-drunken pikemen, without commander—for Emmet had no power over them, and they were now split up into parties by the soldiers—murdered every suspicious and obnoxious person they met. A police-officer and John Hanlan, the Tower-keeper, were two of the victims. Colonel Brown, a man respected by all Dublin, was also brutally assassinated as, misled by the darkness, he was trying to join his regiment. Ignorant of the precise movement of the rebels, he got entangled in their chief masses, was struck down by a shot from a blunderbuss, and instantly chopped to pieces. All enemies and neutrals, of whatever rank, who were not murdered, had pikes thrust in their hands, and were compelled to follow the cruel madmen to face the English soldiers.

Emmet, an hour ago confident of success, now felt his utter powerlessness to tame the horrible Frankenstein which he had invoked. His men were scattered; an attack on the Castle was impossible. The people could not be rallied to it. They were only intent on murder in the streets, and were beset by police and soldiers wherever they collected. A few brave fellows, staunch as bulldogs, had flown at them, and were holding grimly on till the huntsmen could arrive. Mr. Edward Wilson, a police magistrate, with only eleven constables, had the courage to push on to Thomas-street, where three hundred pikemen instantly surrounded his small detachment. Undismayed, Mr. Wilson called to the rabble to lay down their arms, or he would fire. The rebels wavered, and muttered together; but one villain, savage at the threat, advanced, and stabbed the magistrate with a pike. Mr. Wilson instantly shot him dead, and his men fired a volley. The undisciplined Celts are always the same—furious in the onset, without fear and without thought; in the retreat impatient, fickle, and headlong. The rebels fell back confused over their dead, and opened right and left to let their men with fire-arms advance to the attack. Mr. Wilson then thought it time to retreat slowly towards the Coombe.

Lieutenant Brady was soon after equally venturous with forty men of his regiment, the 21st Fusiliers. He subdivided his small force, and placed them in positions useful for keeping up a cross-fire. The soldiers were tormented by bottles and stones from every window, and by random sharpshooters from the alleys, yards, and entries, but they kept up a rolling and incessant fire till the pikemen at last broke, shouted, and fled. Lieutenant Coltman, of the 9th Foot, with only four soldiers and twenty-four yeomanry from the

barrack division in coloured clothes, also helped to clear the streets, and apprehend armed men or rebels seen firing. And now horses could be heard, sabres came waving down the street, bayonets moved fast and close, drums beat louder, and then the rebels were charged fiercely, and shot down wherever they resisted. Then they fled to the suburbs and to the mountains. Before twelve the insurrection was quelled.

Poor Emmet! so passed his dream away. The great bright bubble of his life's hope had melted into drops of human blood. He and about fourteen other armed men fled to the Wicklow mountains, and skulked about from farm-house to farm-house, from glen to crag, from valley to village. As the pursuit grew hotter, and the troops began to come winding round the Scalp, and scattering along the blue rocky mountain-roads, the fugitives separated, each to look after himself. Emmet could, it was said, have escaped in a friendly fishing-boat to France, but a wild impulse of love and reckless despair seized him. He turned back from the sea, and set his face towards Dublin, once more to clasp Sarah Curran in his arms, and bid her farewell for ever. He regained the disturbed city safely, and took up his quarters again in his old place of refuge at Harold's Cross, in the house of a clerk named Palmer. He was known there as Mr. Hewitt. He had planned a mode of escape, if any attempt at arrest should be made, by escaping from a parlour window into an out-house, and from thence getting into the fields. But an indefatigable pursuer was soon on Emmet's track. On the evening of the 25th of August, Major Sirr rode up to the house accompanied by a man on foot. Mrs. Palmer's daughter opened the door. Sirr instantly darted into the back parlour. There sat a tall young man, in a brown coat, white waistcoat, white pantaloons, and Hessian boots, at dinner with his landlady. Sirr instantly gave him into the custody of his man, and took the landlady in the next room to ask the stranger's name, as it was not in the list of inhabitants wafered on the door of the house according to law. While Sirr was absent, Emmet tried to escape, and the officer struck him down with the butt-end of his pistol. Sirr then went to the canal-bridge for a guard, placed sentries round the house, while he searched it, and planted a sentry over the prisoner. Emmet again escaping while Sirr was taking down the landlady's evidence, Sirr ran after him, and shouted to the sentinel to fire. The musket did not go off. Sirr then overtook the prisoner, who surrendered quietly, and on being apologised to for his rough treatment, said, "All is fair in war." At the Castle, Emmet at once acknowledged his name.

On the 31st of August, Emmet was tried and pleaded not guilty, but made no defence. Curran had sternly refused to defend his daughter's unhappy lover.

Mr. Plunket, who prosecuted for the Crown, said, in the opening of his speech,

"God and nature have made England and Ireland essential to each other; let them cling to each other to the end of time, and their united

affection and loyalty will be proof against the machinations of the world.

"And how was this revolution to be effected? The proclamation conveys an insinuation that it was to be effected by their own force, entirely independent of foreign assistance. Why? Because it was well known that there remained in this country few so depraved, so lost to the welfare of their native land, that would not shudder at forming an alliance with France, and therefore the people of Ireland are told, 'The effort is to be entirely your own, independent of foreign aid.' But how does this tally with the time when the scheme was first hatched—the very period of the commencement of the war with France? How does this tally with the fact of consulting in the *dépot* about co-operating with the French, which has been proved in evidence?"

"So much, gentlemen, for the nature of this conspiracy, and the pretexts upon which it rests. Suffer me for a moment to call your attention to one or two of the edicts published by the conspirators. They have denounced, that if a single Irish soldier—or, in more faithful description, Irish rebel—shall lose his life after the battle is over, quarter is neither to be given or taken. Observe the equality of the reasoning of these promulgators of liberty and equality. The distinction is this: English troops are permitted to arm in defence of the government and the constitution of the country, and to maintain their allegiance; but if an Irish soldier, yeoman, or other loyal person, who shall not, within the space of fourteen days from the date and issuing forth of their sovereign proclamation, appear in arms with them—if he presumes to obey the dictates of his conscience, his duty, and his interest, if he has the hardihood to be loyal to his sovereign and his country—he is proclaimed a traitor, his life is forfeited, and his property is confiscated. A sacred palladium is thrown over the rebel cause—while, in the same breath, undistinguishing vengeance is denounced against those who stand up in defence of the existing and ancient laws of the country. For God's sake, to whom are we called upon to deliver up, with only fourteen days to consider of it, all the advantages we enjoy? Who are they who claim the obedience? The prisoner is the principal. I do not wish to say anything harsh of him; a young man of considerable talents, if used with precaution, and of respectable rank in society, if content to conform himself to its laws. But when he assumes the manner and the tone of a legislator, and calls upon all ranks of people, the instant the provisional government proclaim in the abstract a new government, without specifying what the new laws are to be, or how the people are to be conducted and managed, but that the moment it is announced the whole constituted authority is to yield to him—it becomes an extravagance bordering upon frenzy; this is going beyond the example of all former times. If a rightful sovereign were restored, he would forbear to inflict punishment upon those who submitted to the

king de facto; but here there is no such forbearance—we who have lived under a king, not only de facto, but de jure in possession of the throne, are called upon to submit ourselves to the prisoner, to Dowdall, the vagrant politician, to the bricklayer, to the baker, the old-clothes-man, the hodman, and the ostler. These are the persons to whom this proclamation, in its majesty and dignity, calls upon a great people to yield obedience, and a powerful government to give ‘a prompt, manly, and sagacious acquiescence to their just and unalterable determination!’ ‘We call upon the British government not to be so mad as to oppose us.’

“Gentlemen, I am anxious to suppose that the mind of the prisoner recoiled at the scenes of murder which he witnessed, and I mention one circumstance with satisfaction—it appears he saved the life of Farrell; and may the recollection of that one good action cheer him in his last moments. But though he may not have planned individual murders, that is no excuse to justify his embarking in treason, which must be followed by every species of crimes. It is supported by the rabble of the country, while the rank, the wealth, and the power of the country is opposed to it. Let loose the rabble of the country from the salutary restraints of the law, and who can take upon him to limit their barbarities? Who can say he will disturb the peace of the world, and rule it when wildest? Let loose the winds of heaven, and what power less than omnipotent can control them?”

Emmet bowed to the court with perfect calmness, and addressed it with fervid and impetuous eloquence. He said:

“My lords,—What have I to say that sentence of death should not be passed on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy—I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted.

“Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law, which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labour, in

its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the forces of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives; that mine may not perish—that it may live in the memory of my countrymen—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more than the government standard—a government steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.”

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, observing, that mean and wicked enthusiasts, who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.]

He then avowed his belief that there was still union and strength enough left in Ireland to one day accomplish her emancipation. He sternly rebuked Lord Norbury for his cruel and unjust efforts to silence him, and repudiated his calumnies. He denied that he had sought aid from the French except as from auxiliaries and allies, not as from invaders or enemies.

“I have been charged,” he said, “with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my countrymen as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, ‘the life and blood of the conspiracy.’ You do me honour over-much—you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own computation of yourself, my lord; before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced to be called your friend, and who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

[Again the judge interrupted him.]

“What, my lord! shall you tell me on the passage to that scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor; shall you tell me this, and shall I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

“I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent

Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality? By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

[Here the judge interfered.]

"If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life—O ever dear and venerable shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life.

"My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors that surround your victim, it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudices or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done!"

The judge was remorseless and the government was stern. Emmet suffered the penalty for high treason in Thomas-street, the very day after the trial. He ascended the scaffold with a calm resignation and an unswerving courage. He avowed himself a sceptic. To Dr. Dobbin, who importuned him as they rode together in a hackney-coach to the place of execution, he said:

"Sir, I appreciate your motives, and thank you for your kindness, but you merely disturb the last moments of a dying man unnecessarily. I am an infidel from conviction, and no reasoning can shake my unbelief."

Curran, when he defended Owen Kirwan, the tailor of Plunket-street, derided the rebellion of Emmet as a mere riot, but there can be no doubt that if the first hundred pikemen had made a rush at the Castle they might have seized that stronghold, and drawn on themselves a later but an equally certain destruction, after much bloodshed and murder. The Fenians now talk of Emmet as "rash and soft," but Englishmen can only pity a young and enthusiastic genius, whose dirge Moore sung with such pathos:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,

and lament that such a gallant spirit should have squandered itself on such mischievous chimeras.

WILL THE PUBLIC STRIKE?

ONE can hardly take up a newspaper in these days, without reading that the members of some trade, or the followers of some particular branch of industry, have set up a strike. A strike, though doubtless at times necessary, is always inconvenient; inconvenient to the public, inconvenient to the employers, who are losing money during every hour of its continuance—losing by non-execution of orders, by rent and taxes, by machinery getting out of order, and the like; inconvenient to the wives of the strikers, who, with a reduced weekly income, have to provide for family wants, and for those juvenile appetites which never strike; inconvenient in respect of the aggravation—for such it is, even to wives not destitute of conjugal affection—of having the goodman about the house all day, "hanging about." That the strikers themselves are sufferers must be admitted, though in a minor degree compared with the persons against whom the strikers combine. These last are often so grievously put to it that they will concede much to bring the infliction to an end, and will sometimes even give in before the mere threat of a strike.

Seeing how great is the efficacy of some strikes, and what prodigious results are brought about by such organisations, I am induced, with a sense of the wrongs which are being inflicted on a large section of my fellow-creatures strong upon me, to propose a strike to the Public. If I am able to prove that we, the component members of that noun of multitude, are, in relation to a certain matter, injured and hopeless of redress, perhaps I may induce the Public to turn out.

I assert that we are injured in a degree which justifies the adoption of an extreme course, by all those persons, be they members of companies, agencies, or whatever else, who profess to provide omnibus accommodation—that I should call it accommodation!—for the inhabitants of London. To find a London omnibus an "accommodation," a man must have been brought very low. Chill penury must have "repressed his noble rage" till there has come to be less spirit left in him than in the proverbial worm. The frequenter of omnibuses is trodden upon, but does not turn.

This is the man who may be seen on a very wet day working his way down a long street at right angles to that by which his own peculiar omnibus travels, and who, just when he is still out of hailing distance, sees his vehicle, with plenty of room in it, rattle by at a smart pace, the conductor not even looking his way. The next omnibus is full, or it may be that there is just room for one: in which case the gentleman who conducts, and who is in a hurry, will accelerate the introduction of the new comer into the vehicle by a

friendly, but not respectful, push from behind: after administering which he promptly shuts the door to prevent him from tumbling out again, and the omnibus dashes on. To the unfortunate who has been thus unceremoniously abandoned to his fate, the aspect of affairs is not encouraging. His first instinct is to find something to seize, with a view to the preservation of his equilibrium; but this is unhappily one of those omnibuses which has not even got the poor accommodation of a rail running along the inside of the roof for struggling wretches to grasp at. Desperate, he clutches at anything—an old lady's bonnet—the features of a sleeping infant. Like a drowning man, he would grasp at one of the straws which are entwined about his feet, if it were suspended from the top of the vehicle. Staggering and clutching, he looks around. To all appearance the omnibus is full. It looks full. The old inhabitants take no notice of him. They talk to each other. They look out of window. The new comer is reduced to counting heads to ascertain on which side he may be permitted to burrow at the coveted plush. Both sides look equally crammed, but he counts and learns his fate. There are six little people on one side, and five giants, male and female, on the other. His lot is cast among these last. With that instinctive knowledge of physiognomy which belongs to the wretched, he detects the weakest looking among the five, and trampling onwards, with the wet skirts (for it is a rainy day) of the female omnibus-riders clinging to his legs, he at last reaches the spot, and, turning himself about, manages to wedge himself between the individual towards whom his instincts have led him, and this person's next neighbour: a lady of a less accommodating mood, who gathers up her draperies with a scowl, as if she grudged our poor wretch this inestimable privilege of a ride in an omnibus, and thought it a luxury to which the creature had no right. The omnibus has not been in motion two minutes, by the way, when this lady discovers that she has been conveyed past her destination, and a scene of much confusion ensues.

It must be acknowledged that, to a man of at all an irritable fibre, the aggravations which attach to omnibus-travelling are sufficiently numerous; and it must further be admitted, that the ladies who patronise this mode of locomotion are answerable for a great many of them. The lady who rides in omnibuses has many very trying ways. She gets into an omnibus at Mile-end-gate, and in five minutes after the time when that cheerful spot has been left behind, she begins hooking and poking at everybody within reach with her umbrella, in order that the information may at once be conveyed to the conductor that she wishes to be put down at the Marble Arch. Whenever the conveyance stops in its progress westward through the City, she takes the opportunity of reminding the official on the step about that dreadful gateway, besides stopping the vehicle two or three times, when panic-stricken by a conviction that she has been carried past the structure in question without knowing it.

And then, when at length she does arrive at her destination, she is never ready with the money for her fare. The progress of the omnibus is delayed while she stands on the step or in the roadway searching for her purse, which, when at last found, seems to contain nothing but half-crowns, certain to take a long time in the changing, even if there was no dispute about the fare, which in these cases there invariably is. Sometimes these amiable creatures, when by their own mistake they have got into a wrong omnibus, and have ridden several miles in ignorance of that fact, will decline to pay at all, arguing that they have been sufficiently injured in having been brought all that way out of their road, without having to pay for it as well.

But it is less with the aggravations for which our fellow-travellers are responsible, than with the miseries which are solely referable to those who provide the inhabitants of London with omnibus accommodation, that we are now concerned. Troublesome and selfish individuals will ride in omnibuses, and in other conveyances also, to the end of time; what omnibus proprietors have to do, is to take such measures as shall render the said troublesome and selfish persons as little noxious as may be.

What we propose to strike for, first of all, is more space. We demand that that lane of legs, up and down which we have to travel in getting in or out of an omnibus, shall be a wider lane. This is indispensable. The vicious struggle and leg-conflict which goes on in that arena between the two rows of seats on each side of a modern omnibus, is no longer to be borne, and the time is at hand when mankind will hardly believe that any such savage state of things was tolerated by people calling themselves civilised. If omnibus proprietors choose to give additional length at the same time to their vehicles, and so to accommodate a greater number of passengers, there is nothing to prevent them from doing it. It would, no doubt, necessitate the employment of additional horse-power; but if by the use of a third horse more seats can be provided for the use of the public, the owners of these "metropolitan stage-carriages," as they are formally called, would be no losers by the change.

Another thing pre-eminently needed, if the insides of our omnibuses are to be rendered tolerably comfortable, is a subdivision of the seats into compartments such as we find in the stalls of a theatre. By this arrangement, every individual would be secured against encroachment, a vast deal of squeezing and crushing would be avoided, and the traveller would be able, on entering the carriage, to see at a glance where there is a vacant space, and to make for it. Each of these stalls, except those nearest to the door, should be provided with some means of communication with the guard, so that the inhabitant may not be reduced to the undignified necessity of hooking at an unattainable conductor with an umbrella not long enough to reach him.

One more specification. We require some notification to be put up, in a conspicuous place

outside the omnibus, how many vacant places there are inside. When there are more such vacancies than four, no such notification would be required; but when there is only one, or when there are only two, three, or four places empty, it is much needed. An omnibus is often stopped, to the inconvenience of those within it, by two or three persons, who wish to ride together, and there is often a long delay while the conductor explains that there is only room for one, or two. The friends decline to be parted, and, shaking their heads indignantly, retire to the pavement to wait for the next 'bus; but, in the mean while, time has been lost, and the horses have had it "taken out of them," by a pull up and a fresh start, which the poor beasts always feel very keenly.

Surely these demands are few and simple enough: increased width; seats divided into compartments; a means of communicating with the conductor; a board with a number on it. We do not ask for impossibilities. We do not press for the adoption of any of those fanciful designs which dreadful ingenious people have published from time to time, and from the adoption of which we are assured (by the designers) such comfort would flow that a ride in an omnibus would be a pleasure eagerly anticipated, instead of a necessity grudgingly encountered. We do not ask for such an omnibus as might run in the streets of a Utopia. A conveyance in almost all respects resembling this which we are asking for, may, at this very time be seen in the streets of Paris, in the streets of Manchester, and even in a few districts of our own most backward metropolis. The thing can be done, then. But will it be done? Not unless some irresistible pressure is put upon those deadly enemies of ours, the omnibus proprietors. Of these purveyors of locomotion we, the Public, have had some amount of discouraging experience. Announcements of their benevolent intentions towards us have appeared before now. We were to have new vehicles, large and commodious, built upon new principles, replete with new comforts. Prizes have been offered for the best new design of a model omnibus. We were to have such a golden age, in the matter of omnibuses, that a man might travel by these vehicles without having all the worst passions of his nature stirred, and might even be expected to feel well-disposed towards his fellow-passengers, however numerous. This was the promise. What was the performance? A very few new omnibuses on a more commodious principle have been built, and kept running on certain lines, while the mass of these carriages have been left unaltered, or have only been improved in such trifling ways as are not worth mentioning—a couple of brass columns in the middle of each side-bench, or some loops of leather nailed along the inside of the roof for staggering intruders to grasp at.

If the Public would but strike, the thing would be done. If the public would only manage for a little while to do without omnibuses! It would be inconvenient, but consider the "cause." The old clerk who lives at Ham-

mersmith, and whose office is in the City, would have a difficulty in reaching his office-stool at nine o'clock in the morning; his wife or his daughters, when contemplating later in the day a shopping excursion to Messrs. Shoobred's in Tottenham-court-road, would also be put to it a little. Still the thing might be managed. There must be a fund raised, of course. Persons with strong claims, such as the old gentleman mentioned above, must for the time be supplied with cab-fares. The ladies of his family must put off their shopping, or, for the nonce, deal with some neighbouring tradesman. Between cabs, and underground railways, and river-steamers—warm weather coming—and increased pedestrian exertions, and the greatest possible temporary curtailment of town locomotion generally, the thing might be managed, if the Public would only strike.

The Strike would not last long. Our natural enemies would soon be obliged to give in. What would our troubles and inconveniences be to theirs? Think of the horses. Not a few vicious, and only kept within bounds by incessant work. What would these animals be, after a week of idleness? Think, again, of the amount of food hebbdomadally consumed by these quadrupeds. All the omnibus horses in London eating voraciously, and not bringing in a sixpence! They would get fat, too, and there would be a pretty state of things! A fat omnibus horse would be so abnormal a creature, that he might be expected to generate some new and terrible disease of the plethoric sort. Between the horses turned by idleness into rampagious demons, and those in which plethoric symptoms would be developed by the same cause, the "masters" would have such a time of it, that, before ten days of the Strike had elapsed, they would be ready to pacify us with gilded coaches and six, if we wanted them.

And if these, our oppressors, would find their horses too much for them, as they certainly would, what difficulties would they not have to encounter with their men! All the omnibus-drivers and conductors in London without occupation, let loose upon society at one fell swoop! These men are not a docile or easily managed race, nor are they, as a class, averse to strong waters. What rows there would be. What terrific combats between "Waterloos" and "Favourites," "Atlases" and "Red-Rovers." All the 'bus-drivers and conductors at enmity with one another, and with time heavy on their hands, and that slinging power, with which the members of their tribe are so wondrously gifted, in full force, they would lash each other up to such unheard-of states of fury, that very soon, after the manner of the Kilkenny cats, there would be nothing of any of them left but their badges.

Really, when one thinks of all the horrors and miseries which this proposed Strike would entail upon the class against which its force would be directed, the reflection is apt to produce a weak tendency to relent:—only to be counteracted by a rigorous and steady contemplation of the sufferings which our tor-

mentors have so long compelled us to endure. Let us remember, besides, that unless we Strike, and that quickly, not only may we expect that the existing collection of torture-chambers on wheels, will be kept running until in some remote age they tumble to pieces, but that, for aught we know to the contrary, more of those detestable vehicles may any day be put in course of manufacture. Let this thought stimulate afresh our flagging indignation, and make us determine that, come what may, and let the consequences be ever so terrible, we will turn out, Strike, and give no quarter, till our utmost demands are satisfied.

BRETON LEGENDS.

BRITTANY ought to be, to Englishmen in general, and to Welshmen in particular, the most interesting part of France. Ask an archæologist why Little Britain in the City of London is so called. Read up Richard the Third again, and see how much the establishment of the Tudors, and therefore of the Stuarts, and therefore of the present reigning family, was owing to Breton help. We might call the Bretons the Welsh of France; though, when we read all about them in their own Emile Souvestre, who loved them, we might almost fancy the book to be a translation of Carleton's traits and stories. They are Welsh in disposition, Irish in religion; Welsh and Irish have (despite difference of creed) strong points in common; they have the same deep religious feeling—call it superstition if you please—and they have the same gloom, underlying a surface cheerfulness.

Brittany is the land whither (we are told) those Britons who could not brook Saxon rule, and for whom there was not room enough in Cornwall and Wales, fled to seek shelter among people of their own race. In Cornwall and Brittany the names of half the towns still imply identity of race. The very country name (Cornouailles) is that of one of the districts of the French province. Consider some of the names we have to deal with.

Karnac. The word has been a battle-cry in all the fiercely contested wars of Druid lovers against unbelieving antiquaries.

Armorica. "The land on the sea-board," actually an independent state from the time of Maximus, Gratian's rival, in 383, down all through the stormy middle ages (except for a while during the universal gloom of the tenth century, when it, too, yielded to the Northmen), right on to 1491, when heiress Anne married Charles the Eighth.

Then, again, Vannes. What memories does the name call up, of the old Veneti and their war with Cæsar, and their towns all built out into the sea, and their chain-cables, and their big ships, which went by sails instead of by oars like those of the Romans, and which were only beaten in their grand fight because the wind fell, and so they could not tack or move at all.

Take Hennebon, and think of Froissart

and Sir Walter Manny, noblest of free lances, and the brave countess, and her friend the widow of De Clisson. In Brittany then, there were as many fighting-women as in Scotland, when the Bruce was winning back his own.

And then Nantes and its later convictions, and crowds more of towns that live in history, though they don't make much noise in France just now. Think of a land so rich in memories.

Mr. Crawford has lately read a paper to prove that, as far as the structure of the language goes, the Welsh and Armorican have nothing to do with the Gael and Erse. What we say is that, while by race the Breton is very near of kin to the Welshman,* in feeling he oftener resembles the Irishman or Highlander. This is specially the case in all matters connected with religion and religious superstitions. The established church in Wales (though we do not often realise the fact) was for a long time in as bad a state as that in Ireland. There were non-resident or otherwise heedless dignitaries, and a pauperised clergy. Hence the people became Methodists almost universally; and so that peculiarly Celtic feeling which leads the small farmer in Scotland, or the Irish cottier, to train the bookish son for the university, found a vent in class-leadership, lay-preaching, and all the other devices whereby scope is afforded for the ministrations of men who do not (as in established Protestant churches, and in the Romish Church always) form, more or less, a class cut off from secular business. This feeling is still strong in Brittany. Every farmer is proud of having among his sons a kloarek (clericus), or lad reading for orders.

But, after all, either name will do. Your Welshman is as fond of a legend as your Irishman; for, of all races who have yet been anatomised by the ethnologist, none is such a faithful guardian of old traditions as the Celtic, whether you mean by that name, Highlander, Irishman, Welsh, Breton, one or all! Hence it is no wonder that, while from Auvergne we brought a true tale of human endurance and patient effort meeting its reward, from Brittany we begin with a fiction, having, no doubt, an excellent moral, but still a pure fiction. The story which follows, is one that reappears in many forms in the folk-lore of far distant lands. How strange is the travelling of a legend from far east even to remotest west; how characteristic are the stains it derives from different soils, the scraps of dress it gathers as it goes! Dunlop, years ago, and Dr. Dasent more recently, have traced the course of some of our popular tales most ingeniously.

The following is, par excellence, a Christian story: not but that the same idea occurs in heathen myths,† for men had hearts before Our Saviour came to give light to their spirits; but as Christianity gave greater weight to the kindly virtues, and taught men to look less

* The names of places (as Trequier) are constantly Cornish in form. But Lanillis (Llaneglys), church land, is (with multitudes more) pure Welsh.

† The Wanderings of Demeter contains the germ of the same idea.

to the outward appearance, we naturally find Christian legends giving more prominence to conduct like that of St. Martin to the beggar. The tale is called "The Three Meetings;" and runs thus:

In the old, old time, when there were as many holy hermitages in Lower Brittany as there are drinking-shops now, there were in the bishopric of Leon two young lairds, Tonyk and Mylio, who had lost their father when they were quite children. Their mother had them carefully taught, so that by the time Tonyk was fourteen and his brother sixteen, they knew as much as any priest, and might have taken orders if they had been old enough, and had had a call that way. Well, their mother thought it was time they should see something of the world, so giving each of them a new bonnet, a full purse, a purple cloak, and a horse, she sent them with her blessing to seek a very rich uncle, who lived a long way off. They went on and on at a great pace, till they came into quite another country, where neither the trees nor the corn were a bit like what they were used to round home; and there, by a wayside cross, they saw a poor woman sitting down and weeping bitterly, with her face covered with her apron. Tonyk stopped, and asked her what was the matter.

"I have lost my son," said she, sobbing, "and he was all I had to depend on; and now I've nothing to look to but charity of good Christian people."

Tonyk had his hand in his pocket, when his brother called out jeeringly:

"Don't you see that she's just sitting there, like a decoy-bird, to catch silly travellers."

"Peace, brother; you make her weep more bitterly still. Don't you see that, in height and age, she seems just like our mother, whom God protect."

Then, giving his purse to the poor woman, he whispered:

"I can do nothing else to help you, poor woman; but you shall have my prayers as well."

The beggar-woman took the purse, kissed it, and said:

"Young laird, since you have been so generous to me, be pleased to accept this nut. Inside it there is a wasp with a diamond sting."

Tonyk thanked her, put the nut in his pocket, and rode on.

By-and-by they came to the edge of a forest, where they saw a little child almost naked, searching about in the crevices of the trees, and singing a tune which they had never heard before, and which was strangely sad—far sadder than the music of the mass for the dead. He often stopped to clap his little ice-cold hands, singing, "I'm so cold, I'm so cold;" and the brothers heard his teeth chatter.

"Poor little thing," said Tonyk, "how he feels the wind!"

"He must be a very cold subject, then," retorted Mylio. "I find the wind very pleasant."

"But then see how you are dressed—velvet

waistcoat, cloth coat, and purple cloak over that."

"Ah, that's all very well, but he's used to it: he's only some labourer's child."

However, Tonyk stops, and asks the boy what he is doing.

"I'm looking for flying needles,"* said he; "I find them asleep in cracks in the trees, and when I get a lot of them, I shall take them down to the town and sell them, that I may buy a coat, to keep me always as warm as if the sun was shining."

"How many have you caught?"

"Only one, as yet." And the boy held up a little cage of rushes, in which he had imprisoned it.

"Well, here's a bargain. You take my cloak, and give me the fly; and remember every night to say an Ave for Mylio there, and one for our mother too."

The brothers went on. At first Tonyk felt the cold a great deal, but by-and-by, when they had got over the down, a ray of sun came out, and he was able to go on comfortably.

Then they came to a spring in a meadow; and by the side of it sat an old man in rags, with a wallet on his back. He began calling out piteously the moment he saw them.

"What do you want, father?" said Tonyk, touching his hat out of respect for the old man's years.

"Ah, my dear young gentleman, you see how old I am, and I'm so weak I can't walk at all. So I've nothing for it but to die here where I am, unless one of you will sell me his horse."

"Why, you old gaberlunzie," said Mylio, "I should like to know what you've got to pay with."

"Seest thou this hollow acorn," said the beggar; "there is a spider inside that can spin a web stronger than steel. Ye shall have spider and acorn in exchange for a horse."

Mylio burst into fits of laughter. "Just listen to that, brother; the old fellow must have a pair of calf's feet in his brogues" (*i.e.* must be an impudent fool).

Tonyk replied, "He can't offer more than he has got, you know. Here, old man, I give you my horse, not because of what you offer in return, but because Christ hath said the poor are blessed. Take it, and thank God, who has put it into my heart to give it you."

The old man makes the lad take his spider, and rides away; but Mylio, who had been getting more and more ill-humoured, bursts out and says:

"You idiot! I suppose you expect me to share purse and cloak and horse with you, but you're mistaken; you may just get on as best you can."

He trots off, and Tonyk plods on without one angry feeling against his brother.

But soon the road led through a narrow glen between steep mountains, which rose sheer up even to the clouds. It was called the "Dowie Loaning," because of an ogre who lived on one of the mountains, and watched for travellers. He was a blind giant, without any feet, but his

* The Breton name for the small dragon-fly.

ears were so sharp that he could hear the worm boring in the ground. He was waited on by two eagles, whom he sent out whenever he heard anybody come by. No one ever went by who could help it, and all who did go, took care to take off their shoes and tread on tiptoe, scarcely daring to breathe, till they were a long way on the other side.

So when Mylio came, trotting along, the ogre heard him miles off, and cried, "Come, my eagles, red and white; I must have that fine fellow for my supper."

Down swooped the eagles, and, catching Mylio by his cloak, flew up with him to the ogre's den.

Tonyk just came up in time to see his brother disappear in the clouds; but it was no use crying out, and when he looked at the mountain-side, as steep as any wall, it seemed hopeless to climb; so he knelt down and prayed Almighty God to save his brother.

"Don't trouble Him about such a trifle," said three strange little voices, which seemed to come from close by.

"Who spoke? Who and where are you?" cried he.

"Look in your pocket," replied the three voices.

The end of it was, that the spider begins to spin a ladder strong and polished like steel; it fastens one end to a tree, and, getting on the dragon-fly's back, is slowly carried up as the work goes on. Tonyk follows, the wasp buzzing round his head.

At last they get to the ogre's cave. He has Mylio ready trussed, and is cutting up fat bacon to fry him with, singing all the time:

I like the flesh of a Leon man,
He eats as much fat meat as he can;
The men of Trequir, too, will do for me,
They're fed on new milk and furnity;
But Cornwal people* and men of Vannes,
With their buckwheat bread, digest them who can?

The two eagles were getting the spit ready and making up the fire. So glad was the giant at the prospect of supper, that he went on singing without hearing Tonyk's footsteps. The red eagle first saw the intruder, and rushed at him, but the wasp stung him in both eyes with his diamond sting; he treated the white eagle in the same way, and then flew at the ogre, and began stinging him remorselessly about the head. He roared out like a mad bull, and kept swinging his arms like a wind-mill; but he could never touch the wasp, and having no feet, he could not run away. At last, in his agony, he threw himself, face downwards, on the ground; but the moment he had done so, the spider began to weave about him her wonderful web. He called his eagles, but they, seeing that his power was gone, fell upon him, and tore his flesh away piecemeal. Their treachery, however, did them no good; for when, full-fed, they lay down on the carcass, they presently burst asunder, for ogre's flesh is by no means wholesome fare.

Of course Tonyk untied his brother, and they went together to the edge of the rock. "How 'could they get down?" While they were pondering, the dragon-fly and wasp grew as big as horses, the little cage of rushes became a fine coach, the spider jumped up behind in full livery, and off they drove "along the way where the roads are always in good order."

They soon came to their uncle's castle. There, by the drawbridge, stood both their horses, and at Tonyk's saddle-bow hung his purse, grown seven times bigger, and his cloak all embroidered with diamonds. The lad turned round to ask what it all meant, when lo! instead of wasp, and spider, and fly, he saw three glorious angels, one of whom said:

"Fear not, good-hearted boy: the three whom you met were the Virgin Mary, the Saviour, and St. Joseph. Let what has happened be a life-long lesson to you both, and teach you what the Lord meant when He said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me.'"

After which words the angels spread their wings, and went up, singing, into heaven; and Mylio fell on his brother's neck, and confessed how much he had been in the wrong, and made promises and resolutions for the future.

But to turn for a while from the ideal to the real. What was the stuff of which our old British forefathers made their tartans? For we shall surely not give in to the base Roman calumny, so greedily adopted by the southron, that their summer wear was a light coat of blue paint, while in winter they had nothing better than wolf-skin or leather. Was it woollen or was it linen? We have Welsh flannel and Irish linen—though they tell us that the latter dates no further back than Orange-William's time, and was given by him instead of the old woollen—the frieze, of which our Princess Alexandra, God bless her! now wears a jacket, but of which the English protectionists of that day were jealous. As to Flemings in Wales, the North Welsh fabric—the "Welsh flannel" of commerce—was never learnt from them; while the less-known worsted stuff of South Wales, so like some of the coarser tweeds, is made chiefly in little mountain villages, where Fleming from Pembroke or Gower never reached. So that we incline to think woollen the original Celtic wear. The very word "flannel" is given by philologists as one of the very few belonging to the old language which still survive. The only difficulty is that in the whole of Armorica, probably, not a yard of flannel is manufactured. We all know how little there is of it in France in general; how it is recognised as a foreign, an English production; how that the surest way to win a French servant's gratitude is by the gift of an old flannel petticoat. In Brittany it is rarer still: among the people you scarcely ever find a blanket; even well-to-do farmers have often nothing but a coverlet of haircloth or coarse tow-yarn. Winter and summer the

* Cornouailles, the district.

poor wear nothing but linen. Linen manufactures exist (and used to thrive) everywhere, and large quantities of linen are still sent to Spain and South America. Now, the story is (and there seems no reason to doubt it), that linen-weaving* was first brought in in the fifteenth century, by a Flemish lady, one of the De Quentins. However this may be, the following tale about the invention of the coarse and strong ticking, called ballin, made either of tow-yarn or else of refuse flax, and used for the purpose we have named, is accepted as authentic by the careful Breton antiquarian, M. Miorcé de Kerdannet.† It illustrates many pleasing features in Breton society, especially the bond between seigneur and peasant, which resisted all the force of the old revolution. It is comforting, too, to believe that Breton ladies in general knew their duty better than did that lovely and most unhappy wife of the Chateaubriand, whose sad story is told so touchingly in Miss Frere's *Life of Margaret d'Angoulême*.

"In the time of King Louis, the fourteenth of that name, the lord of Kerjean had the best as well as the loveliest wife who had ever been seen in all the country-side. If she was queen of beauty, she was also mother of the poor. From house to house she used to go, giving money and good advice; and, let me tell you, that these two do much better together than apart. The money makes poor folks attend to the advice, and the advice teaches them how to use the money. The great house was open to everybody, just like a church. Any one who could not get work had only to walk straight in; for the lady always had field-labour for the lads, something to do about the cow-house or laundry for the lasses, while the old people were set to spin flax, or, when that ran scarce, to work up into yarn the tow that was left from flax or hempen. Of course the linen and hempen thread was very useful; but even the lady, clever as she was, had never been able to make much of the tow-yarn; she just had it spun to give the old people something to do, and then it was thrown aside, so that there were lofts and lofts full of it about the castle."

Now Oliver, lord of Kerjean, loved his wife dearly, and trusted her in everything. He used to say his "better half" could never do wrong, and she (for she loved a joke) would answer that she never would play her husband false till the cock had flown off the church-tower.

King Louis had a way (more's the pity) of taking nobles and gentles off their land and away from their own people, and getting them up to Paris; so Lord Oliver had to go. He wanted to take his wife, but she begged hard to stay.

"Dear heart! what would become of all my orphans and my poor 'old spinning-women'? Why, they've grown to look on the work I give

them as a thing of course. Besides, if we both go, Oliver, we shall stay; but if you go alone, you can be sure to come back soon."

So the laird went up alone, begging his wife to write often, and to put the letters into my Lord Bishop of St. Pol's letter-bag, that they might be sure to go safely.

It took him sixteen days to drive to Paris; they could never get beyond a trot in those times, and had to stop at night for fear of the deep ruts.

Kerjean met a whole gathering of Breton lords and gentlemen at Paris, and was made much of by them and their French* friends; but these last wondered a good deal why he had not brought his wife. At last they agreed that she must be some country hoyden whom he was quite ashamed of, and perhaps as ugly as sin to boot. But the Bretons soon told them differently, and let them know that she was such an altogether lovely lady, that men had added one more line to the old country rhyme:

Kermavan for old blood,†
Penhoët for bravery,
Karman for wealth;

namely,

Kerjean for beauty.

Then the French lords, light of tongue after their manner, began to twit Kerjean with having left his wife at home for fear she should find in Paris some one more to her fancy. Oliver was for fighting them all round. He had two or three duels, but at last they laughed and argued him into sending one of them with a letter, begging Francéza to treat the bearer well, as he was her husband's best friend. So they sent Count d'Aiguillon, who had a terrible reputation among them, and Kerjean, who would much rather have run him through the body, was obliged to wish him a safe journey.

Well, at first D'Aiguillon thinks he is making way wonderfully. Francéza is so pure and good she cannot suspect evil in others, and so she rides with him to visit the gentry round, and listens to his nonsense of evenings, and laughs and laughs again when he tells her he's dying for her, and gives him the ribbon that she tied her hair up with, and lets him steal her brooch and a ring off her little finger. And at last, when he pressed her again and again for a meeting, she was silent and thoughtful awhile, and then said:

* The two are always distinguished from each other. In the *Gesta rerum Britannicæ*, by an Armorican poet, we read:

... *Gallis quos nostra Britannia victrix*
Sæpe molestavit.

The writer is still more uncomplimentary to the English:

... *genus Anglorum, stirps impia, natio fallax,*
Turba bibax, soboles mendax, populusque bilinguis.
Hence it appears that the French may go further back than the broken treaty of Kloster-seven for their title, "perfidious Albion."

† Like a certain Welsh family, they ignored Adam. There was nothing between them and the Creator: "Les Kermavan et Dieu avant" was their motto.

* Of Netherland origin, as many an old song testifies—

"His shirt was of the Holland fine."

† De Musset has based one of his pretty novellettes upon it.

"Not in the hall, for the serving-men would see; nor in my bower, for the maid would be there; nor in the parlour, for it looks out on the terrace. But there's a little wood-house, you know, at the far end of the corridor; I will be there when all the lights are out."

So D'Aiguillon, rejoicing in his wicked heart, sent off his ribbon, and ring, and brooch to Paris, and wrote saying he should soon return triumphant. Then he dressed himself in his best, and made his way to the wood-house. He had a long while to wait, and many a time did he smooth his rich lace band and ruffles, and shake the scent out of his embroidered handkerchief, and practise his most killing look and most graceful attitude. At last he heard a light step, and saw a lantern in the distance. The door was open, he felt he was looking superlatively charming, when, with a quick movement, Francéza pulled the door to, double-locked it on the poor count, and cried, "There is your place, Sir Count, till Kerjean comes home again!"

The wood-house was filled, like most of the out-premises, with this tow-yarn, which, we said, the old people used to spin when there was nothing else to do. So, next day, Kerjean's wife came and opened the little slide in the door, and said, "Sir Count, we are none of us idle here. See, I have brought you tools; fall to, and weave for your dinner." At first the count stormed and raged, and swore revenge; but she was a resolute woman, though she had laughed at his nonsensical talk, and hunger soon tamed him, and at last he took to trying to weave in good earnest.

Meanwhile, the letter and parcel got to Paris, and you may well imagine how Kerjean looked when he read and saw. For a time he stood rooted to the spot and as pale as death, and then (without saying a word) he just ordered round his bright bay, which was the fastest horse in all Brittany (not to mention France), and off he went. The bay could sleep standing, and he slept in the saddle; he fed Pen-ru* himself, watching him every grain he ate, and the moment the last grain was eaten he clapped on the bridle, and was off again. So he rode day and night, and towards evening of the seventh day he got near home; but there had been a grievous storm, and the waters were out, and the church steeple had been struck and blown down. "Ah," thought he, "the cock on the tower has flown off at last!"

So he gave Pen-ru the spur unmercifully, and just got inside the oak avenue when the horse that had been lame some time broke down.

"There, Heaven help me, I've killed a faithful horse for a faithless woman."

Through the "wilderness," and by the garden, and up to the hall door, and in another minute his loud knocking roused the castle.

"That's Kerjean," said the lady, and ran to greet him. But he pushed her wildly aside.

"Where is D'Aiguillon, you false woman?"

"Come and see. I could not help it. I did the best I could. It was your fault for sending such a man here."

Kerjean sprang after her, and as they walked along the corridor they saw a light, and heard the noise of weaving.

"Listen how industrious he is," said the lady, laughing.

Her husband was puzzled. She bade him look through the little slide, and there, amid a great heap of tow-yarn, sat the count, weaving away as though his life depended on it.

"There," said Kerjean's wife; "at first my gentleman thought that he, a real gentleman, would be degraded by putting a finger to the work, but hunger pretty soon tamed him, and, lo and behold! after several trials he has somehow got to make a strong, warm kind of stuff, which I never saw before."

The count was so busy that he didn't hear them, till Kerjean burst into a fit of laughter at seeing Oliver's hat and sword lying on a bale of tow beside him. But courtiers in those days were used to treat the Seventh Commandment lightly, so our prisoner did not lose his presence of mind, though his smile was rather bitter as he said:

"I've lost my bet, M. de Kerjean."

"Then if you don't want me to run you through the body, you must go and tell the truth to all the other noblemen and gentlemen at court; for your letter and the three keepsakes you sent made them think otherwise."

D'Aiguillon promised to make a full and public confession, and to give back the presents; but the lady, smiling, told him he might keep them, by way of recompense for the good he had done the poor folks of the neighbourhood, by inventing such a fine, strong kind of stuff.

From that time forth stout sacking (*ballins*) became more and more the staple of the Leon country (the *Lyonnesse* of our Arthur's legends); but people never forget how it was first found out, and the rhyming proverb is still extant:

The first of the sacking-makers
Learn'd his trade at Kerjean.

One more tale, which we will give very briefly, for it is, in essentials, the same that many must have read in Irish and Welsh story-books. Ker-is (the city under the sea) exists in Lough Neagh, in Cardigan Bay, in more than one spot along the west coast of Ireland. You may read a good deal about it in Mr. Kennedy's book, *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, out of a review of which the Times managed the other day to get an explanation of Fenianism. Grallon was a king of Cornouailles—a better never held sceptre. But his daughter Dahut was a wild girl, not bad, but slightly and fond of freedom. So, being, moreover, a great enchantress, she had built herself a town out at sea, where is now the Bay of Douarne-nez; and there she lived in splendour, waited on by all the *korigans* (fairies) of Cornouailles and Vannes. All her palace shone as if covered

* Red-head.

with gold and polished steel. Her stables, where she kept the sea-horses whom she had tamed, one for every soul in Ker-is, were of marble, red, white, or black, according to the colour of the horses. On these the townspeople rode out to trade with distant ports, or to practise the piracy so fashionable in those times; and so rich had the Ker-is folks become, that they used to measure out their corn with silver quart measures. I think—don't you?—that the picture will suit many a Norse town of the old time, when the sea was the great highway, connected the scattered parts of that maritime empire, and the Vikings (not kings at all, but sons of the wics or creeks) used to make their ships look as much like dragons as possible. Well, riches were too much for these Ker-is men, just as they were for Sir Balaam. They drove out all the poor, without even building a workhouse for them on the shore. If Christ had come among them dressed in sackcloth, they would have ordered him off. Their only church was so neglected that the very beadle had lost the keys, and the swallows built safely all round the opening of the door. Balls, feasts, and stage plays, from morning to morning again—those were what they spent their time in. The wonder was, how the good King Grallon could live in such a place; indeed, he wouldn't have done so, but that he happened, after the fashion of the day, to have given up his own palace to a wonder-working hermit, who one evening made him and all his suite a grand feast all out of an inch of fish and a cup of spring water, when they got to the hermitage after a hard day's hunting. Let us hope that Grallon didn't hear all about his daughter's goings on; for, the story goes, that when among the lords and gallants, drawn by the renown of Ker-is as a "place of pleasance," she saw any one who took her fancy, she would give him, while they were dancing, a magic mask, by putting on which he could pass unseen to her bower built on the very edge of the sea-dyke. At dawn she would hand him once again the magic mask; but, this time, as soon as he had got to the foot of her tower, the springs would grow tight and choke him, and then would come out a man in black and throw him into a dark gulf, whence even now-a-days the belated peasant hears a wailing which is the cry of the souls of these unfortunates. One night there was a grand feast, so full of guests that their noise roused even poor Grallon in his neglected corner of the palace. There had come a strange lord, tall and splendidly dressed, and with such a thick red beard all over his face, that little could be seen of him but the eyes, which flashed like two stars. He paid his compliments to Dahut in such well-turned triplets, that not a bard of them all could cope verses with him; and when he began to talk to the company, oh! how clever he was in all

kinds of wickedness. The Ker-is people fancied they had got a good way ahead in that sort of thing, but it seemed he knew all the bad that ever had been or ever would be invented on the earth. At last he taught them a new kind of dance, which was, in fact, just what the seven deadly sins are always dancing down in hell. To set them going, he brought in a dwarf dressed in goat-skin and playing the bagpipes. Scarcely had he blown up his chanter, than Dahut and the rest went off dancing like mad people; and Red Beard easily managed to steal from the princess's girdle the silver key of the sluice in the sea-dyke. King Grallon was musing over a dying fire, listening to the strange far-off sounds of merriment, when the door opened, and, with a glory round his head, a crosier in his hand, and a cloud of incense round him, appeared the hermit, to whom he had given his palace and his capital city.

"Rise, Sir King," said he. "The iniquity of Dahut is at the full; this night Ker-is shall be delivered over to perdition."

The king, terrified, called an old servant or two who were still about him, took his treasure, mounted his black charger, and galloped after the saint, who was going through the air like a feather. At the dyke they saw Red Beard opening all the sluices, and letting in the sea. The waves were already licking the sides of the houses like flames, and the poor sea-horses, shut up in their stalls, were roaring with fright. Grallon wanted to rouse the town.

"No," said the saint; "you must be content to save yourself."

But the father could not leave his daughter. He rode back, and saw her standing wild with terror on the palace stairs. She jumped up behind him, and they dashed along. But soon the water rose up to the saddle-girths—up, up above the king's knees.

"Help, help, thou holy man!"

"Throw down that weight of wickedness which is behind thee, and, by God's grace, there may yet be time."

But no; Grallon could not cast aside his daughter. The water still rose, when the saint touched the fainting girl's shoulder with his crosier, and off she slid at once into the whelming waters. On dashed the charger, and just reached the ground in time; and there, to this very day, they show you his hoof-marks on the cliff by Garrec. More than one oak-wood (as the man who told the story said) has had time to grow up and to die off since these things were. But the story lives in the mouths of the peasants of Cornouailles, and up to the Revolution a fleet of fishing-boats used to go out once a year with a priest to say mass over the ruined city; for there are ruins here sure enough. French antiquaries talk of their being Roman, and some enthusiasts even describe more than one very beautiful tessellated pavement.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IX. A LETTER FROM AUNT MARY.

THE steady-flowing stream of time, that will neither hurry nor slacken its course for any mortal of us all, brought, in due season, the spring to earth, and the Easter holidays to Mrs. Hatchett's establishment. Mabel had been looking and longing for an answer to her letter to her aunt, but it was not until about a week before the breaking up that the wished-for letter arrived. As, however, Mabel did not deem it right to take Mrs. Hatchett by surprise, she had given her notice of her intention to leave Eastfield at Easter. "I am cutting myself adrift," she thought; "but, come what may, I will not remain here. I would rather wear out my muscles than my heart-strings; if the worst comes to the worst, and Aunt Mary does not answer my letter, I can take Betty's place at Hazlehurst. It is better to do honest work with one's hands than dishonest work with one's head."

From which it may be seen that Mabel was quite insensible to the advantage of Mrs. Hatchett's school being conducted on the strictest principles of gentility.

Mrs. Hatchett, on the other hand, was sufficiently alive to her own interest to regret Mabel's departure, and even threw out, in a ruminating way, which recalled the old grey pony more vividly than ever, vague hints of a possible rise of salary and diminution of labour, if she would consent to remain.

At last came the letter from Aunt Mary. And here it is:

"Dublin, April 9th.

"My darling Child. I cried with joy to get your letter, and with sorrow over the news it contained. We all feel very much, dear Mabel, for your mother in her bereavement, and for you, and for the little boy. You know very well that Mr. Saxelby never quite understood us, but we have never felt any rancour against him. I'm quite sure he was a good conscientious man, who tried to do his duty, and sometimes I fear that I may have been a little hard upon him in my thoughts. God forgive me, if it is so. Your letter was

forwarded to here by my old friend Richard Price, of the York Circuit. It followed me from place to place for a long time, so that will account for the delay in answering it. You ask a great deal about ourselves, but I must first speak of you, darling Mabel, and get that off my mind. You say you have firmly resolved to go on the stage. Uncle John and I have talked it all over together very anxiously. If your prospects were better, or if you thought you could make up your mind to your present life, I would say, 'Don't try a theatrical life.' Not that I ought to speak ill of the bridge that has carried me safely over. God knows I have many times thanked Him with all my heart that I had the power to earn my bread by my profession. But then, you see, my dear child, I know all the ins and outs of it; all the little troubles—and sometimes the big troubles too!—and trials, and heart-burnings. However, Uncle John says that no calling in life is free from them, and that the reason why professional men so often wish their sons to follow any other profession than their own is, that every man knows his own troubles much better than he knows his neighbour's, and I dare say that's very true, Mabel. Shoes that look very pretty pinch very hard sometimes; but who can tell that, except the wearer? Well, now, I mustn't scribble on all day, but come to the point. Uncle John and I send you our dear love, and if you will come to us, Mabel, and share our home, as in the old days—happy days they were, dear, in spite of all, at least they were so to us—we will try to put you in the way of making a beginning. I suppose you don't expect to come out in Lady Macbeth, or anything of that sort? And then, you know, dear Mabel, it remains to be proved whether you have any real—I was going to say talent, but Uncle John, to whom I am reading aloud what I have written, makes me say—*aptitude* for the stage. You were always very clever and sensible as a child. But so many clever and sensible people are so very stupid behind the footlights. Not that I think you would be stupid anywhere, only, you know, it is *not* quite as easy as some folks fancy it to be. For my part, I have always been very glad to know that acting does not quite 'come by nature,' as Dogberry says reading and writing do. Uncle John says that is the real artist's feeling; but I think it is only because I like to

be sure that I earn my money honestly. I don't express myself very clearly, dear Mabel, but I dare say you will understand what I mean. My poor child, how I cried over the picture of you sitting up in that lonely garret all the holiday time, studying Shakespeare! By-the-by, your studying will be of hardly any use to you, because the acting editions are quite different. As to ourselves, you will see by the date of this that we are in Ireland. I have been settled here now for three seasons, and Jack is engaged as second scene-painter, and we are doing well and are very comfortable. Dear me, I have not told you the great news of all. We have spoken and thought of you so constantly, that I forget how far apart you have been in reality from me and mine all these years. Polly is married! Married very well, indeed, to a teacher of music here, and she has one little girl, and is very happy. Janet is at home with us still, and grown such a sweet creature. Not pretty, Mabel—at least they say not. I think she has the loveliest face in the world. We have not let her do anything, because, as perhaps you remember, she was always rather delicate from a baby. But she is such a comfort to her father! He often says that he forgets his blindness, so thoroughly does Janet make her eyes his own. Oh, Mabel, I have covered eight pages, and have not yet said half I wanted to say. I must, however, before I conclude, explain that during the summer vacation here we always go to Kilclare, in the south of Ireland, for a short season. The manager is an old acquaintance of ours, and we think it would be a very favourable opportunity for you to make a beginning. It's a little out-of-the-way nook—very pretty, very pleasant, and the people are so nice and kind. We leave Dublin for Kilclare in about two months from this date. But come to us as soon as you can. There will be much to do, and many things to settle. Of course you have no wardrobe or anything of that sort; but—see how luckily it falls out!—there are nearly all Polly's stage dresses just as she left them. You won't mind using them, dear, just at first. Give my kind love to my sister-in-law, and Uncle John's too. Kiss your dear little brother for me. My dear child, I long to see you again. I suppose I shall hardly know you. But whatever else is changed, there will be our own Mabel's loving heart; that, I found by your letter, is unaltered.

"Ever your affectionate Aunt,

"MARY WALTON EARNSHAW.

"P.S. The enclosed is to help your journey. You won't scruple to take it from Uncle John. He says you must consider that he stands in the place of a father to you now. If you will let us know when you are coming, Jack shall meet you at Kingstown. I wish he could go across and bring you all the way, but I'm afraid we can't manage that.

"M. W."

When Mabel first opened the letter, there had dropped out of it a five-pound note.

CHAPTER X.

"MAMMA, mamma," said Mabel, after having read the foregoing letter to Mrs. Saxelby on the first evening of her return to Hazlehurst, "do you believe there is such another lovable, generous creature in all the world as Aunt Mary?"

Poor Mrs. Saxelby could not be as enthusiastic as her daughter. Every word of the letter made plain to her mind that another and a longer separation from her child was impending. And there was a passing pang of jealousy in her heart at the thought of those years in which she had been nothing to Mabel, and Mary Earnshaw had been everything. She smiled faintly, and answered, "Your aunt is very kind."

"Very kind, mamma? She is an angel. See how she puts herself in the background. 'Your uncle says this; your uncle sends you this money.' Yes; but I know that it is all her doing. Dear Uncle John is very good, but he would not have the power to help me that she has."

It was evident that nothing less than her mother's authoritative prohibition would prevent Mabel from embracing the chance thus held out to her. And Mrs. Saxelby knew herself well enough to be aware that she would be quite unable to give a stern refusal to any prayer of Mabel's. But Mabel knew instinctively that what she had next to tell would cause her mother a still more bitter disappointment. Nevertheless, it must be told.

"Mamma," she said, "let me sit at your feet, and lean my head on your knees, as I used to do when I was a little girl. There, so."

Mrs. Saxelby stroked her soft hair in silence. The caressing mother's touch suddenly broke up the fountain of tears that had been frozen for many days in the girl's breast by her proud undemonstrative self-repression, and she sobbed with her face hidden in her mother's lap; and told her all.

"Oh, Mabel!" cried Mrs. Saxelby, almost in a wail; "oh, Mabel!"

"I knew you would be grieved, mamma dear. And that makes my grief the greater."

"He is so good, Mabel. So true, so highly principled, so kind-hearted. He has been like a son to me, and I feel as if he were almost as dear to me as a son. You couldn't help loving him if you did not purposely steel your heart against him."

"It is over, mamma. He will be sorry for a while, but then he will find some one who will value and love him as he deserves, and whom his family will be glad to welcome and make much of."

They sat talking far into the night, until Mrs. Saxelby was startled by the striking of the hour from the belfry of the village church, and hurriedly bade Mabel go to her bed, and seek the rest she was so much in need of. But, before they separated, Mabel had received her mother's reluctant consent to accept her aunt's offer.

"But yet—but yet—but yet, my darling," said Mrs. Saxelby, holding her daughter to her breast, "how I wish you could make up your mind to think favourably of Clement's suit! Good Heavens, to think of the girls who would give the world for such an offer!"

"Mamma, I will tell you something that may help to reconcile you to my refusal. Besides the injustice I should do Clement Charlewood were I to marry him without really loving him enough, I have reason to believe that I should also be injuring his worldly prospects. From some words that Penelope once said to me—and Penelope speaking on such a subject would weigh her words, you and I know—I feel sure that a marriage between his son and a penniless girl like myself, would so anger and disappoint Mr. Charlewood, as to make a serious difference in Clement's circumstances. Perhaps Mr. Charlewood might even disinherit him."

"I don't believe it, Mabel; and, besides, I was not thinking of the money only."

But, nevertheless, as Mabel had said, the suggestion did help to reconcile Mrs. Saxelby somewhat to her daughter's decision.

CHAPTER XI. DOOLEY EXECUTES A TERRIBLE THREAT.

MABEL allowed no time to be lost before replying to her aunt's letter. She decided to start for Ireland at the end of April, which was now only ten days distant, and had calculated that she should thus have six weeks with her aunt in Dublin, to make preparation for her first attempt at Kilclare. When once the letter was written and despatched, Mrs. Saxelby appeared to become more reconciled to the idea of Mabel's going. "Though what," she said, with a sudden qualm of remembrance, "Though what, my dear, will Miss Fluke say about it!"

The mother and daughter were sitting at work, engaged in some ingenious contrivance for making "auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new;" and Dooley, perched on the window-sill with the kitten in his lap, was studying a picture alphabet with a thoughtful brow. At the mention of Miss Fluke, he looked up quickly. "Miss Fook's very naughty," said Dooley; "she made mamma c'y. I s'all 'maek Miss Fook!"

"Dooley!" urged his sister, in feigned amazement, though she had much ado to keep a grave countenance, so irresistibly absurd was the notion of Dooley engaged in inflicting condign chastisement on Miss Fluke. "Dooley, what shocking things are you saying? Come here to me, sir. Why, I declare I don't know you. Is this my own good little brother, this angry, frowning boy?"

The child's face was crimson, and he had clenched his small fist in his wrath.

"I s'all 'maek Miss Fook if she makes mamma c'y," he repeated, with great determination.

"Don't say any more just now, Mabel," whispered Mrs. Saxelby. "Go back to the window, Julian, and learn your lesson. I shall expect you to know F and G when I call you.

The fact is," she continued, when the child had obeyed her and was deep in his book again, "the fact is, I want him to forget all about the scene. I never saw him so excited as he was after Miss Fluke went away the other day."

"I think I should have been inclined to be excited too," said Mabel, with flashing eyes. "Do you really mean to say that that woman made you shed tears, mamma?"

"Hush. Yes. You know, my nerves are not strong; and I was worried and lonely; and she took me by surprise; and she was so loud, and so vehement! Oh, Mabel, it was terrible, I assure you. You don't know how dreadful she can be. It is quite impossible to cope with her."

"I should not think of trying," replied Mabel, with a disdainful lip; "I should simply withdraw my attention, and let her rave unnoticed."

"Good gracious, Mabel! Withdraw your attention? Short of putting cotton wool in your ears, there is no possibility of withdrawing your attention from Miss Fluke when once she begins in earnest. Besides, I don't like to be openly rude to her, for I can't help feeling that she means it all for my good."

"It's a very amiable feeling, mamma. But I take the liberty of doubting whether Miss Fluke is a better judge of what is good for you than you are yourself."

"I say, missus!" exclaimed Betty, opening the parlour door and putting her head inside the room mysteriously, "here be Miss Fluke a-comin'! I were a carryin' some pig-wash out to the sty, when I seed her three fields off, a-comin' along the path. She do stump along at a rate. I thought mayhap you'd like to have warnin'," added Betty, ingenuously. "I allus do loek my workbook up from her now. She bates all for curoosity, does Miss Fluke."

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Mrs. Saxelby, absolutely turning pale, "what shall we do?"

"Dear mamma, don't distress yourself. If you dread seeing her so much, go to your own room, and let me speak with her. I will say you are not equal to seeing her to-day; and that will be true enough."

Mrs. Saxelby could not repress a sigh of relief at this proposition.

"But," she said, hesitating, "it seems so cowardly to leave you to face her alone."

Mabel laughed with almost childish enjoyment. "Oh, don't mind me, mamma," she said, with the irrepressible high spirits of youth dancing in her eyes. "I am not a bit afraid."

"Ain't you indeed, my dear?" said Mrs. Saxelby, regarding her daughter with a kind of wistful admiration. "Ain't you indeed?" And then she stole quietly up-stairs, and Mabel heard the door of her bedroom softly shut, and the bolt drawn.

Betty's irreverent phrase expressed Miss Fluke's method of locomotion very graphically. She did "stump along at a rate." And many seconds had not elapsed after Mrs. Saxelby's retirement to her own room, when Miss Fluke's martial tread was heard resounding on the

flagged stone passage, and that lady, eschewing any preliminary ceremony of knocking at the door, burst into the little parlour with all her own peculiar vigour.

For a minute or so she stood stock still, and stared around her. Mabel was stitching away placidly, and Dooley remained curled up in the window-sill, half hidden behind his broad picture-book.

"How d'ye do, Miss Fluke?" said Mabel, looking up. "Pray sit down."

"Why, goodness me, Mabel," cried Miss Fluke, with a gasp occasioned partly by surprise and partly by the breathlessness consequent upon the rapid pace she had come at, "is that you?"

"Yes," said Mabel, rising to bring forward chair for Miss Fluke, and then resuming her own. "Yes, it is I. Won't you sit down?"

Among Miss Fluke's many admirable qualities, that of a quick and accurate perceptive faculty could not be counted. She did not comprehend the situation with the rapid intuition which would have enabled some women to see their way at a glance, but continued to stare about her with an air of bewilderment. "Where's your mother?" she said at last, abruptly.

"Mamma is in her own room."

"In her own room? But she must have been here this minute, for there's her work with the needle half stuck in it." Miss Fluke held up a long strip of muslin triumphantly, and looked at Mabel as though she had just detected her in some attempt to deceive. Miss Fluke was very prone to suppose that people uttered deliberate untruths, and to rejoice openly in their fancied detection.

"She was here, certainly," rejoined Mabel; "but Betty saw you coming, and gave us warning, and then mamma went away to her room."

Miss Fluke stared at Mabel for a second or two, with eyes so wide open that it seemed as if she would never be able to shut them again.

"I said I would tell you," proceeded Mabel, in the same unmoved voice, "that mamma did not feel strong enough to see you to-day. She would be sorry, I know, if you thought her unkind or discourteous."

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Miss Fluke, emphatically. "Never! I have come here, at *great* inconvenience (leaving Louisa to take the afternoon practice for next Sabbath's hymns), expressly to see your mother, and now your mother shuts herself up in her own room. I don't understand what your mother means by it!"

"I'm very sorry, Miss Fluke, but mamma cannot see you to-day. If you will entrust me with any message, I will deliver it."

After a pause, of consideration, during which the silence was only broken by the occasional click of Mabel's thimble as she busily plied her work, Miss Fluke untied her bonnet-strings and dropped into the chair with a violent concussion.

"Well," she said, "since I am here, I will endeavour to improve the occasion."

"Suppose you begin by having something to eat after your walk, Miss Fluke," said Mabel, demurely.

"Not for the world, Mabel," returned Miss Fluke, with great solemnity. "I am thinking of matters which concern the soul, and not the body. And besides:" with still more impressive emphasis: "I ain't at all hungry."

Mabel could not for the life of her resist a smile. "That is an excellent reason for not eating," she observed.

"Mabel," said Miss Fluke, suddenly; "do you know what has become of the child Cordelia?"

"Become of her?"

"Yes; she and her father and her brother have left New Bridge-street, and gone away, nobody knows where."

"Is that all? You startled me. I feared that some harm had befallen poor Corda. No; indeed I do not know where they are. How *should* I know?"

"Because you have been in communication with them; because Mrs. Hutchins knows that you wrote to the man Trescott, and that he answered your letter," rejoined Miss Fluke, with her detective air. "What do you say to that, Mabel?"

"I say nothing to that, Miss Fluke."

"You say nothing?"

"Nothing."

This reply was so totally unexpected, that Miss Fluke could do nothing but stare at Mabel, open-mouthed. Again there was a long silent pause. But though Miss Fluke might be astonished, it was not in the power of any mortal to quell her energy. So, baffled on one point, she returned to the attack on another.

"And is it really true," she said, shaking her head violently, "is it really true, this dreadful, shocking, *awful* news that I hear about you, Mabel?"

The tone of her voice was so loud and menacing, that Dooley left his place at the window, and crept up close to Mabel, as if in expectation of a personal attack on the part of Miss Fluke, from which he intended to protect his sister.

"I heard something of this from Mrs. Hutchins, but I could not bring myself to believe it. I positively could not, so I came to Hazlehurst the other day to wring the truth from Mrs. Saxelby. What she is about, or how she can reconcile it to her conscience to allow such a thing, I don't know."

"Mamma's dood, an' oo're naughty," said Dooley. "Oo made mamma c'y."

"She may well hide herself from me," pursued Miss Fluke, heedless of the interruption, and now in the full tide of her angry eloquence. "She may well be ashamed to look an old friend in the face:—not to mention the daughter of a minister of the Gospel."

The colour was mounting to Dooley's forehead, and he kept his eyes fixed unwinkingly on Miss Fluke's face.

"Don't tell Me of a mother's love," continued Miss Fluke, joining her hands together on her breast, and then separating them widely, with the palms turned outward, which gesture she repeated at every clause of her discourse: "Don't tell me of fond indulgence. Don't tell Me of self-sacrifice. Where is the sense of duty in a parent who allows her child to be lost before her eyes, and does not stir a finger to save her? I call your mother not weak, but wicked. Inexcusably wicked, Mabel Earnshaw."

The words had no sooner passed her lips than Dooley, who had planted himself in front of the chair on which she was seated, raised his tiny hand, and struck a blow upon Miss Fluke's cheek, with such right good will, that the mark of four small fingers and a thumb were visibly impressed on it, in crimson lines; immediately afterwards he raised a prolonged bellow, and, bursting into floods of tears, hid his face in his sister's lap, and kicked convulsively.

The proceeding was so sudden and so unforeseen, that for an instant both Mabel and Miss Fluke were paralysed with astonishment. As soon, however, as Mabel recovered her presence of mind, she called Betty, and consigned the sobbing child to her care. "Oh, Dooley, Dooley, I am so sorry and so shocked."

As to Miss Fluke, she arose and stood erect, receiving all Mabel's apologies with rigid inflexibility.

"You know how distressed I am that this should have happened," said Mabel, earnestly, "and I hope you will forgive poor Dooley; he is but a baby."

"Of course I forgive him," said Miss Fluke, in her hardest tones. "I forgive everybody. It is my duty so to do. But it is very sad and terrible to see the old Adam so violent and ungovernable in so young a child. If he was My little boy, he should have a sound whipping, and be kept on bread and water until he had learnt Dr. Watt's beautiful hymn by heart—that one that says:

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise.

However, I have no more to say on the subject. I merely desire to know from your own lips, Mabel, if the awful news that I hear about you is true."

"Miss Fluke," said Mabel, regarding her visitor steadily, "I might fence with you, and ask what news you allude to; or I might decline to answer a question so couched; or I might inquire by what right you put the question at all. But I prefer to answer you clearly, and with what good humour I can command. I am going on the stage, or at least I am going to make an attempt to do so. I shall be under the care of a relative whom I dearly love and thoroughly respect, and who is herself an actress. Mamma has given her consent to my plan. I am thoroughly resolved to try it, and nothing you can possibly say can shake my resolution for an instant. Will you shake hands with me, Miss Fluke, and say no more on this subject? I am willing to believe you

have acted from a sense of duty. Will you not judge as charitably of me?"

Mabel held out her hand with a frank winning gesture; but Miss Fluke drew herself up to her full height, and, folding her arms tightly, answered:

"No, Mabel, certainly not. I couldn't think of such a thing on any account whatsoever. I shall make a point of praying for you specially every Sunday, and I trust your heart may be turned, and you may be brought to see the error of your ways; but;" here Miss Fluke became so very upright that it seemed as if she must positively be standing on tiptoe; "but I can make no compromise with sin!" Thus concluding, Miss Fluke drew her shawl round her with great energy, and marched majestically out of the room and from the house.

CHAPTER XII. "MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD NIGHT."

UNDER a dark blue sky, studded with myriads of twinkling stars, and through an atmosphere so still that the smoke from the tall black funnel curled in a long roll, and melted faintly into air in the far distance behind her, a steamer was cutting her way through the waters of St. George's Channel towards the Irish shore. The long track of foam from her paddles glistened white upon the dark sea, and, save for the strong vibrating pulse of the machinery, there was scarcely any motion in the ship, except now and then a long gentle rolling swell, as if old Ocean were lazily turning in his sleep. Most of the passengers had gone below. Two or three men, wrapped in rough coats, tramped with measured step up and down the deck, stopping always at precisely the same spot in their walk, and executing a resounding stamp before they turned to pace back again.

The deep night sky watched golden-eyed above, the deep waters slept placidly below, and in all the air was a calm silence and the salt savour of the sea.

To one leaving home alone, and for the first time, the sense of change and strangeness is necessarily much greater when the journey is made by sea than by land. In the latter case, the parting from familiar objects is more gradual; and the constantly varying scenes that meet the eye, melt imperceptibly into one another, without any strong line of demarcation between the old and well-known and the new and strange. But to the unaccustomed traveller on ship-board, the change is complete. Such a traveller is cut off from all familiar sights and sounds, without any gradual process of preparation, and is almost as strange and lone as though embarked upon some unknown planet for a sail through space.

Thus at least felt one inexperienced voyager on the Irish mail steam-packet bound from Liverpool to Kingstown. Mabel Earnshaw sat apart on deck, gazing with her outward eyes at the blue moonless heavens, but seeing with the vision of the spirit a busy panorama unrolling itself before her. All her thoughts were retrospective. The young, strong in their

youth, and in the confidence of natures unacquainted with harshness or repression, look boldly forth upon the future from the warm shelter of home. But once launched into the wide pitiless world, how the heart remembers the sweetness of the love left behind! As we may fancy that some fledgling bird, when first it tries its trembling pinion, may faint and yearn for the soft safety of the mother's nest.

Mabel leant back against the ship's bulwarks, and looked at her past life. First among its memories, came the shadowy image of her dead father, kept alive in her heart chiefly by the fond faithful praises of Aunt Mary, who was unwearied in her gratitude to and love for "John's brother." Then, while she was yet too young to feel the separation very keenly, came the parting from her mother, and her sojourn in her uncle's home. She remembered cousin Polly, a tall merry good-humoured girl of nearly fifteen years; she remembered Jack, terrible in the matter of torn jackets, and costing unheard-of sums in boots, but generous, warm-hearted, and able to draw the most wonderfully beautiful pictures—so they seemed to Mabel's admiring eyes—with the most unpromising materials. Then, there was Uncle John, always an object of the tenderest care to all the family, erect and portly, with a placid gentle smile upon his sightless face, and usually to be found, at home or abroad, with Janet's tiny hand fast clasped in his, and Janet's earnest childish voice translating into words for her father's ear all that came under the inspection of her grave observant eyes. Lastly came Aunt Mary, the sun that warmed and lighted this domestic system. Cheerful, active, hopeful, unselfish: the soul of simple kindness: Aunt Mary, whose genial, honest nature no poverty could embitter, and who, as Mabel well remembered, would in the midst of her own struggles not only freely utter the charitable word that consoles, but hold out the charitable hand that helps, to many a comrade in distress.

All that old time came back to Mabel as she sat on the vessel's deck beneath the stars: the lessons read aloud to Uncle John, and elucidated by his comments; the rambles, under Jack's guidance, in broad country meadows; the queer humble lodgings in provincial towns; the shabby clothes, and threadbare little gloves, and sunburnt bonnets, and the light-hearted disregard of all such short-comings; the Sunday afternoon excursions, in which Aunt Mary often (but not always) had leisure to join, when, after church-time, the whole family would sally forth, carrying cold meat and bread in a basket, and would picnic in some quiet nook miles out in the country, returning, dusty, tired, and happy, through the glimmering summer twilight; the occasional visit to the boxes of the theatre, and the breathless interest and delight awakened by some thrilling melodrama: an interest in no degree rendered less keen by personal acquaintance with all the performers, or by a certain knowledge that Mr. Montmorency, who enacted

the villain, was *not* dead when the captain of the guard fired, and when he fell with a crash upon the stage, uttering a yell of rage and anguish, but would get up presently and go comfortably home and eat a hot supper.

How it all came back to Mabel, the pathos and the fun, the poverty and the contentment, the smiles and the tears, as she sat there on the vessel's deck beneath the stars!

Then followed the news of her mother's marriage, and the parting from her relatives, and the five years of school-life passed chiefly in an old-fashioned roomy house in a country village, where the schoolmistress, a pleasant stately gentlewoman as unlike Mrs. Hatchett as possible, had been so kind and motherly, and where she had first met Augusta Charlewood. Augusta Charlewood! At the recollection of that name, and all the associations it conjured up, Mabel felt the blood tingle in her cheek, and the hot tears well up into her eyes. "He is very good and generous," she murmured. "Very noble-minded and unselfish! I hope he may not quite forget me. I should be sorry to be quite forgotten by him. And I hope—oh! I do hope, with all my heart—that he may find some girl to love him very dearly, and to make him a good wife!"

Then the slides of that most magical of magic lanterns, called Memory, became peopled with a throng of oddly assorted figures, that passed vividly before her. Miss Fluke, and her father and sisters, marched past busily; little Corda's pale face looked up out of her bed, at Mr. Saxelby, upright and dapper, picking his way over the wet stones to church; the dragged gown of Mrs. Hutchins appeared side by side with Mrs. Charlewood's costly velvets; Penelope and young Trescott, the mild old clergyman at Hazlehurst, Mrs. Hatchett and the ugly Swiss governess, were all flitting backwards and forwards pell-mell. And amidst them all, there was ever her mother's graceful delicate form, and the bright golden curls that she had loved to fondle on Dooley's innocent brow.

But surely her memory held no such figure as this that stood before her: a bluff red-faced man wrapped in a pea-coat, and holding between his lips a great cigar, that glowed through the darkness like a railway signal!

It was the captain of the vessel, to whose care she had been specially consigned on leaving Liverpool by some friends of the late Mr. Saxelby, who had met her there and put her on board.

"I thought I would prefer to stay on deck, Captain Duff. It is so much pleasanter here than in the close cabin."

"Ay," was the answer in the broadest Scotch: "it's like a good many other pleasant things, not altogether prudent. Why, were ye thinking of passing the neecht up here? Hoot, my dear young leddy, joost take my advice, and go away down to bed. Ye're half way to the Land of Nod the noo'; and I'll undertake that ye'll not be five minutes in the warm cabin before ye'll be sleeping joost as peacefully as possible."

"I won't be obstinate, captain," said Mabel,

rising with a smile. Indeed, the captain spoke with a mingling of fatherly kindness and authority, which it was not easy to resist.

"Good night, and good rest to ye. Ye'll awake in the Emerald Isle. I expect we'll be in, about seven to-morrow morning."

A loud grating and clanking of chains, the heavy tread of feet, and a confused noise of many voices, roused Mabel from a dreamless sleep, and she hastened to dress and go on deck. They were in Kingstown harbour, lying close alongside the quay, and the sun was shining brightly on the dancing waters. Many times afterwards Mabel looked at and admired the beauties of that beautiful Bay of Dublin, but now she scarcely saw or observed them, so anxiously were her eyes employed in scanning the faces on the quay above the vessel. Porters and carmen were shouting and gesticulating with wonderful vehemence, all talking together, and at the full pitch of their lungs; leaning over the iron railing were two or three gentlemen, but Mabel could not fancy any of those to be her cousin. She was beginning to fear that he had not yet arrived to meet her, when she heard Captain Duff's voice behind her, saying: "Here she is; this is the young laddy;" and, turning round, encountered the inquiring gaze of two round merry blue eyes belonging to a young man dressed in a loose coat and slouched hat, and with the ends of his neckerchief fluttering in the morning breeze. Mabel looked at him doubtfully for a second, and then inquired: "Are you Jack?"

"Of course I am Jack," replied the young man, seizing her hand and shaking it heartily. "I am Jack; but are you Mabel? That's the question. Gracious, how you've grown! How glad I am to see you! How are you? Won't mother be delighted! Come along! Where are your boxes? That black one, and the little canvas-covered one? All right. You've got no handboxes, and that's a blessing! Wait here one instant, and I'll get a porter directly. Now then! Come along! The railway takes us into Dublin, not two minutes' drive from where we live."

Mabel, pausing a moment to say good-bye to Captain Duff, and thank him for his kindness, was surprised to see Jack interchange cordial greetings with the old Scotchman.

"Oh, ay," said the latter to Mabel, "Mr. Walton and I are auld acquaintance. I'm quite comfortable about ye, now I know whose care ye're consigned to. Make my best respects to your mother, Walton. She's a fine person; a very fine person." Which eulogium in the captain's mouth meant something very different from the interpretation most English people would put upon it.

Mabel was hurried by her cousin into a railway carriage, and soon rattled into a dingy station. Then she confusedly descended several stone steps to the street, was placed on one side of an outside car, balanced by Jack on the other side, and her trunks in the middle; and after a short rapid drive, was deposited at the

door of a small neat house in a wide straggling half-built square, and found herself in a cheerful room with breakfast spread, a bright teakettle singing on the hob, and, amidst a chorus of "Here she is!" "Here's Mabel," "Darling child," "Welcome, welcome!" was clasped in the arms of Aunt Mary.

END OF BOOK II.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

PETERLOO.

On Saturday, the 31st of July, 1819, the Manchester reformers, wishing to appoint Orator Hunt "legislatorial attorney" for their city, issued an advertisement in the Manchester Observer inviting their friends to meet on the 9th of August in the area near St. Peter's Church; the alarmed magistrates pronounced the meeting illegal, and warned the citizens on their peril to abstain from attending it. Meanwhile, as the magistrates had refused to attend to the petition from the reformers for a meeting, the original promoters gave notice that a meeting would take place in St. Peter's Field on Monday, the 16th of August; Mr. Hunt in the chair.

Before we proceed, let us look back a little. There can be no doubt that the Spafields riots of 1816, trifling as they were (for the thirty thousand rioters did nothing but plunder a baker or two and a gun-shop), had very much alarmed the Tory party and Lord Sidmouth, as they showed a restless discontent and an angry impatience for reform—very natural, as it seems to us now, but very irritating to the Chinese politicians then. It must, indeed, be allowed, that about this time the frequent arrests of supposed conspirators had converted many violent men into dangerous plotters; but broken-down swindlers like Thistlewood were not the men by whom our modern reforms were really originated. The pressure of the old war still lay like a heavy nightmare on the industry of England. Firm after firm went down like card-houses in 1818 and 1819. The cotton-spinners who had traded during high prices were ruined in great numbers, and their workmen suffered with them. On the 13th of July, 1819, when the Prince Regent (a man at the head of the country, but at the tail of the age) prorogued parliament, he spoke of the disaffection in the manufacturing districts, and propounded that great axiom still so popular with the Anglo-Chinese politician, that no disaffected persons, meeting under the pretence of reform, had in reality any other object than the subversion of the constitution. It was this notion, highly convenient to all opposers of progress, that set the unreasoning sabres going at Peterloo. The proclaiming political opponents as seditious and dangerous persons is one of the most ingenious stratagems ever adopted by the opponents of progress, and is a trick by no means yet played out.

The manufacturing labourer is by no means so stupid as the agricultural labourer, and he

is not so patient of his political deprivations and of starvation. In July, 1818, the Manchester spinners, restless under their distress, had begun to realise the necessity of organisation and of united action. Unable to resist the oppressions of greedy wealth, hunger had driven them to union. They met daily; they subscribed to support each other during strikes; they chose delegates. These meetings sometimes led to dangerous collisions. In September, 1818, the spinners, pelting the windows of Messrs. Gray's factory, near Ancoats-street, were fired at by the inmates, and several were dangerously wounded. Dragoons then dispersed the mob. About the same time, a riot at Barnsley was put down, after the rioters had broken open the town prison and rescued a rioter who had been seized.

In 1819 several irritating events had happened. In January, Hunt had been beaten in the Manchester theatre by some Hussar officers, under the pretence that he had hissed when "God save the King" was called for. Later in the year, some reform speakers at Glasgow had proposed to march to London, and present a petition in person to the Prince Regent. On the 19th of July, Sir Charles Wolseley, a violent politician, was arrested. He had been elected legislative attorney and representative of Birmingham. On the 22nd, a constable named Buck was shot by some workmen at Stockport, in their efforts to secure a reform orator who was in the constable's custody.

Both sides were going too far. The law was becoming illegal, the reformers were growing violent and seditious. The word "Radical" was now first used to indicate reformers who struck at the root of political abuses. Female reform societies were founded at Blackburn. The reformers began also to practise systematic drilling. Among the honest and quiet men there was no mischief meant by this drilling, whatever the younger and more fanatical might secretly plan. The Tory press had, with the insolence peculiar to that age, derided the oppressed working men with their rags and dirt, and the confusion and scramble of their mobs. The opprobrious epithet, "swinish multitude," got into vogue. The drill was introduced to preserve order and peace. It was adopted first solely with a view to the great Manchester meeting. It was practised at Bury, Bolton, and Rochdale. The pent-up weavers and spinners liked the exercise. That frank, honest man, Bamford, who was often present at these drills, says, in his fresh, pleasant way:

"When dusk came, and we could no longer see to work, we jumped from our looms, rushed to the sweet cool air of the fields, or the waste lands, or the green lane-sides; or, in the grey of a fine Sunday morn, we would saunter through the mists, fragrant with the night odour of flowers or new hay, and, ascending the Tandle hills, salute the broad sun as he climbed from behind the high moors of Saddleworth."

There were no arms used; there was no concealment; there was no midnight muster; there

was, to the bulk, no double-dealing at all in the matter. Sometimes a youngster would brag and talk violently, or as the men clapped their hands when they stood at ease, some would call it "firing;" that was all; but that was sufficient for spies.

The long wished-for Monday came at last. Many a fly-shuttle ceased for that day to dart across the loom. Bamford has left us, in his History of a Radical, a vivid description of the spirit in which the workmen from the villages round Manchester joined the procession, and the almost solemn manner in which the march was conducted. By eight o'clock in the morning (he says) the whole town of Middleton was on the alert. Even those who would not or could not go to Manchester came out to see their friends and relations start. The people, marching five abreast, were headed by twelve young men, two deep, each holding in his hand a bunch of laurel, "as a token of amity and peace." Above the men who walked five abreast waved two silk flags, one blue and the other green, inscribed, in gilt letters, with the mottoes:

"Unity and Strength," "Liberty and Fraternity," "Parliaments Annual," "Suffrage Universal."

And between these flags was carried, on a pole, a cap of liberty, of crimson velvet, and a branch of laurel. To every hundred men there was a leader, who wore a sprig of laurel in his hat; and over these captains there were superior officers, also decorated. Bamford, the leader of the whole, walked at the head of his column of three thousand, with a bugler by his side to sound the orders for advancing, halting, and retiring. Before setting forth, Bamford formed the Middleton men into a hollow square, and addressed them in his own forcible, sensible manner. He expressed a hope that their conduct would that day be marked by the steadiness and seriousness befitting so important an occasion. He requested them to offer no insult or provocation to any by word or deed, nor to retaliate in any way, lest even the smallest disturbance might serve as a pretext for dispersing the meeting. If the peace-officers came to arrest himself or any other person, they were to be peaceable and not to offer any resistance. He lastly told them that, in conformity with a rule laid down by the committee, *no sticks nor weapons were to be carried in the ranks, and those who had them were requested to leave them behind.* This was accordingly done, and only the old and infirm retained their walking-sticks.

Bamford, always a truthful and careful observer, says his men were most decently though humbly attired. There was not one who did not exhibit a white Sunday's shirt, a neckcloth, or other apparel, in clean though homely condition. Having cheered their leader, the Middleton men resumed their marching order; the music struck up gaily, and the column moved forward. About three thousand Rochdale people soon joined them. A couple of hundred young married women preceded the column,

and as many girls danced to the music or sang snatches of songs. Some children also went with them, and several hundred stragglers walked by their side. The column increased in number at every hamlet it passed through.

At Newtown, the partner of a firm for which Bamford had lately worked came up, took him by the hand, and said, kindly though earnestly, that he hoped no harm was intended by all those people that were coming in; Bamford replied that he would pledge his life for their perfect peaceableness.

"Look at them," said Bamford. "Do they look like persons wishing to outrage the law? They are heads of decent working families. No, no, my dear sir and respected master, if any wrong or violence takes place, it will be committed by men of a different stamp from these."

The master replied he was glad to hear it, and was happy he had seen Bamford; and, in reply to Bamford's inquiry, he said he "did not believe they would be interrupted at the meeting."

"Then," said Bamford, "all will be well," and shook hands with his master and left him. As they entered Manchester, Bamford heard that Dr. Healey, a quack doctor, had led the Lees and Saddleworth union, following a coal-black flag, inscribed, in ghastly white letters:

"Equal Representation or Death;" and above this, "Love"—with a heart and two hands joined.

Even at that thoughtful moment, Bamford confesses he could not help smiling at the notion of his little friend heading a funeral procession of his own patients. The Middleton men reached St. Peter's Field about half-past eleven.

The Jacobite emblems were eminently unwise. The Tories of Manchester were already quite enough astounded at the form and precision of the marching, and at the great number of the visitors. A contemporary writer says, with almost ludicrous horror: "Half an hour ago I met in Oldham-street an immense mass of men, marching in common time, five abreast, with two white flags, and a very respectable band of music, consisting of not less than thirty performers. I counted these files until about two thousand men had passed, when the crowd became so great that I could no longer pursue my reckoning, but I conceive that the whole party drawn up and marching in order could not be less than four or five thousand. Very shortly afterwards a party of about eight thousand passed the Exchange. These also were in military array, preceded by flags, red and black, with the cap of Jacobinism. The former of the two parties came from Bury, the latter from Royton. Similar parties came in from Stockport and the other towns in the neighbourhood. I have just been at the spot appointed for the meeting; about fifteen thousand persons are already there, men and women."

St. Peter's Field, then a large open space of two or three acres, is now nearly in the centre

of that great metropolis of industry, Manchester. The Free-Trade Hall stands on its site, and a theatre, a museum, and numerous palatial warehouses skirt the ground. In the centre of the space on this unlucky August day stood two carts with a sort of stage formed upon them. Around the carts were planted five banners, two red, two white, and one black. Upon one side of the latter was a hand holding the scales of justice, with the inscription, "Taxation without Representation is Unjust and Tyrannical." On the other side was at the top "Love;" beneath, "Unite and be Free," "Equal Representation or Death." On some of the other flags were, "No Corn Laws," "Let's Die like Men, and not be Sold like Slaves."

That heavy sullen oppression of dread suspense and alarm that precedes a thunderstorm hung over Manchester. The shop-windows in Market-place, Market-street, and the body of the town, were closed, and from an early hour in the forenoon all business was suspended—not from a dread of the harmless reformers, but from fear of some violence being used against them. In the principal streets an immense number of country people were strolling about. The more retired parts of the town were silent as death. The scene, says an eyewitness, excited an impression at once melancholy and awful. The wildest rumours were current. It was said that Hunt was to be arrested on the hustings, and it was known that the Manchester and Salford yeomanry cavalry, one hundred and forty in number (nearly all master manufacturers), were concealed in Messrs. Pickford's yard. Capital had grown cruel in its angry alarm. About two hundred special constables had been sworn in. The Cheshire yeomanry, nearly four hundred strong, and the 1st Dragoon Guards, were near the city. The magistrates could also rely promptly on six troops of the 15th Hussars, nearly the whole of the 31st and 88th Foot, and two companies of Horse Artillery. They could not help being afraid, property is always timid; but, with such an overwhelming force, they need scarcely have been cruel, for there were soldiers enough to have swept the streets and to have sacked the city. We all know what a single file of grenadiers can do against even an armed and infuriated rabble. Witness those terrible Lord George Gordon riots; witness the Bristol riots. Remember the French in Madrid; remember even that savage outbreak of the Reds, when Cavaignac mowed them down in heaps. What riot has there been in England since Jack Cade struck London Stone with his dripping sword, that twenty dragoons could not have trampled down, right or wrong?

The special constables and the local yeomanry the magistrates held in their own leash. The soldiers were under the command of Colonel Guy L'Estrange, of the 31st Regiment, who was senior officer in the absence of Sir John Byng (afterwards Earl of Strafford), the general of the district, who was then at Pontefract, and to whom no intimation of the intended movements

had been sent. Early on the forenoon of the 16th, half the constables, whose presence was by no means necessary except to irritate the people and move the more desperate to some overt act, were posted close to the hustings, in the centre of St. Peter's Field; the rest in a line of communication with a private house on the south side of the irregular square space, to which the mischievous magistrates had repaired about eleven o'clock from the Star Inn, where they had at first assembled. This house was about three hundred yards from the hustings. A committee of fevered county magistrates had been constantly sitting since the Saturday morning taking depositions, listening to petitions and remonstrances against the meeting, and trying to settle what to do in the imaginary crisis, which existed only in their own fears. It was at last decided, after much flurried talking, not to attempt to prevent the meeting, but to arrest Hunt and the other leaders publicly and ignominiously when the speaking had commenced. The troops were to wait till it was seen how the meeting went on, and what might arise. In the mean time, two squadrons (three hundred and forty men) of the 15th Hussars having been marched into the town from the barracks in the suburbs about ten o'clock, were dismounted in a wide street a quarter of a mile to the north of St. Peter's Field. The Cheshire yeomanry were formed to the left of the same street. The rest of the hussars were with the artillery between the cavalry barracks and the town. The Manchester yeomanry, quite ready for work, were stationed in a street to the east of the field.

The infantry were also in readiness. An eyewitness, writing from Manchester before the meeting, said:

"In short, here is military force enough to crush ten such mobs." If large armies are unmanageable, how still more helpless is a vast unarmed crowd!

A little before one, an unknown man began to address the (nearly) eighty thousand peaceable artisans and country people now assembled in the field. The faces turned expectantly towards the hustings and the banners. The man spoke calmly enough. He said: "If we are mad, as our enemies call us, it is the most pleasant loss of senses I ever experienced, and I hope it will never be extinct but with death. At this important crisis it behoves every free-born Englishman to abstain from violence. We only desire our fair and just rights; let us demand them with steadiness and perseverance, and victory will be the certain result."

A few minutes to one o'clock a rolling shout proclaimed the arrival of the great demagogue, and eighty thousand voices shouted welcome to the vain and empty man they delighted to honour. There he was, a handsome broad-shouldered man, with the restless face. He wore, as usual, his theatrical country squire dress, blue coat and brass buttons, top-boots, and impudent white hat, then the badge of the radical party. He was preceded by a

noisy band of music and by flags, while above the crowd rose a board, inscribed "Order." It was said that Wooler, the dreaded and hideous editor of the Black Dwarf paper, was with him; this was not true. There sat in the carriage his allies, Johnson, Moorhouse, Seaton, and Swift. Hunt stood up in the barouche, eyeing the enormous multitude with astonishment and satisfaction. On the box sat an Amazon named Mary Waterworth, bearing the standard of the Stockport Female Reformers, and waving a white handkerchief. She had just been lifted into the carriage, probably out of compassion, as it passed through the crowd.

Hunt's band struck up Rule Britannia and God save the King; the people generally took their hats off. As soon as the orator mounted the hustings the music ceased. It was proposed that Mr. Hunt should take the chair; the motion was seconded and carried by acclamation. The orator, removing his white hat, advanced to the front of the hustings and addressed the great hushed multitude.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I crave your indulgence while I proceed to state the nature and object of this meeting, and I particularly request that no gentleman will call silence, as it produces more disorder than any other circumstance, and perhaps will give our enemies the opportunity of causing a further encroachment on our rights and liberties. Gentlemen, for the honour you have done me in electing me chairman on this important occasion I return you my sincere and heartfelt thanks. I am happy to see such an immense concourse of people assembled, and I fearfully regret that I shall not be able to make myself heard by all of you, but those who are able to hear me will, I hope, do so peaceably and quietly. It is useless to attempt to relate the proceedings that have occurred in your town during the last ten days, or to state to you the cause of the meeting on Monday being postponed; you are all acquainted with it. Those wise magistrates, who were the cause of preventing the meeting on Monday last, fancied they had achieved a glorious victory; but their pusillanimous conduct since, and the presence of such an immense and respectable assembly as now stands before me, prove the contrary. A placard which nobody could understand had been posted up all over the town, signed by *Tom Long* and *Jack Short*, and some such contemptible beings. If any one is riotous, put him down, and keep him down." He was about to proceed, when the appearance of cavalry in the distance stopped him for the moment.

In the mean time, Nodin, the chief constable, had informed Mr. Hulton, the chairman of the bench of magistrates, that he could not execute the warrant for the arrest of Hunt and his colleagues without military aid. Mr. Hulton instantly wrote to the commander of the Manchester yeomanry, and to Colonel L'Estrange, to bring up the regular troops to the house where the magistrates were.

The yeomanry came first, being nearest. Their

blue and white uniforms were almost instantly seen as the troopers galloped down Mosely-street and Peter-street, and ranged themselves, sword in hand, in front of the "Cottage," a well-known building on the south side of Peter's Field, near where the magistrates were at the windows. Hunt, seeing the yeomen, to save the people breaking on that side nearest the horses, cried out that it was only some trick to frighten the meeting, and called to the people round the hustings to stand firm, and give three cheers of good will. The yeomanry remained under the wall about five minutes, during which time, it is said, the Riot Act was read. They then waved their swords and dashed at once into the crowd. They were soon brought to a stand: the crowd was dense, and now held firm. The yeomanry ranks were broken, the troopers separated, got wedged in the mob, powerless alike to retire or advance. There was no great harm in this dilemma; there they could have remained till the meeting was over, and as the crowd dispersed have arrested the speakers. No overt act had been committed; no yeoman was pulled from his horse, struck, or pelted.

At this moment—so immediately that the closest observers describe it as simultaneously—two squadrons of hussars cantered up round the west side of the field. They had only been a quarter of a mile off. Mr. Hulton sees the Manchester yeomanry, his own friends, as he thinks, in danger. Colonel L'Estrange asks him what he is to do. The magistrate, in an agony of frenzied, but quite irrational alarm, cries:

"Good God, sir, do you not see how they are attacking the yeomanry? Disperse the crowd."

Fatal and foolish words! The officer is a mere agent of the civil power; it is not for him to reflect or decide. The men look along the line waiting for his cry. He shouts, "Forward!" the trumpet sounds, and the three hundred and seventy men dash down on the eighty thousand close-packed and harmless people. Mr. Hulton (imbecile!) leaves the window, "because he would rather not see any advance of the military." We all remember the fool in the Proverbs, who flung about firebrands and called it sport. The charge swept the people down in heaps. Yeomen and constables were trampled back by their too zealous friends; men, women, and children were piled in struggling masses. An eye-witness says:

"The troops instantly dashed off at full gallop amongst the people, actually hacking their way up to the hustings. A cordon of special constables was drawn from the house occupied by the magistrates towards the stage, and fared as ill from the attacks of the soldiers as the people at large. A comparatively undisciplined body, led on by officers who had never had any experience in military affairs, and probably all under the influence both of personal fear and considerable political feelings of hostility, could not be expected to act either with coolness or discrimination; and, accordingly, men, women, and children, constables and reformers, were all

equally exposed to their attacks; numbers were trampled down, and numbers were cut down. When they arrived at the hustings, sixteen banners and a cap of liberty were torn or cut from the hands of those who held them, and Hunt, Johnston, and Seaton, with several other persons, including three or four women, were taken into custody. Hunt was hurried along by the constables to the house where the magistrates were sitting, crying out 'Murder!' as he was every instant struck by the bludgeons of numbers of constables who surrounded him. An attempt was made to knock his hat off, but unsuccessfully; and just as he was going up the steps a person struck him on the head with both fists."

But the dreadful scene of slaughter and un-called-for cruelty had eye-witnesses of a far more observant and thoughtful description than the one whose letter we have just quoted. Bamford, a man honest and true to the core, watched it all with a beating heart and with burning eyes.

When he first saw the troops launched at the unoffending people, he called out to those near him—he, perhaps, scarcely knew why—"They are riding upon us; stand fast." The cry rang through the ranks of the Middleton men. "Stand fast!" The cavalry got confused. "They evidently," he says, "could not, with all the weight of man and horse, penetrate that compact mass of human beings; and their sabres were plied to hew a way through naked held-up hands and defenceless heads; and then chopped limbs and wound-gaping skulls were seen; and groans and cries were mingled with the din of that horrid confusion. 'Ah! ah!' 'For shame! for shame!' was shouted. Then 'Break! break! They are killing them in front, and they cannot get away;' and there was a general cry of 'Break! break!' For a moment the crowd held back as in a pause; then was a rush, heavy and resistless as a headlong sea, and a sound like low thunder, with screams, prayers, and imprecations from the crowd, moiled and sabred, who could not escape. . . . In ten minutes from the commencement of the havoc, the field was an open and almost deserted space. The sun looked down through a sultry and motionless air. . . . The hustings remained, with a few broken and hewed flag-staves erect, and a torn and gashed banner or two dropping; whilst over the whole field were strewed caps, bonnets, hats, shawls, and shoes, and other parts of male and female dress, trampled, torn, and bloody. . . . Several mounds of human beings still remained where they had fallen, crushed down and smothered. Some of these still groaning, others with staring eyes, were gasping for breath; and others would never breathe more. All was silent save those low sounds, and the occasional snorting and pawing of steeds. Persons might sometimes be noticed peeping from attics and over the tall ridgings of houses, but they quickly withdrew, as if fearful of being observed, or unable to sustain the full gaze of a scene so hideous and abhorrent."

Another eye-witness says: "The shrieks of women and the groans of men were to be heard at some distance. Every person who attended out of curiosity immediately fled. The crush was so great in one part of the field that it knocked down some outbuildings at the end of a row of houses, on which there were at least twenty or thirty persons, with an immense crash. As I was carried along by the crowd, I saw several almost buried in the ruins. Others, in their anxiety to escape, had fallen down, and had been trampled on by the populace." The frightened people, helpless as scared sheep, were pursued at full gallop by the sabers through all the avenues leading to St. Peter's Field; and even the distant parts of the town rang with the echoes of the hoofs of the pursuers' horses. It was a cruel and brutal carnage.

That night the infirmary was crowded with wounded and dying persons, gashed, trampled, crushed, and bruised, their limbs fractured by sabre blows or by the feet of the hussar horses. Five or six were dead; thirty dangerously wounded; forty much injured. A special constable, Mr. Ashworth, landlord of the Bull's Head, was killed; one of the Manchester yeomen was beaten off his horse by a brickbat, and had his skull fractured. No soldier appears to have been even bruised, and only this one yeoman, who, some said, was really injured by a fall from his horse. About thirty of the unfortunate wounded persons had been slashed with sabres on the heads, hands, and shoulders.

That night, even though roused by this cruelty, the Manchester people broke out into no considerable riot. At half-past four the mob again assembled at St. Peter's Church, and was soon dispersed. They then gathered at New Cross, a place inhabited by the lower Irish, and broke open a shop. The military fired, killed one man, and dangerously wounded several others. The soldiers paraded the streets all that night. All the roads leading from that town to Middleton, Leigh, Royton, presented a distressing spectacle of men, women, and children, all hurrying homeward in the greatest disorder, some with their clothes torn, others lamed by the wounds they had received in the affray. On Tuesday morning several hundreds of persons were seen within fourteen miles of Manchester still lying in the fields by the roadside, overcome with fatigue, or unable, from the injuries they had received, to reach their homes.

Hunt and his friends were brought up before the magistrates on the Friday following, but were remanded till that day week, by which time Bamford, Moorhouse, and others were arrested. They were then again brought up, and informed that government had, for the present, abandoned the charge of high treason, and that they would be only detained till they should find bail to be tried for the misdemeanour of having conspired to alter the law by force and threats.

The Tories tried very hard to appear still alarmed. The grand jury of the county of

Lancaster threw out all the bills against individual Manchester yeomen for cutting and maiming. An inquest sat at Oldham for nine days on one of the sufferers, but the proceedings at last grew confused and irregular, and were quashed by the Court of King's Bench. The more violent Tories even affected great satisfaction at "the decisive and effective measures to preserve public tranquillity" taken by the Manchester magistrates. These were Lord Sidmouth's own words in his letters to the lord-lieutenants of Lancashire and Cheshire. The attorney- and solicitor-general thought the conduct completely justified. Lord Eldon was blandly delighted. He pronounced the meeting an overt act of treason, as "numbers constituted force, force terror, and terror illegality." He pressed very hard to arraign Hunt for high treason, but was overruled. The orator was eventually sent to Hechester jail for two years and a half. Sympathisers with the sufferers were sharply rebuked. The Regent himself majestically reproved the common council of London for their address to him upon the subject. Westminster, Norwich, York, Bristol, Liverpool, and Nottingham, undaunted by this awful reproof, sent in addresses, however, condemning the magistrates and the weak but coercive government. For attending a meeting at York of twenty thousand persons, and signing a requisition to the high sheriff, Earl Fitzwilliam was deprived of the office of lord-lieutenant of the county of Lanark. Sir Francis Burdett, for fervently protesting, was proceeded against for libel. The Duke of Hamilton, lord-lieutenant of the county of Lanark, nevertheless sent fifty pounds for the relief of the Manchester sufferers.

Many of the Tories loudly insisted that the magistrates had acted rightly, and talked of "the necessary ardour" of the troops. Lord Redesdale even stupidly contended that all reform meetings were overt acts of treasonable conspiracy. Lord Eldon cried aloud for more stringent acts of parliament, as there was "nothing to be done now" but to let the meetings take place, and reading the Riot Act if there was a riot at any of them. That warm-hearted and wise father (or rather stepfather) of his people, the Regent, was also charmed with the Manchester magistrates. He expressed his "approbation and high commendation of the conduct of the magistrates and civil authorities at Manchester, as well as the officers and troops, both regular and yeomanry cavalry, whose firmness and effectual support of the civil power preserved the peace of the town on that most critical occasion."

Calmly, it must be allowed that the magistrates had done nothing illegal. But the wicked folly was to send forty yeomen to break through from fifty to eighty thousand people; the cruelty was, before even a stone was thrown, to proclaim the meeting a riot, and to launch soldiers on a helpless mob, packed together too close to be dangerous, even if it had shown the slightest wish to be so. The ground could have been occupied beforehand, the meeting prevented by turning back the

country levies before they entered the town. The arrests should have been made before or after the meeting. The arrests once made, the meeting could no longer have been mischievous. Rage at their own blunders, mingled with fear, led the magistrates to give orders for a charge that ended in the death of at least six people, the wounding of some eighty others, and innumerable secret casualties that never came to light. The overt act was clearly wanting, and that alone would have been a pretence for the cruelty shown.

That same year the tyrannical Six Acts were passed by that timid but oppressive statesman, Lord Sidmouth. That very autumn, the manufacturing classes grew more determined and revengeful. In September there were three days' riot at Paisley and Glasgow; in November there were rumours of a general rising; and early the next year the Cato-street conspiracy was organised.

In bitter parody of the name of Wellington's great victory, the scene of that cruel sabring of the inoffensive Manchester workmen was christened by the name of Peterloo.

THE URCHIN OF THE SEA.

THE storm died out, and the day was dying;

I stood on a wet and weedy beach,
And watch'd the angry clouds still flying,
And heard the wheeling sea-birds screech.

Something white, in a cloud of spray,
Was tossing on the watery way;

I knew not what; I was stunn'd with the roar
Of the waters that rise and part and mingle,
Wrathfully tearing the whirling shingle
With a heavy boom on the shore.

A thin-faced urchin stood beside me

(I had not noticed him before);

With a hideous leer and a squint he eyed me,
Pointing imp-like from the shore.

Sharp black eyes in a sheet-white face
Gleam'd as he pointed towards the place,

And his hard shrill laughter pierced the roar
Of the waters that rise and part and mingle,
Wrathfully grinding the whirling shingle
With a hollow boom on the shore.

"Oh, have you seen,
Would you like to see,
Have you ever been,
Would you like to be,
Where the waves leap high
As the bulging sky,
And tumble and crowd,
With a roaring loud,

And laugh and push, and quarrel and splash,
With a headlong run and a giddy dash
To worry a wreck?"

The leering ill-shaped imp of the sea

Pierced one eye so deep in mine,
And held his face so near to me,

That he drew me over the foaming brine,
On a chill, chill wind, in a dim strange light
That gleam'd like neither day nor night—

Over the brine, in a smoke of spray,
To the reef where the waves their rage were wreaking
Pelting and storming the dead ship—shrieking
Like white wolves after their prey.

Round the hull I saw them leap,

Quarrel and laugh, and bubble and shout
"I was the first the deck to sweep!"

"I storm'd the port! Ran in and out

Of the wooden thing,
With the canvas wing,

That could neither swim, nor ride, nor fly!"

"And I leapt over it!"

"So did I!"

One, clear'd with a bound a dripping beam,

That held to the hull by a creaking chain,

And mimick'd the mother's drowning scream,

While all the sea-imps laugh'd again.

One to the other, the tale they told,

As they shriek'd and chatter'd, and groan'd, and hiss'd,

Of the bodies that sank in the frothing cold,
Of the souls that rose shuddering up in the mist.

And when, with a crash of beam and rafter,

She sunk in a suddenly yawning well,

Oh, then a louder and fiercer laughter

Echoless on the waters fell!

And when again I stood alone,

And the laughter changed to a distant moan.

Still, on the beach of weeds and shingle,

The urchin's accents seemed to mingle

In a faint and far-off tone.

"Oh, have you seen,

Would you like to see,

Have you ever been,

Would you like to be,

Where the waves leap high

As the bulging sky;

Hi! hi! hi! hi!

And tumble and crowd,

With a roaring loud;

And laugh and push, and quarrel and splash,

With a headlong run, and a giddy dash,

To worry a wreck?"

And e'en when a golden light is lying

On a soften'd, chasten'd, sorrowful sea;

And e'en when there's nought but a gentle sighing

And a dreamy sweet monotony;

The faint tones o'er the waves still reach

Where'er I stand, on the shining beach,

From the Urchin of the Sea. Still more

When the angry waters part and mingle,

Wrathfully rolling the whirling shingle

With a hollow boom on the shore.

THE WORKING MAN.

MUCH has been said and written of late about the working man, his habits, wants, vices, virtues; he has been extolled as a hero, and decried as a demon—credited with qualities which make the Spartan virtues themselves look tame, and debited with sins which would qualify him for Pandemonium without delay; he has been made use of by political writers as a bugbear to terrify the timid against further concessions to a creature who will destroy the institutions of the country, and ride roughshod over religion, morality, and decency, when once he gets the chance and an extension of the suffrage, and he has been set up as the future dominant power of the realm, whose initiation into the art of governing it is as well to begin now and by easy stages, before his inheritance lapses

to him unprepared. Of course these various views are taken from the outside only, pen-and-ink sketches by hands ignorant of the real nature of the class they assume to describe, consequently more or less exaggerated, faulty, and partial; but we have here, in a book lately published,* a monograph of the working classes by one of themselves, which speaks with clear utterance, neither exaggerating nor extenuating. This is the only satisfactory way in which to write of him—from the inside of his own world, not from the outside—showing him as he is with all his short-comings as well as his good qualities, neither as a modernised Sir Galahad in fustian and a slop incapable of a foul action: nor as a drunkard and a scoundrel incapable of a noble one; not bristling with melodramatic virtues making every-day life impossible, nor hideous with melodramatic vices making conscience and humanity a mere dream of the imagination. Indeed, if he were the melodramatic hero which certain publications, more fanciful than accurate, set him forth to be, he would be chaffed out of workshop existence altogether; and would find what others have found before now, that society resents nothing so much as this kind of living over its head, and that every one who wishes to stand well with his world must be one with it, and not be always attempting to put it in the wrong by showing how much more in the right he is himself. Confessed enmity is less offensive than priggish superiority; and so the British workman would find to his cost if he attempted to be what some of his friends and flatterers say he is.

Now, as to the distinctive virtues of working men—on the authority we quote—the representative virtues of the class. They have fortitude in trial, kindness to each other, industry, honesty, intelligence; but they are coarse and ignorant, and with neither the just judgment nor the cultivation of refinement. They can read, and they do read, and sometimes they read to good purpose; but the great mass of them read the least elevating literature of the day for recreation, while their politics are drawn from the sensational leaders of their own special organs, often inflammatory, unjust, and one-sided. The calm reasoning of impartial judges annoys them far more than it convinces. They know very little of history, geography, natural history, or general literature; and a working man who can write a moderately good letter or a properly worded address is a rarity, and is regarded as “a scholar” by his mates. He is chosen as the spokesman and penman of the community in general, when they have anything special to say or to write; but, as the journeyman engineer very justly remarks, so great account would not be made of a working man who could write with ordinary propriety, were education as general among them as it is assumed to be.

The great cause of this class-ignorance, says

* *Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes.* By a Journeyman Engineer. Tinsley Brothers.

our author, is the system of schooling. The boys go too early to work, and after too hasty and tight a system of cramming. They are held to be scholars in all respects if they can read and write, work the great horse-shoe and nails sum, repeat whole chapters of the Bible off book, give the history of English sovereigns from the time of the Conquest to the accession of Queen Victoria, mention the names and dates of the biggest of our national battles, the names of the highest mountain and the longest river, tell the distance of the sun from the earth, and perhaps have even a little smattering of Latin or French. This is the sum of what they bring away with them from school; but after they have been at work for a few years, they forget all these dry bones of knowledge, and seldom substitute anything more useful. Very often, too, that hard cramming system has been thrust upon them with such a heavy hand, that they become disgusted with books, even with works of fiction, sensational or otherwise. The picture of Laurestina, carried off by the wicked baron, with her back hair down, and in the loveliest of ball-dresses, does not rouse a desire in them to learn the final catastrophe of that thrilling romance. For Laurestina is reading—a pill coated in sugar, if you like, but a pill all the same; and experience has made them wary. It was different when they were young, and while the thirst for stories of adventure and love was strong upon them. Had they been given their run, then, of Laurestinas, more or less according to nature, they would have perhaps learnt to love an art which now they abhor; and even penny literature is better than none at all, and sensational romances are less objectionable than gin-drinking and its consequences.

One result of this unsatisfactory kind of education is to leave the working man ignorant, and therefore a prey to flatterers, and unconscious of his best friends. He believes all the rubbish that may be talked about a bloated aristocracy living on the sweat and blood of the people, and so forth: as if the present were feudal times, where was no right but might, and where the poor had no justice and the rich no restraint; and he believes all the frothy declamations of professed agitators who get their bread out of stump-oratory, and not by honest work; but he dislikes the men who tell him unpalatable truths, and mistrusts such friends as publishers—for one example—who risk large sums of money in publishing good class books at low-class prices, chiefly and mainly for his benefit. Truth-tellers and friends of this class do not stand anywhere, in his estimation, near the facile orator of the stump; but perhaps a sounder education, and the habit of weighing words and deeds against each other, might give a power of better judgment on such matters; and the working man, if once thoroughly well educated, would be able to separate corn from chaff, and to separate flattery from froth. The want of that ability is one of the greatest misfortunes of his condition.

Our friend, the journeyman engineer, has a

word to say on the much-vexed question of unions and trade societies. All things have their dark side. Even a virtue may be so run into excess as to be a vice; and a good thing may be overstrained until it becomes bad. That working men should frame positive laws for their own protection, in place of trusting to the traditions of professional etiquette, is surely not a deadly sin. A barrister or a physician would not be countenanced by his brethren if working for a payment below the scale of those charges which it was not below the dignity of the Legislature once to settle; and is not the ridicule which is cast on the penny-a-liner owing to the meanness of his pay, rather than to the badness of his work? It is a true instinct which makes moral value and money-worth to a certain extent interchangeable terms; for the world is always willing to pay well for good work, unless when the overstocking of the labour market brings down the value of individual merit by making it universal; and therefore a man or body of men which stands out for first-class payment stands out for the recognition of first-class work. This is one of the moral aspects in which trade-unions and societies may be considered, and the proverb of the bundle of sticks supplies another. But all the trade societies are not political; some are simply provident and helpful; and of these the best and most successful seems to be "The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Machinists, Millwrights, Smiths, and Pattern-makers." This is emphatically a benefit and provident society, which gives ten shillings a week for fourteen weeks, and seven shillings a week for thirty weeks, and six shillings a week ad infinitum, to its members when out of employ by misadventure—not wrong-doing. In cases of sickness, it gives ten shillings weekly for twenty-six weeks, and five shillings a week for ever, if the member be utterly disabled. A member who, by accident, blindness, partial loss of sight, apoplexy, epilepsy, or paralysis, is unable to follow his special branch of the united trades, may receive, if he will, one hundred pounds in the lump instead of so much per week. Men who have been members for eighteen years, and who are fifty years of age and upwards, and who are not in regular employment, may have, if they will, a retiring allowance of seven shillings weekly for life. Twelve pounds is the sum allowed for the funeral expenses of a member; but if a man's wife or child die, he may draw five pounds for that interment, leaving seven pounds for his own. The entrance fee is from fifteen shillings to three pounds ten shillings, according to age at the time of entering, and the subscription is one shilling per week. In 1865 the society numbered 30,978 members, and they had 295 branches, of which 230 were in England and Wales, 31 in Scotland, 11 in Ireland, 8 in the United States, 6 in Australia, 5 in Canada, 2 in New Zealand, 1 in France, and 1 in Malta. Their income was seventy-seven thousand three hundred and seventy-three pounds odd, their expenditure forty-nine thousand one hundred and seventy-two pounds odd,

and the total balance in hand at the end of December, 1865, was one hundred and fifteen thousand three hundred and fifty-seven pounds odd, exclusive of arrears. 1862, the year of the cotton famine, pressed hardly on them, and called forth an expenditure averaging two pounds twelve shillings and fivepence-halfpenny per member; since 1853 the largest call per member in any one year had been one pound thirteen shillings and tenpence-halfpenny per member, and some years it had not reached half that sum. Yet at the end of 1865 they had, as we have seen, sixty-seven thousand six hundred and fifteen pounds odd in hand. Among their items of expenditure were "loans to other trades, two hundred and forty pounds;" and "gifts to other trades, one hundred and fifty-four pounds eleven shillings."

This is a trade society to which not the most bitter anti-unionist can take exception; but, according to the showing of the journeyman engineer, those societies which conduct and provide for "strikes" and their consequences, are praiseworthy in their working, and as beneficial to employers as to employed. "No man," he says, "is admitted into a trade-union unless known to possess good abilities as a workman, of steady habits and good moral character;" so that by employing a member of a trade society an employer secures a workman possessing those qualifications. And again, "any member of a trade-union who is discharged from his employment for misconduct is debarred from the benefits of the society till he again finds employment, so that the members of a trade-union have an additional inducement to conduct themselves properly while at work." As no member is admitted to the society unless he is a properly qualified workman, so must none so lower the general standard as to work for less than the average amount of wages paid to members of the same branch of trade in the district in which he is employed. Not for less than the average of wages paid elsewhere, but only in the district. And this rule, says our author, favours the masters as much as the men. Suppose there is a "slap" of dull trade in London, and that, in consequence, a number of London workmen, usually the pick of the trade, are on the funds of the society. The secretary of the London branch club hears from the secretary of a country branch club that workmen are wanted in the provincial district of which he is trade guardian. The London secretary tells some of those who are out of employ to go to the district and apply for work; and if it be offered them, they must either take it, or forfeit the out-of-work pay of the society, though the district wages may be ten shillings a week lower than the London wages. And as no man in his senses refuses, the result is that country masters often get first-rate workmen at third-rate wages, to the relief of the society and the better morality of the workman.

For trade outrages, like that exceptional notorious matter of Sheffield, of course not a word in extenuation can be said; but "strikes"

are, as things stand, at times a necessary evil; though our author goes dead against them: saying, "the evil that is greater than a strike must be great indeed, so great that the probability of it arising in the present age of competition is very small; and the frequency with which strikes occur is, in my opinion, in a great measure attributable to the fact that the general run of working men do not fully comprehend the nature and magnitude of the evils involved in a strike, and lacking the check that would arise from a thorough understanding of these evils, they adopt a strike as a first instead of a last resource."

If strikes be bad and a wicked waste of good money, so also is all the carousing and mummery of certain benefit societies, which can do nothing without drink, banners, processions, and a general display of rag-bag tomfoolery. Why worthy citizens and respectable artisans, well-conducted fathers of families, and young men with the ordinary amount of sensitiveness to ridicule, should consent to make perambulating mummies of themselves, because they have agreed to give each other such and such a sum of money weekly, under such and such circumstances, is one of those profound mysteries of human polity quite impossible of solution. But it does seem a bitter waste of money, generally not too plentiful, to spend what might be so useful to the suffering, in simple folly and absurdity. It is to be supposed that scarves, and banners, and pewter medals, and queer triangular bits of cloth called aprons, and tarnished tags, and rusty ribbons, answer to some deep histrionic instinct in the human mind; for we find the love of them everywhere—the absurdity lessening just in proportion to the original cost of material, and the extent to which the tags and ribbons are employed.

One of the most amusing of all the chapters is that headed "On the Inner Life of Workshops." To the outside public, and the uninitiated in general, it naturally appears that men go into a workshop to work, and that "work, and work alone, is the beginning and end of workshop life." "But any working man who entered a workshop with such an idea in his head, and with no other qualification than being able to use his tools, would soon find himself in very evil case. For him the shop would be 'made hot,' so hot, that, as a rule, he would have to leave it, and might thank his planets if he was fortunate enough to escape personal violence. This, however, is only a hypothetical case; and such a monster as a working man who considered work, even during his working hours, to be his being's end and aim is, happily for himself, rarely to be met with in the flesh." The first thing that an apprentice is taught, before even he is told the names of the tools, is to "keep nix." Now "keeping nix" is keeping a bright look-out for overseers, managers, or foremen, so as to be able to warn in time the men who are skulking, reading, smoking, or "doing corporation work"—that is, their own work

instead of the master's. The boy who can keep "nix" well, is a treasure to the men, and will be made a favourite among them, and taught his trade with care and zeal; but the dull, slow, or malicious boy, who lets his mates be "dropped on," is cuffed and sworn at far more than he is taught his trade, and, indeed, is considered very nearly incapable of being taught his trade at all. Besides keeping "nix," the apprentice has to learn how to smuggle drink into the shop undetected, as well as to perform many of the ordinary services of the Eton fag; in return for which he is taught "the cunningest trade wrinkles of which the men are the masters," and so finds his account in his cleverness.

Of course, the usual practical jokes are played off on a new comer, and he is sent to the most ill-tempered man of the shop to ask for the loan of a half-round square, and is told to call him by some peculiarly offensive nickname; then the elbow of his hammer-hand is jerked, and that knocks a piece of skin off his chisel-hand; and when he complains, they say, "It couldn't have hurt him, as it wasn't on him a minute;" and various other circumstances of rough humour and horse-play come in as part of the learning belonging to the years of apprenticeship. But boys wear down their sharp angles in time, and learn all the workshop ways, and they do not get worse treated than the fags at public schools, or the middies on board a man-of-war. It enters into the nature and obligation of boyhood to be knocked about. In the present case, if any man knock boys about too much, and steps over the line laid down between the admissible and the brutal, he is "small-ganged" for his pains, and so learns better manners and more moderation. To be small-ganged is to be set upon by all the boys of the shop in a close phalanx; and how strong soever the man may be, and how ever well able to master a few of his tormentors, all together they are too many for him, and Gulliver has to yield to Lilliput. Sometimes, though rarely, a man revenges himself when out of his time on some one who had been particularly obnoxious to him as an apprentice. Such vows of retaliation are often made and seldom kept; but once the journeyman engineer saw a young man, so soon as the clock struck twelve on the day on which his indentures expired, throw down his tools and immediately "pitch into" a workman who had habitually ill used him in the first three years of his apprenticeship. That was a man with a purpose and a fixed idea invaluable to a novelist.

There are certain times and circumstances in a man's life when he has to "pay his footing" in the workshop—the footing being a sum of money to be spent in drink for the community. Each new comer into a workshop pays his footing on entering; a boy, on commencing his apprenticeship, and a young man, on ceasing to be an apprentice, pay footing; so does a man on his marriage; formerly a man had to pay his footing for very slight occasions,

such as obtaining a small promotion in the shop, beginning or finishing a piece-work job, or having a child born to him; but the occasions now are merely those before mentioned. The footing varies from five shillings to a sovereign; and if sometimes paid liberally and proudly—as when a young man ceases to be a boy and becomes a journeyman, or when he has received an ovation and “ringing in” from his mates on his marriage—it is sometimes paid ruefully and at a sacrifice; a sacrifice which nothing short of that tremendous power, public opinion, would enforce.

Another trait of the inner life of the work-shop is the chaffering that goes on about tobacco, and how, by his dealings in tobacco, and his readiness to give, or his spiritlessness in begging, a man's moral calibre can be gauged. “Most working men are smokers,” says the journeyman engineer, “and some of them very constant smokers, an ordinary allowance of tobacco for many of them being an ounce a day; some of them use considerably more than that, and, while all smoke more or less, and the rules of the shop prohibit smoking during working hours, it is scarcely a matter for surprise that working men should find out or make curious holes and corners to which they repair to have a smoke unseen. And so, though a boy may regret this state of things, as it necessitates his being put to keep “nix,” and being thrashed if he should allow the surreptitious smokers to be discovered, he will hardly consider it strange. But when he sees men going about day after day begging tobacco of their shopmates, and sees a man offering one of his fellow-workmen his tobacco-box to help himself from, giving another a bit which he takes from the box himself, and evidently weighs by eye and hand, and absolutely denying having any tobacco in his possession to a third, he may fairly be excused for wondering what it all means; but it is only in time and by close observation that he can thoroughly understand the mysteries of tobacco cadging, or profit by the lessons they teach.” One man, a Jesuit in nature if not in creed, used to keep two tobacco-boxes, one called “the world,” the other “providence.” When asked for a pipe of tobacco, he would answer, “I have not a bit in the world;” then calmly go off to one of the secret smoking-places, and light his pipe with a serene conscience. If taxed with falsehood, or asked how he had got his tobacco, “I put my trust in Providence,” he would answer; and the prevarication was as good to him as truth.

The working man looks forward to the golden system of eight as his millennium—“eight hours’ work, eight hours’ play, eight hours’ sleep, and eight shillings pay,” pending which the Saturday half-holiday, the long Sunday morning lie-in, and the worship of Saint Monday to follow, make up a three instalment, for which he is bound to be grateful. The Saturday half-holiday, the long “lie-in” on Sunday morning, and the rest or the pleasures to fill up the remainder of the day, may be all very well; but the worship

of Saint Monday is a mistake, and the sooner the habit is broken through, the better for all concerned.

Of the amusements of the working classes; of their liking for “deep” plays—that is, for tragedy—and of their wonderful ignorance of the very alphabet of theatrical knowledge, our author has much to say. When the “city of Venice” is quietly set down as a “theatrical cove,” and when one more learned than the rest of his companion gods, after a thoughtful pause, hesitatingly confesses that he has heard something of a “theatrical bloke named Shakespeare,” and believes he wrote Jack Sheppard, but doesn't know whether he lived in the time of Alfred the Great or George the Fourth,* the play-going portion of the working men cannot be accepted as very reliable authorities on play-going merits. Still the gods are a theatrical institution and a somewhat formidable power, and it is as well to consult their taste, and to cater for it, by giving them “deep” plays of a pure kind, and, if sensational, yet also elevating.

But the time is rapidly passing when it will be necessary to “give” the working man anything, and when on the contrary his demand will create the supply. Every year sees an increase in his value and social influence, and every year removes him further from the need of patronage, and brings him nearer to the level of his patronisers. He has his own future, and a large share of the political future of the empire, in his hands; but he, like every one else, must go with the times, and rise to the average height of intelligence and education if he would be a stable or a progressive institution. Else his power will be merely brute strength, like that of blind Polyphemus or of sightless Samson, good for destruction but not for creation—a power at war with the higher authorities, through whom the world goes forward. One great good for both the working man and for the classes above him consists in the filtering of gentle blood continually going on through the workshop. Gentlemen of education and of refinement roll up their shirt-sleeves and labour at steel and iron as practical engineers, among the blackest and roughest of their kind; gentlemen stick candles in their caps, and dive down ladders into mines, working very nearly as hard as the grimy gnomes they superintend; a few gentlemen—of a scampish sort generally—find themselves in the ranks among the privates; but this does not count as either help or illustration. However, setting this last aside, there is a constant, if very minute, stream of high-class education and intelligence mingling itself with the more turbid flow of the working world; and, with the modern theory of the dignity of labour, will come in time the practice resulting in the improvement of the labourer and the general elevation of the working class, when it shows itself strong

* The Conductor of this Journal takes the liberty of strongly doubting these two statements, supposing them intended to have a wide application.

enough for the rise. Meanwhile, the working man remains a study—in some respects, too, a problem—in great part a difficulty—in much a contradiction—but, on the whole, a national hope and a national pride, and the future of a very fine and noble power. Yet he has to do a little hard work before he becomes that power; and the hardest of all will be the coming to a knowledge of his own deficiencies, the ability to distinguish friends from flatterers, the determination to give himself a better and sounder education than he has at present, and the casting from him, as a childish toy, the silly conceit which sometimes makes him an easy dupe, and indisposed to hear the truth, or to profit by it if heard.

ARCHERS AND TREES.

WE have already informed our readers that a really toxophilite aristocracy was instituted in England, under the sanction of monarchs, with the full consent of princes and people.* It is now regarded in a more sober spirit; but there are nations in whom the ancient enthusiasm still prevails. Among the Chinese, archery has even a sacred and symbolic value.

It still keeps its place on the list of military exercises, to the study of which an aspirant for a commission is required to apply himself, if he wish to succeed in his object. The attitudes are regarded as of principal importance. An observer describes the movements of a Chinese teacher while engaged with his pupil. He was very particular to place the student in what seemed to the spectator a most ungainly position; nor was the pedantic martinet satisfied with the result till, after frequent manipulations of his pupil's legs and arms, he succeeded in getting him into exact conformity with rule. In this cramped attitude the pupil was compelled to hold the bow for a certain length of time, in order to make the pose familiar to him; and then another set of operations was commenced with reference to an attitude further on in the exercises. This complex detail was gone through with the utmost gravity, as if some religious ceremony was proceeding, in which deliberate motion and great solemnity were indispensable requisites. After this, the students are taught the art of shooting, and are subjected to trials of skill. In every Chinese corps of one thousand men, one-fifth are archers, with regular officers. During actual warfare they go to the field armed with the bows and arrows which they wear only for show, nor are ever expected to use.

The Indian archer has a manner of his own, as dissimilar as can be to any European method. He stands with his feet wide apart, places one arm of the weapon over the front of his left leg, and passes the handle behind the thigh of the right; then he forces the

upper horn forwards with the right hand, and slips the noose of the string into its place with the left.

The yew-tree furnished the material of which the bow of our ancestors was formed, and is a frequent ornament in country churchyards. Many have thought that they planted the tree there for the express purpose of supplying bow-wood for the public service. This, however, is a mistake; lime, fir, chesnut, and oak are also present in our churchyards; and the yew may be seen flourishing in other spots—in Wales, wherever a starting-place can be found for it, in any cranny or cleft in the mountainous or rocky soil. This presence of the yew, therefore, in some country churchyards, is merely accidental, and not due to any set purpose.

Of other trees; however, this cannot be said: some were introduced for a certain end. The mulberry-tree, for instance, was introduced into England, early in his reign, by James the First, who spent nine hundred and thirty-five pounds in planting them near his palace, and by royal edict, about the year 1605, offered packets of mulberry-seeds to all who would sow them, for the purpose of encouraging the cultivation of silkworms for the promotion of silk manufacture in this country. The royal patronage rendered the tree so popular, that there is scarcely an old garden or gentleman's seat, which had existed in the seventeenth century, in which a mulberry-tree is not to be found. In 1609, Sieur de la Foret, who had in France a nursery of five hundred thousand plants, travelled over the midland and eastern counties of England, for the sale of mulberry-trees, and distributed not less than one hundred thousand trees.

In the eighteenth century, what was called The Mulberry Garden was opened near London, in the neighbourhood of Spaffelds, and became a very popular place of entertainment. An old engraving gives a very good representation of the spot and of "the swells" by whom it was frequented. A party of fashionably dressed fops are shown playing a game of ninepins under the spreading foliage of a huge mulberry-tree, the trunk of which, as appears from another picture, preserved in the Guildhall library, was protected by a wooden fence. Under the shade of this noble tree seats were arranged for such as desired a lounge in view of the skittle alley, which was immediately before it. Bands of music, illuminations, and fireworks, varied the amusements. A grand saloon was provided for the musical entertainment in winter, as also a long commodious room for the general company. The music which the proprietor encouraged was strictly national, it being his expressed opinion that "the manly vigour of our own native music is more suitable to the ear and heart of a Briton than the effeminate softness of the Italian," adding, that "no foreign performer would be engaged at his establishment."

Trees and forests are as natural to the archer as trout streams and willow banks to the angler,

* See BEAUX AND BELLES, p. 345 of the present volume.

whom Charles Lamb describes as sitting by "the old New River," like "Hope, day after day, speculating on traditional gudgeons," adding of the aforesaid hope, that he thought she had "taken the fisheries, and that he now knew why our forefathers were denominated East and West Angles."

One great advantage of these out-door sports is, that they bring us face to face with nature. Angling was called by Izaak Walton "the contemplative man's recreation." The same, notwithstanding the activity of the sport, may be said of archery, only in the act of contemplation we have company. While aiming at the target, and in the pauses between, we have leisure to look at the country round about. We may, moreover, indulge in pleasant gossip—such as we have sought to give example of in these and other desultory papers.

A STORY WITH TWO ENDS.

MISS FLUTTERS at home?

Miss Flutters *was* at home, John said, in the drawing-room. Mr. Flutters had left word he should be home soon, but had not yet returned from his elub.

That didn't matter; Miss Flutters would do as well as her papa. John looked doubtful. He had old-fashioned notions, and approved of chaperones, and the street door was held partly open. What was to be done?

Between the hall and the drawing-room there was a great gulf fixed; the resolute old hanger-on resembled adamant. I represented that to an engaged man etiquette slightly unbends; but this John could not be brought to see, and the return of Mr. Flutters would probably have found me still hovering on his door-mat, had I not unexpectedly found an advocate.

Slowly across the darkened hall came a little figure in a white pinafore, with bright curls falling round a sober little face, and grave astonished eyes, wondering at the unwonted sounds that were breaking the stillness of the twilight hour.

"Conny," I said, with new hope, born of the little figure before me, "*mayn't* I come in?"

"John, what is this?" said my small defender. "Why don't you let Mr. Stevens come in? Open the door directly."

"Beg pardon, Miss Conny," said the old man, giving way before authority, "but Mr. Stevens wants to see your papa, and your papa isn't in."

At this unanswerable argument, Conny looked puzzled. "Why don't you go away, then?" she said, frowning a little; for my behaviour seemed to her unreasonable, and Conny had begun to read "Mill's Logic," and was no countenance of folly.

Music was heard from the drawing-room—that drawing-room from which I was excluded—and I became desperate. The minutes were slipping by; precious minutes when spent in the drawing-room; and she who might have saved me

had gone over to the opposition, and sided with the butler. "Conny," I said, speaking sensibly, as an appeal to her understanding, and looking wretched as an appeal to her heart: "I *don't* want to see your papa until he comes in, but I'm tired and cold; mayn't I come in and rest, and warm myself a little at your drawing-room fire?"

"There's a fire in the dining-room," said Conny, shrewdly guessing now that John was protecting the drawing-room, and not feeling quite sure herself as to the proprieties; "won't that do?"

"Well, no, Conny," I said, "I don't think it will, it's so cold and draughty; it made me dreadfully ill last time. I couldn't bend my back for a week."

Conny's pity began to show itself in her eyes; she looked at John for instruction, ready to give in, if her ally were so inclined, but that worthy was quite unmoved.

"It's all nonsense, Miss Conny," he said, with a grim smile; "the dining-room ain't draughty a bit. Mr. Stevens can go in there if he likes; there's a beautiful fire, and I'll let him know when your papa comes in."

In fine, John was not to be done—could by no means be got over; so I accepted the compromise, and walked dismally in, followed by Conny, who evidently considering herself in the light of my jailer, proceeded to lay herself out to a considerable amount for my benefit. She shut the door firmly, poked the fire into a bright blaze, satisfied herself that the atmosphere was that of a bakehouse, and sat down on the hearth-rug at my feet, prepared for conversation.

But I wouldn't speak, and soon the pain in my back caused sundry groans dismal enough to awake pity in Conny's soft little heart.

"What is it?" she said, after she had borne it as long as she could in silence. "Your back? Isn't the fire warm enough?"

Warm enough! I should think it was. Conny must have been a salamander to have mentioned the subject without a blush.

"It isn't the fire, Conny," I groaned, "it's the draught; never mind, you can't help it. I must bear it as well as I can till your papa comes in."

"I can't understand," Conny said, with some impatience at this limit of her knowledge; "the door's fast closed;" and she shook it as proof.

"It's the chinks, Conny," I groaned, in an agony; "oh, this is very bad!"

Conny took a resolution. Propriety was one thing, but illness, sudden death, was another.

"Come up-stairs," she said, with a little sigh and a long-drawn breath; and up-stairs I limped with some difficulty.

"Madeleine," said Conny, with a little quiver in her voice; "Mr. Stevens has got a stiff back, through sitting in draughts."

"Very well, Conny dear," said her sister; "I'll take care of Mr. Stevens; you run and play with your dolls, or read Mill's Logic, if you prefer it. Would you believe," she said, turning to me, "that that child reads logic at her age?"

Of course she can't understand ten words of it, but papa will have it. She's to do as she likes. I think it's a mistake myself, it makes her so quiet and solemn, always poring over books she can't understand. Not like a child."

But I couldn't speak against Conny, whose warm little heart was even now working under her pinafore for imaginary woes, so I took a safe refuge in silence.

"Can I do anything?" asked Conny, reluctant to go, feeling as if in some inexplicable way she was the sole supporter of life in my frame, that with her absence I should droop and fall; "shall I run and fetch some *sal volatile*, or some steel wine?"

Conny's sister took *sal volatile*; but Conny herself took steel wine, and believed in its efficacy.

"No, no, Conny," said her sister, with a fuller faith in her own powers of healing as compared with steel wine, "Mr. Stevens is all right now; he will do very well till papa comes in."

"I'll come and tell you the very moment he does," declared Conny at the door; and having administered this consolation, she departed, hopping on one foot solemnly down-stairs. Conny was disposed of. Mr. Flutters was from home. Delicious and rare combination of circumstances, for I had a bone to pick with Madeleine. A bone that could by no possibility have been picked before Conny, whose well-balanced mind thought lightly of sentiment, regarded all love-making as beneath her notice, and brought Mill to bear upon every occasion.

This was the bone:

Madeleine, the queen of coquettes, engaged to me, was yet, I feared, encouraging another man of the name of Prior: a man from our club, well dressed, good-looking, if not intellectual-looking, of gentlemanly manners, but inordinately conceited, and a confirmed flirt. There was a pleasant character to have about a house! A house, too, where the father was easily pleased, easily satisfied, fond of society, and ready to have any number of gentlemanly fools about him; where the lady of the house was a mere girl, attractive, charming, fascinating, intensely lovable, but a coquette; where the youngest daughter alone absorbed the sense.

"Madeleine," I said, gracefully blurring at once into the subject the moment we were left alone: "I find you have got to know Prior during my absence from town."

No jealousy, I flattered myself, in my tone; no discontent that it should be so.

"Yes," said Madeleine, taking up a pinafore of Conny's, and settling down to work like a staid little woman to whom coquetry was unknown.

"You won't think me a bore, Madeleine, or that I wish in any way to interfere with your choice of friends, but—*don't* you find Prior an insufferable coxcomb?"

"No," said Madeleine, intensely interested in the formation of button-holes: "I don't know that I do. Is not he generally liked, then? Papa thinks him so very agreeable."

"Since you *ask* me, Madeleine," I said; "and, mind, it is a thing I should never have mentioned of my own accord; I may tell you that, so far from being *generally* liked, to know that he was intimate at a house would be quite enough to prevent many men from visiting at it."

"Fancy!" said Madeleine, holding up the pinafore to be admired.

"I among them," I went on.

"No?" said Madeleine, quite unmoved by the assertion.

It was becoming evident that my challenge would not be accepted, and that Madeleine declined to show fight.

So, as after war the next best thing is peace: "Perhaps he does not come here often, after all," I said; "I should think, indeed, you would not allow yourself to be bored by him frequently."

"Oh, I don't know," said Madeleine; "I think I am very often bored, one way and another; it doesn't so much matter by whom, you know."

Whereby it will be seen, not only that Madeleine's views were liberal in the extreme, but that she understood to a nicety the art of evading delicate questions, and driving her lovers to desperation.

Jack Stevens was the most easy-going fellow in existence, but it was possible to drive him too far. Miss Flutters was relying too much on his sweetness of temper. He had now reached his limit. The lion within his British breast was beginning to require attention.

I put a direct question to her, and waited for an answer.

"Madeleine," I said, "how often has Mr. Prior been here during my absence?"

"I haven't an idea," said Madeleine, slipping at once into feminine resources and accusing her memory. "Conny may recollect, perhaps; but it doesn't matter, does it?"

Another feminine resource. Madeleine abandoned her pedestal of indifference when she saw I was really angry, and descended to coaxing.

"What *can* it matter? You're not going to pretend you're jealous of Mr. Prior, Jack?"

The "Jack" did it. I was her devoted slave, not in the least jealous, and full of wonder at my own suspicions.

"Well, now," said Madeleine, when the pinafore had been duly admired, and small pieces of my heart had been sewn on to it in a Greek pattern with braid, and we had both approved of the effect: "I will be candid with you; you shall never say I don't tell you everything. Mr. Prior *has* been here a good deal."

Madeleine's candour always gave me palpitations of the heart; I never knew what was coming next. However, I gulped down this first edition, with the conviction that it would disagree with me when I came to digest it, happily smiling.

"You won't make me jealous *now*, Madeleine," I said, kissing her; and the pinafore fell from her lap.

"Clumsy!" said Madeleine, pouting. "You won't let me work. Poor Con! I'm ashamed of you, Jack. You don't behave half as well as Mr. Prior; he never does such things."

That is to say, reduced to English, Mr. Prior was not in the habit of kissing Miss Flutters.

I should never have imagined he was, myself; but Madeleine was so terribly suggestive that I began to feel uneasy, and the lion within me gave a roar.

"Madeleine, if I imagined such a thing possible, I should at once resign all claim over you, without even waiting to speak to Mr. Flutters on the subject, or wish good-bye to your sister."

"That's just what I say," said Madeleine, quietly; "so you needn't flare up so, or I shall not be able to be as candid as I wish. Mr. Prior has not only been here a good many times already, but he is coming to dinner;" here Madeleine coughed a little: "to-night. It's very unfortunate for me, as well as for you, for of course I don't want *him* here the very first night of your return; but he asked himself, and papa couldn't very well refuse him then, could he? though I frowned at him to make him say 'No' till I thought my forehead would never come straight again; and Conny was speechless from surprise."

"It *is* unfortunate," I said, in as gruff a voice as I could manage, with the little jewelled hands pressing me so closely, and the blue eyes glancing—I suppose by accident—at the engagement-ring.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Madeleine, eagerly; and then added, trying to take me by storm, and trusting too much to the softening circumstances: "That's not the worst, either. Mr. Prior makes love to me, and I can't tell what to do to make him leave off. He *will* do it, no matter what I do. He will to-night. You'll see."

To be told, after a few weeks' absence, that the girl to whom I was engaged was being made love to by the man I most disliked in the whole world; and that he *would* do it!

"Now, you're not angry with me?" said Madeleine, passing over Mr. Prior's offence, and taking care of number one in a ladylike way, "because it's not been my fault."

"No, I'm not angry with you, Madeleine," I said, "but of course there must be a stop put to it. Leave him to me. He'll not make love to you to-night, I fancy."

This was said with a sneer so very effective, that Madeleine was beginning to look frightened, when the door opened a very little way, and Conny looked in.

"Papa's not come," she said, "but the nursery tea is. Come, Madeleine. Perhaps Mr. Stevens will come too," she added, politely, suddenly seeing me in the light of an obstacle to the nursery tea, which it was necessary to remove before she could obtain her sister. "Tea will do him good. It's so refreshing, nurse says."

"I should like nothing better, Conny dear,

and I can carry you up-stairs on my back, if you like."

Conny's eyes sparkled at this proposal, and her cheeks grew bright.

"That would be nice," she said, and prepared to mount; then stopped suddenly short. "Your back," she said; "it'll hurt your back."

I assured her it would not, and carried her up, when the queen of the nursery dismounted, placed her horse (myself) in a low chair by the fire, and her sister in another, and proceeded to distribute bread-and-butter, and tea in mugs.

"You can't have the prettiest mug of all, I'm sorry to say," Conny informed me, when she had satisfied herself I could want nothing more: "because I broke it last week. I'm not generally clumsy, you know, but I did do that, and it had roses on it, and green leaves."

I expressed my conviction that it must have been very attractive, professing myself at the same time full of admiration of the mug I was using, and Conny's sense of hospitality was satisfied.

"Could you tell me a story?" she inquired, sidling down from her high chair, when all the bread-and-butter was eaten up, and her sister had refused to cut her any more; "or don't you feel well enough?"

"I'll tell you what, Con," said her sister, decisively, "you'll get no story till you're dressed for dessert. Go and have your hair brushed, your hands washed, and your frock changed, and then you may come and sit with Mr. Stevens while I dress for dinner."

So Conny ran off, and I was left with Madeleine, with the warm glow of the nursery fire throwing red lights on her brown hair, and brightening her sweet face into new beauty. At such a moment, who could have believed she was a coquette, before whose witchery young and old fell alike, fondly believing the while they had "made an impression"? Long I sat thus, drinking in long draughts of happiness, building castles of colossal height, all to be inhabited by one enchantress whose wickedness took the form of beauty, whereby she entangled the hearts of men, wooing them to love her by her gentleness, driving them to madness by the laugh in her eyes. But this beautiful witch had said that she loved me, had promised to come and live in my fine castles, and inhabit my high towers, and from henceforth the sole responsibility of controlling her rested with me and my restraining hand. And I was no ways afraid. Love is a strong subduer; now, sitting beside me, her hands clasped in mine, and her blue eyes watching my castles fade and die out in the fire, Prior was as far from her thoughts as from those of little Conny, who, in white frock and coloured ribbons, had returned from ablutions, as fresh and as bright as a daisy, and was now standing beside me, watching our quiet happiness with some impatience and a little scorn.

"Poor Con," said Madeleine, rousing a little, and blushing under the child's scrutiny; "how stupid we all are, aren't we? I should soon have

gone to sleep if you had not come in. I think it must be the tea; that and the fire combined. How are you going to amuse Mr. Stevens while I'm dressing for dinner?"

"I shall show him things," said Conny, promptly. And Madeleine left me to amusement.

"Now for the story," I said, drawing Conny, two puzzles, and a toy pump, up to a place on my knee, and stroking her curls. "What's it to be about? I can tell you a story about anything you like," I declared rashly; and Conny instantly put me to open shame.

"Then tell me," she said, holding on by her pump, and settling herself into a position of perfect ease, with a delighted consciousness that it would be beyond my powers: "tell me the story Madeleine tells me the nights you don't come here."

I was completely taken aback. Some story of Madeleine's? Madeleine, whose brilliant imagination could keep Conny quiet for an hour together?

"You have never guess, I see," said Conny, "what it is, and if you don't guess, you can't, of course, tell it. Shall I tell it to you instead? I know it now as well as Madeleine, I think."

"You have heard it very often, then?"

"Very often," assented Conny; "every night when you don't come here, Madeleine comes and sits in that low chair, and takes me on her lap. She turns up her pretty grey silk, you know, for fear I should crease it, and I sit on her petticoat, and she tells me the story."

"Always the same one?"

"Always the same," said Conny, shaking her curls; "but I don't get tired, it's so pretty, and the end is different sometimes."

"The end is different, Conny?"

"There are two ends!" said Conny, explaining; "one is very pretty indeed. Madeleine likes that one best. I think she tells it oftenest, but sometimes she tells the other end, and then she is so quiet and grave, and once when I kissed her, her face was all wet."

"I'm afraid it will be too sad, Conny; I think I'll hear the other end first. Begin, please."

"Well, don't wriggle," said Conny, evidently beginning from the usual starting-point, and the story was commenced.

"Once upon a time," said Conny, "there was a young lady who had two lovers, one very good, and one very bad. They were both very fond of her, and very polite." (Conny's notion of love-making was politeness carried to its extreme limit.) "And she liked them both, one in her heart, and one in her manner."

Here Conny gave a little gasp. "Do you like it?" she asked.

"Excessively," I assured her; "but I don't understand, Conny, 'and one in her manner.' That was rather odd, wasn't it?"

"I thought so," said Conny, doubtfully, "but Madeleine said, 'No, it often happened.' And I suppose she knows?"

"Probably," I agreed; and the story went on.

"The good one, the one she liked in her heart,

you know, had to go away for a long time, where he couldn't see her at all. And while he was gone, the bad one came in, and brought her books—story-books, I suppose—and gave her a paint-box, and a dog with a collar, and went out for rides with her, and took her at night to hear music.—Very polite, wasn't it?" Conny looked up in my face, and didn't understand the expression she saw there. "You don't like it," she said; "I shall leave off."

"I do like it, Conny; it's my back makes me look so. Go on, dear. I want to hear the end. What did the young lady do? Take the things he brought her? Enjoy the rides and the music? Throw the absent one over?"

"I don't understand you," said Conny, in her most sensible manner. "How could she throw him over when he was away; and what should she throw him over? Very silly!" Having expressed her opinion, Conny went quickly on, that she might not be blamed for having given it.

"Well! He talked, and talked (the bad one did), and said such nice things, that sometimes he didn't seem bad at all, Madeleine said: though he always was really, you know. And she could not help liking him very much, and thinking it would be very pleasant to have all his beautiful things for her very own, and go and live with him in his fine large house.—Did I tell you he wanted her to go and live with him?" asked Conny, breaking off.

"The end, Conny; did she say she would?"

"Why, no," said Conny, at once sensibly, and with impatience: "that wouldn't have been ending happily, would it, when the other one was good? He was the best fellow in the world, Madeleine said."

"Goodness is not always appreciated."

There was bitterness in my tone, and Conny lifted the pump in reproof.

"Always," she said, "when things end happily."

She had no intention of moralising, but imagined she was stating a fact.

"Well, Conny?"

"Well, she thought all this, till she remembered the other one, and how fond he was of her, and how polite he had always been, though he had not nearly such beautiful things as the bad one had, which, of course, prevented him from being as polite as could have been wished. When she remembered this, she told the bad one he might live in his fine house himself, and keep all his beautiful things" (here Conny got considerably excited; she spoke with flashing eyes, and hands that gesticulated, dealing me blows with her puzzles and pump), "that she didn't want them, and wouldn't live with him, because she loved the good one better than she had ever, ever, ever, loved him. And so do I," said Conny, winding up rather abruptly, and siding with virtue.—"Isn't it pretty?"

The pull up was so very sudden that I was not prepared with an eulogium.

"Don't you like it?" asked Conny, disappointed at my silence. "It's so pretty when

Madeleine tells it, and much longer. I think I spoil it with my words."

"Like it? It's perfectly charming. I was thinking it over, Con dear. I should so like to hear the other end now."

"I always say, 'If you're not tired,' " said Conny, suggesting.

I repeated the formula, and was indulged directly.

"The other end is pretty, but very sad. When the good one came back, he found that the beautiful young lady—Madeleine didn't say she was beautiful, but I like to think that she was—had—gone—so—far—with—the—bad—one" (the words came very slowly here; Conny was evidently speaking from memory)—"that—there—was—no—drawing back."

"What happened then?" I asked; for the soft voice broke off suddenly.

"I don't know," said Conny, looking frightened. "I'm afraid she forgot the good one, and went to live in the big house, among all the fine things, and that they didn't make her happy, for Madeleine cries so—at least she does sometimes—and sometimes she only kisses me, and sings till I go off to sleep in her arms such pretty sad songs!"

There were no red flashes from the fire now; the room was fast filling with shadows.

"Isn't that sad?" whispered Conny, clinging to me a little, not liking the silence, and secretly afraid of the dark.

"Very sad."

"It doesn't do to mind it, though," she said, trying to combine consolation with sense, "because it's only a story, and not really true, you know. I don't suppose there ever was a beautiful young lady with one bad and one good; and you know there were two ends, and I mean to believe the happy one. Won't you?"

"Dinner, Jack!" said a beautiful young lady in a grey silk dress; and I rose at the sound of her voice.

The dinner was perfection; all my favourite dishes had been thought of. Never had I seen Prior to such advantage. He monopolised Mr. Flutters, and rarely approached the silk dress. Madeleine and I had it all to ourselves. And charming as she always was, she was more than ever so on this evening; happy, I suppose, in the consciousness of her singular beauty, set off to so much advantage by the grey gown, the falling lace of which showed her white shoulders and pretty round arms uncovered.

"Papa," said Madeleine, when dinner was half over, taking a rose from a vase and fastening it into her belt, and looking at it a moment; "isn't Splutters late?"

Splutters was the family only boy, so called by a facetious uncle.

"Is Master Tom in, John?"

"Just in, sir," said the butler, grinning a little; "but he's all over green paint. He must have knocked up against something, I think. He's gone up-stairs to change his things, I was to tell you, miss; and he'll come in to dessert with Miss Constance."

"Dessert!" said Prior. "I know very little of Tom, if dessert will do for him." And Madeleine piled up a plate with solids for Splutters.

Presently the door of the room opened with a rush, and the hope of the house walked in, followed by the second Miss Flutters without her pinafore.

Conny pushed a chair between me and her sister; Splutters planted himself beside me, and stared at Prior. "Late again, Splutters," said his father. "Take your elbows off the table, sir, and don't stare."

"Cold!" observed Splutters, discontentedly, making digs at the solids with his fork. "Cold greens and lukewarm pie! Who's going to eat that, I wonder?"

"I'm glad it is cold," returned his father. "If you can't come in, in time for dinner, you don't deserve to get any. No, Madeleine, he shan't have it warmed;" for Madeleine was looking piteous, and commencing an order to the butler.

"It'll not hurt him, Miss Flutters," said Prior. "I've often gone without a dinner myself before this; it'll do him no harm."

"Oh, won't it?" burst out Splutters, delighted to have some one to pitch into. "How do you know? Who are you, I should like to know, putting in *your* oar? You think yourself very grand, I dare say. Nobody else does."

"If you're going to be impertinent, Splutters, leave the room," said Mr. Flutters.

"He's so precious cheeky," Splutters explained, "coming bothering here every day, and ordering me about! I've had about enough of him. What does he mean by it? Madeleine don't want his books, nor him neither. Stevens is worth three of him."

"Be quiet, Tom, this minute," flashed Madeleine, turning as red as the rose in her belt.

"Tom's a very naughty boy, isn't he, pet?" asked Mr. Flutters of his youngest little daughter, who had listened to this edifying scene with praiseworthy attention, and had brought her whole intellect to bear upon it.

"Very," returned Conny. "I don't like Mr. Prior myself, but Splutters shouldn't talk so."

And Conny swept herself and her sister out of the room.

All this was damping. We were so very dull, that Prior, who was easily bored, preferred the society of the ladies, and absconded to the drawing-room, whither I should certainly have followed him had not Mr. Flutters (who had as much tact as could have been expected from the father of such a boy as Tom) been so very anxious to know the exact point to which stupidity could carry me on the subject of "Reform," that, without positive incivility, I found it impossible to leave him. When, however, it had been clearly proved what a fool I was, there seemed nothing further for which to remain, and I left my future father-in-law to discuss the affairs of the nation with his son.

The evening passed quietly enough, enlivened by snatches of song from Madeleine, who seemed too restless to go steadily through anything, but made the room sweet with beginnings and ends. Tea was placed on the table, and I completely swamped myself in that liquid, Madeleine holding the uncomfortable theory that the more domestic a man was, the more tea he would necessarily take into his system; so Prior and I ran a race for reputation, and Prior won by a cup.

"Going my way?" said that hero at length, admiring his hands in lavender kids, and then generously offering them all round.

I assured him I was not; so, looking surprised, he took his departure.

"Mr. Stevens," said Madeleine, in a low chair, quiet and grave: like the heroine of Conny's story, when she had made up her mind, it would be very pleasant to have beautiful things for her very own: "I have made a mistake."

I thought the assertion so very likely to be correct, that I made no attempt at contradiction.

"While you have been away," said Madeleine, telling a story I had heard before, "Mr. Prior made love to me, as I told you. I tried at first to prevent him, and, indeed, he knew I was engaged to you, but he went on all the same. He brought me all the last new novels, and——"

"And gave you a paint-box, and a dog with a collar, and took you at night to hear music?"

The words were Madeleine's, and she recognised them at once for her own.

"You know all!" she said. And there was silence between us. "Can you forgive me?" she said at length, nestling up to my arms, and laying her bright head down on my coat. "I'm so sorry, Jack! I can't think what made me do so, for I knew all along he could never make me happy, for I love you——"

"Better than you could ever, ever, ever love him!" I said. "Conny told me so. Oh, Madeleine darling, this is much the prettier ending of the two!"

Madeleine seemed to think so also. She smiled through her tears, and looked up at me from under her eyelashes.

"I'm so sorry," she said again.

I instantly said I was sorry too (that being the correct thing to say under the circumstances).

"Oh, my eye, what a game it is!" said Splutters, with his usual tact, bursting into the room at break-neck speed. "There's been such a jolly row! The governor's been pitching into Prior about coming here, and Prior says he's 'left for ever!' Ain't it fun? It's an awful sell, though," said Splutters, suddenly, with a face that had lengthened considerably. "Prior was going to have given me silkworms."

"Talking of pets," I said, carelessly, trying to attract Splutters into friendship, but scrupulously addressing Madeleine: "I am quite

overrun with them, you know. I have so many dormice I don't know what to do with them; and as to my guinea-pig——but him, of course, I must get rid of."

"Give it us," said Tom, speaking in the plural, but by no means intending that Madeleine should share in the gift; and Splutters and I were friends for ever.

So happily the weeks went on to the eve of my wedding-day. It was getting dusk, and I was sitting by the fire in the dear old drawing-room, holding Madeleine's little hand in mine, and gazing at the sweet face that was so soon to belong to my wife; when to-morrow's little bridesmaid appeared at the door, in a white frock, and with long white mists floating backward from her pretty curls.

"How very nice, Conny!" I said, for she stood quite still to receive compliments; "very pretty indeed, dear."

I rather wished she would go away, for I was enjoying a last tête-à-tête with Miss Flutters, and telling myself that to-morrow I should lose that young lady for ever, and how would that feel! But Conny had caught sight of her sister down on the hearth-rug, and sprang to her with a little cry of pain that made me feel a wicked brute, and completely upset poor Madeleine.

"Hush, hush, darling," she said; "don't cry so, Conny. I shall soon be back, and then you're coming to stay with me, you know, and papa and Splutters and all."

But Conny had lost all her sense. She gave herself a little shake, and the frock and the mists were much injured.

"Conny," I said, taking her from her sister's arms: white as the veil that now hung limp around her, wet with her tears: no longer an emblem of to-morrow's joy: "listen to me. You shall keep Madeleine. I'll not take her from you."

"Oh, hush, Jack," said Madeleine. "Poor little Conny!" But Conny herself looked up.

"Really?" she asked; "not a story?"

"You shall keep her," I said, "if you say so."

After this there was a pause, during which I gave vent to some very affecting sighs.

"What will you do?" asked Conny, at length, laying a caressing cheek against mine, and covering me up with her veil.

"I? Oh, I shall go away, Conny; the beautiful young lady won't come to me."

"Was that you?" asked Conny, in great surprise; "were you the good one, and was Madeleine the beautiful young lady? Oh!"

"How shall the story end, Conny?"

Conny looked up with a flash of her old quickness, but the dear head went down again on my shoulder.

"Shall I finish it, Conny?" said her sister, softly; and Conny's grasp tightened round my neck.

"Say 'Yes,'" she whispered. So I said "Yes," and Madeleine finished the story.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I. MABEL "JOINS" WITH A DIFFERENCE.

MABEL, after the first few minutes, found herself as much at home with all the family, as though she had never quitted her uncle's roof. In Uncle John and Aunt Mary she found no change at all, except that they were dearer and kinder than ever. And though her cousins had grown out of recognition at first, yet as they recalled together sundry childish adventures, the well-remembered expression returned to each face, and Mabel could see them again as they used to be: Jack, a wild harum-scarum hobbledohy, for ever falling into scrapes and marvellously scrambling out of them, but under all circumstances the hero and idol of the two little girls; and Janet, a grave silent sober little body, devoted to her father even from her baby days, and invariably peace-maker in any of the rare dissensions that arose among them.

Janet was now a young woman of nineteen, and—her mother's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding—was certainly not pretty, though hers was a face that few people would forget, and fewer, having once seen it, would not like to see again. She was very pale, with a complexion of a thick creamy white, and hair of too light a flaxen hue to be flattered by the appellation of golden. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were fortunately of a darker shade of brown, and her grey eyes were set very deep beneath a broad overhanging forehead. Her mouth, though wide, was singularly sweet in expression, and her jaw somewhat too massive, but well curved, and with a charming dimple in the chin. Her figure, rather above the middle height, was spare and ungraceful, and she had a slight stoop in the shoulders, occasioned by years of weak health.

"I'm sorry Polly couldn't be here to meet you, dear," said Aunt Mary; "she is looking forward to seeing you with such pleasure. Her husband is very busy to-day, and the little one is ailing slightly, so she could not well leave home, but she will come to-morrow."

"What is Polly's new name, Aunt Mary? You told me that her husband was a teacher of music, but did not tell me his name."

"Oh, his name is Bensa, Carlo Bensa; and Polly is called Madame Bensa. Think of Polly being Madame anybody!"

"An Italian?"

"An Italian, and a very clever singing-master. But what is more important, he is the best creature in the world, and he perfectly worships Polly."

Mrs. Walton—by that name she was always addressed, and by that name I shall call her in these pages—would not suffer the evening sitting to be prolonged as far into the night as the younger people would have had it.

"Mabel is tired," she said. "The parliament is dissolved. I am only in the farce to-night, so I need not be at the theatre before half-past nine. But I must positively know that Mabel is comfortably in bed before Jack and I set off. We have put you a little bed in Janet's room, my dear. You won't mind sharing her chamber? It is an airy room, and the largest in the house, though, to be sure, that isn't saying much for its dimensions." With that, Mrs. Walton led the way up-stairs, and saw Mabel peacefully composed for her night's rest before she betook herself to the theatre.

The next day, Saturday, was a busy one for Mrs. Walton. She was occupied at rehearsal all the morning, and had to play in two pieces at night: so Mabel had no opportunity for the quiet talk with her which she was very anxious to have. When she said something respecting her wish to talk over her own prospects, Aunt Mary (who was trimming a muslin apron with blue ribbon to be worn that evening as part of the costume of a smart soubrette) kissed her, and bade her wait patiently until the morrow, when she and Uncle John and Mabel would hold a Cabinet Council.

"Now, Mabel, my child," said Aunt Mary, after church on Sunday, when she and her husband and niece were quietly seated in the little sitting-room in her own home: "now, Mabel, let us hear what you wish, and what you propose, and what you expect? And then Uncle John and I will give you the best help and advice we can."

"Dear Aunt Mary, what I wish is to be a good actress; what I propose is to set about

beginning to learn my profession practically as soon as may be; what I expect is——" Mabel paused a moment doubtfully, and then resumed: "Well, what I expect is that, with youth and strength, and a determination to work hard, and a good motive to spur me on to exertion, and your help, dear aunt and uncle, I shall be able to earn my own living, and even to do something to help mamma and educate dear little Julian."

"Well answered, Mabel," said her uncle, passing his hand lightly over the girl's head, as he spoke: "well answered, little woman. How her voice reminds me of Philip's, to be sure! Just as I can remember the sound of it, when we were little lads together." And the blind man sighed softly.

His wife instantly pressed closer to him, and took one of his hands between hers.

"Bless thee, Mary," said her husband. "Don't think I'm fretting, my own one. No, no; the sound of the child's voice carried me back to the days of lang syne for a moment. But there was no Mary in those days; no Mary and no bairns. I wouldn't lose you and change back again, wife; not even to see the blessed sunshine again. But come, come! We're a pretty cabinet council, wasting our time on anything but the matter in hand:—though perhaps that has been known to happen in more august assemblies. Well now, Mabel, I need not ask if you have my sister-in-law's consent to making this attempt, because I'm sure you wouldn't go against her wishes."

"Mamma disliked the idea very much at first, Uncle John. The people about her are full of the strongest prejudices against everything connected with the theatre. But she yielded to my strong wish at last."

"Good! Still, another thing must be thought of, Mabel. You were unfortunate in your first experiment at governing. But we are not to conclude from that, that all schools are like the school at Eastfield, or that all school-mistresses are like Mrs. Hatchett. The good we can get out of the prejudices of other people is to learn to try to overcome our own. Have you quite made up your mind that such a position, even under favourable circumstances, would be distasteful to you?"

"Quite, Uncle John."

"You know, Mabel, if you go on the stage, you will have many rubs to encounter. It isn't all smooth sailing, even for the lucky ones. You must make up your mind to work hard, to be patient, and to hold a steady course undauntedly. You know the Arabian story which tells how the princess had to climb a rugged mountain to reach the magic bird, the singing tree, and the golden water. The mountain was strewn with black stones, the petrified remains of those who had striven in vain to reach the summit. The sole condition of success was to turn a deaf ear to the clamour of taunting voices that filled the air, and tempted one to look back. The princess wisely distrusted her own strength, so she filled her ears

with cotton, and having thus rendered them impervious to the mocking voices, made her way victoriously up the hill, and seized the prize she had come for. Now, Mabel, you certainly cannot stuff your ears with cotton, but you must fill your mind and occupy your attention with thoughts that shall serve to deaden very considerably the idle babble that might otherwise distract you from the goal."

"Dear uncle, I will try. I don't fear work, and I am most willing to learn. It must be a steep hill that shall turn me, Uncle John."

"Well, my child, God prosper you! You're my dear brother's own daughter, every inch of you. Tell Phil a thing was difficult, and you might be sworn he would try to master it. I've done my preaching, Mabel. I have plenary absolution to talk as much as I like. I can do so little—so very little—beside. When it comes to real practical business, I must hand you over to Aunt Mary."

"I'm sure, John," said his wife, indignantly, "you're very practical. Now, dear Mabel, since you are resolved, I must tell you what plan we had talked over among ourselves. We go, as I told you, to Kilclare every summer. The manager is an old acquaintance of mine, and, as the place is small, and everything on a diminutive scale, and he can't afford a large company, I dare say he would be very glad to give you a trial. Only I fear, Mabel, you mustn't expect any salary at first; but if you do well, it will not be long before you will be able to earn a salary, never fear. The first thing to be done is to write to Moffatt—he is the manager of the Kilclare circuit—and hear what he says. I have not the least doubt as to his answer. Then you must get up in a few stock pieces. The leading lady won't let you have much business."

"Much business, Aunt Mary?"

"Many good parts, child. But I shall stipulate for one or two of the lightest of the juvenile lead, to give you practice; and then you must take walking ladies, or utility, or whatever comes uppermost."

"Oh, of course, aunt." (Mabel guessed at the meaning of these terms.)

"And then we must see about dresses for you. Fortunately, Polly is on a larger scale than you are, so the chief alterations needed will be to take in, and that's always easy. There are a good many of her costumes lying by. We will see about all that to-morrow. You'll take Polly's old place with me. Janet's always busy with her father, you know. The first time I went to Kilclare without Polly, I felt quite lost. It will be the greatest comfort in the world to me to have you; but here are Polly, and Jack, and Janet, and Charles, and baby, all coming across the square. Now, Mabel, prepare to like my son-in-law very much, and to fall over head and ears in love with baby."

CHAPTER II. MESOPOTAMIA AND THE VIOLIN.

MADAME BENSA ran into the sitting-room with outstretched arms, and catching Mabel in them, hugged her heartily.

"You dear little thing!" she cried. "How pretty you've grown; and you're taller than you promised to be. But I should have known you anywhere. The same eyes; the same smile. Goodness, what a booby you must be, Jack, not to have recognised her instantly. Charles, come here and be presented to your cousin, Mabel Earnshaw. His name is Carlo, but I couldn't possibly call him by it; it sounds so like a dog, doesn't it? At least, pronounced in my English fashion. And I *can't* roll my r's. And here's baby. Isn't she fat? And she never cries. I consider those the two most charming qualities possible in a baby." So Polly rattled on in a blithe good humoured way, that infected one with good spirits, and looked as buxom and pleasant a young matron as you could desire to behold. Her husband was a quiet ugly bright-eyed little man, very simple and gentle in manner. An atmosphere of peace and good will pervaded the family circle.

Mr. Moffatt, the manager, wrote a very gracious letter to Mrs. Walton, consenting to give her young relative a trial, on the very handsome conditions of her performing gratis, finding her own wardrobe, and making herself generally useful in the business of the theatre.

"What sort of study are you, Mabel?" asked her aunt one morning, bringing into the room a pile of queer little books, covered with yellow, green, or brown paper.

"What sort of study, Aunt Mary?"

"I mean, do you learn by heart easily and quickly?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Because I've got a list from Mr. Moffatt of the pieces most likely to be done during the first week. And you had better begin to get some of them into your head at once."

"Oh yes, aunt," said Mabel, eagerly, seizing on the little pile of books, and turning them over one by one. Her face fell a little as her examination proceeded. "I don't know any of these," she said, looking up.

"No, of course not. How should you? That's why I was anxious that you should have time to write out a few parts. These are chiefly prompt-books, and you will not be able to keep them."

"But," said Mabel, hesitating, and slowly turning over a few leaves, "they seem to me to be—to be dreadful nonsense!"

"You'll find that they act well enough, dear."

"I thought, Aunt Mary, that I might perhaps have one or two parts in Shakespeare. I don't mean the leading parts, although I have studied Rosalind, and Cordelia, and Imogen, and nearly all Juliet. I mean little parts, like Celia, or Hero, or Jessica."

Aunt Mary shook her head. "I'm afraid, Mabel, that you won't get Celia, or Hero, or Jessica, for the very sufficient reason that the plays those characters are in, are not at all likely to be done. Such a thing might happen on a benefit, or a bespeak; but otherwise Moffatt sticks to tragedy and farce. But we're sure

to do Hamlet, and I will stipulate for Ophelia for you. Moffatt's leading lady can't turn a tune, and so Ophelia generally falls to the singing chambermaid. But that's very bad, of course. Meanwhile, get up in those parts that I've marked with a pencil, there's a good girl."

Aunt Mary bustled away to rehearsal, leaving Mabel seated before the play-books, uncertain upon which of them to begin. At length she took up a melodrama of the old-fashioned kind, with a band of robbers, and a forest; and a castle, and a virtuous heroine in distress, and her equally virtuous though not equally distressed confidential friend—for there is a proportion to be observed in these things, and it would never do to plunge the walking lady into an equal depth of misery with the first lady—and a great many high-flown speeches, full of the most exalted sentiments, but a little hazy as to grammar, and containing, perhaps, a somewhat undue proportion of the vocative case.

Janet was seated opposite her cousin, engaged in making a fair copy of very confused and blotted manuscript. John Earnshaw had recently dictated to her several papers on chemistry, which had been accepted and paid for; by the editor of a magazine which professed to present scientific subjects in a popular form. Small sums of money have given a deal of happiness in this large world; but perhaps no small sum of money ever occasioned a purer joy than was felt by Mary Walton Earnshaw when the post-office order arrived in payment for her husband's first article. It was curiously pathetic to hear her expressions of proud delight, and the ingenious manner in which she endeavoured to convince John—having first most thoroughly convinced herself—that those two or three guineas were more important to the household exchequer than all the earnings of the rest of the family put together. Janet, as her father's amanuensis, was making a fair copy of a manuscript whilst Mabel was looking over her play-books.

"I am afraid," said Janet, looking attentively at her cousin, "that you don't much like your task, Mabel?"

Mabel blushed. "Oh," said she, "I am afraid you will think I'm but a poor creature to break down at the first trial. But it is not the trouble I mind a bit. I could learn every word in the play in a couple of hours. Only I don't think I shall be able to say this. I shall feel so ashamed."

"Ashamed?"

"Yes; it is such nonsense! Do listen to this, Janet. 'My lord, I quail not at your threats. The thunder of your frown hath for me no terrors. Beware! There may come a day when retribution, upon lurid wing, shall blight you even at the zenith of your power. Beware! beware!'"

Janet smiled her rare sweet smile.

"Cousin Mabel, I think your business will be to make it seem *not* trash. Don't you remember the story of the man who made

everybody cry by his pathetic way of saying Mesopotamia? I advise you to dismiss the sense of ridicule from your mind, and get the words into your head while I finish copying this page."

"Oh, thank you, Janet," said Mabel, simply. "How sensible you are! I will try, but I fear it would be impossible for me to make anybody cry by saying Mesopotamia!"

By dint, however, of fixing her mind upon the necessity of making the best of what was entrusted to her, Mabel not only committed to memory the three or four parts that had been given her, but managed to repeat them to her aunt, when the latter came home, with some degree of earnestness: though when she came to "My lord, I quail not at your threats," &c., she was conscious of feeling tame and sheepish, and of becoming very hot and red in the face.

She was very anxious to see as much acting as possible, and accordingly she and her uncle and Janet ensconced themselves, evening after evening, in a corner of the upper boxes of the Dublin theatre, and witnessed a great many performances. Mabel was always intensely interested, and was the best audience in the world, becoming quite absorbed in the fortunes of the scene. Indeed, so easily was she moved to tears by the mimic sorrows before her—even by those of the wildest and most melodramatically impossible sort—that Janet sometimes quietly whispered in her cousin's ear, "Mesopotamia, Mabel, Mesopotamia!"

So the evenings slipped away, until on a certain evening, when they were all assembled at supper, John Earnshaw, with his daughter and niece, having been in the "front" of the theatre, and Mrs. Walton having been acting, Jack said, "I'll give you all three guesses as to who came to pay me a visit in the painting-room to-night."

"Stop a moment, Jack!" said his sister Janet. "Do we all know him?"

"Yes, all of you, except Mabel; and it's well for her peace of mind that she doesn't know him, for he is about the handsomest fellow going, though I can't say I like him particularly. There's something snaky about his eyes."

"I've guessed!" cried Mabel, suddenly. "Your visitor's christian name begins with A?"

"Yes," replied Jack, staring at his cousin.

"And his surname with T?"

"Will any lady or gentleman present," said Jack, looking round, "be so good as to repeat the most approved form of exorcism against witchcraft? Also, mother, if you happen to have such a trifle in your pocket as an old horse-shoe, I should be obliged by your allowing me to nail it on to the threshold."

"But who was it, Jack?" cried his mother and Janet together.

"Ask Mabel. She evidently knows all about it."

"Jack, how can you be so absurd?" said Mabel, laughing. "I only guessed that your visitor was Mr. Alfred Trescott."

"To be sure! That's all!" returned Jack.

"A young man, whom I have not seen for more than a year, appears to me in the solitude of my painting-room one evening in the most unexpected manner. Returning to the bosom of my family, I invite its various members to hazard a guess as to who my visitor was; and the only one who instantly pitches on the truth is Mabel! Mabel, who is unacquainted with him, but who, nevertheless, has his christian name as pat on her tongue as if she had been his godmother."

"Alfred Trescott," said Janet, putting her hand to her head; "then it was he? Of course! I thought I knew the face. My attention was attracted this evening by a young man sitting in the orchestra (though not playing any instrument), and I *thought* I knew him! Now I remember. Alfred Trescott, of course! He stared a good deal at us, and that first made me observe him. Mabel was so absorbed in the play, that she had no eyes for any one."

"And my part of the mystery is no mystery to anybody but Jack," said Mabel, smiling. "I have told Aunt Mary all about my acquaintance with little Corda Trescott."

"Well," returned Jack. "But how did you guess that Alfred Trescott was my visitor? Did you know he was in Ireland?"

"No; but I knew that the family had left Hammerham. And one word you said made me think of young Mr. Trescott:—'snaky.' It flashed upon me whom you must mean."

"Flattering for my friend," said Jack. "I shouldn't care, myself, to be instantly recognised by the epithet *snaky*. But how odd he never said anything about knowing *you*. To be sure, he didn't stay long, and he was talking about himself all the time. I asked him how his playing was getting on, and when he was coming out in a violin solo at the Philharmonic? To which he replied with a sneer, 'About the same time that your first picture is exhibited on the line, at the Academy.' So, as I saw he didn't like it (and perhaps as I didn't particularly like it myself), I dropped the subject."

Two days afterwards, young Trescott called at Mrs. Walton's house, and professed much surprised at finding Mabel there. "I little thought to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Earnshaw," said he. (He had her name correctly enough now.) Janet remarked afterwards that this affected surprise was a piece of gratuitous hypocrisy, inasmuch as he had evidently seen and recognised Mabel at the theatre. The young man neither said nor did anything that could positively be called objectionable, and yet the whole family appeared relieved when he went away. He avoided with considerable tact any mention of Hammerham people or incidents, unless Mabel first spoke of them. And yet he contrived, in some subtle way, to give her aunt and uncle the impression that Mabel had been on terms of greater intimacy with himself and his father and Corda, than had ever really existed between them. He

let fall, with apparent carelessness, allusions to "the Charlewoods," and "that uncomfortable business of poor Walter's," which it was impossible to resent, and equally impossible to explain; and Mabel found herself placed in the disagreeable position of sharing with Mr. Alfred Trescott a confidential acquaintance with the private affairs of the Charlewood family.

Young Trescott informed them that his father and sister were in Ballyhacket, a town belonging to Mr. Moffatt's "circuit," and that he (Alfred) should join the company at Kilclare in a week or two. "Moffatt don't want me just yet," he said, tossing back his long hair with a gesture that was habitual to him, and showing the whole range of his bright teeth, "so I thought I might as well stay in Dublin for the present, and have a little fun. Paddy, with all thy faults I love thee still. There is some poetry and imagination about the ragged rascals, anyhow. And I confess it's a relief to me to get the taste of iron out of my mouth, and the sound of the hammer and tongs out of my ears. Don't you agree with me, Miss Earnshaw? I'm sure the hard money-grinding spirit of those purse-prond, vulgar Hammerham folks must be very distasteful to you."

There was a covert sneer in his tone that annoyed Mabel, and she answered coldly: "I know some Hammerham folks, Mr. Trescott, who make a good use of their money."

"So do I," answered Alfred, quickly; "our friend Mr. Clement Charlewood, for example. He is a fine-hearted fellow, no doubt. Though I wish he hadn't quite such a contempt for everything professionally artistic. It seems a pity, you know, when you find a capital fellow like that, with a great deal of intellect too—for I consider him clever—cherishing narrow prejudices."

He expressed himself with so much warmth and apparent sincerity, that Mabel, who was naturally unsuspicious, reproached herself for the haughty tone in which she had previously spoken, and in amends gave him her hand, when he took his leave, with more cordiality than she had yet shown towards him.

The only member of the family who seemed at all disposed to like Alfred Trescott was Mr. Earnshaw. He was precluded by his blindness from being subjected to the repulsive influence of the young man's sinister eyes; and Alfred had evidently endeavoured to ingratiate himself with Mr. Walton, as he called him, and had offered to bring his violin and play to him as long as he chose. The blind man had always been remarkably fond of music; but since his loss of sight, his delight in it had increased to a passion. It was one of the great regrets of Janet's life that she had no musical talent wherewith to gratify her father; they had a little hired piano, on which Mabel's fingers had already been set to work many times; and occasionally at Uncle John's request she would sing him some simple ballad in a fresh untutored voice. But Alfred Trescott's playing was music of a much higher kind than any that

Mabel could pretend to make; and Mr. Earnshaw enjoyed it most thoroughly.

"I wish," said Janet to her mother, "that it were any one else but Alfred Trescott who had offered to come and play to father. I have an unconquerable aversion to the young man."

"I can't say that I'm fond of him, Janet," returned her mother; "but it is thoughtful of him to remember your father's love for music. And we can't give him the cold shoulder. Dear John has so few pleasures, we ought not to grudge him this one."

So it came to pass that Alfred and his violin were to be seen and heard nearly every day in Mrs. Walton's house for a fortnight.

On the first occasion of his coming, he brought a roll of music in his hand, and begged Miss Earnshaw to be good enough to accompany him on the piano. "I am no musician, Mr. Trescott," said Mabel, to whom the task was distasteful; "I should do injustice to your sonata by my unskilful accompaniment."

"Oh, I assure you it is quite simple," said Alfred, looking disappointed. "Just a few chords. You can read them easily, I am sure. In fact, I fear it will be almost impossible for me to play the piece without the assistance of the piano."

"Come, Mabel," said Uncle John, "you'll try, won't you, to oblige me?"

After that, it was impossible to refuse. So Mabel sat down at the instrument, and found that she could accomplish her task satisfactorily.

The moment Alfred Trescott took his violin in his hand, he seemed to be transformed into another being. It was as if some finer spirit moved the long supple fingers that pressed the strings and inspired the curved right arm to wield the bow. He had pathos, passion, and a splendid purity and beauty of tone. It was impossible to resist the charm of his playing. Even Janet yielded to the spell, and Mabel's eyes were full of tears as she rose from the piano. As to the blind man, he sat drinking in the music with silent ecstasy. Alfred was quick to perceive the impression he had made, and took care not to destroy it by remaining too long. Praise was very sweet to him, and he was greedy of it, but it did not act with him as an incentive to exertion. He only said to himself: "See what an effect I produce upon these people! How shamefully unjust it is that so clever a fellow as I am, should be allowed to remain in obscurity!" However, he steadily kept his best side towards Mrs. Walton's family: which, indeed, was not difficult, for their gentle good humour offered no temptation to call forth his evil tempers. Mabel, who was devoting herself heart and soul to the study of the profession she was about to attempt, and who found food for the nourishment of her own artistic capacity in all the other forms of art and poetry, enjoyed his playing exceedingly.

"I wish," she thought, "that I could have some one to play to me like that, whenever I chose. I fancy that I could act so much better, after listening to such music."

But still, young Trescott made no advance in her good opinion. He and his playing were somehow quite separate and distinct from each other, in her mind. Her nature was too true and earnest to sympathise with his shallowness and egotism. He sometimes, with an idea of ingratiating himself with her, assumed a false enthusiasm, which Mabel's truthful instinct never failed to detect for what it was, and which caused a revulsion in her mind that made her hate the very name of art for the moment. At such times the recollection of Clement Charlewood's simple manliness would recur to her, and she would feel how high above this vapouring sensuous egotist rose the moral nature of the Hammerham "money-grinder."

"After all, there is nothing good but goodness!" Mabel would say to herself. And then the work would fall from her fingers, or the little yellow play-book would drop into her lap, and she would sit musing, musing, for an hour together.

FENIANS ON TRIAL.

It is the 26th of April—a raw, chilly, dismal day. A keen east wind sweeps down the streets and handsome quays of Dublin, dashing small drifts of gravel in the faces of those abroad. Well-clad passengers walk faster to give the blood some life and warmth. There are many poorly clothed; these clasp and fold their hands, or beat them against their shoulders. All have a dry, pinched, withered look, and you hear more than once the old Irish saying, "When the wind is from the east, 'tis good for neither man nor beast." The sun breaks out fitfully from leaden clouds, but the river, Anna Liffey, cold and grey, is fringed here and there with white where the fast ebbing tide rushes against a reef of limestone. Pale-faced, anxious-looking men, who have not slept last night, rush to the car-stands and dart away regardless of the cold. They have that on hand which must be done—"hail, rain, or snow." They look like lawyers' clerks, over-worked and worn, hurrying to "refresh" counsel, or hunt down a witness who has stolen away. Police are placed thickly in the streets, two together: they carry swords to-day, and have, I am told, revolvers ready capped and loaded. I meet a long line of them, tall, strong, and resolute-looking men, in dark blue tunics, moving slowly in Indian file upon the outer edge of the flag-way. A bugle sound from the barracks close at hand tells us that the troops are on parade. The Castle gates are closed and covered with iron plates, loopholed for musketry. Over the black armour I see the brass helmets and flowing plumes of dragoons; higher still, but some way behind, the wind plays among the fluttering pennons of the Lancers. From the windows of houses opposite the gates, the Fenians, if there were any there, could see into the Castle Yard and witness all these preparations. A volley would tell with deadly effect upon the troops.

But there are no Fenians, and if there were, not one would desire to become a martyr. The house formerly occupied by Hopper, "merchant tailor"—the recipient of drafts for large amounts transmitted from American "leaders"—stands close by at the corner of a narrow lane. Hopper was imprisoned, and the house is let to others now.

On St. Patrick's night a second Fenian rising was expected, and then the authorities warned the dwellers in these houses that they might be required to remove at once and make room for troops. No second rising took place, and the occupiers pursue their trades as usual. We pass down Parliament-street, and over Essex-bridge, and here we shiver under the blight of the bitter wind. The corners of the bridge are strongly guarded by police, for the prisoners coming from Kilmainham must pass this way. Down Capel-street, the left side of which seems blighted or in Chancery. Two houses have been burned down, or they have fallen in upon their own ruins, and no effort is made to build them up. You see the outlines of queer-shaped rooms marked out by the colouring or torn paper hanging from the walls, or broken lines of plaster where the floors once stood. Dark closets and narrow passages these old houses had. But near them is a gin-palace, with sheets of plate-glass and bright brass mouldings hung with prismatic crystals, and bearing countless gas-jets. It flourishes, we should say. Then we reach the entrance to Mary's Abbey, now a narrow street, but once the site of a great monastery well endowed. They show you still, a vaulted crypt here and a holy well. At the next turn, still upon the left, we enter Green-street. High in the air, looms the dark steeple of St. Michan's, whose vaults preserve and mummify the bodies of the dead. Close in front I see a fragment of a flanking tower still retaining a few loopholes. This, and a long dark wall, are the remains of Newgate, and to this spot flow the streams of life from many points to-day.

Two years since, Newgate rose a huge square pile, bearing an ominous resemblance to the Bastille. Four round flanking towers projected from the angles. Built of dark Irish limestone, the pile had grown black with age and grimed with the city's reek. Through narrow loopholes, barred and grated, stole the stray rays which lit up the cell within, and told the criminal the hour as it moved slowly along the floor. Years ago, from these eyelet-holes hung cords with little bags attached to collect alms for the poor prisoners within. In the great central wall, between two towers, gaped the gloomy portal, protected by heavy portcullis and ponderous grating. Overhead, the scaffold originally frowned. The street is narrow, and the houses are mean and low. Here, in olden times, were the sheriff's offices and sponging-houses. The abolition of the "Black Dog" Prison—a den of despair and crime even worse than this—made fortunes for the holders of houses here. The laws were sanguinary then, and death was the

penalty for errors as well as for crimes. Short shrift was allowed the condemned in that cruel age. Forty-eight hours was the lease of life sealed for the condemned. Sometimes the culprits were hurried forth from the dock, shriven in haste if shriven at all, and hung off-hand by torchlight. A revenue was then made by hiring windows and seats upon the roof to those whom morbid fancy urged to witness "the dance of death," or to hear "the last speech and dying confession" of the doomed. Spectators on the house-tops looked across the narrow street, straight into the victim's eyes until the executioner "drew down the cap," not whiter than the face, and hid the features from the spell-bound gaze of men. Here at the scaffold foot were placed the coffins and a cart. The bodies lowered down were hurried through the streets to Surgeons' Hall. Experiments in galvanism could be performed more successfully if the corpse were warm. Once, it was said, a murderer half dissected was galvanised back to life, and scared the surgeons who dreamed of the scene at night. This tale was told at every execution. A rope dangling from a projected beam as the sun rose, told the outer world that a man was to die that day. But the Law of Mercy at last broke through this dreadful prison. Nothing remains, now, of so many terrors but a portion of the walls and the bases of the towers. Close to these remains of Newgate, are the Sessions House and the Commission Court. Over the entrance to the former, hangs a balcony: a light iron structure indeed, but the platform of death. The hinges of the trap are rusty now. A narrow doorway in the wall gave their last exit to the criminals who passed from the gloomy Press-room out into the sunlight, and gazed for a moment upon a sea of upturned faces far down below. Many years have passed since an execution took place here, for the laws now are very mild, and there is little deadly crime in Ireland save Treason. Let us avoid the steps and the shadow of the scaffold, and pass under a modern Doric portico. The Commission Court is within; but before we enter, let us turn and look upon the crowd outside.

There is no feverish or excited multitude such as you would expect if Fenianism had any root in Ireland. Knots of men and idle boys and girls gather here and there, speaking little. They are all from the lowest class, and are here because they have nothing to do elsewhere. These knots part and break up before the mounted police—light active men, who easily keep a wide passage clear. The prisoners will be brought into court by a passage in the rear, where a strong guard preserves an open space. Few attempt to trespass on the forbidden ground. The victims of Fenianism, like those of the plague, may be pitied, but few care to touch them. While I look and wonder where are the twenty thousand armed conspirators, there is a slight movement among the people. A suppressed cry is heard, and the troops take close order. The sharp quick sound of cavalry rings on the pavement. Mounted police—lancers—

more police—police on Irish jaunting-cars, ready to jump off, on the instant—and then the prison van: a long dark carriage this, gloomy as a hearse, though bearing the cypher of the Queen. The accused are brought out separately, and enveloped in a cloud of police. You see a line of heads moving slowly up to and within the doorway, and that is all. No cheer is raised, no sign of popular sympathy is given, not even a prayer for a "good deliverance" is uttered. The crowd come here, it is plain, through curiosity, and not from any deeper feeling. At the corners of streets a few stones are thrown, once or twice, wildly at the police, or a feeble execration is pronounced. But in the precincts of the Commission Court there is no manifestation even of pity.

I had seen the court, before the judges, jurymen, counsel, witnesses, prisoners, and people filled it. It is a cockpit of a place, wholly inadequate for trials such as these. The floor is parcelled out into minute spaces, separated by divisions like a honeycomb. At the central wall, under a canopy, the judges will sit; immediately below are the places set apart for the chief officers of the court; lower still is a long table with the witness chair—the table is piled with books, among which I recognise many volumes of State Trials. Round this table are ranged the counsel engaged, and a favoured few. Facing the judges is the dock, into which a passage leads from a strong room below. When the words of the judge, "Remove the prisoner," are heard, he drops out of sight and is seen no more.

And now steal in, by side-doors, unnoticed before, officials connected with the court or with the trials. There is a rustling of papers on the table. Some one arranges the cushions and footstools for the judges, and places pens and ink ready. Then stream in, densely packed, barristers, attorneys, jurymen, and the public. Round the court there is a wall of police; close to and behind the dock are many. The "Crier" takes his stand in an elevated pulpit on the right side of the table. He carries a long black wand with a slit in the top, by which papers and documents are fixed for transmission from counsel to counsel, from witness to jury, and from the crier to the judges. The court is now oppressively crowded, but a stranger would be impressed by the business-like silence of the place. When the accused appears, there is a slight stir and turning of faces towards the dock, but no excitement or expression of sympathy. In that narrow dock once stood Theobald Wolfe Tone; the two Sheareses, whose bodies, strangely preserved, are shown in the ancient crypt of St. Michan's church close by; Robert Emmet; and other leaders of insurrectionary movements. From generation to generation the floor has been trodden by rebels doomed to death or imprisonment. Only last year there stood here facing the judges, many now expiating their treason in Portland Prison. I wonder will this alternation of crime and punishment ever end?

The trials may be said to have commenced on the 26th of April, but the court opened on the 24th. The jurymen summoned answered generally to their names, and yet they knew that an assassination committee existed, and that the names of judges, jury, witnesses, and prosecutors, were noted down for vengeance. Such a list was found on one of those recently condemned. I saw him in the dock, bearing marks of the terrible blow he had received from one of his own revolvers, in a struggle with three policemen whom he had fired at in broad day and in the open street. Two men, suspected to be informers, had been shot dead; three others had been severely wounded; they would not say by whom. No guess could be made respecting the numbers and place of this murderous *Vehm-Gericht*. But the Panel answered to their names fearlessly. As they came forward, they were challenged "for cause." The cause was almost invariably disallowed after tedious discussion, and then they were challenged "peremptorily" on the part of the prisoners. I wondered why the advocates of the accused objected to all, *seriatim*. Was it in the vain hope of exhausting the Panel, and thus rendering a trial impossible? Did there exist upon the list, the name of a single sympathiser with the conspiracy, and could it be hoped that he might be placed, through an excess of challenges, upon the jury? Two whole days were spent before twelve men could be chosen to try the accused. The prisoners, who professed to ignore British law, availed themselves very largely of all its provisions which are supposed to be favourable to the arraigned. Some few of the Panel were ordered to stand aside, for reasons known only to the Crown lawyers. But on the evening of the 25th of April the jury was at last chosen, and on the morning of the 26th the trials began.

Almost without exception the principal conspirators on trial preserved a calm and dignified deportment. There was nothing theatrical or extravagant in their demeanour. Occasionally they exchanged a few words with their solicitors. Once, when the very man who was to have led the rebel forces in the south, rose, like a spectre, to the witness chair, one of the accused changed his position with the other, and fixed a stern gaze upon the informer for hours.

I look from the dock to the witness chair. The informer cannot tell his own true name. There is mystery or romance or shame about his birth. As a child, he was sometimes called by his mother's name; as a man, by one indicating a connexion with an old Irish family. In youth, he served with the British army in the Crimea; then he fought under the famous Kirby Smith as a faithful soldier of the Confederate army. When the civil war was over, he joined, as hundreds joined, the I. R. B., but he united commercial pursuits with preparation for treason. He was trusted beyond other chiefs of the conspiracy, and, until the moment of his arrest, was faithful. He revenged his own betrayal, as he said, by betraying others. His evidence was valuable: not so much because it

was damnatory to the accused, as for its thorough exposure of the weakness and folly of the conspiracy. In the city of Dublin, with three hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, there were, he said, from fourteen thousand to eighteen thousand professed Fenians. Some of these formed the wretched rabble that moved out to Tallaght, and fled at the first touch of the police. There were at hand, to arm these eighteen thousand men, only three thousand weapons; but what weapons? Pikes, old bayonets, broken scythes, daggers made of iron hoops, and sharpened knives. The rifles and revolvers which were to sweep away the British army did not count three hundred. In Cork, the preparations were still more preposterous. Fifteen hundred weapons of motley character to arm twenty thousand Fenians! This man's evidence exposes to all the world, the miserable hollowness of the whole confederacy. But he is released from a torturing cross-examination at last, broken in health, and apparently despairing. He swooned on the moment of his arrest, and almost his last words, uttered with some emotion, are: "If I swooned, would to God I had never revived!"

Another Queen's evidence of a very different stamp appears. His presence is anything but prepossessing. Conspiracy can only be baffled by the agency of conspirators, and this informer had done his work thoroughly. He prided himself upon his doings, and claimed credit as the spoiler of the plot. His name was taken (how or by whom none knows) from one of Virgil's sweetest pastorals. He, too, had fought in America, but as a lieutenant in the Federal armies. Thus waifs and strays from that gigantic struggle appeared in succession as informers on a witness table in Dublin. For seven months this man had been an active member of the conspiracy, but all the while he was also the paid agent of the government. He it was whose secret information frustrated the raid on Chester, caused the arrest of Massey in the nick of time, and put the police on the track of McCafferty. I noticed that this witness was careful of his style, and corrected himself when he spoke without due grammatical precision. He was quick, ready, not easily abashed—the very man to be an agent of conspiracy, or its betrayer.

With the examination of the informers, all interest in the trial ended until the verdict of the jury had been pronounced, and the guilty were called upon to state why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon them. The independent evidence was clear, the facts were patent, the accused even boasted of the part they had taken. Some of the condemned spoke bitterly, respecting the deception practised on them by the chief movers of the plot in America. They had been told that a hundred thousand men, armed and disciplined, were ready to spring to their feet the moment they had leaders. Others declared they would act again as they had done before.

The barbarous form of sentence delivered on those found guilty of high treason, makes the

blood run cold. It is indeed softened down from the horrible "sentence of doom" usual in ancient times, when the criminal was fated to be cut down "yet quick" and sensible, to be disembowelled while still alive, and to have his quivering vitals "flung in his face, or in the blazing fire." Revolting as that form of sentence is, the annals of England present too many instances of its execution. All know now, that the horrible accessories of the great penalty will be commuted, yet never is the sentence heard without a feeling akin to horror. A quiet movement of the judge's hand stops the breath of every one in the court; an odour like that of the grave seems to fill the air as the judge slowly lifts up and places on his head the small black velvet cap with lappets of the same funereal colour. A little thing this, but ominous of the most awful change. The silence, deep as that of the tomb, is broken only by the tremulous voice of the minister of Justice telling the living man, with all his pulses thrilling, that he must surely die.

The condemned are sentenced to be quartered, and in fearful mockery their severed limbs are said to be placed at the disposal of her Majesty. Is it right, or fitting, or Christian, that the title of a merciful Sovereign should be mixed up with such a sentence as this? The statute-book contains much that is obsolete; but why this? Such frightful but useless accessories cast a barbarous colouring over the remainder of the sentence, however righteously deserved, and foreigners believe that with all our civilisation, our code is merciless and sanguinary.

The condemned are brought back to the place from whence they came, to experience, we now know, the blessed prerogative of mercy. We breathe more freely now. The court is rapidly emptied, and the keen air from without rushes through the building. The Crown lawyers have been mild and generous. The young and thoughtless have been lightly dealt with. A voice within each man's breast said that the Queen would give life even to the most guilty. The Commission is ended; may it never have to execute such work again!

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

MANY readers of Uncle Tom's Cabin will remember the harrowing appendix to some of its later editions. The details of real cruelty and suffering set forth in it proved the fiction to be under-coloured, and roused the indignation of the civilised world. Authentic records were quoted of the proceedings against slaves; the place, time, and circumstance of specific acts of barbarity were minutely given; and the result was an array of evidence against slavery, which has borne, and is still bearing, fruit. It was possible for upholders of the institution to sneer at Legree as an exaggeration, and to disparage Uncle Tom's somewhat unctuously demonstrative piety; but there was no explaining away the hard facts contained in the newspaper extracts, and the proofs of branding,

cutting, and maiming, of brutal wickedness, and confirmed demoralisation they contained. High-born English ladies, it will be remembered, formally remonstrated with their American sisters on the horrors perpetrated with the sanction or through the indifference of the gentlemen slaveholders, and received a tart retort, telling them to look at home, and to give up girding at their neighbours until their own social anomalies were redressed. The sufferings of milliners and work-girls, the extremes of poverty and wealth to be witnessed in our cities, and the selfish indifference of fashionable life, were all aimed at in the reply; and disinterested readers of the correspondence probably thought, with Sancho Panza, that "a good deal might be said upon both sides." Were any similar controversy to arise now, the American ladies could quote facts from a recently published blue book, which go far to show that some of the worst evils of the slavery they have abolished flourish among us, and that in many of our English counties bands of children of tender years are handed over bodily to brutal and irresponsible tyrants, who corrupt and maltreat with as much efficiency as any Southern overseer.

The sixth report of the Children's Employment Commission may be purchased for less than two shillings, and is one of the most painfully suggestive volumes ever issued from the press. Like the appendix to the novel, it furnishes minute and faithful particulars of cruelty and ill usage, and supplies the whereabouts of the victims and of those responsible for their treatment. Clergymen, magistrates, parents, and children, all give outspoken evidence against the system exposed; and that the analogy between American and English slavery may be complete, champions are not wanting for the evil cause. The employment of gangs of children on field labour often means simply selling them to a gang-master or mistress, who lets them out on hire, and pockets the difference between the sum they earn and the sum he pays for their use. The man is generally a broken-down worthless fellow, without education or character, and upon his solitary discretion the treatment of the children rests. Boys and girls, some infants, some approaching man and womanhood, are employed indiscriminately in a gang. Sometimes they sleep together in a barn at night, at others they trudge long miles every night and morning between their labour and their home. One gang-mistress, referred to in the report, is a character of the worst description, and, as in the case of the gang-masters, there is absolutely no check upon the character of those following the trade, or of their fitness for the supervision of the young. It is purely a question of barter, and the slave-dealer who by blows and oaths succeeds in screwing the greatest amount of work per day out of his wretched little bond-servants is the best master of his trade.

Here is a picture elucidatory of the subject from the hand of the Reverend F. G. Holmes, of Denham, Wickham Market, Suffolk: "The gang-master is a drunkard, and leaves the children by themselves in the field or under the

orders of an older boy while he is at the public-house. He swears at the children, and they catch up his oaths and use them to each other. I have seen the children on a Saturday evening waiting outside the public-house until the drunken gang-master should come out and pay them. I have seen the boys of the gang, during their dinner-hour in the field, bathing in a pond, while the girls were sitting round on the bank. Need we be surprised at the low tone of morality which prevails among them? The parents of the children themselves, at least the more respectable of them, speak in the worst terms of the evils, moral and physical, which attach to the system; but the wages of labour here are very low (nine shillings per week), and the parents are almost compelled to make use of their children's labour, and the easiest way of doing so is by sending them into the gang. Hence the school is forsaken, often before the child can read or write, and is seldom resorted to again."

Girls of eighteen, be it remembered, are frequently employed in these gangs, of which one magistrate and employer euphuistically writes: "The name 'gang system' puts one much in mind of Newgate, and I believe if it were called the Agricultural Juvenile Industrial Self-supporting Association it would lose much of its odium." Boys, we are told, leave gang-work by the age of fourteen or fifteen, and the number employed over eighteen is very small; but while in some places the females are very little older, in others there is no upward limit of age. Speaking broadly, from nine to fourteen may be considered the average age; a large number, however, begin gang-work as young as seven, others at six, and a few little workers may be found at five years of age. The general form of labour is where both sexes work in what is called a mixed gang. Sometimes the gang-master "takes" the work, namely, undertakes it by the acre or piece, at a given price the acre or load, and in this case the bargain is of the kind we have described. At other times he "lets them out," that is, he places the labour of the children at the service of the farmer at a fixed price per day, acting himself as overseer. An exceptional gang-master is quoted, who formerly had gangs of one hundred men and women in his employment at one time, and who by his shrewdness in "taking" work and enforcing labour from his serfs has risen in the world, and now farms five hundred acres of land. Another is reputed to have built a row of houses out of the profits of his calling. "The poor children, as young as they are, always know whether it is piece-work or not; as they say when it is by the piece they are not allowed to stop one moment to rest, and occasionally the work is longer then." The older and stronger children of both sexes are selected as "back-breakers," and are encouraged by extra reward to perform a heavy task of work as the standard to which the rest of the gang must conform. The nature of the work varies in different seasons and districts. Some is per-

formed with the hand alone, such as weeding and stone-picking. Other kinds are performed with tools, such as hoeing and forking manure, thrashing corn, beating out flax; and nearly all kinds of agricultural work not requiring too much muscular strength are performed by gangs. In the fen and open districts where gangs are employed most extensively, it is often impossible to get shelter of any kind; and as the work is invariably a considerable distance from the little labourers' homes, it follows that in bad weather they remain out in the fields and labour on in the rain without a chance of changing or drying their wet clothes. Even in fine weather, the dew makes the crops so wet that the workers, especially the females, are soaked through up to the knees and waist, and children even higher. Petticoats are squeezed and wrung, and then put on again; and one young woman, entirely crippled with rheumatism caught in gang-work when she was eleven years old, says: "We have had to take off our shoes and pour the water out, and then the man would say: 'Now then, go in again.'" Although the extent to which the children are exposed to the wet depends mainly upon the judgment and consideration of the gang-master, he is not quite free in the matter. The farmer, employer, and, under certain conditions, even the workers themselves, complain if he is too scrupulous; and though the exposure is proved, especially in the case of females, to end in disease and premature death, it is consistently carried on whenever the exigencies of the work require.

There are various kinds of 'out-of-door labour performed by children which do not come under the definition of gang-work, such as frightening birds from fields or stacks, watching cattle, sheep, pigs, or poultry in fields; and one of the local authorities referred to by the government commission insists upon the importance of having this strictly defined. Hop-picking, for example, is frequently carried on under the objectionable conditions described, but was not considered to come within the scope of the inquiry. In Suffolk this work is contracted for by one man, and apportioned out by him to a number of overlookers called "lords," each of whom has a gang under him; but in many other districts the labourers are hired without the intervention of a middleman. The hours of labour of the different gangs vary considerably; but are in most cases shorter than an ordinary labourer's day. In Norfolk, the full day for a gang is nine hours, including an hour for dinner, or eight hours' actual work; and when daylight grows shorter, work ceases at three or four p.m., in which case no dinner-hour is allowed, but a rest of ten minutes only for eating. At some places in the south of Norfolk and in Suffolk, the custom is in the long days to give two hours for dinner, and to continue work an hour longer in the evening. In miscellaneous farm-work, where the children are let out to work singly, the hours are the same as those of ordinary labourers. "Bird-keeping children" are fre-

quently kept out longer, and instances are quoted in which the hours are from five A.M. to seven or eight P.M., on Sundays and week-days alike. In harvest-work, boys frequently engage themselves to men. One boy of fifteen had "taken" three harvests, engaging himself for five weeks to work from five A.M. till seven P.M., at six shillings a week. Another boy of nine was hired by a man to make bands for sheaves, and afterwards led carts at carrying. To do this he had to leave home at four A.M., and did not return till nine P.M., and sometimes later. "This," it is added, "was only for a short time, and he could not have kept on long with it."

The distance travelled by the gangs to and from their place of work of course varies with circumstances. Three or four miles night and morning is a common distance, while some gangs go four or five, and at times eight miles. They usually go on foot, but instances are quoted in which the employers send waggons, and a gang of fifty boys and girls were seen riding until a toll-bar was reached, thus having a partial lift on their way home. To quote particular instances, one gang-master, employing children of six and seven years of age, takes his gang daily on foot to farms six miles off; another makes "children of eight years old walk five miles out and five back." Elsewhere, a woman whose children began gang-work before seven years of age, says: "Some of mine have gone four, six, and seven miles off; and adds, that the little ones, down to those at fourpence a day, have all the same steps to get as the great, and all the same yards and miles to go." One boy of five used to be carried home from his work by the others; and "you see the big ones come dragging the little ones home, and sometimes taking them on their backs when they are over-tired." A mother says of her boy who walked six miles and further to and from his work, that he came home so tired that he could scarcely stand, and that on one occasion on sending out late at night to search for him, they "found him dropped asleep in a cow-shed." The poor little labourers are mercifully allowed to return home from their work as slowly as they please, but their task-master takes care they do not linger on their way to it in the morning. "I have bought sweetmeats," remarks one of them, "and said those who get there first shall have these." The gangs frequently start too early in the morning to have breakfast first, when "some of the children ain't hardly up, so they take a little bit in their hand to eat." Their dinner is carried with them, and frequently consists of a piece of bread, with sometimes an onion or a bit of cheese or butter added.

The gang-master usually carries a stick or whip, with which he flogs such children as he considers to be unruly or idle. Of course it is maintained by those interested in the preservation of the system, that this is more for show than use; that "giving them the promise of it" is absolutely necessary to the performance of the work. "Flogging" is admitted, however, "to be an expression in common use," and though

the children are too much cowed to complain, there is abundant evidence of their ill treatment. The wretched parents dare not interfere, and the gang-master, who, as we have shown, is responsible only to himself, and concerning whose disposition it is nobody's business to inquire, inflicts as much or as little pain as seems right in his own eyes. A mother, whose child had never complained, hearing from others that he had been flogged, "looked and found bruises on him. It would be, I was told, for *standing up or looking about, or that*. I did not like to notice it, for fear of making him disobedient." Cases are given, too, of a gang-master who was imprisoned for kicking a girl, and injuring her in such a way that medical treatment was necessary; of a girl of scrofulous habit dying from a kick in the back from a gang-master; and of a boy "who lay suffering for nearly six years before he had his leg and thigh taken off"—a white swelling having followed the gang-master's kick. And though these proofs of specific injuries are comparatively rare, there is abundant evidence of habitual ill treatment. Knocking down, kickings, hitting with hoes, "dyking," or pushing into the water, "gibbeting," or lifting children from the ground by their chins "until they are black in the face," are portions of the gentle discipline applied. "I don't see the difference," says one gang-master, frankly, "between this and what a schoolmaster does;" on which the government commissioner remarks, with obvious truth, "if corporal punishment is allowed at all, a distinction between unruly behaviour and idleness in work is too fine to be likely to be drawn in practice by an uneducated man, to whom the work is the one main object. A further remark seems proper, namely, that a child is sent to school for his own good, but is sent to work for the profit of others, and to his own loss as regards the benefits of education."

The wages paid to the gangs is governed by the price of adult labour in the locality. From fourpence to sixpence a day is the ordinary wage of a child; and though in Suffolk women earn sevenpence and eightpence a day in field-work, girls of even seventeen or eighteen years of age do not get more than sixpence a day until they are married, or, as one of them put it, "sixpence is the top price till you get to be a woman." The children begin at low wages, according to their strength, which are increased by a penny or a halfpenny a day until they reach the average of fourpence or sixpence a day. In the fen districts, where the working-day is longer, the wages are sometimes from a penny to twopence a day higher; and in parts of Suffolk they are lower, the youngest children beginning at twopence and threepence per day. Speaking of two children who were then in their fourth year of gang-work, a mother said: "Agnes was seven when she began, and got twopence a day; Frank was six, and got three-halfpence, and he has been heightened a halfpenny a day each year since. Unless the gangs work as much as a quarter of a day, they get nothing. . . . They do not

start if it is steady wet; but when once out, the master does not like to send them back. They have gone out, and have had it come on wet as soon as they got to the place, and been dangling about all day on the chance of its being fine, yet got nothing. For a quarter of a day, those that get fivepence a day get one penny farthing, and the threepenny ones get a halfpenny. That ain't much to get wet for, is it?" In spite, however, of the figures quoted, the aggregate earnings of the gangs are very considerable. In one parish alone one thousand pounds a year is paid to the gang-masters; in another, the daily wages paid to gangs by three employers amounts to seven hundred and forty pounds a year. One gang-master on the borders of Norfolk and Cambridge has paid from fourteen pounds to seventeen pounds a week in wages.

If we wish for evidence of the effect of gang-work upon the physical condition of those employed, we find it in the sixth report of the medical officer of the Privy Council, who says:

"In some entirely rural marsh districts the habitual mortality of young children is almost as great as in the most infanticidal of our manufacturing towns; that Wisbeach, for instance, is within a fraction as bad as Manchester; and that generally in the registration districts of eighteen others (which include several in which the gang-system prevails, the death-rate of infants under one year of age is from two and a quarter to nearly three times as high as in the sixteen districts of England which have the lowest infantile mortality." (Sixth Report, p. 33.)

"The result of this new inquiry, however, has been to show that the monstrous infantine rate of the examined agricultural districts depends only on the fact that there has been introduced into these districts the influence which has already been recognised as enormously fatal to the infants of manufacturing populations—the influence of the *employment of adult women*."

"The opinions of about seventy medical practitioners, with those of other gentlemen acquainted with the condition of the poor, were obtained. With wonderful accord the cause of the mortality was traced by nearly all these well-qualified witnesses to the bringing of the land under tillage; that is to the cause which has banished malaria, and has substituted a fertile though unsightly garden for the winter marshes and summer pastures of fifty and one hundred years ago. It was very generally thought that the infants no longer received any injury from soil, climate, or malarious influences, but that a more fatal enemy had been introduced by the employment of the mothers in the field."

We read, too, of girls at an age which a medical witness describes as especially delicate, ill fed, shod, and clothed, standing up to their waists in the wet crops; of deaths from diphtheria arising from over-exposure; of a child who "was a corpse from going in the turnips;" of strains from carrying heavy loads of roots

and stones; of blistered feet and bleeding hands. Flax-pulling cuts the flesh terribly; and in winter the tops of many weeds are frequently "full of ice."

Passing from the physical to the moral evils of this atrocious system, the testimony becomes overwhelmingly conclusive. It takes the young away from good influences, and exposes them to bad. It makes education impossible, and converts girls into demons whose talk and gestures make it impossible for "a respectable person to venture to speak to, scarcely to look at them, without the risk of being shocked."

In a small parish in which it is said that many children are employed in agricultural work besides those in a gang, and that the demand for them and women is increasing, the incumbent states:

"The consequence of the demand for children's labour is, that it is scarcely possible to keep children at school beyond eight years old, and with a population of four hundred, and a school in winter of more than forty scholars, I had yesterday (May 1) only eighteen, and those little more than infants, and I shall be as deficient for at least two months more. There are, however, more children absent with their parents than in the gang."

Speaking of his own parish, in which children, some very young, are employed in gangs, the Reverend T. Hutton remarks that "education has been within the reach of the poor for the last fifty years," and that there is now, and has been for years, every educational advantage, "and all for one penny a week;" and yet "the number of men who signed the marriage register with marks the last ten years was only four per cent less than it was a hundred years ago." He further refers to the well-known fact as to the superior state of education in America, and states that to a question lately put by him to an American gentleman of long experience as to the per-centage of persons in the New England States unable to read, the answer was: "No per-centage at all."

Of the ways in which our white slaves are housed, we read: They live like pigs; great boys and girls, mothers and fathers, all sleeping in one room in many instances; and a policeman, writing of the gross immorality of the young girls, says: "Their boldness and shamelessness I never saw equalled during some years of police life and detective duty in the worst parts of London." Nor is this wonderful when the character of their masters and mistresses is considered. One old gang-master of seventy-two is convicted of an indecent assault upon a girl of thirteen, who worked under him; and the member of parliament who forwards the particulars, adds: "I am afraid such cases would come oftener before the magistrates if the children dared to speak." A woman acting as manager of a gang for her husband was convicted of stealing potatoes, "she making the children instruments of the felony, and they concealed the potatoes in their dinner-baskets."

"Men of notorious depravity," "catchwork labourers," "men of indolent and drinking habits," are common definitions of gang-masters; and there seems no more doubt that, by sanctioning gang-labour as it exists now, we are training pupils for the prisons and the hulks, than that under other circumstances the same children might be made useful and honourable members of society.

If gang-labour is to be permitted at all, it is obviously our duty to insist upon the gang-masters being men of character; that there shall be proper limits of age, of hours of labour, and of the distance to be walked for the children. There must be no more mixed gangs of boys and girls working indiscriminately; and a female superintendent must be employed for the gangs of female workers. Efficient checks must be provided over the conduct of gang-masters and mistresses, who should be licensed by the magistrates, and called strictly to account for their own conduct and that of their gang. But, above all, the children must be educated. The moment they begin to earn wages, there need be no difficulty in enforcing this. Nay, we have already, in the Factory Act, a useful precedent at hand. The great principle of that act is that, in the case of children between the age of eight years (under which age the same act forbids their being employed at all) and the age of thirteen, a small per-centage of each child's earnings shall be devoted to education. It is impossible to over-estimate the beneficial effects of the clauses securing this, which are briefly epitomised as follows:

"The parent or person having any direct benefit from the wages of any child under thirteen years of age employed in a factory must cause such child to attend school.

"The school-attendance must be either for three hours a day during five days of the week, or on three alternate days for five hours each day.

"Non-attendance is excused: 1, for sickness or other unavoidable cause. 2, by consent in writing of inspector of factories. The inspector cannot disallow the certificate of a bad school unless he can specify a good one within two miles.

"The occupier of every factory in which a child is employed must obtain, on a day named by the inspector, a certificate in a certain form from the schoolmaster, that such child has attended school during the prescribed times, and must produce such certificate when required by the inspector.

"Provision is made for the payment to the schoolmaster of the school fee. The duty is imposed upon the occupier of the factory (the employer of the child) to pay to the schoolmaster for the education of such child any sum the inspector may require, not exceeding two-pence per week. This sum the occupier (employer) may deduct from the wages payable to such child; but the sum is not allowed to exceed one-twelfth part of the child's weekly wages."

It is obvious that similar regulations to these might be, and ought to be, enforced wherever child-labour is in request. Throughout Lincolnshire, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Nottinghamshire, agricultural gangs, composed of women and children of both sexes, may be found at work. They exist, too, but less numerous, in Northamptonshire, Bedfordshire, and Rutland, and many thousands of innocent children, speaking our own tongue, and amenable to our own laws, are at present doomed to all the evils of ignorance, demoralisation, and ill health. This is no distant grievance, no case for missionary effort, for subscription-lists, memorials, or platform oratory. It is a heinous sin crying at our very doors for relief, and the particulars of which are set forth on the unimpeachable authority of a parliamentary record. Is it too much to ask of the six hundred and fifty-eight disinterested gentlemen who are kind enough to act as guardians of the country's honour (or to talk about it), that this foul blot shall be removed from our escutcheon, and that, for the sake of the Christianity we profess, helpless infants shall be no longer pressed and tortured into the devil's service, in order that a premium may be secured to ignorance, cupidity, and crime?

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

SARAH MALCOLM.

In one of the snug compartments, tapestried with pictures, of the Historical Portrait Exhibition now open at South Kensington, the visitor comes suddenly upon a woman's face that at once fascinates and repels him. There is a hard shameless beauty about the full rounded forehead; the eyes are steely and fixed like those of a bird of prey, the thin compressed lips are stern and cruel. Mr. Tom Taylor, that admirable art-critic, says the face has something of a Lady Macbeth expression, and so it has—Lady Macbeth as she would have been in common life. The pretty yet forbidding woman wears, if we remember right, a low-cut gown, her bosom is covered with the modest and simple muslin tucker of that time; she sits bare-armed at a table, her hands are pressed together in a peculiar way, expressing a stubborn, unrepentant resolution. That woman is Sarah Malcolm; she is in the condemned cell. The picture was painted by Hogarth when he was about thirty-five, perhaps the very day that he went to Newgate to watch through the spiked hatch for a typical face for his idle apprentice.

On Thursday, the 2nd of February, 1733, a certain Mrs. Frances Rhymer went to call upon Mrs. Lydia Duncomb, an old widow with some property, who lived with her two servants, Elizabeth Harrison, an old maid, her companion, and Ann Price, a girl of about seventeen, in Tanfield-court, a mere passage still existing in the Temple.

Tanfield-court is a little dark bin with the

roof off. The older part of the Temple, to a lively imagination, is not very unlike the shaft of a mine, lawyers honeycombing its sides with their square dens. It is not a cheerful place; but it does to store parchments in, and to secrete Chancery papers and calf-bound law books. Being dark, it is not so easy to see when a lawyer blushes or refuses a poor person's fee as it would be in sunnier and brighter places. To a rich old laundress or a lawyer's widow, habit might render its sordid and dismal dimness bearable. Past happiness consecrates the shadiest places, and perhaps to Mrs. Lydia Duncomb, Tanfield-court was a dear old spot, not to be left without almost a tearing up of the heart-strings.

Mrs. Rhymer had known Mrs. Duncomb for thirty long years of joy and sorrow. She came there to take tea and chat and discuss business, for the old lady had appointed her executrix, and there were papers to look over. For the last three or four years Mrs. Duncomb had become very infirm, and her memory had decayed; so Mrs. Rhymer received her money for her, and took care of it. When Mrs. Betty and Nanny are gone into the second room, leaving the old bare wainscoted apartment, in which the bed rises up like a great curtained catafalque, and the high-backed chairs throw long black slanting shadows on the walls, and even the quaint fire-irons have ghostly black doubles of their own under the scant candlelight, there is an overhauling of Mrs. Duncomb's strong black box. The old lady, sitting propped up by the fireside, asks if Mrs. Rhymer has got the key, for she wants a little money—about a guinea. The box by the bedside is solemnly opened by Mrs. Rhymer, who kneels to open it. There is at the top a silver tankard, one of the last relics of Mrs. Duncomb's husband; and in this tankard is a hundred pound; also a bag with twenty guineas or so in it.

Mrs. Rhymer takes the bag, to the fireside, and puts a guinea into the old lady's weak and trembling hand. There are also in the box six little parcels sealed with black wax—money (two or three guineas in each) put by for special uses, after her death; for the old widow knows that, before long, the two men in black must stand sentinels in Tanfield-court, and a certain long black vehicle wait for somebody, some morning, outside the Temple gate. The old lady, faltering, repeats the purpose for which each is set apart—twenty guineas for her burial, eighteen moidores for any extraordinary charges, and the thirty or forty shillings in the green purse to be given to certain poor people. It is not a pleasant or cheerful thing to have to talk of such matters. But Mrs. Duncomb is anxious for all things at her decease to be done kindly, decorously, and respectably. With occasional lapses of memory and pauses when she is tired, she arranges the whole to her wish. The black box is again closed, and kind, sensible Mrs. Rhymer takes her leave.

That is on the Thursday. On the Friday, Mrs. Oliphant, a laundress, calls on Mrs. Duncomb

about eight o'clock, and finds her very weak, nervous, and low. Mrs. Love, an old friend, is sitting with her. She tells Mrs. Oliphant and Mrs. Love, the latter of whom is coming to dine with Mrs. Duncomb on Sunday evening, that she is sorry her (Mrs. Oliphant's) master, Mr. Grisly, whose chambers are opposite, has gone, and has left his keys with Mr. Twysden, to let the room, because it seems so lonesome. Mrs. Betty, the old servant, is sitting at the fire in rather a moping way too, and with her a good-looking yet somewhat hard and malign young charwoman named Malcolm, who before Christmas worked for Mrs. Duncomb, and who has come to ask after the health of her old mistress. Her eyes turn often to the black box, and then glance to the fire and stare at the red coals, and remain fixed in a sullen thoughtful way. Mrs. Betty, who is ill, says ruefully to Mrs. Oliphant:

"My mistress talks of dying, and would have me die with her."

This sort of conversation is not invigorating in a dimly-lighted wainscoted room on a cold complaining February night. After vainly trying to cheer up the two old invalids, whose minds seem to run sympathetically on the same painful subject, Mrs. Oliphant gets up to go. The silent thin-lipped young woman rises too, with one last clinging look at the mysterious black box and the lock of the door; and says to Mrs. Oliphant:

"I will go down with you."

The two visitors go down together at a little before eight, part in Tanfield-court, and are received outside the Temple doorway, two human atoms, into the great ocean of life that flows along Fleet-street ceaselessly from dark to dark.

On Sunday morning, Mr. Gehagan, a young Irish barrister who had chambers on the third floor, over the Alienation Office, in Tanfield-court, opposite a set occupied by a friend of his named Kerrel, whose laundress is that same young woman whom we saw at Mrs. Duncomb's; she comes about nine o'clock to do the rooms and light the fire. A few moments afterwards Kerrel goes across to his friend Gehagan's bedside, and says, jokingly, alluding to last night's tavern club: "You were a good advocate for me last night, and I will give you a breakfast."

He then sends Sarah with a shilling to buy some tea; she returns, makes it, and stays till the horn blows (according to a quaint custom then prevalent in the Temple) for commons. After commons, the two friends stroll out together for a walk in the river-side gardens immortalised by Shakespeare.

Exactly at one on that Sunday, Mrs. Love, neat and trim as a Quaker, comes to dine in Tanfield-court. She is very punctual: it is exactly one o'clock by the great dials, and the St. Dunstan giants have just done their lightest work, and struck out with their clubs, ONE—sharp, clear, and loud. Mrs. Love shuffles across the paved court, and at last reaches the special

door with the name Lydia Duncomb in black on the door-post. No savoury smell of dinner greets her. She ascends the old dusty ink-splashed stairs one flight—that is Mr. Knight's door. Silent, all out for the Sunday; second flight, she rests; third flight, here is the landing at last, and welcome enough to her poor old knees. There is Mr. Grisly's name still over his door—he is going to leave; and facing it, again, the well-known name of Mrs. Lydia Duncomb.

It is singular, though, as they cannot all have gone to church, that Mrs. Duncomb's outer door is shut—an accident, no doubt. Mrs. Love knocks with the confidence of a punctual visitor, true to the dinner-hour. No answer! It is very silent and lonesome there at the top of the house, on the cold landing opposite Mr. Grisly's unoccupied chambers. A cold creeping of the blood comes over Mrs. Love. Five, ten, fifteen minutes' more knocking. No answer. Something must be the matter. Nanny must be out, and Mrs. Betty ill in bed, too infirm to come to the door, too weak to call out loud enough to be heard. Down the three flights at last trots Mrs. Love, to see if she can find anybody who has seen any one of the family that morning. In the court whom should she meet but Mrs. Oliphant, and she asks her at once.

"No," said Mrs. Oliphant, "I have seen none of them; you'd better knock louder."

Up again goes Mrs. Love, feeling sure that they will now be stirring. Still all silent up the landing-stairs. She knocks again, nervously fast, till the whole staircase re-echoes, and from every empty room there seem to come voices—shadowy faint voices—but no articulate answer. She waits. No answer. Mrs. Betty must have died in the night. Mrs. Duncomb is confined to her bed. Nanny is gone to tell her sister, and get a woman to lay out the body. Such is the theory Mrs. Love spins in a moment, and takes comfort, albeit somewhat vexed about dinner. Again she toddles down-stairs and goes to Mrs. Rhymer, and tells her; then they both return, nervously anxious, and they try to push the door open. But it will not open, and still—still—there is no answer from within. Then Mrs. Love goes to a lattice window—the window of the passage looking out into the court—to see if any one can be got to help. Yes; there at "my Lord Bishop of Bangor's door" stands the young charwoman whom she had met at Mrs. Duncomb's only on Friday night. Mrs. Love calls her up, and says to her:

"Sarah, prithee go and fetch a smith to open Mrs. Duncomb's door."

Sarah says she will go with all speed. She goes, but returns without a smith—can't find one at home. Mrs. Oliphant comes with her.

Mrs. Love is by this time fevered with fear. "Oh, Mrs. Oliphant," she says, "I believe they are all dead, and the smith is not come! What shall we do?"

Mrs. Oliphant, who is younger than the other two, replies: "My master Mr. Grisly's chambers are opposite; they have been vacant

since Tuesday. Mr. Twysden left me the key of the back room. Now let me see if I cannot get out of his chamber window into the gutter, and so into Mrs. Duncomb's apartment."

They beg her to do so. She opens the empty dusty rooms that have that strange "uncanny" look that deserted rooms suddenly opened always have, as if some mysterious skulking spirit had just left them as they were entered. Mrs. Oliphant squeezes through the window and gets out upon the leads; the next moment they hear a pane of glass break; it is Mrs. Duncomb's casement; Mrs. Oliphant is breaking it, in order to get at the handle. A noise, and she is heard moving the table and getting in; then, one cry of horror, a long thrilling shriek, and she flings open the outer door, and cries:

"Gracious God! Oh, gracious God! They're all murdered!"

Mrs. Love, Mrs. Rhymer, and Mrs. Oliphant, pale, frightened, and horror-stricken, and Sarah Malcolm, are in a moment wringing their hands and leaning half paralysed with fear over the beds where the three murdered people lie; two strangled, the third (poor little Nanny) wallowing in blood. But the motive? That is too palpable; there is the black strong box, the lid broken open, no sealed-up money, no tankard, nothing left in it but a few scattered papers. Sarah Malcolm is loud in her expressions of horror; but yet she is cooler than the rest, and suggests various ways by which the murderers could have entered the room—down the large kitchen chimney, or by picking the weak lock of Mr. Grisly's chambers. She particularly draws the old women's attention to the fact that the spring-lock of the outer door was shut when they entered, so the wretches could not have escaped that way. In a few moments a crowd pours in—young Templars, porters, watchmen, lawyers, laundresses. They make way for Mr. Bigg, a surgeon, who has been sent for by Fairlow, the Temple porter, from the Rainbow Coffee-house, to see the bodies. In the passage was Nanny Price, lying in bed, with her hair loose and straggling over her eyes; her crimson hands clenched with the intense despair of the dying pang. She had struggled hard for her life. In the next room, the dining-room, in a press-bed, lay Mrs. Betty partially dressed—for she usually kept her gown on for warmth. She had been strangled either by an apron-string or a pack-thread, which had cut very deep into her neck. There were also the red marks of knuckles on it. In the bedroom, across her bed, lay the poor old lady who had so long anticipated her fate. There was a faint crease about her neck, but very faint. She was so old and weak, that the mere pressure of the murderer's body had, perhaps, killed her. In the mean time, Fairlow, the porter, had proved by experiments with a string, that a person outside, when the door was shut, could close the bolt on the inside.

It is at this very moment that the two friends, Kerrel and Gebagani, entering Tanfield-court,

find it blocked with dismayed people, pale, excited, and in a whispering fermentation round a doorway crowded with constables, Templars, and porters. Gehagan, seeing a person they knew, asks him what is the matter? He tells them old Mrs. Duncomb and her two servants have been murdered. Gehagan instantly says to Kerrel:

"This Mrs. Duncomb was your Sarah's acquaintance." They then go to a coffee-house in Covent Garden, where, amidst ordinary current talk about Macklin and Quin, a gentleman alludes to the murder, and says he should certainly suspect some laundress who must have known the chambers, and how to get in and out. At eight o'clock, the two Templars go to the Horse Shoe and Magpie, in Essex-street, and stay there carousing till one o'clock in the morning, forgetting the horror of the recent event over a considerable quantity of wine. They then return to the Temple. To their surprise and almost alarm, they find Kerrel's door open, a fire burning in the room, and a candle on the table. By the fire, at this strange hour, stands the young woman with the stern face and the pale pinched lips; she has a blue riding-hood on. It is Sarah Malcolm again.

Kerrel says to her: "Sarah, this Mrs. Duncomb was one of your acquaintance; have you heard of anybody being taken up for the murder?"

Sarah replied: "One Mr. Knight, who had chambers under her, has been absent two or three days, and he is suspected."

Mr. Kerrel frowns as he says: "Nobody that was acquainted with Mrs. Duncomb shall be here till the murderer is found out, therefore look up your things and get away."

His suspicions have been aroused by finding her there at that hour, and he asks Gehagan to go down and call up the watch. Gehagan runs down, but there being a double door to the Alienation Office, he cannot get the doors open, and goes up and tells Kerrel so, who goes down and brings back with him two watchmen. Sarah Malcolm is in the bedroom turning over in the drawers some linen, which she says is her own. Kerrel goes into his closet suspiciously, and finds some waistcoats gone from a portmanteau, and asks Sarah where they are? She asks to speak a word with him in private; but he says:

"No, I have no business with you that need be made a secret of."

She then owns she has pawned the waistcoats for two guineas, with Mr. Williams, of Drury-lane, and begs him not to be angry. Kerrel says, "Why did you not ask me for money?" He says he could freely forgive her for pawning the waistcoats; but he suspects she was concerned in the murder, because he had heard her talk of Mrs. Lydia Duncomb. A pair of earrings in the middle drawer Sarah Malcolm owns, and put in her bosom. Kerrel then kicks a suspicious bundle which he sees in the closet, and asks what that is? Sarah says it is dirty linen, which she does not wish seen, wrapped up in an old gown. Kerrel, searching further, and missing other things, says to the watch:

"Watch, take care of her, and do not let her go."

When she is led down, Kerrel, now alarmed, looks under his bed and sees another bundle. In another place, some blood-stained linen and a silver pint tankard with dry blood upon the handle, are concealed.

The two friends then go down, call "Watch!" loudly, and ask where the woman is? It is a boisterous night; the angry howling wind tears through the Temple archways, and screeches round corners as if running for its life.

The two watchmen, Hughes and Mastreter, sluggish old men in cumbrous belted great-coats, shuffle up with their staves and lanterns to Tanfield-court, and tell the excited man that they have let the woman go, as nothing has been found on her, and she had not been charged before a constable. She had gone out of the court, and then returned, saying it was late, that she lived in Shoreditch, and therefore she had rather sit up all night in the watch-house than go home. "No," said one of the men, "you shall not sit up in the watch-house; therefore go about your business, and be here again at ten o'clock. She promised to come, and then went away."

"You dogs!" said Kerrel. "Go and find her again, or I'll send you to Newgate."

The men went, and found her sitting between two watchmen at the Temple-gate. To get her along the more easily, Hughes told her that Mr. Kerrel wanted to speak to her, and that he was not so angry as he had been.

The two watchmen and Sarah Malcolm meet the two friends carrying the tankard and the linen, which they hold to the lantern-light. Gehagan is furious, and flies into a storm of accusation.

Then he shows her the tankard, and she rubs at the handle with her apron.

"No," shouts Gehagan, "you shan't wipe it off!"

Sarah Malcolm says:

"It is my tankard. I have had it five years; my mother gave it me, and I took the waistcoats to raise thirty shillings to get it out of pawn. I pricked my finger, that was how the blood came."

They drag the miserable woman into the watchman's box; the two bundles of linen lie there where the two friends had thrown them. The watchmen find in the woman's bosom a green silk purse containing twenty-one guineas. Sarah Malcolm says she found the purse in the street, and it looks clean because she has since washed it. The linen in the bundle is stained with blood. The tankard, marked "O. D.," was Mrs. Duncomb's tankard, and at once identified. The green purse Mrs. Rhymer would not swear to. A friend of Mrs. Duncomb's recognised the linen found in Mr. Kerrel's drawer as darned in Mrs. Duncomb's manner. It had been stored in the strong box with the money and tankard.

Young as she was, Sarah Malcolm had already a damaged reputation, for her

friends were thieves of the lowest kind. She was the daughter of a Durham man who had held a small public situation in Dublin, who then came to London; but, at his wife's death, returned to Ireland, leaving his daughter, a sprightly and well-educated girl, servant at the Black Horse alehouse, where she had formed a fatal acquaintance with a dissolute woman named Mary Tracey, and two thieves named Alexander, whom she accused of the murder, owning herself to a share in the robbery only. The Newgate turnkeys knew her at once, for she had been often to the prison to see an Irish thief who had been convicted of stealing the pack of a Scotch pedlar.

The lost woman at her trial was quick and fierce in her quibbling questions, and she denounced the witnesses who could remember this and that, and yet could not remember the colour of her dress nor the exact number of moidores lost. But the proofs of her guilt were palpable, and one of the turnkeys of Newgate proved the discovery of the stolen money. His evidence is curious, and we give it verbatim, because it abounds with singular details that serve to show the disgraceful and disorderly state of our London prisons in Hogarth's time.

Roger Johnson, a jailer, deposed that the prisoner saw a room where the debtors were, and asked if she might not be in that room? I told her it would cost her a guinea, and she did not look like one that could pay so much. She said if it was two or three guineas, she could send for a friend that would raise the money. Then she went into the tap-house among the felons, and talked very freely with them. I called for a link and took her up into another room, where there was none but she and I. "Child," says I, "there is reason to suspect that you are guilty of this murder, and therefore I have orders to search you" (though indeed I had no such orders). Feeling under her arms, she started and threw back her head. I clapped my hand to her head, and felt something hard in her hair, and, pulling off her cap, I found this bag of money. I asked her how she came by it, and she said it was some of Mrs. Duncomb's money. "But, Mr. Johnson," says she, "I'll make you a present of it, if you will but keep it to yourself, and let nobody know anything of the matter; for the other things against me are nothing but circumstances, and I shall come off well enough; and therefore I only desire you to let me have threepence or sixpence a day till the sessions is over, then I shall be at liberty to shift for myself." I told the money over, and, to the best of my knowledge, there was twenty moidores, eighteen guineas, five broad pieces—I think one was a twenty-five-shilling-piece, and the others twenty-three-shilling-pieces—a half broad piece, five crowns, and two or three shillings. I sealed them up in the bag, and here they are.

Court: How did she say she came by the money?

Johnson: She said she took this money and this bag from Mrs. Duncomb, and begged me to

keep it secret. "My dear," said I, "I would not secrete the money for the world." She told me, too, that she had hired three men to swear the tankard was her grandmother's, but could not depend upon them; that the name of one was William Denny, another was Smith, and I have forgot the third. After I had taken the money away, she put a piece of mattress in her hair, that it might appear of the same bulk as before. Then I locked her up, and sent to Mr. Alstone, and told him the story. "And," says I, "do you stand in a dark place to be witness of what she says, and I'll go and examine her again."

Prisoner: I tied my handkerchief over my head to hide the money, but Buck, happening to see my hair fall down, he told Johnson, upon which Johnson came to me and said, "I find the cole's planted in your hair; let me keep it for you, and let Buck know nothing of it." So I gave Johnson five broad pieces and twenty-two guineas, not gratis, but only to keep for me, for I expected it to be returned when sessions was over. As to the money, I never said I took it from Mrs. Duncomb; but he asked what they had to rap against me. I told him only a tankard; he asked me if that was Mrs. Duncomb's, and I said yes.

Court: Johnson, were those her words: "This is the money and bag that I took"?

Johnson: Yes; and she desired me to make away with the bag.

Mr. Alstone, another officer of the prison, deposed to telling Johnson to get the bag from the prisoner, as it might have some mark upon it. Johnson then called her, and, while Alstone stood by watching from a dark corner, Sarah Malcolm gave him the bag and told him to burn it. She told him (Alstone) that part of the money found on her was Mrs. Duncomb's.

The prisoner made her own defence with hypocritical frankness, but tried hard to drag three innocent people with her to the gibbet. She said: "I freely own that my crimes deserve death; I own that I was accessory to the robbery, but I was innocent of the murder, and will give an account of the whole affair."

"I lived with Mrs. Lydia Duncomb about three months before she was murdered; the robbery was contrived by Mary Tracey, who is now in confinement, and myself, my own vicious inclinations agreeing with hers. We likewise proposed to rob Mr. Oakes, in Thames-street; she came to me at my master's, Mr. Kerrel's chambers, on the Sunday before the murder was committed; he not being then at home, we talked about robbing Mrs. Duncomb; I told her I could not pretend to do it by myself, for I should be found out. 'No,' says she, 'there are the two Alexanders (Thomas and James) will help us.' Next day I had seventeen pounds sent me out of the country, which I left in Mr. Kerrel's drawers. I met them all in Cheapside the Friday following, and we agreed on the next night, and so parted."

"Next day, being Saturday, I went between seven and eight in the evening to see Mrs. Duncomb's maid, Elizabeth Harrison, who was

very bad. I stayed a little while with her, and went down, and Mary Tracey and the two Alexanders came to me about ten o'clock, according to appointment. She would have gone about the robbery just then, but I said it was too soon. Between ten and eleven she said, 'We can do it now.' I told her I would go and see, and so I went up-stairs, and they followed me. I met the young-maid on the stairs with a blue mug; she was going for some milk to make a sack posset. She asked me who those were that came after me? I told her they were people going to Mr. Knight's below. As soon as she was gone, I said to Mary Tracey, 'Now do, you and Tom Alexander go down; I know the door is left ajar, because the old maid is ill, and can't get up to let the young maid in when she comes back.' Upon that, James Alexander, by my order, went in and hid himself under the bed; and, as I was going down myself, I met the young maid coming up again. She asked me if I had spoke to Mrs. Betty? I told her no; though I should have told her otherwise, but only that I was afraid she might say something to Mrs. Betty about me, and Mrs. Betty might tell her I had not been there, and so they might have a suspicion of me. I passed her and went down, and spoke with Tracey and Alexander, and then went to my master's chambers, and stirred up the fire. I stayed about a quarter of an hour, and when I came back, I saw Tracey and Tom Alexander sitting on Mrs. Duncomb's stairs, and I sat down with them. At twelve o'clock we heard some people walking, and by-and-by Mr. Knight came home, went to his room, and shut the door. It was a very stormy night; there was hardly anybody stirring abroad, and the watchmen kept up close, except just when they cried the hour. At two o'clock another gentleman came and called the watch to light his candle, upon which I went further up-stairs, and soon after this I heard Mrs. Duncomb's door open; James Alexander came out, and said, 'Now is the time.' Then Mary Tracey and Thomas Alexander went in, but I stayed upon the stairs to watch. I had told them where Mrs. Duncomb's box stood. They came out between four and five, and one of them called to me softly, and said, 'Hip! how shall I shut the door?' Says I, 'Tis a spring lock; pull it to, and it will be fast;' and so one of them did. They would have shared the money and goods upon the stairs, but I told them we had better go down; so we went under the arch by Fig-tree-court, where there was a lamp; I asked them how much they had got. They said, they had found fifty guineas and some silver in the maid's purse; about one hundred pounds in the chest of drawers, besides the silver tankard, and the money in the box, and several other things; so that in all they had got to the value of about three hundred pounds in money and goods. They told me they had been forced to gag the people; they gave me the tankard, with what was in it, and some linen, for my share, and they had a silver spoon and a ring, and the

rest of the money among themselves. They advised me to be cunning, and plant the money and goods underground, and not be seen to be flush; then we appointed to meet at Greenwich, but we did not go.

"I was taken in the manner the witnesses have sworn, and carried to the watch-house, from whence I was sent to the Compter, and so to Newgate. I own that I said the tankard was mine, and that it was left me by my mother: several witnesses have sworn what account I gave of the tankard being bloody; I had hurt my finger, and that was the occasion of it. I am sure of death, and therefore have no occasion to speak anything but the truth. When I was in the Compter, I happened to see a young man, whom I knew, with a fetter on: I told him I was sorry to see him there, and I gave him a shilling, and called for half a quarten of rum to make him drink. I afterwards went into my room, and heard a voice call me, and perceived something poking behind the curtain. I was a little surprised, and looking to see what it was, I found a hole in the wall, through which the young man I had given the shilling spoke to me, and asked me if I had sent for my friends; I told him, no. He said he would do what he could for me, and so went away; and some time after he called to me again, and said, 'Here's a friend.' I looked through, and saw Will Gibbs come in; says he, 'Who is there to swear against you?' I told him my two masters would be the chief witnesses; 'And what can they charge you with?' says he. I told him the tankard was the only thing, for there was nothing else that I thought could hurt me. 'Never fear, then,' says he, 'we'll do well enough; we will get them that will rap the tankard was your grandmother's, and that you was in Shoreditch the night the fact was committed; and we'll have two men that shall shoot your two masters.' 'But,' says he, 'one of the witnesses is a woman, and she won't swear under four guineas; but the men will swear for two guineas apiece,' and he brought a woman and three men; I gave them ten guineas, and they promised to wait for me at the Bull Head, in Bread-street; but when I called for them, when I was going before Sir Richard Brocas, they were not there. Then I found I should be sent to Newgate, and I was full of anxious thoughts; but a young man told me I had better go to the Whit (Newgate) than to the Compter.

"When I came to Newgate, I had but eighteen-pence in silver, besides the money in my hair, and I gave eighteen-pence for my garnish; I was ordered to a high place in the jail. Buck, as I said before, having seen my hair loose, told Johnson of it, and Johnson asked me if I had got any cole planted there? He searched and found the bag, and there was in it thirty-six moldores, eighteen guineas, five crown-pieces, two half-crowns, two broad pieces of twenty-five shillings, four of twenty-three shillings, and one half broad piece. He told me I must be cunning, and not be seen

to be flush of money. Says I, 'What would you advise me to do with it?' 'Why,' says he, 'you might have thrown it down the sink, or have burnt it, but give it me, and I'll take care of it;' and so I gave it him. Mr. Alstone then brought me to the condemned hold, and examined me; I denied all, till I found he heard of the money, and then I knew my life was gone; and therefore I confessed all that I knew; I gave him the same account of the robbers as I have given now. I told him I heard my masters were to be shot, and I desired him to send them word. I described Tracey and the two Alexanders, and when they were first taken, they denied that they knew Mr. Oaks, whom they and I had agreed to rob.

"All that I have now declared is fact, and I have no occasion to murder three persons on a false accusation; for I know I am a condemned woman, I know I must suffer an ignominious death which my crimes deserve, and I shall suffer willingly. I thank God that he has given me time to repent, when I might have been snatched off in the midst of my crimes, and without having an opportunity of preparing myself for another world."

The jury then withdrew, and in about a quarter of an hour brought in their verdict: Guilty. Death.

That Sarah Malcolm's defence was a gross tissue of lies, there can be no doubt. It is possible that some of her disreputable friends in Shore-ditch and at the Black Horse may have suggested the robbery to her; but there can be no doubt that she alone stole the money found hidden in her hair, and that she alone perpetrated in cold blood the three cruel murders. The clothes she secreted were stained with blood; the broken white-handled case-knife with which she cut Nanny's throat, was seen lying on Mrs. Duncomb's table when the women obtained access to the room; but some one, probably the prisoner, removed it unobserved. No strangers had passed the porter of the Temple that night, but only gentlemen going to their chambers. Sarah Malcolm, having taken a servant to the old lady, knew where the money was placed, and only a month before the murder Mrs. Love was with Mrs. Duncomb, when she (the prisoner) came prying about under pretence of looking for the key of her master's chambers. She knew all the locks, and could have got in, either through Mr. Grisly's unoccupied chamber, or by slipping back the spring lock of Mrs. Duncomb's door that stormy midnight, when all the watchmen were skulking and dosing under pent-houses, and when the old lady and her two servants were buried in their first sleep; or she might have hidden till after dark in the empty chambers. Her confession may be partly true—for even the liar finds it easier and better to build on some slight platform of truth; she may have come back about half-past ten, may have really met the maid with the blue mug going for the milk for the sack posset, may

have slipped in at the door, left ajar, and hidden herself under the bed. Or, it is not unlikely that she met the maid and asked her, on some plea or other, to give her a share of her bed; then, in the middle of the night, murdered, first the poor friendly girl, and afterwards the old lady and her servant, Mrs. Betty.

While waiting for death, Sarah Malcolm's conduct was like that often shown by criminals hoping for a reprieve, trusting to the effect of false charges and the weakness and uncertainty that always hangs over circumstantial evidence. She gave way to paroxysms of fear, assumed penitence, sham illness, alternately with the reckless effrontery of a depraved woman.

She tried every avenue of escape in her struggles for life. She preached, cried, supplicated, fell into fits, loudly asserted her innocence, prayed, treated the younger felons to rum, or exhorted them to repentance. As soon as she was brought back to Newgate, she cried out, "I am a dead woman!" She was placed in the old condemned hold, with a person to watch her day and night, from an apprehension that she would take away her own life. Then she began to fall into hysterical fits, rolling her eyes and clenching her hands. When Mr. Kerrel came to see her, she fell and clung to the keeper's feet, so that the turnkeys could scarcely remove her.

A contemporaneous account says:

"When she was informed that Mary Tracey and the two Alexanders were seized, she appeared pleased, and smiled, saying, with seeming satisfaction, 'I shall die now with pleasure, since the murderers are taken.' When the two young men—almost boys—and the woman were shown to her, that she might see whether they were the persons whom she accused, she immediately said: 'Ay, these are the persons who committed the murder.' And said to Tracey, 'You know this to be true,' which she pronounced with a boldness that surprised all who were present. Addressing her again, she said, 'See, Mary, what you have brought me to; and it is through you and the two Alexanders that I am brought to this shame, and must die for it; you all promised me you would do no murder, but to my great surprise I found the contrary.'"

According to the heartless system of the time, Sarah Malcolm became a show to all the quidnuncs, loungers, and sight-seers of London. Some gentleman in the press-yard importuning her (imagine the state of prison discipline at this time!) to make a frank discovery, the murderess answered fiercely:

"After I have been some time in the grave, it will be all found out."

On another occasion, some people of fashion asking her if she was settled in her mind, and resolved to make no further confession, she replied that, as she was not concerned in the murder, she hoped God would accept her life as a satisfaction for her manifold sins. She was still clinging to a hope of reprieve, and, to obtain that, would willingly have sent a dozen innocent people to the gibbet.

On Sunday, about six o'clock in the afternoon, when some spectators were present, she fell into a grievous agony of terror; but not of remorse. One of the keepers coming in, said: "Sarah, what's the matter? What has happened to put you in this disorder?" She pretended it was occasioned by her being told at chapel that she was to be hanged in Fleet-street among all her acquaintance, which, she said, gave her inexpressible pain. The keeper replied: "I am afraid, Sarah, that is not the truth; when the dead warrant came down, I acquainted you that you were to die there, so it is not probable that should surprise you so much now. Take my advice, make a full confession, and you will find your mind much easier." To this she said not a word.

It was the custom at this time, pursuant to a bequest of Robert Dowe, a merchant tailor, for the bellman of St. Sepulchre's to come to Newgate a little past the midnight before the execution of prisoners, to ring his bell under the grated windows of the condemned hold, repeating the following well-meaning but doggrel verses:

All you that in the condemn'd-hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near,
That you before th' Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not t' eternal flames be sent:
And when St. 'Pulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls!

Past twelve o'clock!

Some prisoner or turnkey calling to Sarah Malcolm, and bidding her mind what the bellman said, she replied that she did. When the bellman finished, she looked out of window, and cried:

"D'ye hear, Mr. Bellman, call for a pint of wine, and I'll throw you a shilling to pay for it."
She then threw down the shilling.

On the Sunday night, about ten o'clock, she called to a man named Chambers—the prisoner condemned to die the next day, and whose cell was opposite her window—and asked him if she should pray with him. He replied:

"Do, Sarah; let us pray with all our hearts."

She then prayed fervently till all the candles were burnt out, and then exhorted him not to go to sleep, but to spend the night in prayer to God for forgiveness.

Some days before her execution, a Roman Catholic priest, living at Kensington, wrote Sarah Malcolm a letter to confirm her in the faith in which she had been brought up, and denouncing the "daily persecutions" of the chaplain of Newgate—"the most ordinary of all ordinaries," as the priest was pleased to contemptuously term him. The letter began:

"Dear Sister in God,—I shall not say much as to your present unhappy circumstances, because I am not certain they are so, and yet I cannot help saying, I am concerned to hear so many vile heretics reproach you for being guilty of a crime, far less than they themselves live in the constant practice of. I do assure you that

the prayers of the faithful are not wanting for the delivery of you out of your trouble, but as it hath pleased God to call you out of the world in the manner you are now acquainted with, I hope you will submit to it as becomes a true Catholic Christian; and as it is ordered you must die, the manner of it is not worth your concern, whether you are seen by ten or ten thousand people, nor can it make any alteration in your case, whether they all cry for you or against you; since it is no more in their power to save you from the power of the law, than it is to aggravate the punishment of it. And as to the place where you suffer, though it may please your enemies, it cannot in the least add to your afflictions."

The letter went on wildly enough:

"God will as certainly reward you if you trust in Him, notwithstanding so many unthinking wretches are for sending you to hell for being the instrument of sending a few poor souls to heaven a little before their time."

She was sentenced to be hanged in Fleet-street, near Mitre-court, on the 7th of March, 1733. There was no long ride to Tyburn and the green fields; no dismal procession between miles of windows, crowded with faces; no stopping at St. Sepulchre's steps for the bellman's mechanical prayer and the nosegay, nor at St. Giles's for the bowl. Almost to the last she was alternately firm and calm, then she sunk in profound despair.

The chaplain says:

"At the place of execution she appeared pretty serene and calm, reading in a book. I prayed with her, and she appeared very serious and devout; lastly she could not compose herself, but cried most bitterly all the time. As I was concluding the prayers, and recommending her soul at the point of death to the Almighty, she fainted away, and it was a good while before she recovered. Just before the cart drew away she looked towards the Temple, and cried, 'Oh! my master! My master! I wish I could see him!' and then, looking up to heaven, often cried, 'Lord have mercy on me, Lord receive my spirit!' and then the cart withdrew."

Sarah Malcolm was buried in the churchyard of St. Sepulchre's. Tracey and the Alexanders were eventually discharged, as no certain proof could be obtained of their complicity.

VENETIAN TALES.

ON a former occasion we gave three popular tales collected from the oral traditions of the Venetian peasantry by two German travellers.* We now give two others, derived from the same source:

A certain fisherman resembled many others of the same calling in the circumstance that he had a large family, and was almost without the means of supporting it. When one day he found himself unable to catch a single fish, he gave himself up to sheer despair, from which he

* See page 332 of the present volume.

was presently relieved by a genteel stranger, who, ascertaining his condition, desired him to take his youngest boy, Almerigo by name, into the garden early on the following morning, and to place him by a large cypress-tree. If these instructions were followed, the fisherman would find a large chest full of gold near the tree, which he was to take forthwith and retire, leaving the child behind him.

All this was done, but it happened that the boy had no sooner been left under the tree than he was perceived by the powerful and beneficent enchantress Sabina, who was taking her morning's stroll through the air. Expressing great disgust at his father's conduct, she carried him home with her to her residence on the Seven-Star Mountain, which stood close at hand, and in which she reigned as chief over a host of young maidens, who, all beautiful, were all inferior to herself. When he had attained his twenty-second year, and was a goodly young man to look upon, one of these damsels asked him jestingly whether he was happier in his present residence, or preferred his early home? As he had forgotten all about his childhood, and fancied himself one of Sabina's numerous clan, his curiosity was not a little excited, and he pressed his informant with inquiries, till he learned that his parents, on the strength of the chest of gold, were now residing in London as wealthy persons, but that he would never be able to see them again without the consent of Sabina.

To the lovely Sabina he betook himself accordingly, and asked permission to visit England, but he did not find her at all disposed to comply with his request.

"If ever you leave this place," said she, "you will never return."

His own personal influence being insufficient, he requested the young ladies to put in a word for him; and, pleased with their task, they put in so many words, that Sabina was at last wearied into compliance. As it was, her consent was not pleasantly granted.

"Let him go for a while," said she, "but on the express condition that, during his absence, he never makes mention of me, or of anything belonging to me; and if he never returns, woe-betide you all as counsellors of evil."

The young ladies were somewhat cast down by the tone of their mistress; but they soon recovered their spirits, and hastened to communicate the glad tidings to Almerigo, who lost no time in thanking Sabina, and promising to accept her condition. Provided with four fairy horses and three servants, he hastened through the air to London, where he took up his lodgings in the Royal Hotel (*Locanda Reale*), immediately opposite the queen's palace.

When he arose in the morning, he opened the shutters of his window, and washed his face. While thus creditably employed, he was observed by one of the queen's daughters, who immediately hastened to her mother with the information that a handsome stranger, doubtless a prince, was lodging over the way. Tidings so extraordinary naturally aroused the

curiosity of the queen, and she sent the stranger an invitation to dinner, which he cheerfully accepted.

Under the state of manners supposed to prevail in the days of the fairies, the road to a matrimonial union with royalty was not so intricate or so narrow as during more historical periods. Indeed, whenever a king wanted some object to be carried out—a dragon to be killed, or a magical apple to be plucked—his very first expedient was to offer the hand of his daughter to any one who satisfied his wish, without regard to birth or social position. Competition, indeed, was not quite unlimited, a threat of decapitation in case of failure, which was faithfully carried out, exactly answering the purpose of a modern Civil Service examination in thinning the number of the candidates for promotion.

There was nothing, therefore, at all derogatory in the delight with which the queen perceived, as she sat at table with her daughters and the stranger, that her first-born had fallen in love with her guest. So promising a match was not to be found every day, and she therefore improved the occasion by extolling the beauty and virtue of her eldest daughter to a degree which was highly creditable to her as a mother, but utterly at variance with obvious truth. Now, unfortunately, the admirable Sabina, who had otherwise given Almerigo an excellent education, had been less attentive than she might have been with respect to the article of good manners; so her pupil, hearing a number of assertions which were palpably opposed to the evidence of his own eyes, presently lost all patience, and rudely told the queen that she need not make so much fuss about her daughter's beauty, inasmuch as the young lady was not half so handsome as the ugliest girl at the court which he had just quitted. Remarks of this kind are not likely to find favour in the royal palaces of any age or country, and therefore, when we learn that the queen and her daughters rose indignantly from the table, and that the former ordered her guest to be cast into a dungeon and laden with heavy chains, we may indeed deem such proceedings harsh, but can scarcely pronounce them unnatural.

The royal mandate was, of course, executed, but just at the moment the ever-ready Sabina happened to be amusing herself with a magic mirror, which could reflect the events that passed in every quarter of the world, and which now showed the dismal situation of her favourite. Without a moment's delay she conjured up a large army, and marched through the air to London, where she arrived just as the queen had assembled her grand council to pronounce judgment on the discourteous Almerigo. The councillors differed from their queen, in a leaning to the side of mercy; and one of them, a prudent gentleman, considerably advanced in years, plainly told her that she had better take care what she did, for the prisoner might possibly be the son of a mighty king, who, if any harm happened to his son, might visit unhappy England

with the weight of his wrath. His warnings were utterly disregarded by the proud queen, who was the last person in the world to fear a possible prince sprung from a hypothetical king, and she was answering his advice with no little scorn, when the business of the council was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of twelve carriages, richly gilt, and drawn by magnificent horses, from which twenty-four princesses, all singularly beautiful, solemnly descended and demanded an immediate interview with her majesty. The demand was deemed impertinent, and the queen having sent out a message to declare that she was not in the habit of putting herself out of the way to oblige any one, the princesses returned to the carriages, which were at once driven off; but soon Sabina herself advanced with her army, and laid siege to the town. Her movements were observed from a tower of the royal palace by the English commander-in-chief, who thought affairs looked most unpromising; and the queen, who surveyed the army from the same point of view, felt, though she preserved a bold face, that she could not conscientiously differ from him in opinion. She therefore sent to request a parley with the leader of the besieging force, and her request was answered by the re-appearance of the twelve carriages with Sabina's twenty-four princesses, who now insisted that the queen should come down and speak to them outside the palace.

With this command the queen indignantly complied, and, as might have been expected, the interview was not pleasant.

"Give up the prisoner, or in twenty-four hours London will be levelled with the ground!" cried the princesses in full chorus.

"He has insulted the throne, and offended my daughter," cried the queen.

"The throne has nothing to do with the private affairs of the royal family, and if the prisoner did offend your daughter, we have no doubt he had excellent reasons for so doing," was the retort of the combined princesses.

This was not the sort of answer calculated to bring matters to a pacific termination; and the queen, more deeply offended than ever, and vowing that she would not yield, turned a deaf ear to the advice of her council, who implored her not to sacrifice her people to the vanity of her daughter. Possibly the opinion of the councillors on the subject of the insulted maiden's charms did not greatly differ from that of the prisoner, and it might be on this account that their advice was prudent to an extent hardly compatible with the reputed pluck of Englishmen.

However that might be, a bombardment began, and in less than an hour half London was in flames. With a demand so practical the queen was forced to comply, and the prisoner, freed from captivity, was sent to Sabina's camp to negotiate for peace. There, he met with a reception so warm, that it is questionable whether he did not wish himself back in his prison, with all his chains about him.

"I told you this fine journey of yours would bring you into a pretty scrape. A trumpety queen, of mere mortal clay, has dared to lock you

up, and I, who am powerful enough to destroy a whole world, must condescend, forsooth, to bandy words with her." Thus spoke Sabina to Almerigo; but the citizens of London, by whom he was accompanied, were accosted in milder terms. "You Londoners," she proceeded, "have done me no wrong, therefore I only require you to burn down the royal palace. As for your queen, she shall pay me thirty-five millions (sterling?) to defray the costs of war, and shall then be forced to admit that my least handsome maid of honour is more beautiful than her daughter."

So revolting were these conditions to the queen, that she desired to renew the combat; but finding the whole of her subjects against her, she put an end to her distress by plunging a dagger into her own heart.

Though peace was concluded between England and the Mistress of the Seven-Star Mountain, a little difference remained between the allies in the late war which was not so easily smoothed down. Sabina was so deeply offended with Almerigo for his breach of faith, that when she had helped him out of his difficulty she would have nothing more to do with him. Nor did he feel himself safe in London, for, although the queen was dead, she had left as her successor the daughter, who had been even more deeply offended than herself. So he betook himself to the mountains (shall we say the Surrey hills?), where he would probably have died of starvation had he not encountered three men, who were disputing about the appropriation of three wonderful things: a cloak that rendered the wearer invisible: a purse of gold that always remained full: and a pair of shoes that would render him who slipped them on, as swift as the wind. To end the debate, the disputants referred their case to Almerigo, who had no sooner got the precious articles into his possession on pretence of examining them, than, making use of the shoes, he took himself off, leaving the three dupes to regret that they had not used more discrimination in the choice of a judge.

They, however, were not alone in their discomfiture. Sabina, who though of a hasty temper was by no means malicious, had already forgiven Almerigo in her heart; and, to watch his fortunes, was looking into her mirror:—which, to her utter amazement, gave her no information whatever. The possession of the gifts had, in fact, rendered him a more potent magician than herself, so he was beyond reach of the mirror; and Sabina, who now heartily wished him back again, began to think she had gone a little too far.

Fortunately her kindly feeling was reciprocated, and nearly the first use which Almerigo made of his shoes was to return to Sabina's palace, where he found before the gate, three horses—one of lead, another of bronze, the third of iron. When he knocked, the leaden horse asked, "Who's that?" The bronze one replied, "Our mighty Almerigo;" and the iron one conveyed the tidings to Sabina; who, overpowered with joy, hurried out to meet the returned wanderer. But it was now his turn to assume a tone of severity, and he sternly informed her that his power was thrice as great

as hers, and that he had come to punish her. His words occasioned a discussion among the horses. "Is this true?" asked Lead. "Ay, indeed!" responded Bronze. Iron, on the other hand, suggested a reconciliation.

"Good!" said Almerigo to the iron horse; "as you and your mistress so perfectly understand each other, I'll turn you into a lion, and she shall be your lioness."

No sooner said than done; but the newly-made lioness put on a face so extremely piteous, that Almerigo could retain his appearance of indignation no longer.

"No, my Sabina," he cried; "be once more your former self; come to my arms, and love me, even as I love you."

So they were married, and are living together happily unto the present time, young as when the above-recorded incidents occurred. For, such powerful magicians are superior to the assaults of either death or old age.

Possibly a question has suggested itself to some of our readers. Almerigo went to London on purpose to see his parents. Did he ever call upon them? The Venetian historian leaves this question unanswered, allowing us the choice between two hypotheses. Either he was so absorbed by his political affairs in England that he forgot his family altogether; or, the interview between the parents and the child was so entirely devoid of pathos, that it was not deemed worth mentioning. The manner in which he parted from his father renders both hypotheses probable.

The fiend, Belphegor, wishing to marry, ascended to earth, assumed the shape of a young handsome man, and built himself a fine large house; which was no sooner finished and daintily furnished, than, he introduced himself to the father of a family who had three pretty daughters, and paid court to the eldest. The girl was pleased with the personal appearance of her suitor, the parents were delighted that fortune had provided for herso excellent a match, and very speedily the wedding took place. When the bridegroom had conducted his bride home, he presented her with a very tasteful nosegay, led her to all the rooms in the house, and at last showed her a closed door. "The rest of the house," he informed her, "was entirely at her disposal; but she must not open the closed door under the penalty of death."

Every one who knows the story of Blue Beard—that is to say, every one in Great Britain, Ireland, France, the United States of America, and the British colonies—is already perfectly sure that the young wife, however solemnly she promised to obey her husband's mandate, would break the promise at the first convenient opportunity. Belphegor left home—as he said, to hunt—on the following day, and scarcely was he out of sight than the lady opened the door, and discovered, to her horror, a vast fiery gulf, the flames from which singed the nosegay in her bosom. When the husband returned, the condition of the flowers, like the blood on Blue Beard's key, revealed the act of disobedience.

His manner, however, was rather contemptuous than wrathful.

"As you are so anxious," he said, "to see what is behind that door, I will gratify your curiosity myself."

Having spoken these words, he led her to the door, opened it, gave her a little push that sent her down into the gulf, re-closed the door, and walked away as if nothing had happened. The parents of the young lady do not seem to have cared much about her, as a few months afterwards he wooed and won the second daughter, whose fate precisely resembled that of the first.

He then wooed the third sister, who was named Margarita, and who, it is scarcely necessary to state, was much sharper than the other two. She thus reasoned with herself on receiving his proposal:

"The fact that this handsome stranger killed both my sisters is certainly not in his favour; but, on the other hand, I may look far before I find a more brilliant match; and therefore, all things considered, I think I may as well accept his offer. Besides, I may be more fortunate than my elders."

The third wedding accordingly took place, and was followed, according to rule, by the gift of the nosegay, and the prohibition. The new bride was even more curious than her sisters, but she was more prudent, and therefore she took the precaution to dip the nosegay into water before she opened the forbidden door; thus breaking off all further connexion between the Venetian tale and the story of Blue Beard.

The opened door revealed, not only the fiery gulf, but her two sisters in the midst of the flames; and she now guessed what sort of man she had married. Her first act was to extricate her sisters, and hide them somewhere in the house. Which leads one to conjecture that the gulf was neither so deep nor so hot as it looked.

The freshness of the nosegay, caused by its immersion in the water, convinced Belphegor that his mandate had been obeyed, and he now resolved to live comfortably with his third wife. His affection, however, was not returned, and in a few days the lady requested him to carry three large chests, one after another, home to her parents, without setting any one of them down by the way.

"Mind you do as I tell you," she said, "for I shall be at the window, keeping a sharp eye upon you."

Belphegor promised to obey orders, and on the following morning a chest containing the eldest sister was placed on his shoulder. The burden being terribly heavy, he felt much inclined to set it down even before he was out of sight of the house; but his wife cried out: "Mind what you are about; I'm looking." When he had turned a corner, he thought he had a chance of a little rest, but now the lady in the chest called out: "No, no, I'm looking at you still." As the voices of the two sisters closely resembled each other, and as Belphegor clearly was not skilled in measuring distances by the ear, he concluded that his wife was still speaking.

"What a wonderful eye my wife must have that she can look round a corner." Such was the sage reflection of Belphegor.

The chest thus arrived safely at the house of the lady's parents: Belphegor being delighted to hand it over to the safe custody of his mother-in-law, and to hurry back home, that he might recruit his exhausted strength with a good breakfast.

The second-sister was carried home in exactly the same manner as the first; but now that the turn of the third had come, some modification of the plan was necessary. The subtle lady prepared a stuffed figure, which she placed on the balcony as her representative, and then contrived to slip unseen into the third chest, which was placed on Belphegor's back by his servant. As she was not only sharper but stouter than her sisters, the burden carried by the luckless fiend was considerably heavier than on the two previous days; but if he turned his head, there was the awful figure on the balcony, for which the inhabitant of the chest did vocal duty. Margarita, therefore, was conveyed to her parents with all possible speed, and Belphegor hurried back home for his usual remedy, namely, his breakfast, but he found neither that nor his wife prepared to receive him. Mad with rage, he rushed about the house shouting for "Margarita," till at last, looking out of a lower window, he perceived the figure on the upper balcony. As his supposed wife made no answer when he roared forth his complaints of hunger, he rushed into the balcony and gave the figure a blow, which was intended for no more than a box on the ear, but which, meeting a fragile object, sent the head through the air, and revealed the imposition. Again did Belphegor rush about the house, but his wife had clearly fled, and as clearly had she taken all her jewels; for the cases in which they had been kept were empty.

Wronged both as a husband and as a fiend of property, his first impulse, on the discovery of his crowning calamity, was to post off to the residence of his father-in-law, that he might wreak his vengeance. No sooner, however, was the house in sight, than his eyes encountered a fearful apparition. On a small balcony over the door sat all the three wives, splitting their sides with laughter.

"Three at once!" shrieked the fiend; and without more ado he plunged back into his original home.

The above stories, like another which we took from the stock of Venetian folk-lore, while they have much in common with the most familiar tales, contain incidents that will be entirely novel to ordinary readers. And even the old materials are used in a new way. For instance, in the first story, the theft of the shoes, the purse, and the cloak, which almost exactly corresponds to an incident in Grimm's "King of the Golden Mountain," instead of being all-important as in that popular tale, is merely an

expedient to an end, for which any other expedient might have been substituted; and in the second story, the breach of promise on the part of the fiend's wives, instead of pointing a moral against the inordinate curiosity calumniously ascribed to the fair sex, merely serves to bring out the superior talent of the lady, and to make the fiend ridiculous.

Very curious indeed, in our opinion, is the selection of London as the principal scene of action in the first story. London, one would think, is the last place in the world that could be associated with a fairy tale, especially in the mind of a Venetian peasant. Generally, popular stories, that do not professedly come from the East, are entirely without reference to any definite place whatever, and this omission occasions not a little that absence of local colouring, which renders it difficult to distinguish (say) a Neapolitan tale from one of Transylvania or Croatia. We may therefore suppose that there is some special reason for introducing London into the first of the above stories; England appears, too, under the dominion of a queen regnant, and though this queen has daughters, there is no mention of a king. The royal lady evidently reigns in her own right, and when she dies, her eldest daughter is *de jure* and *de facto* her successor. Taking all the facts of the case into consideration, we may conjecture that the pious horror with which our Queen Elizabeth was regarded by the Catholic peoples of the Continent as the leader of heretics, especially after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, is dimly reflected in the story of Almerigo, and that the vindictive sovereign is no other than our own Queen Bess. Though she is wicked, she is high spirited, and she dies by her own hand rather than yield to the terms which have influenced her subjects. Let us next look at the wrong by which she is instigated. She is enraged at a slight offered to her daughter's personal beauty. Now, the vulgar notion that the superior charms of Mary Stuart were regarded as a sort of wrong by her less liberally endowed cousin, and had much to do with her untimely end, is just the sort of thing that would have found favour with the multitude. Though the fabled queen is indignant on the subject not of her own, but her daughter's charms, the principle of jealousy on account of personal beauty remains the same.

Among the Venetians, the "Blue Beard" of the second story is the Arch-Fiend himself, and it is to avoid giving offence to some readers that we give him the name of Belphegor. Whether this name is familiar to the peasantry of Venice, we cannot say, but as it is given by the Florentine Machiavelli to the Fiend, whom, in his well-known story, he forces into a matrimonial difficulty, it seemed well suited to our purpose.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER III. KILCLARE.

KILCLARE is, or was at the time of my story, one of the prettiest and pleasantest towns in the south of Ireland. The river Clare flows past it, and falls into the sea a few miles below the town. But though so near the end of its course, it has none of that dreary and wide-spread desolation which often attends the last few miles of a river's journey to the great deep. It runs through a wide channel between high rocky banks, at a short distance before reaching Kilclare; and these rocks are mottled with patches of bright green turf, and decked with a luxuriant variety of creeping plants, with here and there a tall tree of some hardy species clasping its roots into the crevices of the stone, and bending down towards the water's edge like some wild creature stretching its graceful neck to drink. A mile or so above the town, the river is spanned by a long wooden bridge, approached at each end by a sharp declivity. On a sudden hill—little more, in fact, than a high knoll—on the opposite side of the Clare to the town, stands the ruin of a feudal castle, with its tall solitary round tower relieved against the sky, like some lone sentinel who has climbed to that vantage ground to keep watch and ward over the city.

Beautiful river Clare! I know few scenes more lovely than that which is beheld by one standing on your old wooden bridge and gazing up-stream at your winding course. Most beautiful it is, on a fine summer evening, when the daylight, flushed with slumber, shuts its eyes in the west, and the first star comes out into the pale green sky and trembles with its pure lustre upon the hoary brow of the old ruined tower. The water washes with a sleepy inarticulate babble against the pebbly beach; the bats begin their rapid elfin flight, and brush so near that one can see their weird faces and bead-like eyes as they wheel past; and the fragrant breath of a turf fire curls slowly upward into the still twilight heavens.

Beautiful river Clare! My benison be upon thee in thy dark green depths and in thy sparkling shallows; whether thy waters flow all molten gold beneath the noonday sun, or tremble on-

ward in the moonlight, like a silver banner, barred with sable shadows; or lie dreaming in some still pool with one beloved star upon their glassy bosom. My benison be upon thee, lovely Clare, for all the glad abundance of thy beauty, and for the images of those dear days that, with the eyes of fond remembrance, I see reflected in thy tranquil face!

Although Mabel Earnshaw had no such recollections to endear the scene to her, she nevertheless perceived it to be very fair when she first caught a glimpse of it on approaching Kilclare. The mail coach from Ballyhackett—at which point, in those days, the line of railway from Dublin terminated—came spinning down the steep hill, swung round the sharp corner at the base of the old castle, and rattled over the long wooden bridge at a reckless pace, that made the crazy planks start and clatter under the horses' hoofs. Then, came about two miles of level road leading past some scattered country houses of rather dilapidated aspect, and one lodge gate through which a fine avenue might be seen; then, a few cottages of the humbler sort; then, little straggling shops; then, one or two good dwelling-houses, more shops; and at last at a point where the street suddenly narrowed very much, the driver pulled up his smoking team before the door of a large inn, and they were at their journey's end.

Mabel and her aunt alighted from the interior of the coach, and Jack scrambled down from the outside. "Here we are, Mabel!" said he, gaily. "Rather a closeish shave coming round that corner before the bridge, wasn't it? I hope you were not very much frightened. Give me your shawl and bag, mother. That's it. Halloa! There's Biddy, bless her old heart. How are you, Biddy? Here's my mother and the young lady."

A clean apple-faced old woman in a great mob cap came up to Mrs. Walton with abundance of smiles and curtseys, and bade her heartily welcome to the "ould town" again. "I've got everything ready for yez," said she; "ye'd better step across at once, ma'am, and Teddy and one of the boys 'ull whip over the boxes. Don't be standing here in the sthreet, ma'am dear, and both of yez tired and hungry. Sure the things 'ull be all right enough. This way, miss, 'tis just across the sthreet there." The old woman took Mabel's travelling-bag from her arm, in spite of the latter's remon-

strances, and trotted on before them with wonderful briskness.

"That is our landlady," Aunt Mary explained to Mabel, "Mrs. Bridget Bonny, the best old soul in the world. I've lodged in her house three seasons. That is the place, over the shoemaker's shop, and that nice cheerful bow-window belongs to our sitting-room. It isn't grand, Mabel, but it's very comfortable, and exquisitely clean."

Mrs. Bonny entered the house by a narrow door at the side of the shop, which she always proudly spoke of as the "private entrance," though, as it was exceedingly strait and inconvenient, visitors after one or two trials usually abandoned that mode of ingress, and walked humbly and comfortably through the shop. Mabel and Mrs. Walton followed her up-stairs into the front sitting-room with the bow-window. It was a very cheerful room, looking into the main street of the town; its furniture was covered with a gay-patterned chintz; and the carpet, if not very rich in quality, was adorned with a lavish variety of colours. Everything was bright, neat, and admirably clean. At one end of the table, covered with a snowy cloth, tea-things were set forth.

"I thought, maybe, ye'd loike a cup of tay as well as anything, after yer journey," said Biddy. "An' I've got a roast fowl for yez, and a rasher of bacon. It'll be all ready in half a jiffy, ma'am. Sit down on the sophy and rest. Sure it's half dead they must be, the craythurs!"

Although by no means in so exhausted a state as old Biddy appeared to suppose, the travellers were yet sufficiently fatigued and hungry to enjoy sitting comfortably in a less cramped posture than had been possible in the coach, and to be prepared to do justice to the excellent meal which was presently set before them.

"What a dear old creature Mrs. Bonny is!" said Mabel, when they were all seated at table.

"Mrs who?" cried Jack, looking up from the plateful of broiled bacon that he was discussing with infinite relish.

"Mrs. Bonny, the landlady!"

"Oh, Biddy! I never heard any human being call her by her husband's name before. And I got a confused idea in my mind that old Bonny must suddenly have committed bigamy!"

"Jack," said his mother, "you're a gander. But Mabel's quite right. Biddy is a pearl of price. I don't know a better, honester, harder-working woman than Biddy Bonny."

Then Aunt Mary went on to explain something of Biddy's history and family.

Old Joe Bonny was her second husband. Her first husband had been a widower with one son when she married him. This son, Teddy Molloy, was a shoemaker by trade, and rented the shop in which he worked, of his step-mother; himself and his young wife inhabiting a separate dwelling-house. Joe Bonny was an English-

man, and though an old man nearer to eighty than to seventy years of age, had only given up his work during the last five years.

"And a nice time Biddy has of it with him," observed Jack. "He is the crustiest old file! He was a navigator. Not Captain Cook, you know, but a 'pickaxe and a spade—a spade,' and that kind of thing. I believe that he hasn't two consecutive inches of unbroken bone in his body. He has fractured both his arms, both his legs, all his ribs, and cracked his skull and collar-bone in several places. And as to his hands! Well, as well as I can remember, he has at the present moment only two fingers and half a thumb in working order."

"Oh, Jack!"

"Upon my word I am stating very nearly the literal fact. He has been broken and mended again, in every possible and impossible place; but he don't seem much the worse for it as regards his general constitution. Only, he finds time hang heavy on his hands; so he sits and smokes in the chimney-corner and consoles himself by growling at Biddy, and abusing the Irish."

"What a dreadful old man!" cried Mabel, laughing in spite of herself.

"Well, he has his good points too, has old Joe. He is thoroughly honest, and has a kind of bull-dog fidelity about him. But I must be off to the theatre, and see what's going on there. They open on Monday, and I dare say there will be lots of things to touch up in the scenery. Any commands, mother?"

"Give my kind remembrances to Mr. Moffatt if you see him, and ask what the Call is for Saturday, and see that some arrangement is made for Mabel to dress in the same room with me, and come back time enough to post a letter that I'm going to write to father before the evening mail is made up. That's all, Jack."

"I'll not fail, mother. And Mabel, if you want assistance in uncoring or unpacking, or any matter in which a fair amount of brute force is desirable unadulterated by any intellectual element, I shall be happy to put myself at your service."

"Thank you, Jack; but I am in no need of a Caliban, and I think that's about what you have made yourself out to be."

So Jack, making the house ring with a peal of boyish laughter, ran down-stairs and betook himself to the theatre.

Mrs. Walton's first care was to write a few lines to her husband, which would be read to him by Janet; and then she and Mabel proceeded to busy themselves in unpacking and laying out their stage dresses, chatting all the time. For, as Mabel was to occupy a small room opening out of her aunt's bedchamber, by leaving the door of communication open, they were able to talk together uninterruptedly.

The wardrobes of Mrs. Walton and her niece were neither extensive nor splendid; but allowing for the necessary amount of paste and tinsel—for these stage queens wear a good deal of mock jewellery: unlike the real reigning

queens of society, who never by any chance wear anything false, and who are well known to abhor shams in every department—they were good and picturesque, and made with exquisite neatness. Jack's artistic aid was often called in to devise effective shapes and contrasts of colour, and then Polly's nimble fingers went to work, and carried out his ideas with wonderful dexterity. Polly, indeed, was endowed with that talent for all branches of needlework which appears to be a positive inspiration with some women; and as she was remarkable also for personal neatness and the care she took of her clothes, the inheritance which Mabel had come into of her cousin's theatrical costumes was by no means a despicable one.

"What pretty lace this is round the black velvet jacket, Aunt Mary!" called out Mabel from her room. She was contemplating the costumes spread out on her bed, with secret delight. At seventeen, one may still take pleasure in that source of happiness known to children as "dressing up."

"Oh yes," answered Aunt Mary, shaking out a brocaded satin petticoat from its creases, "that's real point, Mabel, and remarkably fine old lace. I gave it to Polly years ago. It was part of the wedding-dress of Uncle John's and of course also your father's great-aunt; but if you want to see fine old lace you must coax Mrs. Darling to show you *her* store."

"Mrs. Darling?"

"Our first old woman. She is the strangest old body you can fancy; but she has a wonderful wardrobe—such antique brocades, high-heeled shoes, fans, buckles, flowered satins, such as they don't make now-a-days, and, above all, such lace! I believe that she would not sell a yard of it to save her life; and some of it is of considerable value."

"Do you know all the other members of the company, Aunt Mary?"

"Why, yes; most of them, I believe. There are the Copestakes, husband and wife; he plays the heavy business, and she second old woman, or whatever is wanted. Then there are Mr. Moffatt himself and his daughter; Miss Lydia St. Aubert, the leading lady; old Shaw, the first old man—his real name is O'Shaughnessy, but he always denies being an Irishman; I'm sure I don't know why—and one or two more. I'm not at all clever at describing people; but you will very soon find them out for yourself."

In the evening Jack returned, and, having posted his mother's letter, came back to give an account of what he had heard and done at the theatre.

"Here's the bill of the first night," said he, pulling from his pocket a long narrow playbill, still reeking with damp printer's ink. "We open with Macbeth, you see."

"Yes; I knew that was to be the first piece. And the farce is the Two Gregorys."

"There's a list of the company, Mabel. No stars. Moffatt entirely objects to the starring system. He won't even give Miss St. Aubert,

who is a great favourite here, a line to herself in the bill. He says it would be invidious to the rest of the company."

Mabel ran her eyes over a number of names printed in a double line at the head of the bill. First came Mr. Moffatt's name in very large letters. "That's because he's the manager, you know," explained Jack. But by-and-by the name occurred again in a preliminary address or opening flourish, setting forth to the inhabitants of Kilclare at what vast trouble and expense Mr. Moffatt had succeeded in getting together a company of artists "culled from the principal members of the leading provincial and metropolitan theatres."

"Mr. Moffatt's name is in very conspicuous capitals here, too," observed Mabel.

"Ah, yes—well—of course you see he likes to have a little pull over the others. It makes the people fancy him a big man."

"And here, too, Miss Moffatt's name is quite striking in the size of its letters."

"Well, you know she's his daughter, and, of course—"

Mabel could not help recalling La Fontaine's fable, in which the lion hunts with the heifer, the goat, and the sheep, in a quadruple partnership; but when it comes to the division of the spoil, the king of beasts, having found good and sufficient reasons for taking three-fourths to his own share, puts his paw on the sole remaining portion, and simply announces that as to *that* quarter, should any one offer to touch it, he will be strangled without more ado.

"Who is this lady?" asked Mabel, pointing to a name in the list.

"Ah! Who should you think, now?"

Mabel coloured, and said, hesitatingly, "Is it—it isn't—I?"

"Yes it is, though. That was my idea. Nobody had ever thought of a name for you."

"I should not have been ashamed of my own."

"Well, you can take it afterwards, if you like. But, for the present, there you are, transformed from Mabel into Miss M. A. Bell! I thought it ingenious; but if you don't approve—"

"Oh no, dear Jack. It will do beautifully. And when I said I should not be ashamed of my own name, I didn't think of Aunt Mary's having generously given up the name she had a right to bear, to spare a selfish pride. But I should think there's no one left now, to whom it matters very much whether I am Miss Earnshaw or Miss M. A. Bell in the playbill."

"The call is at ten, in the green-room, for the music of Macbeth, and at eleven on the stage. Everybody."

"I'm so glad I have nothing to do the first night but go on as a witch. I shall get a little accustomed to the look of the theatre. But I shall feel very shy at first, amongst all the actors and actresses."

"It isn't a very big 'all.' Courage, Miss M. A. Bell. Good night; and get a good rest to prepare yourself for to-morrow."

CHAPTER IV. IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

THE Theatre Royal, Kilclare, stood in a retired and obscure part of the town, at the end of a dismal narrow street, one side of which consisted of a dead wall which bounded the large gardens of a Protestant clergyman, while the opposite side was partly formed by the high, blank, nearly windowless buildings of the back portion of a convent of Sisters of Mercy. Its front was adorned with a stumpy little portico supported by brick pillars, on each of which now hung a large green bill (technically termed a poster), setting forth, with a lavish expenditure of printer's ink, the intellectual feast that awaited the Kilclare play-goers within the building. I am too ignorant of architecture to be able to assign the theatre to any recognised "order." Perhaps it belonged to none. But it had two elements which I am told are indispensable to great architectural effects; breadth and simplicity. It was very wide, and its sole ornament was a wash of pale yellow ochre, which covered the whole surface, including the brick pillars of the portico. Beneath the portico were two green doors, one giving access to the pit, and the other to the boxes. The gallery entrance was at the back. At the back, also, in a lane that was always very muddy in winter and very dusty in summer, was the stage door. Mysterious portal, giving access to a realm of unknown enchantments, round which the little boys of Kilclare—the shod and the shoeless united in one crowd by the common instinct strong in little boys to do whatever they are expressly bidden to abstain from doing: which instinct, as we all know, is quite peculiar to little boys, and is never, never, found to survive in big boys—would congregate for hours, peeping and watching, and listening with breathless interest to any sound of voices that might reach their ears from the interior. Occasionally, the little crowd would be routed and sent flying in various directions by a vigorous sortie on the part of the stage carpenter: a very irascible personage, who would come out, hammer in hand, growling and swearing in a manner that was rendered inarticulately terrible by reason of his mouth being full of tin tacks.

But the boys invariably reassembled very shortly, and there Mabel found them when, on Saturday morning, she accompanied her aunt and Jack to rehearsal.

"Take care, Mabel," said Jack. "You'd better give me your hand: 'it's very dark. Shall I help you, mother?'"

"No, no. I know the way of old. Look after Mabel; I can take care of myself."

Cautiously and slowly, for to eyes just come from the outer daylight the way was absolutely pitch-dark, Mabel followed her cousin, and, ascending a short flight of rickety wooden stairs, passed through a heavy swing door, which he held open for her, and stood behind the scenes of the Theatre Royal, Kilclare.

The interior of a theatre by day was no new scene to Mabel Earnshaw, although she had not been in one, except as a spectator, for more than six years. The Kilclare theatre

was, of course, very small and very shabby; but the shape of the audience-part of the house was good, and the stage very spacious for the size of the whole building. Potter, the irascible carpenter, was hammering away at the portcullis of Macbeth's castle, and the property-man, Nix—who was also the messenger, bill-deliverer, armourer, and general factotum of the establishment, besides personating all the invisible excited multitudes and leading the huzzas of enthusiasm and the groans of disaffection at the wing—was communicating a lurid glare to the painted flames beneath the witches' caldron by means of a judicious distribution of little bits of red foil. From the green-room came the thin tones of a fiddle.

"Oh, Mr. Trescott is here already, I hear," said Mrs. Walton. "He's always punctual."

Mabel followed her aunt into a long uncarpeted room, with seats fixed all around the wall, and the lower halves of the windows whitewashed, to exclude prying eyes. In one corner stood a bundle of spears, with tin tops, and a crimson calico banner. There were also two cane hoops, partially hidden by garlands of pink and white paper flowers, which had figured in some rural merry-making last season, and which, having remained there ever since, were now covered with a thick coating of dust.

About one-third of the extent of the room was taken up by a temporary construction made of scraps of old scenery to form a dressing-room; the accommodation of that kind in the Kilclare theatre having been originally provided on too scanty a scale even for Mr. Moffatt's small company of performers.

On the wooden chimney-piece stood a white earthenware jug full of cold water, and a tumbler; over it, hung a board covered with what had once been crimson cloth, but which had now faded into a dusty reddish brown; stuck on to this board with pins, were two or three scraps of paper containing "calls" and "notices:" announcements, that is to say, of the hours of rehearsal, and the pieces to be performed during the week.

Such was the aspect of the green-room of the Theatre Royal, Kilclare. When Mrs. Walton and Mabel entered it, it was occupied by two persons. One was Mr. Trescott, who, violin in hand, was limping up and down, occasionally playing a bar or two, and carelessly rasping out a few chords. The other was a thin, hatchet-faced old man, with a scorbutic complexion and a curiously sour expression of countenance. He was dressed in a threadbare brown coat, coming down to his heels, and buttoned tightly across his chest. He wore a pair of large woollen gloves (although the weather was bright and warm), and in the crown of his hat, which stood on a chair beside him, was a very big blue-checked cotton pocket-handkerchief. Perhaps I should have said that the room was tenanted by *three* persons—certainly the sour-visaged old man would have said so—for, stretched at his master's feet, with his nose between his fore-paws, lay a nondescript dog, bearing more resemblance to a Scotch sheep-dog

than any other breed, and who, though evidently flattering himself that the world supposed him to be buried in slumber, was regarding everything that passed with one bright observant half-open eye. This was Lingo, Mr. Shaw's dog, companion, and only friend. Lingo's fidelity, accomplishments, sagacity, and high moral worth, were the only themes on which it was possible to elicit anything like enthusiasm from old Jerry O'Shaughnessy, alias Shaw; but on this topic the old man would dilate for hours to a sympathetic listener. Lingo was a celebrated character in theatrical circles in Ireland, and there were mysterious rumours that Jerry Shaw believed Lingo's canine form to be animated by the spirit of a departed friend of his early life; but when such whispers reached the old man's ears he would sniff and scoff and snap in his abrupt queer way, and aver that *he* had never known any man whose virtues could compare to Lingo's, and that if such an one could be found he would cheerfully walk fifty miles barefoot to behold them.

Mrs. Walton shook hands with the two men, and then presented Mabel.

"My niece, Miss Bell," said she.

Mr. Trescott had partly advanced on seeing Mabel, and then stopped as if uncertain how to greet her; but she held out her hand at once.

"You have only known me by my true name, Mr. Trescott," she said, smiling. "It has been thought well to give me another for the present. I hope little Corda is well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Miss—a—Miss Bell. She will be so rejoiced to see you."

"Mr. Shaw, let me introduce you to my niece. A young aspirant for histrionic honours."

Mr. Shaw rose and gave his head a sudden jerk that was intended for a bow, and then sat down again. "You've chosen a bad trade, miss," said he, encouragingly. He spoke with singular abruptness, and in short sentences, which seemed to come out of his mouth in spite of him, and which invariably ended in a prolonged sniff that wrinkled up his nose and curled his upper lip.

"I hope not," said Mabel, smiling. "My aunt has not found it so very bad. Poor old boy, poor old dog. Is he yours? May I pat him?"

"You may—if he'll let you. He won't let everybody."

Lingo, however, was graciously pleased to permit Mabel's little hand to caress his rough head, and he even wagged his tail in a faint and lazy way.

"He likes her," said Mr. Shaw, turning to Mrs. Walton. "He decidedly likes her. And I tell you what, ma'am; I'd rather take his opinion than most people's. I've never known him wrong yet."

By-and-by more members of the company began to drop in, and by about a quarter-past ten they were nearly all assembled. There was Miss Lydia St. Aubert, very tall, very thin, with a head too small for her height, and dark eyes too big for her face. She wore a crop of waving ringlets, and a little infantine straw

bonnet, the strings of which she untied as soon as she came into the room—not that Miss Lydia St. Aubert was very young or very childish. She had a husband and three children, and had not escaped the cares of life, poor woman! But her small head and curly crop gave her a juvenile air, and she rather acted up to her appearance in private life.

There were the Copestakes, husband and wife; he about fifty years of age, she at least ten years older. They were in the last depths of shabbiness: not from destitution—for between them they earned an income more than sufficient to have kept them in respectability—but because they spent an absurdly large proportion of their weekly earnings upon eating and drinking of the most costly viands they could procure.

There was Mrs. Darling, fat and stately, with a black satin reticule full of white wool, and a pair of wooden knitting-needles, wherewith she was manufacturing some mysterious article of clothing. There was the low comedian, bitter and sententious, and remarkably neat about his gloves and boots. The walking gentleman (whose wife was a dancer), neither so young, nor so smart, nor so good-looking as he once had been, but with a great deal of elegance—in the modern comedy style—and an amazing collection of riddles culled from all the newspaper columns of "Varieties" and "Random Readings" for the last fifteen years. Last of all came in Mr. Moffatt, the manager, with his daughter on his arm, and accompanied by Mr. Wilfred J. Percival, the leading gentleman, announced in the bills as being "from the principal theatres in the United States of America."

Mr. Moffatt was very cordial in his greetings to his company—almost too cordial, in fact, for cordiality did not seem to be naturally the most striking trait in Mr. Moffatt's character, and the effect of this sudden gush of it was a little oppressive. Mr. Moffatt was short and spare, with a close-shaven face and little cold grey eyes. His voice had a covert ill-tempered snarl in it, which was audible even in his most amiable moments. Miss Moffatt was a plump young lady—perhaps I might go so far as to say a fat young lady—with a round fresh-coloured face, wide red-lipped mouth, turned-up nose, and bright blue eyes, with a strong cast in them. Mr. Wilfred J. Percival was a tall sallow gentleman, with a long chin and retreating forehead; and he wore a brown velvet collar to his coat, over which a gold chain was artfully disposed in many a cunning twist.

Mabel was received very graciously by Mr. Moffatt, and very condescendingly by his daughter. The latter was slowly dressed, and especially revelled in bonnet-ribbon, of which she had a remarkable quantity of a very bright blue colour disposed in bows upon her head-gear.

"I'm glad you're a brune," said Miss Moffatt, with elaborately fine *u* and French roll of the *r* (Miss Moffatt had been two years in a cheap boarding-school near Calais, and was a very accomplished person indeed): "so glad.

Because, being a blonde myself" (the *n* here so nasal that Miss Moffatt appeared to be seized with a sudden cold in the head), "we shan't clash as to colours."

"As to colours?" said Mabel.

"Yes. I consider that so important. But one never can get the English to think of these things. For instance, when I wear blue, you, playing in the same piece, would naturally wear cerise or amber, which would go so charmingly. But the fact is, we English are *not* artistic."

"Ain't we?"

"Oh dear no. We have no goût, no finesse, no je ne sais quoi. To any one accustomed to the foreign theatres we are sadly gauche and unfinished."

"Well," rejoined Mabel, quietly, "I hope the Kilclare people have not been accustomed to the foreign theatres; and in that case they won't find us out."

Whereupon Miss Moffatt looked a little puzzled, and held her peace.

Rap, rap, rap. Mr. Trescott knocked sharply with his bow on the table before him. "Now then, ladies and gentlemen, music of Macbeth. I've been here since ten o'clock, and I can't afford to waste my time for the sake of other people who can't get up to breakfast. Now then, if you please. First singing witch."

Miss Moffatt, who had a very high squeaking voice, was the first singing witch, and Miss St. Aubert, who had a very deep and hollow one, sang the music of the second at the wing: it being found impossible to disguise the flowing robes of Lady Macbeth effectually by means of any cloaking or drapery.

So the rehearsal went on. The music was familiar to all, and as they most of them had tolerably correct ears, the effect was better than might have been anticipated, except that old Mrs. Copestake could not be induced to leave off as soon as she should have done, but insisted on singing the bits of symphony that ought to have been confined to the violin. Then followed the rehearsal of the tragedy on the stage. As neither Mabel nor her aunt had anything to perform in it, they returned home together, leaving Jack, in a canvas blouse bedaubed with many colours, putting the last black touches to the background of the blasted heath.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE BRISTOL RIOTS.

On the 29th of October, 1831, that inflexible anti-reformer, the eccentric, sour-faced, shambling, learned, ungainly, Sir Charles Wetherall, was to arrive in Bristol to open the assizes. The secret political unions of the West of England had been for some time before preparing to give him such a rough welcome as might convince that eccentric old Tory lawyer that there was no reaction against the Bill for which the struggle had been so long and so fierce. The Bristol magistrates, alarmed at the popular menaces, had begged Lord Melbourne to send troops to escort

Sir Charles into the city, and their request had been granted. An unsuccessful attempt had also been made by Lieutenant Claxton to form the seamen then in port into a body of special constables, but this scheme had been crushed in the bud by the Radicals, who became irritated at these tacit threats of their opponents, and were determined to show what their real feeling was. The ballad-singers and placard-stickers had been for weeks exhorting the populace of the ancient city to show their opinions of the Tory recorder. Even the astrological prophets in penny almanacks had been urging to violence. There can be no doubt, indeed, that the recent three days' revolution in Paris had affected men's minds deeply, and that even quiet people, when the House of Peers arrogantly threw out the Reform Bill, began to think that only terror could ever induce the privileged classes and the great landed interest to widen the basis of the constitutional pyramid. The will of the people had been defied; it was now savagely bent on asserting itself. A Bristol mob has always been dangerous and fierce; Irish and Welsh sailors lent it fire, colliers and boatmen brute courage, shipwrights and the higher order of artisans intelligence, and at this time political emissaries from Birmingham had given it all it needed for ruthless mischief and destruction—organisation.

There are always certain small events that, like stormy petrels, announce a political storm. On the 24th, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, especially obnoxious to people from his wealth and his recent vote in the House of Lords, had been pelted by the mob while returning from consecrating a new church at Bedminster, and had to be guarded to his carriage by a party of gentlemen, who volunteered for that purpose. The magistrates, alarmed at this, swore in two hundred special constables, and hired another hundred. Well-dressed agitators had been seen at night going from beer-shop to beer-shop exciting the people against the recorder, who was reported to have said heartlessly and in public that six shillings a week was quite enough to support in comfort a labouring man and a large family. Idlers from Birmingham and other centres of discontent had been observed in the streets. A warning proclamation was accordingly issued by the mayor, exhorting all honest citizens to forget their political differences, and rally round the standard of peace and order.

On the morning of the 29th of October preparations to put down a riot were made with the Tories' usual irritating timidity. Two troops of the 14th Dragoons were marched into the cattle-market, and one troop of the 3rd Dragoons into the court-yard of the jail. The special constables were also assembled in the area of the Exchange, and staves distributed among them. On Sir Charles's arrival at Totterdown, and on his getting into the sheriff's carriage, he was received with yells, groans, and angry hisses. At Hill's-bridge the vehicle was pelted, and in Temple-street, just by the leaning tower, and not far from Redcliffe church, viragoes at the windows screamed out their

denunciations, and charged the mob with cowardice and want of spirit in not doing more. In the Guildhall the clamour was ceaseless and threatening; when the court rose, the people gave three cheers for the king, and ran into the street to meet Sir Charles again on his way to the Mansion House. The streets were densely crowded; the people were sullen and dangerous. On the quay at the bottom of Clare-street an attempt was made to run a truck, on which was placed a large box, under the mayor's carriage, in order to upset it, but the scheme failed. When the procession escorting Sir Charles stopped at the Mansion House, a shower of stones broke one of the carriage-lamps.

There were by this time two or three thousand people assembled round the Mansion House, at whose windows a few sticks and stones were from time to time thrown. One of these men being seized, there arose the cry, "To the Back!" (the Welsh Back is one of the quays where Welsh vessels unload, and where piles of fagots are stacked;) in a short time about six hundred men returned armed with bludgeons, and fell on the constables, who, however, defeated their assailants, and carried off several bundles of sticks as trophies. One constable was chased into the Float, from whence, however, he was rescued by a boatman, and a man in the crowd had his skull fractured, and was carried off. The mob did not disperse, but grew quieter about half-past two, when the tired constables retired inside the Mansion House. Many respectable persons were heard sympathising with the crowd, and whenever the constables struck a hard blow, there were exclamations of—

"Shame—shame! A pack of Tory constables and bludgeon-men."

About three o'clock a party of police, escorting some rioters to Bridewell, were attacked in Nelson-street, knocked down, and the prisoners released. As evening advanced, the stones and sticks beginning to fly faster at the Mansion House windows, the mayor came forward, and talked of reading the Riot Act and sending for troops. He was pelted while he was speaking, and a very large stone all but struck his head. About dusk the mayor, attended by other magistrates, came out and read the Riot Act three times; he was received with volleys of stones and brickbats, and a rail from the square was also murderously thrown at him. The mob was now uncontrollable; the constables were driven in, and the front and side of the building attacked with an increasing ferocity. The yells were savage and unceasing.

"Give us the recorder!" they cried, "and we'll murder him."

Pulling down the low walls of the front courts in the square, the mob used the bricks and coping-stones as missiles. The window-frames, shutters, and the panels of the doors were soon driven in. They raked the hall and dining-room with their missiles till the floors were thickly covered with stones. One storming party attempted to force their way into

the cellar, but the constables sheltered themselves behind mattresses and piles of furniture, and drove them back. Another party broke up the iron railing in front of the Mansion House, and threw it into a rough barricade to impede the soldiers; they also put out the gaslights, and placed poles and planks across Little King-street. It was at this time that the mob, singing God save the King in chorus, got possession of the lower part of the Mansion House, driving the constables to the staircase, which they pelted from the door and side-windows. The cry was to burn the recorder alive, and some men instantly threw straw into the lower rooms, shouting for a light. Sir Charles, seeing the danger to be very imminent, got on a flat roof at the back, and, obtaining a ladder, ascended to a place where he could drop into the stable-yard. Exchanging dresses in the hayloft with a friend, Sir Charles contrived to pass through the crowd unobserved, and finding the riots continued, he that same night took a post-chaise for Newport.

About nightfall the helmets and swords of dragoons gleamed and flashed through one of the avenues leading to Queen-square, and a squadron of the 14th dashed up; Colonel Brereton received the mayor and magistrates' order to clear the streets, and use force to put down the now alarming mob. The people paused from their attack, but showed no other signs of alarm. The soldiers did not look mischievous, and already a report had run through the city that Colonel Brereton was friendly to the demonstration, was himself an ardent reformer, and was loud against any resort to violent measures. In spite of showers of stones and brickbats, the troops were ordered to only "ride through" the rioters, and to "walk them away." Unfortunately, omelettes can by no means be made without breaking several eggs. Sprinkles of rose-water will not put out such flames as these rioters were ready to kindle. The people were savagely bent on showing their power, and they would let nothing stop them. They did not wish to kill, but they had resolved to burn and destroy, and scare for ever all exuberant bishops, stiff old Tory recorders, and anti-progressive, over-wealthy aldermen. Land and money had been tyrannously and arrogantly selfish; now the people were going to be in their turn selfishly and tyrannously violent and destructive.

Although two of the dragoons were severely wounded, and an officer injured by a fall from his horse, Colonel Brereton expressed his opinion that the mob was "good humoured," and that he should still "walk them away." The magistrates, alarmed at the colonel's quietude, asked him if he had any secret instructions from the government. He replied no; he was merely ordered to obey the magistrates.

About eleven at night he gave Captain Musgrave's troop orders to charge, but the men were directed to use the flats of their swords as much as possible, and not to proceed to extremities except as a last resource. A little later,

two or three constables were sent to lead the troops with lights, but the rioters then retreated to the barges, and kept up the pelting from the decks. Colonel Brereton still refused to allow his men to fire, nor would he encourage a half-pay officer, who offered, with twenty-five men, to board the trows and dislodge the stone-throwers. The colonel was still of opinion that the people, if left alone, would soon disperse and go home, and he promised to patrol the city during the night.

In the mean time, Captain Gage, with his troop of the 14th, was less patient under injuries. Finding about a hundred panes of glass already broken in the Council House windows, the trumpeter instantly blew the charge, and a line of swordsmen swept along High-street, Broad-street, and Wine-street, scattering the mob like chaff. Eight persons were left on the pavement severely wounded. Not another rioter was to be seen; but in a moment afterwards the mob surged up through the Pithay back into the side alleys of Wine-street, and flung stones and pieces of iron at the soldiers as they passed. Captain Gage flashed his pistol at one ringleader. One of his troop then fired, and the rioter fell dead. The mob never forgave the 14th this.

About two o'clock on the Sunday morning the streets were tolerably quiet. About eight o'clock, Colonel Brereton withdrew the pickets from the Mansion House and the Council House. The colonel said the troops were tired; and they were therefore sent to Leigh's Horse Bazaar. Nine prisoners were taken by the constables and lodged in the jail. It was now generally known in the town that Colonel Brereton had cheered the mob, and shaken hands with many of the rioters, and it was generally believed that many of the soldiers would side with the people. This gave the mob courage; for if the soldiers had refused to act, the city was evidently at their mercy. The quieter citizens were alarmed by stories that showed the premeditation and organisation of the mob, some of whom during the fight in and out of the court yards in Queen-square, had boarded a Stroud vessel and tried to seize a carboy of vitriol to throw over the dragoons. Every moment the confidence of the people grew greater, the fears of honest men more acute. No sooner had the troops left Queen-square than the mob deluged back again and attacked the Mansion House, broke down all the barricades nailed up during the night, and plundered the wine-cellars. The china and glass were thrown into the square, the wine distributed and tossed about. Hundreds of drunken men instantly scattered themselves through the city, and allured others to the revel already begun. The mayor, a little, worthy, but nervous and irresolute man, escaped over the roofs disguised in a woman's dress, and instantly hurried to Colonel Brereton to order out the troops, and to knock from door to door down College Green and St. Augustine's Back, to collect the citizens

and their servants, and to call on them in the king's name to assist the little pale-faced magistrate who summoned them. The mob fell back when the soldiers entered the square, and the constables soon retook the Mansion House; but many of the rioters now tore up iron rails to pile in the roadway, or to arm themselves. Alderman Hillhouse read the Riot Act three times, and then motioned women and children from the windows, and respectable spectators from any places where the fire of the troops might reach them.

Colonel Brereton replied: "The troops cannot, and shall not, fire." They were worn out, and if they fired the mob would be infuriated, and the city would be given up to slaughter. He therefore advised that the mob should be kept in good humour till the next morning, when reinforcements of troops might be expected. He also ordered the 14th at once back to their quarters, as their firing had irritated the people. The troops were pelted the whole way back, although they drew their swords and presented their pistols. Opposite Denmark-street a dozen powerful fellows were trying to pull a lagging dragoon off his horse. The man fired, and shot one of the rascals dead. In St. Augustine's Back about a dozen of the leading pelters were wounded. The soldiers charged several times, rode up the steps of the Grammar School, and leaped over the railings in College-green, wounding four or five persons. A party of reformers then went down the Boar's Head yard to attack the cavalry stables, but the sentinel fired a carbine over their heads, and they dispersed. Colonel Brereton instantly rode round to the mob, and told them he should reprimand the officer who had fired, and send the troop out of the city, upon which the people cheered. The 14th left the city for Keynsham almost immediately, and Colonel Brereton told the mob the fact in the square, to their great delight. The city was now at the mercy of the Destructives, and they knew it. They tore down the mayor's proclamation, and forced the head of the Tory bill-sticker into his own kettle. The magistrates were still vainly trying to stem the tide. They sent letters and messengers to all the churches and chapels, summoning citizens to the Guildhall. About a hundred and fifty gentlemen met at the Council House, and offered to be on duty all night, but only on condition of being supported by the troops. To the horror and alarm of the Tory citizens, one of the rioters in Queen-square had already clambered on the fine equestrian statue of William the Third, and fixing a tricolour cap on a long pole, shouted: "The Cap of Liberty!" But worse things than this mere aping of France were coming.

About one o'clock, a mob assembled in Old Market-street, urged on, it was supposed, by some ringleaders recently arrived, and rolled back towards the town. The cry was: "To the Bridewell!" In Nelson-street they halted, and broke open a smith's shop, and carried off several sledge-hammers and crowbars.

The keeper and the turnkeys tried to keep the gates firm against the pressure, but the doors soon gave way, and were thrown into the river Frome. The scoundrels began to force an old window, when Mr. Evans, the keeper, appeared with a blunderbuss, and threatened to kill the first man who lifted a stone. He kept about fifteen thousand madmen at bay in this manner for a quarter of an hour. Then being told that the 14th Dragoons had been sent out of the city, his heart failed him, and he handed down the keys for the rioters to release any prisoners they wanted. He and his wife and children escaped over the roofs, and at the same moment the prison burst into a flame.

A large party then attacked the new jail, a strong stone building. The rioters stopped on their way to the jail at Messrs. Acramain's warehouse. The ringleader, a well-dressed man, ordered the workmen to bring him two dozen sledge-hammers, two dozen crowbars and wedges, and three pairs of spanners, to take off the nuts from doors. All these tools, he said, he should expect to see returned to the warehouse. Two aldermen and about sixty constables arrived at this moment, and were instantly pelted and beaten off. The streets were filled with respectfully dressed people, but none of them joined the magistrates. This was a terrible omen of fear and indifference. After three-quarters of an hour's pounding the large gates gave way, and the mob stormed in. Everything movable was thrown into the New River, including the governor's books and the prison caravan. Only three prisoners had yet been liberated when the 3rd Dragoons arrived, looked in at the gate, then wheeled round, held up their hands, and rode off, according to Colonel Brereton's directions, cheered by the mob, who now cried :

"The soldiers are with us!"

One hundred and seventy prisoners were instantly released, stripped of their prison clothes, and dismissed, half naked, with tremendous cheering. Orders were then given to "go to Hill's-bridge and stop the London mail!" A well-to-do man, named Davis, who had given the released prisoners money, then put his hat on his umbrella (it was raining hard), waved it to cheer the mob, and cried :

"Now, d——n ye, we will have reform. This is what ought to have been done years ago!"

A black handkerchief was tied as a signal to the weathercock over the porter's lodge, and the prison was fired. The straw in the wards was heaped round the treadmill, and the benches in the chapel were rubbed with a prepared liquid brought in tins by the rioters, and then placed on their ends. The fire was so intense as even to calcine the massive stone corbels of the roof. The cry in the crowd was, "The king and reform!" The mob now began also in some places to levy contributions.

From the jail a band of about three hundred persons next went to the toll-house by Cumberland Basin, and threw the towing-path gate into

the river. The ringleader, a respectable-looking stalwart man, came to the toll-house, and said :

"These gates were to have been down five years ago. Not down yet. Go it, my lads!"

They burnt the toll-house there and at the Prince's-street bridge, and then inquired at the basin what ships had come down that tide, and what steam-vessels were expected. While these flames were rising and joining in one vast sheaf of crimsoned smoke, two hundred citizens had assembled at the Guildhall, offering to act, but not unless supported by the soldiers. Colonel Brereton, who was present, refused repeatedly and peremptorily to recal the 14th Dragoons. All was terror and confusion. The wildest schemes were proposed. One man wished to throw all the stock of Mr. Hole, a leading gunsmith (value five thousand pounds), into the river, for fear the mob should arm itself. The vice-president of the Political Union, who, as an honest partisan, had tried to disperse the rioters, suggested swinging the bridges, and so leaving the rioters helpless on an island. Amid all this alarm, the magistrates sent off despatches to London, Gloucester, Cardiff, Bath, &c.—in all, seven places—for troops.

About half-past six Lawford's Gate Prison was fired; the assailants knocked the irons off twenty-three prisoners, broke up the parish stocks, attacked the lock-up house in Pennywell-lane, and attempted to set fire to a spirit shop which they plundered. A huge man, with a bar on his shoulder, directed the rioters, and one of the ringleaders, waving the Bridewell keys in the shop of a druggist where he asked for money, cried out :

"I'm off to the bishop's palace."

Yes, that was the next *bonne bouche* for these violent protesters against Toryism. Three prisons were already alight—that showed the mob's hatred for misused law; the recorder had been chased out of the city—that proved their hatred to obstinate politicians; the Mansion House had been sacked—that showed their rage against obdurate and over-fed aldermen. Now the bishop's palace and the cathedral were to be attacked, to show the antipathy of the people to a Tory church that the people were taught to believe was overpaid and underworked. The mob moved towards College-green in three divisions, beating time on the paving-stones with the crowbars. Davis, their orator, stood near the deanery, abusing the bishops, and saying it was a shame a bishop should have forty thousand pounds a year while so many were poor. The doors of the palace yard were instantly torn away, and the mob, rushing through the cloisters to the palace door, forced it with a crowbar, and entered, shouting angrily :

"The king and no bishops!"

In a moment they broke all the glass and set the tables on fire, with heaps of broken furniture. In the kitchen they heaped the hot coals on the dressers, and placed wood over them. Up-stairs they cut the feather-beds open, and put fire inside them also. While the mob was still

plundering, some magistrates and constables arrived, with about sixteen dragoons, who at once set to work to extinguish the fires. On seeing the constables exchanging blows, Colonel Brereton cried out, if the striking was repeated, he would ride the constables down. He released some of the rioters met carrying off plunder, and soon after a loud cheer from the crowd announced his withdrawal of the troops. The constables, threatened and discouraged, were now dispersed, one was stabbed, and many were severely wounded.

A third party of rioters, that had tossed up as to whether they should first attack the bishop's palace or the aldermen's houses in Berkeley-square, now poured into the palace, drove out the bishop's butler, the sub-sacrist, and a few others who had been active in the defence, and set fire to the house. The lead on the roof soon melted, and poured down in boiling streams. The glass of the great cathedral window gleamed ruby in the flames. The mob then lit a fire in the chapter-house, but the stout old Saxon building would not burn. The men, however, burnt the collegiate seal, and a heap of valuable old books and records. One ignorant wretch knelt on a large Bible, tore out handfuls of leaves, and threw them with curses into the fire. During these disgraceful outrages, soldiers of the 3rd were seen drinking among the mob; while the chamberlain of the city was distributing fire-arms to a few resolute men who had resolved to defend the Council House to the last. Captain Codrington arrived with the Dodding-ton troop of yeomanry, forty sturdy, well-fed farmers' sons, ready for anything. After a short conversation with unfortunate and misguided Colonel Brereton in College-street, Captain Codrington wheeled round his troop, of course by order, and at once left the city, which now, indeed, seemed doomed.

As soon as the prisons were burned, the rioters pressed back into Queen's-square, having first cleared the cellar of the Mansion House of its four hundred dozen of wine. There were six dragoons on guard in the front of the house, but they would not interfere with the attempts to set the house on fire in the back. A man went up to the soldiers and said, "Well, you will not fire!" Then a strong-built, bow-legged fellow mounted the gas-lamp and lit a candle. Soon after smoke burst forth from the cellar. The great seething crowd danced and shouted for joy when the flames leaped out, and hundreds rushed in to carry off the spoil. Six men deliberately carried off a grand pianoforte, and sold it in Back-street for a mere trifle to a gentleman who had followed them, and who afterwards restored the piano to the mayor uninjured. Many of the ruffians were seen at the windows destroying beds, mirrors, and chairs, when the floors below and above them were breaking into flames, and all escape was cut off—stairs on fire, ceiling below and above then burning into flame with terrible rapidity. In about half an hour the front of the building

fell in with a tremendous crash, burying at least twenty reformers in its fiery ruins.

About ten o'clock, Colonel Brereton arrived with a detachment of the 3rd Dragoons; but Colonel Brereton, hurried to his destruction, only kept them wrapped in their cloaks from the drizzling rain, walking their horses quietly along the square, as spectators, for a quarter of an hour. They were then marched off, and no further effort was made by the colonel to check the cruel and ruthless destruction. Colonel Brereton went quietly home to bed, perfectly satisfied with himself and the somewhat violent reformers. The great pictures at the Mansion House were cut out of their frames, rolled up and rescued, and some money and valuables were secreted in the trunks of some female servants, and so passed safely through the crowd.

The great protest had, indeed, begun. The burning was carried on by gangs allotted to the work. A man from Bath led one party, and gave the signals with a noisy watchman's rattle; the leader of another carried a large bell. The first division that entered broke no glass or furniture, but only ransacked the houses for money, plate, and valuables. The next division removed the furniture roughly into the centre of the square. A third band, generally Irish, carried off, or threw out, the furniture, to remove into their own hiding-places in the low parts of the city. The fourth gang were the firemen, who were accompanied by boys with torches. They smeared an ignitable paste on the walls, nailed linen steeped in oil on the shutters and wood-work, and lit the curtains; others threw balls of composition upon the floors, or poured trains of turpentine from door to door. About every fifth house of the forty destroyed, the rattle was again sprung, and a fresh gang came to the front, thirsty for the destruction of the property of the "Blues." In several instances the rioters, frenzied with success, broke through the party walls, and fired the next house before the plunderers in the upper rooms of the last could escape. In one house some of the incendiaries—lads (probably sailor-boys)—finding the floors and staircases a gulf of fire below them, coolly clambered along a narrow outer coping not more than twelve inches wide, entered an adjoining house, and set fire to it, while other scoundrels were revelling below. In a centre house between the Mansion House and the Council House some gentlemen prepared for a vigorous defence; but the rioters entered the attics from the next roof, and the unfortunate Blues had to retreat from the double danger—the angry mob and the raging and still more merciless flames. The panic was now universal; every Tory sought escape at all hazards; pale frightened men, crying women, naked children, homeless, beggared, almost paralysed with fear, poured out of the houses and sought any shelter they could find. None of these were injured; a short notice was always given at each house by the rioters, and the plunderers and firemen then went to work.

At a quarter before twelve a fellow entered

the Custom House, and told the fifty officers stationed there to "move out." The officers instantly began to remove the books and valuable papers, and the plate and pictures brought from the Mansion House. When the robbers came, one of the officers said:

"This is the king's house—that good king!"

A ringleader answered, roughly:

"Never mind the king! Go it!"

There was a furious rush, like the sea over a broken dyke, and in a moment every room was full. Desks were broken open, and the combustibles spread. The long room and the lower offices were fired simultaneously. This greediness for destruction led to the death of at least fifty rioters. The upper rooms were full of men; many were on the roof, having escaped from an adjoining house, where they had been in imminent danger. The reckless villains above, intent on plunder and drinking, were unconscious of their companions setting fire to the rooms below. A large party sitting down to supper in the housekeeper's room were all shut in by the fire, and burnt to death. Three dropped from the roof; one unhappy man rolled into a reservoir of boiling lead formed by the roof of the portico. He lay there writhing and screaming till death came. Another, half crushed on the pavement, had just strength enough to exclaim to a gentleman, who ran up in pity:

"Oh, that I had taken my wife's advice, and never come to Bristol! But I was persuaded, and sent for."

When at last the roof fell into the vortex of fire, a half-burnt man came through one of the end windows, and fell headlong into the street. A party of rioters instantly carried the body to the Royal Oak public-house in Princes-street, and threatened to burn the house if the door was not opened. They told the landlord they should call for the body the next morning. The north side of the square was now a great wall of fire. The western side was also all alight except two houses, from which all the inflammable furniture had been cautiously removed. The Excise Office at the west corner, the Custom House, and the Customs bonding warehouse, were soon wrapped in tumultuous hurricanes of rolling and billowing flame. The spirits, bursting from the cellars, ran like lava in burning rivers; the casks exploded like cannon as the hoops gave way. At the house of Mr. Strong, an exulting blackguard seated himself on the sill of a drawing-room window, cheering the mob, and shouting, "The king and reform!" Here was the protest again with a vengeance! Presently the flames swept over him, and he fell on the spikes of the court wall below, to the infinite delight of his companions, who seemed to regard the accident as the most delicious practical joke. In one house the wretches, seeing a lady fainting as the windows were crashed in, advised the gentleman who was carrying her off to let her stay and be burnt.

While the houses were every moment thunder-

ing down, the flames roaring, the red smoke waving up to heaven, these thieves, mad-drunk now, and crazed with a hellish spirit of destruction, shouted and danced, and waved bottles and crowbars, as the walls, roofs, beams, and burning ceilings fell around them. In the centre of the square, under the statue of William the Third, costly tables and settees, rich with coloured satins, were spread with the rarest wine and the richest food. Thieves, murderers, and vile women sat there at the most loathsome revels, cursing and shouting obscene imprecations; to these tables the tired incendiaries retired from time to time for refreshment, and to still further heighten their madness. In other parts of the square smoke-stained rioters were selling by auction for a mere trifle the more valuable furniture—silver teapots for a shilling, feather-beds for half-a-crown. One rascal, failing to part with a handsome mahogany chair for a shilling, cried, "What, nobody bid a tizzy!" and instantly dashed it to pieces.

During this hideous carnival (horrible as the French revolutionary scenes, yet without their redeeming points) the firemen were prevented getting to their engines. Hundreds of anti-reform merchants were kept at home by letters informing them that their houses would be soon burnt. In various parts of the city rioters called and demanded drink or money, crying:

"Look at the fires blazing; there shall soon be more of them!"

At a tavern in St. John-street, four men dashed in a window and drank three pints of raw spirits between them. Before daybreak on Monday the rioters were reinforced by parties of bludgeon-men from Stapleton, and from the Kingswood, Wells, Bath, and Bedminster roads. Most of these men threatened to destroy all turnpikes and churches. They sometimes cried to passing travellers:

"Well, you shall pass this time, but you have rode long enough, it will be our turn soon."

At three o'clock A.M. the mayor again tried to rouse infatuated Colonel Brereton, who was found in bed at the house of a friend in Unity-street. The colonel asked, listlessly, "Are the riots still going on?—are they still burning?" he said. "Men and horses were jaded, and could do nothing against such a mob." Captain Warrington said, "There was a great screw loose somewhere," and declared the troops should not fire upon the people. The insane colonel was at last, however, so strongly urged, that he let the troops go.

The clock struck five as the Dragoons charged through a mob of about seven hundred persons in front of a burning warehouse in Princes-street. The people cheered the soldiers, held up bottles of spirits to them, and shouted:

"The king and reform!"

Some of the rioters withdrew; others were busy destroying Mr. Claxton's house. Colonel Brereton still thought nothing effectual could be

done; but a dozen gentlemen, not fearing the rioters, drove them out of the windows and over the banisters, and extinguished the fire. The tide had turned at last. The mob, breaking into plundering parties of twenty or thirty, were one by one dispersed. Only one shot was fired from the mob.

About seven o'clock, Major Beckwith arrived from Keynsham with the 14th, eager for work. The men instantly made some rioters, carrying off wine from the bishop's palace, feel their sabres, and then dashed into the square. They soon spread over the area, singling out the chief rioters, slashing down ten or twelve round the statue of King William in a way that that Dutch king would have highly commended. They then chased the mob to the Back, and on their return found the dead and wounded all carried off. The dragoons plied their swords sharply down the Back, through the square, and along the Grove. One fellow, who threw a wine-bottle at the major, was pursued up a court and cut down. Many rioters were felled as they were trying to force a way through a line of constables in King-street. Another reinforcement from the country was driven back at Bedminster-bridge. At the end of Marsh-street, a man, snatching at the bridle of a dragoon, had his head clean severed from his shoulders. The troops then scoured Clare-street, Corn-street, Wine-street, Peter-street, and Castle-street, for the people were trying to get back now and form in Queen-square. One soldier broke two swords, and then did execution with his scabbard. At the end of Castle-street, a dragoon singled out a powerful man who was pelting the troops, and urging the people to stand their ground. The man's head rolled off under a swift, strong, back-handed blow. The citizens, too, now began to rally in earnest. A call on the posse comitatus produced five thousand men with staves in their hands, and strips of white linen on their arms. Two hundred and fifty naval and military pensioners were also called out and organised by a militia officer, while the constables patrolled the city, stopping plundered goods; each mob as it was dispersed was prevented from reassembling. In the afternoon, the rioters were again routed, about four miles from Bristol, and tranquillity was once more restored. The crews of vessels were mustered to repel attacks, and the citizens requested to keep in-doors, and light up their windows, for fear the gas should be cut.

Troops began now to pour fast into the city. At Newport, the mob, crying "Where are your coffins?" had attempted to prevent the departure of the 11th Foot. At Bath there had been riots that delayed the yeomanry. About eleven the North Somerset Yeomanry arrived, the Tetbury troop about twelve, the North Wilts before dark. These troops were all bivouacked in open places like St. James's Barton. About eight o'clock the 11th Foot, just landed from Wales, came down Park-street, their drums beating. Every window was thrown

up to welcome them; the cheers and acclamations were incessant; ladies even ran out to shake hands with the soldiers and thank them as preservers. A division of the 52nd Regiment, just landed from North America, was instantly ordered to the devastated city, as well as a brigade of artillery from Woolwich by forced marches. If the riots had continued, regiments would have arrived almost simultaneously from the Welsh and Irish ports, and several frigates were ordered to King-road.

On Tuesday, the search for the plundered property commenced, the Exchange and some of the churches being appointed as depôts. In one house in Host-street alone two waggon-loads of stolen furniture was found. In one place, a well was stuffed with soaked furniture. In St. James's Back and the Dings, men were found drunk with bottles of wine hidden under their beds. One man had two hundred pounds concealed about him, while a dirty ragged fellow had his pockets crammed with sovereigns. In digging among the smoking ruins in the square, a drunken man was found with one of his arms burnt off above the elbow; on being released, he rose up and *walked away* without a word. In a room in Marsh-street, an Irishman was found sitting by the fire, his arm flayed by a sabre-cut. In a bed in the corner lay a dead body, with a gash across the forehead.

It is quite certain that not less than five hundred rioters perished in these disgraceful scenes, either by the fire, the drink, or the dragoons' swords. Only one hundred wounded men came to the infirmary; as these were all felons, hundreds of other wounded men must probably have paid for secret aid. The riot prisoners were tried January 2, 1832, before Lord Chief Justice Tyndal; three thousand five hundred soldiers were ready in the town. Of one hundred and two prisoners, eighty-one were convicted, five hung, many transported, and the rest imprisoned with hard labour.

Colonel Brereton was tried, as he might have expected to be, before a court-martial. The examinations had gone on for four days; at the close of the fourth day, the miserable man dined with some friends and then drove home to his house at Lawrence-hill. He did not go into the nursery to kiss his children as usual, and shortly after he had entered his bedroom, he threw himself on his bed, and shot himself through the heart. Captain Warrington was tried and cashiered; but, in consideration of his youth, was allowed to sell his commission for the regulated value of three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

It is said that Bristol never recovered this blow; a debt of seven or eight thousand pounds sprang up, and its great West Indian trade soon after began to decline. Such were the unhappy consequences of a selfish and arrogant resistance to just popular claims (for we take a wide-spread feeling of irritation to have been

genuine in the beginning), and such was the unhappy way in which the dregs of vagabondism claimed to be an irritated people.

THE SUMMER WIND.

I.

SPEAK for me, wind of Summer,
Blowing over the moorland,
Over the crested billows,
Over the mountain summits,
Over the forest branches,
And chimneys of the town!
Speak for me, melancholy wind,
And say to suffering human kind
The hopeful things that I might tell,
Had I a voice to fall and swell,
Like thine, upon the land and sea,
As all-pervading and as free.

II.

Breathe gently in the cottage,
Murmur through door and keyhole,
Or pipe in the cozy ingle,
Where, sitting with his loved ones,
The poor man dreams of Fortune,
Or mourns his low estate!
And tell him, ere he goes to rest,
Of all Earth's blessings, Love is best.
That honest bread and strength and health
Are better than a Prince's wealth,
And good men's sleep a richer boon
Than all the gold beneath the moon.

III.

Breathe soft in shady alleys,
Where lovers at the twilight
Sit under hawthorn branches
And paint the rosy future,
And tell them Youth and Beauty
Pass over like the spring;
But that if Love on Virtue lean,
Time shall not dim its golden mean,
But light it on its earthly way,
Until the mortal shall decay;
Then lead it through the immortal door,
Where Love is young for evermore.

IV.

Breathe gently, wind of Summer,
To the exile and the captive,
Heart-smitten and desponding,
Dreaming of distant landscapes,
And joys for ever vanish'd,
And home they love so well!
Tell them, whatever tempests roll,
To keep their summer in the soul,
And that the Wrong which seems to stand,
And overshadow all the land,
Is but a breath of vain endeavour:
While Right is Right, and lasts for ever.

AN AMERICAN NOVELTY.

My respected mother-in-law is, to-day, for the first time during our three months' sojourn in England, a little distrustful of her opinions as to the perfectly disinterested and benevolent motives that prompt our British cousins in their proffers of gratuitous services to strangers. Being of the "sunny south," and an unsubdued "Confederate," she has no country, and, therefore, without stint or prejudice, praises your *noble institutions!* (her

favourite comprehensive expression), model government! beautiful church service! But her enthusiasm is chiefly elicited by the spontaneous and disinterested attentions of the ushers at theatres and museums, the porters and guards at railways, the boys and men at cab doors (where they are never wanted), and the zealous devotions of servants at hotels: who not only "do not expect," but are forbidden to receive, gratuities from guests. Of course the old lady never detects me forcing trifling sums on these worthy people, and therefore does not quite understand my meaning when I say that, under like circumstances, human nature is much the same all over the world.

But what above all things aroused her admiration, and was read with unusual triumph, was the following advertisement, which she found in a country newspaper:

A FACT FOR PHYSIOLOGISTS. — It is a singular fact that in this enlightened age and country the treatment usually adopted by the Faculty, in cases of Dyspepsia (Indigestion), is the result of a false theory, indicating a lamentable ignorance of the Physiology of the Stomach and Digestive Organs, and is in most instances calculated to establish and confirm the malady it is intended to remove. The Secretary of the Nottingham Botanic Institute will feel a pleasure in forwarding (free) to all applicants the excellent Botanic Remedy for Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, recently discovered by Professor Webster of Philadelphia, and communicated to the Institute by that distinguished Botanist. The Medical Reform Society (at whose cost these announcements appear) wish it to be frankly and distinctly understood that they will not, in any shape, nor under any circumstance whatever, accept any contribution, fee, or gratuity for this recipe, the object of the Society being to demonstrate the superiority of the Botanic over every other practice of medicine; and in return only desire that those who may be signally benefited by it will forward to the Society a statement of the case, and thus aid with facts in accelerating the present movement in favour of Medical Reform. Enclose a directed envelope to the Secretary, Botanic Institute, Nottingham.

The dear old lady, as is the case with all people who read such advertisements, is afflicted with every ill they describe, and requested me to address the Botanic Institute at Nottingham without delay, and very respectfully ask for the recipe which those good Samaritans offer gratuitously to a suffering public. In vain did I tell her that in old countries like England the ingenuity of man is developed in a high degree; but to my mind the advertisement had a strong odour of quackery; and that before the millennium such benevolence as that claimed by the Botanic Institute was not to be credited or expected. But when I added that seven years ago, I, being then in London, had seen the same advertisement, and, writing for the recipe, received a column of printed matter from the Institute reciting the ingredients and their proportions, concluding with a mournful confession that the supply of the *indispensable* drug, "the Susquehanna root," discovered by

Professor Webster of Philadelphia, was well-nigh exhausted, and could not be got of the apothecaries in England at any price, and so it was hoped that no person able to pay two shillings and eightpence would ask them to send the botanic medicine for nothing;—I say, when I added this, the old lady, for the first time since my marriage with her lovely daughter, was positively rude, and said she did not believe one word of it! As became a model son-in-law, I answered not back in anger, and engaged to write for the recipe, but assured her she would receive the same response as I had received, and several small volumes of certificates attesting the sovereign power of the medicine. All this turning out just as I had foretold, the old lady, not a bit dashed, was about to send the paltry two shillings and eightpence for “the wonderful Susquehanna root,” when I succeeded in persuading her to defer doing so until the Botanic Institute should answer the following letter, which on the spot I indited:

“TO THE SECRETARY OF THE BOTANIC
INSTITUTE.

“Sir. I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of recipe for cure of dyspepsia and indigestion, and accompanying certificates, which you were so kind as to send me without request; and I beg leave to say that, being an American citizen and a resident of Philadelphia and well acquainted with Susquehanna county, I am equally surprised and rejoiced to learn that it has contributed so much to the cause of humanity. It is greatly to be regretted that your supply of the invaluable ‘Susquehanna root’ is so limited. Believing that my native land is as prolific as it is favoured in variety, and being desirous to contribute all in my power for the relief of mankind from that dire pest, dyspepsia, I beg of you, a fellow humanitarian in the noble cause of charity and good works, to forward me a small specimen or sample of the wonderful ingredient, which I may carry to America. May be that in some region of that broad land I shall be able to discover more of it, and, perhaps, an abundant supply of it. In which case I shall be charmed to offer it, as you do, gratuitously to our suffering fellow-beings.

“I must acknowledge that the fame of ‘Professor Webster,’ of Philadelphia, had not until the receipt of your circular been made known to me; and yet, that is not so strange, when we remember the scriptural words, ‘A prophet has no honour in his own country.’ Mine is a land of vast extent, unparalleled in scientific discovery; and it may be readily believed that in the rivalry of enterprise many worthy men are compelled to look for fields of appreciation and usefulness to foreign climes. History furnishes many remarkable illustrations in point, and I now recal the case of a beloved and deceased friend, who in vain sought to popularise in America an opera he claimed to have composed; failing there, because his countrymen doubted the originality of the work, he carried

the opera to Italy and France, where its true merits were at once recognised, for, by the unanimous voice of the press and cognoscenti, it was pronounced a bad plagiarism and wholesale piracy. Such is the envy of man.

“I confess to a thrill of happy emotion when again, after an absence of seven years from Europe, I read in the newspapers your old familiar words of good tidings for the unfortunate, and am free to say that such proofs of benevolence and purest unselfishness go far to redeem the depravity of poor human nature.

“Noble men! Members of the Botanic Institute of Nottingham! The great American continent salutes you, and bids you God speed in this sublime and glorious work! Who so poor or so mean as to withhold the petty two shillings and eightpence for sixty pills of such rare virtue, and produced from the Susquehanna root, discovered by the great Professor Webster! Send me, then, the small specimen, that I may seek through America for new supplies, and perhaps we shall be able to furnish the pills at two shillings and sevenpence the box.

“Yours in the cause of Philanthropy,
“F. G. Y.”

* * * * *

Yesterday was the fifth day since the above was posted, and my respected belle-mère (in more senses than French) having a thousand times expressed her belief in the infallibility of the English mail, is to-day sad and thoughtful, and I fear a little distrustful of the Botanic Institute.

P.S. Since the above was written, the sample of the Susquehanna root has arrived, and for a few hours the old lady was triumphant; but, complying with my urgent wishes, she has carried it to six eminent apothecaries, who unanimously pronounce the article to be the powder of some common bark, almost tasteless and much like to a poor quality of cassia which has lost its savour, and is utterly wanting in medical virtues. She is now writing to the Nottingham Botanic Institute, asking if the secretary has not made a mistake and sent the wrong powder?

IS IT POSSIBLE?

THE expression may seem a strong one; nevertheless, history bears out the bold assertion that there are few things in the world easier to accomplish than a declared impossibility. Any gentleman addicted to compilation might produce, in a very short space of time, a handsome volume descriptive of schemes and theories which—during, say, the last hundred years—have been authoritatively pronounced impracticable—are now in full swing, and provoke no more astonishment than the phenomenon of a hansom cab.

That craven spirit, so ready with its impossibilities, has, fortunately, two results—a good as well as a bad. If, on the one hand, it discourages the more timid class of philosophers, it stimulates the bolder to more minute and deter-

mined inquiry. There is no ingress here, sigh the former. If there be a road, let us find it, say the latter.

The key to every scientific mystery is not hung up outside the door. It is found in unlikely corners. It has to be scrubbed, fitted, tested, till, freed from the rust of disbelief, it suddenly slips into the corresponding socket, and a vast new sphere lies enfranchised before the student's delighted eyes.

Seeing what have been the realised issues of modern inquiry, it is sometimes amazing to notice through what an atmosphere of coy hesitation a new and reasonable theory has frequently to force its way, more especially if it partake of that character to which the much-dreaded charge of "superstitious credulity" may by possibility attach. And yet it should not surprise us. Few have the courage to defy ridicule, to despise the despisers, and hold on their steady course of investigation and experiment, comforted—if that be necessary—by the recollection that derision, while it has rooted up some worthless weeds, has been equally directed against flowers of knowledge the most sacred and precious to the heart of man.

It follows that ridicule is not the best of weapons. It should not be used (as is generally the case) where nobler arms have failed, but when they have, on the contrary, vindicated their power, and there remain only the embers of a noisome life for the "dagger of mercy" to extinguish. Recent days supply us with an example of this. No amount of ridicule prevailed—per se—to stifle "spiritualism." Its doctrines, though revolting to rational instincts, were, from their peculiar character, unusually difficult of disproof. Our "dagger of mercy," by itself, proved powerless to kill. It was to its own innate worthlessness and inconsequence that spiritualism owed its fall.

However, the dual result before alluded to has ensued. The wide dissemination of spiritualistic doctrines provoked an amount of contradiction, in which there displayed itself an element of dogmatism so strong and so exacting as to stimulate even those who stood aloof from the original debate to somewhat closer inquiry into a branch of study hitherto not sufficiently pursued. It was perfectly possible to reject the follies and the frauds of "media," and yet examine the psychological bases on which these favoured individuals pretended to establish their power. It will not, therefore, be supposed that, in directing attention to what *may* be possible, the writer has any purpose of availing himself, for the propagation of a moribund absurdity, of pages so often and so honourably devoted to its exposure.

We come to the point at issue. Can the spirits of the departed reveal themselves, under any conceivable conditions, to the outward senses? To collate the mighty mass of testimony adducible in favour of such a possibility, would occupy an average lifetime; and then, where is the Solomon who shall decide? It is a question of veracity—of impression. Ghosts

give no certificate, leave no mark, save on the mind and memory of the seer, and this mysterious countersign is lost to all but him. We are cast back, for confirmation that will wholly satisfy our reason, upon the consideration of the question that heads this paper—"Is it *possible*?" Is it possible that pure spirit can communicate with spirit still incorporate, and that through the channels which are characteristic of this present state of being? If the freed can reach the captive spirit only through the latter's material eye or ear, it would seem to infer the necessity of a corresponding material presence or tongue. If spirit could act on spirit irrespective of the fleshly bar, the revelation might be as distinct as if every outward sense had been accessory to it. Yet in no instance, that can be regarded as authentic, has it occurred that a mere mental impression has been the means of imparting those circumstantial details which give to what are called ghost stories such solemn tone and dread reality.

From hence arises a question which, in a paper intended to be suggestive, not argumentative, shall be dismissed in a few lines. Is it not *possible* that, in that convulsive moment which separates soul and body, there may be evolved a transient condition of being, which, neither body nor spirit—semi-material—possesses some of the attributes of both? It may be regarded as the veil of the disembodied spirit—a fluid vaporous essence, invisible in its normal state—but, for the brief space of its new condition, exercising some of the properties of matter.

If it be objected that this fluid substance, in a form so subtle, can in no wise act on matter—cannot influence eye or ear—how is it that, from the most subtle fluids—electricity, for example—are obtained the most powerful agents? or why do mere changes of light exercise chemical action upon ponderable substances?

Granting the possibility of the existence of such a transition state, the supernatural features would be referable to the circumstance that the spirit, as the surviving and superior essence, accomplishing what was impracticable while it was wholly clad in clay, might annihilate time and space, and, in the image and reflex of the form from which it has hardly departed, be itself the bearer of the tidings of dissolution. Who can say but that these mysterious visitations, instead of being, as some allege, the suspension or supercession of natural laws, may prove to be rather the complete fulfilment of one of the most beautiful and interesting of the marvellous code?

Let us see how far the theory thus hastily sketched out is applicable to known examples.

If we commence with an instance so familiar to many readers as the famous "Lyttelton ghost," it is because that singular narrative supplies us with a double appanition—because, though related in many a mutilated form, it has never, to the writer's knowledge, been given entire—and because his—the writer's—mother, when a girl, heard it from the lips of an actor

in the tale, Mr. Miles Peter Andrews—a frequent guest of her father, Sir G. P., of Theobald's Park, Herts. Sir G. suffered much from gout, and the hours of the establishment were usually early, but, on the occasion of Mr. Andrews's visits, no one stirred till midnight. It was five minutes before that hour that Lord Lyttelton's ghost had appeared to him; and though, at the time we speak of, fifteen years had elapsed, he was not wholly free from certain nervous emotions, which made him prefer to pass that never-forgotten moment in company.

It was in or about the year 1775 that Lord Lyttelton, while resident at Hagley Park, made the acquaintance of a family living a short distance off, at Clent, and consisting of the father, mother, son, and four daughters, of whom the eldest was married to a Mr. Cameron, and had, it was said, demeaned herself in a manner to create some scandal.

Upon the death of the father of the family, which occurred in June, 1778, the intimacy increased, and the gay and agreeable lord was firmly established in the good graces of his "Clentiles," as he called them, to whom on New Year's Day, 1779—the last he was destined to see—he addressed an epistle burlesquing, with more wit than propriety, the language of apostolic writings, and of which a short specimen (needful to the narrative) must suffice:

"The first chap. of St. Thomas's Epistle to the Clentiles.

"1. Behold, I will speak to you, oh, daughters of Clent, in the language of wisdom, and give you understanding in the paths of peace.

"2. Look not, Eliza, upon men—yea, upon the sons of men—with an eye of concupiscence, saying, 'I am not short-sighted,' for verily the wicked will beware of the intentions of the heart.

"3. Take heed of thy ways, lest thou be like the foolish woman, even like Mary" (the married sister), "who will repent as Magdalen repented.

"6. As to thee, oh, Christian" (afterwards Mrs. Wilkinson), "remember after whom thou art called.

"8. Go to—thou art brown, but thou art pleasant to look upon, and thy ways are full of pleasantness.

"12. Thy mother putteth her trust in thee; be thou to her a comfort when her heart is sad, that she may boast of thee, and say, 'I am the mother of Christian.'"

Compliments, mixed with too-suggestive warnings against temptations, addressed to the second sister, occupy the verses up to the twenty-second, in which he addresses the mother, a lady, be it remembered, of excellent character as well as exalted understanding.

"22. Now unto thee, O Mary, the mother of Eliza, of Christian, and Margaret—to thee be all honour and praise.

"24. Behold, thou art a woman of exceeding spirit—justice and temperance enlighten thy ways.

"25. Yet thou art lonely, and a widow-

woman, and the wickedness of man is against thee.

"26. Trust not, therefore, to thyself, but take unto thee a helpmate, for so the Lord has appointed.

"28. Trust thou to the honesty of a friend, and believe in the counsel of him who has understanding."

Accepting this specious address in the spirit its author no doubt intended, the unsuspicious mother not only read it to her children, but encouraged the visits of the supposed moralist, until the young ladies, to the astonishment of all who knew Lord Lyttelton's real character, were seen actually residing at Hagley Park! The mother's eyes were now open, but too late. She had lost control of the girls, and when, in September of this fatal year, 1779, Miss Christian accompanied his lordship to Ireland, an Irish lady being of the party, the consciousness of her own indiscretion threw the unhappy lady into an illness from which she never recovered.

Early in November the party returned from Ireland, and, being met by the two other sisters who had remained at Hagley Park, all went together to reside at Lord Lyttelton's town mansion, situated in Hill-street, Berkeley-square. Here, on the night of Thursday, the 26th of November, occurred the famous vision, which, whether or not it may be held to connect itself with the event it purported to foreshadow, certainly rests upon evidence too strong to admit of rational question.

Lord Lyttelton's bedroom bell was heard to ring with unusual violence, and his servant, hastily obeying the summons, found him looking much disordered. He explained that he had been awakened by something resembling a fluttering white bird. Having, with some difficulty, driven this object away, he had been still more startled by the appearance of a figure in long white drapery—a woman of majestic presence—the image (as he afterwards averred) of the mother of his young guests.

"Prepare to die, my lord," said the apparition; "you will quickly be called."

"How soon—*how* soon?" Lord Lyttelton had eagerly asked. "In three years?"

"Three years!" was the stern rejoinder. "Three days. Within that time you will be in the state of the departed."

The figure vanished.

This incident made a deep impression on his lordship's mind. Making no secret of what had occurred, he related it not only to the party in his house, but to many friends—among others, to Lords Sandys and Westcote. The latter, who was a connexion, and, after Lord Lyttelton, the representative of the house, made light of the matter, and advised him to devote his thoughts, preferably, to a speech he was to make in parliament a few days later.

Lord Sandys gave better counsel. "My dear fellow, if you believe this strange occurrence, and would have us believe it, be persuaded to make some change in your doings. Give up, by all means, that silly frolic you told us of—I

mean, of going next Sunday, I think, to Woodcote. But I suppose it is only one of your fine devices to make us plain people stare. So drink a cup of chocolate, and talk of something else."

The "frolic" alluded to by Lord Sandys was a projected visit, on the Sunday following, to Woodcote, or, as it has been more recently called, Pit-place—a country seat at Epsom, stated to have been won by Lord Lyttelton from Lord Foley at play.

That the apparition was discussed in the interval is further attested by Madame Piozzi.

"On Saturday, a lady from Wales dropped in, and told us she had been at Drury Lane last night. 'How were you entertained?' said I. 'Very strangely indeed,' was the reply; 'not with the play, though, for I scarce knew what they acted, but with the discourse of a Captain Ascough, or Askew—so his companions called him—who averred that a friend of his, the profligate Lord Lyttelton, as I understood by them, had certainly seen a spirit, who has warned him that he is to die within the next three days, and I have thought of nothing else ever since.'"

No further accounts reached the Thrales until Monday morning, when the return of the scared party of guests from Epsom brought the first tidings of their entertainer's death.

Not quite the *first*. On the Sunday night, Mr. M. P. Andrews, who had been invited to join the mad party to Woodcote, but had declined on account of an engagement to the Pigos, in Hertfordshire, had retired to bed at the mansion of the latter. At a few minutes before twelve—so he was accustomed to relate—Lord Lyttelton "thrust himself between the curtains, dressed in the yellow nightgown in which he used to read, and said, in a mournful tone, 'Ah, Andrews, it's all over!' 'Oh,' replied I, quickly, 'are you there, you dog?' and, recollecting there was but one door to the room, rushed out at it, locked it, and held the key in my hand, calling to the housekeeper and butler, whose voices I could hear, to ask when Lord Lyttelton arrived, and what trick he was meditating. The servants made answer, with much amazement, that no such arrival had taken place; but I assured them I had seen and spoken to him, and could produce him; 'For here,' said I, '*he is*, safe under lock and key.' We opened the door, and found no one."

Let us see what at that precise moment was passing in Surrey. According to the testimony of Williams, Lord Lyttelton's valet, whose story never varied in the slightest degree, and was confirmed in every particular by Captain Ascough, the party had arrived from London in the highest spirits, and, being joined by other young people of the county, prolonged their merriment until past eleven. Soon after that hour, Lord Lyttelton, looking at his watch, observed:

"Well, now I must leave you, agreeable as you all are. I must meditate on next Wednesday's speech. I have actually brought some books with me!"

"But the ghost—the ghost!" exclaimed one of the careless party, laughing.

"Oh, don't you see that we have bilked the —?" (a coarse expression,) returned his lordship. (Another of the party affirmed that he had said "jockeyed the ghost.")

He escaped from them, ran up to his chamber—one of the smaller—still shown at Pit-place as the "carved chamber," from the carved oaken facing to the doors. His servant had placed the reading-table, lamp, &c., and assisted his master to put on his yellow gown.

Lord Lyttelton then said: "Make up my five grains of rhubarb and peppermint-water, and leave me. But did you remember to bring rolls enough from London?"

"I brought none, my lord. I have found a baker here, at Epsom, who makes them just as your lordship likes." He was stirring the mixture as he spoke.

"What's that you are using? A toothpick? You lazy devil, go fetch a spoon directly."

Williams hastened away, but had hardly quitted the room when a loud noise recalled him. His master had fallen sideways across the table, bringing it, books, lamp and all, to the ground. He raised him.

"Speak to me, my lord. My dear lord, speak!"

The dying man gasped and strove to answer, but "Ah, Williams!" were the only intelligible words, and these were his last.

Williams, his watch in his hand, flew down to the revellers below.

"Not twelve o'clock yet" (it wanted five minutes), "and dead—dead!"

It remains to be added that, owing to circumstances never fully explained, tidings of the death of their mother, *on the Thursday night preceding*, only met the young ladies on their arrival in town on that dismal Monday.

The coincidence of the result with the previously-announced prophecy, suggested to the incredulous an idea that Lord Lyttelton had determined on self-destruction. A hundred circumstances united to negative this mode of explanation. Of a genial, easy temperament, immersed in the excitement of politics, a successful gambler and turfite, in a position of great prosperity, Lord Lyttelton could have had little inducement, at the age of thirty-six, to terminate a life which, to a man of his feelings and principles, left nothing to desire.

If, then, such a theory as has been suggested at the beginning of this paper may be regarded as *possible*, is it not under circumstances like these it might be found taking practical form? To whom would the dying thoughts of the heart-broken mother so naturally turn as to him who had broken up a respectable home, blasted her children's fair fame, and laid her on that couch, alone, to die? As for the solemn augury uttered by the visionary form, we know with what strange prophecy the words of the dying have been found fraught. How much more may not be imparted to them, as the speaker stands so much nearer infallible truth, as on the very boundary-line betwixt the beings?

With the single additional remark that Mr. M. P. Andrews always declared that a compact existed between Lord Lyttelton and himself, that whichever departed first should visit the other, we turn to incidents of kindred character, but more recent date.

Several years ago (so commences a story related to the writer by a lady well known in London society), the brother of Colonel C. was killed in battle, leaving a widow and one little girl.

The widow subsequently married a German baron, and the little girl, Maud, was brought up entirely in Germany. The latter was about twelve years old, when her mother, being attacked with an illness that threatened to prove fatal, became very uneasy about the probable future of her child, and feeling, one evening, more depressed than usual, called the little Maud to her bedside. She warned her that their parting was near, and enjoined the weeping girl to write immediately to Mrs. B. (a friend of many years' standing), entreating her to come at once, to receive her last embrace, and take charge of her orphan child.

Maud obeyed without delay, but the dying woman's eyes were not gladdened by the appearance of her friend. The summons had reached its destination, but the absence of her husband, without whom she felt unwilling to travel so far, had induced Mrs. B. to postpone her departure, consoling herself with the hope that her friend, being naturally of a nervous and desponding temperament, had somewhat magnified her own danger.

Mrs. B. resided at Hampton Court, and here it was that, on the night of the ninth of November, a curious incident occurred. Retiring to her room between eleven and twelve, she rang for her maid, and the latter not appearing as promptly as usual, went to her still-open door to listen if she was coming. Opposite to her was a wide staircase, and up this came, noiselessly, a figure which the lamp held by Mrs. B. showed to be that of a lady dressed in black—with *white gloves*. A singular tremor seized her. She could neither stir nor speak. Slowly the figure approached her, reached the landing, made a step forward, and seemed to cast itself on her neck; but no sensation accompanied the movement! The light fell from her hand; she uttered a shriek that alarmed the house, and fell senseless on the floor.

On recovering, Mrs. B. related minutely what she had seen, her memory especially retaining the image of the white gloves; but nothing more than the usual unsatisfactory solutions were propounded, nor does it appear that the occurrence was at all associated with the dying baroness in Germany.

In a few days, however, came a letter from little Maud, announcing that her mother was no more, that her latest thoughts were directed to Mrs. B., and her sole regrets the not being permitted to embrace her before her spirit passed away. She had died a little before midnight on the *ninth of November*.

Mrs. B. hastened to Germany to claim her orphan charge, and then was added a noteworthy confirmation of the vision. Little Maud, in one of their conversations, observed:

"Mamma had a curious fancy. On the night she died, she made the baron promise that she should be buried in her black satin dress—with *white kid gloves*."

The request had been complied with.

The following example is of yet more recent occurrence, and took place in one of the large and fashionable mansions in the district of South Kensington, which had been taken by a family whose name can only be designated by the initial L.

On the first night of their occupation, the lady of the house, while arranging her hair at the glass, saw in the latter the reflexion of the figure of a man. He was old, of strange appearance, and was seated in an arm-chair that stood near her bed. He wore a grey coat with a cape, and had spectacles.

The lady possessed strong nerves, and after the first moment of surprise, finding that the spectrum did not disappear, came to the conclusion that her vision was affected by some disarrangement in the system. Resolved to test it, she turned calmly round, walked straight to the mysterious object, and sat down upon its very knees! She found herself alone in the chair.

The next morning she sent for her doctor, and related to him what had occurred, laughing merrily at the remembrance of her visitor's grotesque appearance. Observing that the doctor hardly participated in her mirth, she inquired if he for a moment believed that what she had witnessed had any material existence?

"I do not say that," was the answer, "but there is this singular coincidence in the matter, that your description of the man's person agrees precisely with that of an old gentleman living—or, rather, who did live—a few doors from hence. He was missing all yesterday, and was found dead in a piece of ground prepared for building, late last night, with every appearance of having been murdered. His age, dress, his very spectacles, were exactly as you describe."

An example of a similar kind happened two years since in Dumfries-shire. A man employed in the quarries was walking home late, by moonlight. Suddenly he came upon two objects lying on the road, which resolved themselves, as he approached, into the bodies of his brother and nephew, workmen in the same quarry, with whom he had parted, still at their work, half an hour before. Stooping to touch them, they faded into the white dust on which they seemed to lie! In alarm and amazement, he hastened back to the quarry. An accident had occurred a few minutes after he had left, which cost several lives. Among the victims were his brother and his nephew.

Nothing would be easier than to fill fifty pages with similar examples. These, however, will suffice to illustrate the theoretical principle on which we base the presumption of possibility.

Of the differing modes of operation it is in vain to speak. One thing only seems clear, that it is not always, as in the case last quoted, a mere reproduction of the dying or deceased image, but is endowed with the power of presenting the appearance of action and vitality, and imparting impressions entirely foreign to such as would naturally arise from a contemplation of the scene actually passing.

The story of the Tyrone ghost—as famous in its day as that of Lord Lyttelton—would, if authenticated, have been only second in value to the less renowned—equally apocryphal—legend inserted in the parish register of Gately, Norfolk, in the handwriting of the Reverend Robert Withers, then (1706) vicar of the parish, relating how that, while Mr. Shaw, “an ingenious good man, formerly Fellow of St. John’s, Cambridge, sat smoking, reading” (it may be surmised, dozing), “comes in, o’ the sudden, Mr. Naylor—likewise of St. John’s—who hath been dead this four years.”

The little embarrassment arising from the novelty of the position having been got over, the two gentlemen chatted together very comfortably for *two hours*, the only drawback being the somewhat unsatisfactory account given by the visitor as to the condition of certain old associates who had, it was hoped, passed into a land of rest. Whether worthy Mr. Shaw offered his friend a pipe, or other refreshment, is not stated; but, “as he was going away, he asked him to stay a little longer. He refused. And I then inquired if he would be like to call again?” (Perhaps a select circle of old Cambridge chums would have been invited to meet him!) “No” was, however, the reply; “He had but three days’ leave of absence, and, withal, other business;” about which, it is to be presumed, he went.

We may smile at the readiness with which the good minister attempted to give to what was manifestly a dream, the force of reality. But the Tyrone ghost, above referred to, rests upon a mass of testimony which, could it be brought to harmonise without flaw, could be only dismissed on the plea that it was a cleverly concocted experiment upon public credulity. It had been denied and reasserted times out of mind. Few tales so closely canvassed have been ultimately left in a condition of equal uncertainty. It has been conjectured that members of the Beresford family might be in the possession of particulars which, if they failed to elucidate the source of the narrative, might, at least, correct its inaccuracies. But neither hint nor challenge from the curious has produced any such evidence, nor is there special reason for believing that any such is in existence.

It is a little singular that the writer, while engaged on this paper, has received intimation that something of a remarkable nature has transpired with regard to the case in question, having a tendency to corroborate what has been popularly believed. Lest this should prove true, we will recapitulate the story as shortly as possible, omitting minor details.

Lord Tyrone and Lady Anne Beresford were

alike left orphans. They were of the same age, and under the care of the same guardian, who was a Deist, and who educated them in principles similar to his own. At the age of fourteen they were separately removed to other care, and efforts were made to indoctrinate them in the truths of revealed religion. These were only partially successful. The minds of the children were perplexed and unhappy, and, in one of their conversations (for their friendship continued as before), a mutual promise was made that, whichever should die first should appear to the survivor, and declare what religious faith was most acceptable to the Supreme Judge.

The young lady married Sir Marcus Beresford, with whom, after a considerable period of wedded life, she was one day seated at breakfast, when her husband noticed that she looked unusually pale, and, moreover, that she wore round one of her wrists a broad black ribbon. In allusion to the latter, Sir Marcus inquired if any accident had befallen her. She replied that he would never again see her without that ribbon; but implored him to abstain from all inquiry, then, or ever, into the subject. Here for the moment the conversation ended; but, during breakfast, the servant entering with the post-bag, Lady Beresford became violently agitated, and exclaimed:

“It is as I expected. He *is* dead!”

“Who is dead?” asked Sir Marcus, in surprise.

“Lord Tyrone. He died on Tuesday, at four o’clock.”

The bag was found to contain a letter from Lord Tyrone’s steward, reporting his master’s death at the time stated.

A few months after this event, Lady Beresford, who had already two daughters, presented her husband with a son. When this boy was four years old, his father, Sir Marcus, died, and the widow withdrew into almost complete retirement, visiting no family but that of a clergyman, who, with his wife and a son, resided in the same village. To this son, many years her junior, Lady Beresford, much to the amazement of her friends, was married.

By this union she had two more daughters, but her husband proved a reckless and abandoned libertine, and they lived for some years separate, until his expressions of contrition led to a renewal of intercourse, and she subsequently became the mother of a fifth daughter.

It was about a month after this confinement that she is said to have summoned to her chamber a very dear friend, Lady B. C., and also her son by Sir Marcus Beresford (then a lad of twelve), and narrated the following particulars:

After admitting the compact between herself and Lord Tyrone, before alluded to, she stated that being one night suddenly awakened, she saw his lordship seated by the bed. She screamed aloud, and strove in vain to arouse her husband. A long conversation succeeded, in which Lord Tyrone informed her that he had died on Tuesday, at four o’clock, and had been

permitted to reveal himself in this manner, and assure her that the revealed religion was alone acceptable to the Almighty. He foretold the birth of her son (the lad then present), and that son's marriage with his, Lord Tyrone's, daughter; the death of Sir Marcus; and her own marriage with her present husband, by whom she would have two daughters and a son. He also told her that she would die—after her confinement with the latter—in the forty-seventh year of her age.

All this, as they knew, had come to pass, but, up to the present day, she had concealed the prophecy of her death, because, from a miscalculation, she had believed herself now in her forty-eighth year, and, consequently, past the time of peril. This error, which she had only discovered the previous day, convinced her that her end was near.

Reverting to the spectral visit, she proceeded to say that, having doubts whether she was not wandering or asleep, she sought from the apparition some proof of his actual presence, upon which, at a wave of his hand, the crimson velvet curtains passed themselves through a large iron hoop which formed the canopy of the bed. He further wrote some words in her pocket-book, and, finding her still dissatisfied, touched (with her consent, and after a warning) her wrist. The sinews instantly shrank up, the nerves seeming to wither, yet not so as to disable the hand. Cautioning her never to display this indelible token of his visit, Lord Tyrone disappeared.

"When I am dead," she concluded, "as the necessity for concealment ends with my life, I wish that you, my friend, should remove the ribbon, and permit my son to see what it has hidden."

With the utmost composure she made preparations for death, which ensued the same afternoon.

Her friend then unbound the ribbon, when the wrist was found to present appearances precisely such as might be expected from the narrative related by the deceased lady. The black ribbon and the pocket-book remained (in 1802) still in the possession of her friend, believed, it may be now mentioned, to be the Lady Betty Cobbe. Lady Beresford's son married, as had been predicted, the daughter of Lord Tyrone.

Such is the outline of this remarkable story, a clear analysis of which, with comparison of dates and of facts asserted, with those actually ascertained, is beyond the limits of this paper. "*Credimus, quia incredibile est*" ("We believe, because it is incredible"), is a hard saying to the many. It is only when we consent to gaze beyond the limited field of human knowledge and practical demonstration, that the incredible may be comprehended, the impossible overcome.

[NOTE BY THE CONDUCTOR. Without presumptuously denying the possibility suggested

by the esteemed writer of this paper, it is to be observed of such a story as Lady Beresford's that the alleged facts need to be very distinctly agreed upon. Lady Beresford's story may be called one of the leading cases. In the version of it which is the best known to us, Lady Beresford demands of the Spirit some assurance of the reality of its appearance. The Spirit then causes the large curtain at the foot of the bed to pass over the high tester, and asks is she satisfied *now*? She objects that although she could not climb up and do that, waking, still, for aught she knows, she may be able to do it, sleeping, and therefore she is not satisfied. The Spirit then writes in her pocket-book which lies on a table at the bedside, and asks her, is she satisfied *now*? She objects that although she could not counterfeit that hand, waking, still, for aught she knows, she may be able to do it, sleeping, and therefore she is not satisfied. Then comes the touch upon the wrist and its shrivelling up. We offered the suggestion, some years ago, that this is very expressive of a state of sleep-walking or half-consciousness, in which Lady Beresford either actually did those two acts, or debated with herself the possibility of doing them; she being, either way, in an exceptional condition presently culminating in a stroke of, local paralysis. Or, the whole may have been a diseased impression accompanying the paralysis; as most of us have dreamed a long story clearly originating in its own catastrophe—some disturbing sound.

Of the broad margin of allowance that must always be left for coincidence in these cases, we had personal experience not very long ago. We dreamed that we were in a large assembly, and saw a lady in a bright red wrapper, whom we thought we knew. Her back being towards us, we touched her. On her looking round, she disclosed a face that was unknown to us, and, on our apologising, said, pleasantly: "I am Miss N——," mentioning a name, not the name of any friend or acquaintance we had, although a well-known name. The dream was unusually vivid, and we awoke. On the very next evening, we recognised (with a strange feeling) coming in at the open door of our room, the lady of the dream, in the bright red wrapper. More extraordinary still, the lady was presented by the friend who accompanied her, as Miss N——, the name in the dream. No circumstance near or remote, that we could ever trace, in the least accounted for this. The lady came on the real common-place visit, in pursuance of an appointment quite unexpectedly made with the lady who introduced her, only on the night of the dream. From the latter, we had no previous knowledge of her name, nor of her existence.]

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